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PREFACE.

IN bringing to a conclusion another Volume of "SHARPE'S MAGAZINE," the Editor begs to offer his warmest acknowledgments for the continued support of his Subscribers, notwithstanding the immense number of similar publications which have been lately issued, under the auspices of the most distinguished writers. Far indeed from looking upon these periodicals with a jealous eye, the proprietors rather rejoice that the good example set by themselves and one or two other old established journals, that, namely, of diffusing valuable information blended with harmless amusement, is becoming more extensively imitated, and likely to act as an antidote to the deluge of demoralizing literature, the statistics of which are frightful, and which has for its object the subversion of all religion, morality, and government. In the midst of this crowd of new competitors for public favour, SHARPE'S MAGAZINE has kept the even tenor of its way, distinguished, we trust, for its decided recognition of those principles which have obtained for it the confidence of its numerous subscribers.

We may appeal to our pages as to whether anything of doubtful morality, or of covert antagonism to religious truth, is there to be met with; or whether, in our reviewing columns, we have not used what influence we possess, for the purpose of recommending works distinguished by sound Christian principle; while in the fictions which give life and interest to the pages of our Magazine, is to be met no taint of indelicacy, and no insidious loosening of the moralities of social life. In the same spirit that we have begun it is our intention still to persevere, and thus to earn a continuance of that support hitherto so liberally, afforded to the proprietors of "SHARPE."

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

GOLDSMITH, AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.*

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

Of all the labourers in our literary vineyard there is scarcely one whose name has a more familiar, household sound than that of Oliver Goldsmith. There is assuredly no writer of the last century for whom we entertain a stronger feeling of personal-regard. His character is endeared to us as much by its innate goodness as by its amiable weaknesses. "The epithet," says Washington Irving, "so often heard, and in such kindly tones of 'Poor Goldsmith!'" speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson, 'he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say 'Let them be remembered,' since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of 'Poor Goldsmith!'"

We are pleased to number the author of "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Sketch Book," among the biographers of Goldsmith. No man has shown a more lively appreciation or a more exquisite sense of the peaceful virtues and peculiar attractions of English domestic life than the gifted American; and we must add that no modern writer of English prose has more closely resembled the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," as well in his clear, lucid, and flowing style, as in the genial, gentle, and loving thoughts scattered through his pages. In the preface to the present biography, Mr. Irving has gracefully acknowledged his obligations to Goldsmith, and his early predilections for his writings, by addressing to him Dante's apostrophe to Virgil:—

"Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' l' mio autore;
Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore."

Mr. Forster's spirited and eloquent sketch, though deformed by certain mannerisms, or rather Carlylisms, which we would rather have seen avoided, is, unquestionably, a valuable addition to our standard literary biography; whilst to the "voluminous and indefatigable" Mr. Prior belongs the undisputed honour of

having collected and preserved, from tradition and other sources, nearly all the particulars of Goldsmith's life, which could by possibility be discovered. We do not wish to disparage the patient research and enthusiastic labours of Mr. Prior, when we speak of Mr. Forster's work as readable, valuable and entertaining; for the diligent compiler and the skilful adapter are in our opinion equally entitled to their meed of approbation. Nor will we quarrel with the work of Washington Irving, because it contains no startling fact that is not to be found in the two preceding biographies. "The life of a scholar," says Goldsmith himself, "seldom abounds with adventure; his fame is acquired in solitude . . . but we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have anything important to say, but because the subject is pleasing."

Goldsmith appears to us to have been the true type of an Irishman. The virtues and frailties of his countrymen distinguished him through life. He had the "happy knack of hoping;" the heedless charity, the thoughtless imprudence, the habit of blundering, for which Irishmen are proverbially famous. He was the descendant of a race who were little learned in lessons of worldly wisdom. "The Goldsmiths," Mr. Prior was informed, "were always a strange family. They rarely acted like other people: their hearts were always in the right place, but their heads seemed to be doing anything but what they ought." The following sketch of his immediate ancestor, which Goldsmith has put into the mouth of the "Man in Black," is, we doubt not, true to the very life:—"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them they returned him an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of his army influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that: but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair, was sure to set the table in a roar. Thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him." What wonder was it that from such a father poor Oliver should inherit some genial peculiarities and harmless eccentricities at which worldly wise men shook their heads!

"Oliver's education,"—we quote from Washington

(1) The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. from a variety of Original Sources, by James Prior, 2 vols. 1837. The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith: a biography, in four books, by John Forster, 1848. Oliver Goldsmith: a biography, by Washington Irving. 1849.

Irving,—"began when he was about three years old; that is to say, he was gathered under the wings of one of those good old motherly dames, found in every village, who cluck together the whole callow brood of the neighbourhood, to teach them their letters and keep them out of harm's way." The name of the old lady, who had the honour of first putting a book into the hands of Goldsmith, was Mistress Elizabeth Delap; but the future poet was a dull boy—in fact, his instructress described him as impenetrably stupid. "At six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas (or as he was commonly and irreverently named, Paddy) Byrne," an old soldier, and, who was probably the original of the famous sketch in the "Deserted Village":—

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was his fault."

Encouraged by some signs of juvenile quickness, Oliver's family decided on sending him to the University, and he was accordingly removed to schools of a higher order; but it is admitted that even there his proficiency was not very brilliant. "He was a plant that flowered late," said Johnson to Boswell; "there was nothing remarkable about him when young." "And this," adds Mr. Forster, "was probably true. It is said that the richer a nature is the harder and more slow its development is like to be."

As soon as he had attained the age of sixteen, on the 11th of June, 1745, he was entered as a "sizer," or "poor scholar," of Trinity College, Dublin. At that time many menial offices and derogatory duties were imposed upon the sizer; he was called on to sweep the courts, carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the table where the fellows dined, and wait upon them during their repast. Goldsmith keenly felt these indignities. He had, besides, "a savage brute for a tutor,"—one Wilder,—"a man of violent and capricious temper . . . who abused him in presence of his class-mates as ignorant and stupid; ridiculed him as awkward and ugly; and, at times, in the transports of his temper, indulged in personal violence."¹

When very young poor Oliver had had a severe attack of small-pox, which had shockingly disfigured his originally not very handsome face; his figure was short, thick, and ungainly, and his manners awkward and embarrassed. His personal appearance was, therefore, any thing but prepossessing, and, like many men of genius, he was an irregular and immethodical student. His college career was ultimately pronounced a "wretched failure." On the 27th of February he took his bachelor's degree and his final

leave of the University, and returned home to his friends.

His father was now dead; his mother dwelt in a small cottage, "where she had to practise the severest frugality." His brother Henry, seven years his senior, but who had married early and improvidently, with a curacy of 40*l.* a-year, eked out a subsistence by school-keeping. None of his relatives could offer him more than a temporary home. What could Oliver do? His friends recommended the church; but the youth had conscientious scruples. These were, however, at length overruled, and he agreed to qualify himself for his sacred functions. But two years of probation had to be passed before he was able to take orders; and how were they spent?

"It is the sunny time," writes Mr. Forster, "between two dismal periods of his life. He has escaped one scene of misery; another is awaiting him; and what possibilities of happiness lie in the interval it is his nature to seize and make the most of. He assists his brother Henry in the school; runs household errands for his mother; writes scraps of verses to please his uncle Contarine;² and, to please himself, gets cousin Bryanton and Tony Lumpkins of the district, with wandering bear-leaders of genteeler sort, to meet at an old inn by his mother's house, and be a club for story-telling, for an occasional game of whist, and for the singing of songs. First in these three accomplishments, great at Latin quotations, as admirer of happy human faces greatest of all, Oliver presides. Cousin Bryanton had seen his disgrace in college, and thinks this a triumph indeed. . . . Thus the two years passed. In the day-time occupied, as I have said, in the village-school; on the winter's nights at Conway's; in the evenings of summer strolling up the Inny's banks to fish or play the flute, otter-hunting by the course of the Shannon, learning French from the Irish priests, or winning a prize for throwing the sledge-hammer at the fair at Ballymahon. Two sunny years, with sorrowful affection long remembered; but hardly better than his college course to help him through the world."

But when Goldsmith presented himself before the bishop of the diocese for ordination, his usual ill-luck attended him. Whether it was that the bishop was displeased at his unclerical costume, for to do honour to the occasion, the ill-starred candidate had arrayed himself in scarlet inexpressibles; or that he showed himself deficient in theological information, or that reports of his academical irregularities had preceded him—too true it is, that he returned home rejected. After another brief interval, (during which Oliver officiated as tutor in a neighbouring family, and, moreover, overcame by his wandering propensity, with thirty pounds in his pocket, made a ridiculous sally in quest of adventures,) his family again took counsel together, and it was resolved that he should make trial of the law. He accordingly started for Dublin,

(2) Goldsmith's most generous relative, who relieved him in all his early straits and difficulties, and who appears to have been the only one of his friends who had any real faith in him.

(1) Washington Irving.

on his way to London, where he was to keep the usual terms common to Irish students; for which purpose his friends had furnished him with 50*l*. But he spent the money in Dublin—some say he was stripped of it in a gaming-house—and after a few weeks, penniless, dejected, disheartened, and penitent, trudged back to his friends. Physic was the next experiment. For the purpose of studying the healing art he set out for Edinburgh, and arrived there in the Autumn of 1752. "An instance of the habitual thoughtlessness belonging to his character," we are informed by Mr. Prior, "occurred at the moment of first setting foot in the northern metropolis. Having procured a lodging and deposited his luggage, he eagerly sallied forth to gratify curiosity by viewing the city, in which, having occupied the whole of the day, the approach of night reminded him that he had neither inquired the name of the landlady, nor the street in which she lived. In this dilemma, having wandered about in a search which might have been useless, an accidental meeting with the cawdy, or porter, whom he had employed in the morning in removing to his new abode, obviated a difficulty that might have occasioned inconvenience." Having passed two winters at Edinburgh, Goldsmith made up his mind to finish his medical education on the continent. After some of his usual mishaps, he made his way to Leyden, (his good-natured uncle, Containe, providing the funds,) where he remained about a year; and attended the lectures of Gaubius on Chemistry, and Albinus on Anatomy. From Leyden he is supposed to have set out on his famous continental tour, which he commenced in February, 1755,¹ furnished, it has been said, "with one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea."

We shall not attempt to follow him in his wanderings. He passed an evening in the society of Voltaire at Paris; at Geneva he became travelling tutor to "a mongrel young gentleman, son of a London pawnbroker;"² and at length, after a variety of adventures, returned to England in 1756. It seems quite true, that the greater part of his journey was performed on foot, and that he was often indebted to his flute for lodging and a meal. "Countries wear a very different appearance," he says, in his "Enquiry into Polite Learning," 1759, "to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions. *Hand incipertus loquor*. And the well-known lines in the "Traveller," are doubtless as true as they are expressive and beautiful:—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune and marr'd the dancer's skill,

Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour."

On his arrival in England, Goldsmith appears to have found himself worse off than whilst vagabonding on the continent. But poverty made him fertile in shifts and expedients. It is rumoured that about this time he became a strolling player. Then he went to London; called at the apothecaries' shops, and asked for employment to run with their medicines, spread their plaisters, and, in the language of advertisements, make himself generally useful. Homeless and friendless, he wandered about the streets at night with a few halfpence in his pocket. "Ten or twelve years later," writes Mr. Forster, "Goldsmith startled a brilliant circle at Sir Joshua's, with an anecdote of 'When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane,' just as Napoleon, fifty years later, appalled the party of crowned heads at Dresden, with his story of, 'When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère!'" At last he became an usher in a school, a miserable, browbeaten, worried, and despised drudge; where he was "up early and late," and was the "laughing-stock of the boys." He soon quitted this wretched vocation, and was houseless and penniless again. In his dismal poverty he was found out by an Edinburgh fellow-student, who furnished him with funds to commence the practice of medicine, in a small way, among the poor in Bankside, Southwark. Among his patients was a journeyman printer, who worked for Mr. Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela," and then a flourishing publisher. The printer introduced him to his master, who offered him employment, and Goldsmith was enabled to make a fresh start as reader and corrector of the press.

He did not probably remain long in this situation. At Edinburgh he had formed an intimacy with the son of a Dr. Milner, who kept a large classical academy at Peckham; and young Milner, having found out his old acquaintance, made him a liberal offer to assist in the management of the school. He was here kindly treated, but his habits were not those of the pedagogue. The scholars entertained little respect for him; and, though he spent his money in buying them sweetmeats, played all sorts of tricks upon him. "His small supplies," says Mr. Prior, "were thus exhausted, frequently before the stated salary became due, when Mrs. Milner would say to him with a smile, upon application for an advance, 'You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;' to which he would reply, in the same spirit of good-humour, 'In truth, madam, there is equal need.'" At the table of Dr. Milner, he frequently met with one Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review." Griffiths, a shrewd, hard man of business, saw that Goldsmith was clever and very poor, that he was just the animal for hack authorship, and might be had cheap. He accordingly offered him a permanent engagement as a contributor to the Review, with board and lodging, and a small fixed salary. Poor Oliver suffered the bookseller to make

(1) The dates in Washington Irving's biography are frequently incorrect. A little more care in revising the work for the press would have prevented such blunders.

(2) Washington Irving.

his own terms, and, "in his twenty-ninth year," in the words of Mr. Forster, "sat down to the precarious task-work of Author by Profession." This literary vassalage lasted five months. Even to poor spirit-broken Goldsmith it was too humiliating to be long endured. Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths both exerted the privilege of patching, altering, and (in their own eyes) amending his reviews. They kept him constantly at the desk, and when he tried to assume a spirit of independence, they accused him of being *above his situation*. The connexion with Griffiths was dissolved, but Oliver was now fairly embarked in the profession of authorship. He had become a bookseller's hack and a Grub-street scribe; and for many years to come, he was destined to the hardest species of garret-toil and mental drudgery.

We have hitherto traced his fortunes somewhat minutely; but we cannot pretend to follow him in every stage of his literary career. That career is now commemorated as one of the world's great facts. It commenced in poverty and obscurity, and terminated in triumph and celebrity. His privations at first were great, but his ultimate success was splendid. Though he had fallen upon days when literature had to fight its own battles, and the man of letters was left to struggle for himself, he indulged in no repinings or regrets. He did not lament that the age of patronage had passed away, and that guineas were no longer given for dedications and birthday odes. On the contrary, like a good and sensible man, he rejoiced at the change which, by insuring the independence, raised the character of the literary man. When he had obtained some degree of consideration, and while the memory of his early struggles was yet fresh in his recollection, he calmly and truly observed in one of his "Chinese Letters,"—"At present, the few poets in England no longer depended on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and generous master. It is indeed too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour, but to make amends it is never mistaken long." And again,—“A life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship . . . Serenity, health, and affluence, attend the desire of rising by labour; misery, repentance, and disrespect that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.”

It is not uninteresting to trace the gradual change in Goldsmith's circumstances, as shown in the character of the habitations which he successively occupied. He tenanted at first a mean apartment "somewhere in the vicinity of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street," but, in order to appear more like a gentleman, he directed his letters (or "hailed," as it is termed),

from the "Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar." He probably at this time adopted the notable expedient of a poor countryman, in going abroad to pay visits on *clean-shirt-days* only, but on other occasions wisely keeping within doors. His next place of residence was "on the first floor of the house, No. 12, Green Arbour Court, between the Old Bailey, and what was lately Fleet Market."

Washington Irving, who many years since visited this locality on a literary pilgrimage, says, that "it then existed in its pristine state, and was a small square of tall and miserable houses, the very intestines of which seemed turned inside out, to judge from the old garments and frippery that fluttered from every window. It appeared to be a region of washerwomen, and lines were stretched about the little square, on which clothes were dangling to dry." It may be as well to add, that all traces of this singular shrine of poverty-stricken genius have long since disappeared. "Green Arbour Court," says Mr. Forster, "is now gone for ever; its miserable wretchedness was replaced by the decent comfort of a stable. The houses, crumbling and tumbling in Goldsmith's day, were fairly rotted down some twelve or fifteen years since; and it became necessary, for safety sake, to remove what time had spared."

The present Green Arbour Court in the Old Bailey must not, therefore, be confounded with the locality tenanted by Goldsmith. It was whilst residing here that abject poverty betrayed him into an act of indiscretion for which he afterwards bitterly suffered. Before leaving his old lodgings, Dr. Milner had procured him an appointment as physician to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel; and the poet was suddenly dazzled with visions of oriental splendour. But it appears that he failed to take the necessary steps to secure the magnificent prize, and it was transferred to another. Disappointed in his Indian scheme, he turned his attention to the navy, and probably, as Mr. Prior observes, "induced by the example of several acquaintances, and the remembrance of Grainger and Smollett, who, in the spirit of adventure, or for a more extensive observation of mankind, pursued a similar course in early life," he resolved to present himself to be examined at the College of Surgeons for the humble situation of an "hospital mate." His difficulty was to procure a decent suit of clothes for the occasion, and in this dilemma he applied to Griffiths, who, on being furnished with four articles for the "Monthly Review," undertook to become his security to a tailor. In the books of the College of Surgeons there is an entry which we quote without remark, for it is too expressive to require comment. "At a court of examiners held at the theatre, 21st December, 1758 . . . James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith found not qualified for ditto."

The hack author returned to his drudgery, and four days afterwards—on a Christmas Day!—pawned the clothes in which he had stood his examination, for the

(1) These letters were afterwards remodelled and published under the title of the "Citizen of the World."

(2) Prior's Life of Goldsmith, vol. 1.

immediate purpose of paying some small arrears of rent to his landlady, whose husband had been arrested for debt. He was now in the hands of Griffiths, who peremptorily demanded the return of the unlucky suit. When it was not forthcoming he accused Goldsmith of dishonesty. There is something touching in the unhappy man's reply:—"Had I been a sharper—had I been possessed of less good-nature, and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty, I own, of meanness, which poverty unavoidably brings with it; my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain."

But better days were now in store for him. In March, 1759, he published his "Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe," and his reputation among the booksellers being now established, and his circumstances continuing to improve, "about the middle of 1760," says Washington Irving, "he emerged from his dismal abode in Green Arbour Court, and took respectable apartments in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street."

It was here, on the 31st of May, 1761, he received his first visit from Dr. Samuel Johnson. The commencement of their acquaintance was most characteristic. Goldsmith had invited a large party to a literary supper, and he requested Dr. Percy, as a mutual friend, to bring Johnson with him to the repast. On calling for the great literary potentate, Dr. Percy was surprised at his extraordinary smartness, and could not help inquiring the reason of his paying such unwonted regard to his personal appearance. "Why, Sir," replied Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

It is almost impossible to avoid making a comparison between the literary career of Goldsmith and Johnson;—and by the eloquent pen of Washington Irving, that comparison has been admirably drawn. "Both had struggled from early life with poverty," says the American biographer, "but had struggled in different ways. Goldsmith, buoyant, heedless, sanguine, tolerant of evils, and easily pleased, had shifted along by any temporary expedient: cast down at every turn, but rising again with indomitable good humour, and still carried forward by his talent at hoping. Johnson, melancholy and hypochondriacal, and prone to apprehend the worst, yet sternly resolute to battle with and conquer it, had made his way doggedly and gloomily, but with a noble spirit of self-reliance, and a disregard of foreign aid Goldsmith's poverty was never accompanied by bitterness; but neither was it accompanied by that guardian pride which kept Johnson from falling into the degrading shifts of poverty. Goldsmith had an unfortunate facility at borrowing, and helping himself along by the contributions of his friends, no doubt trusting, in his own hopeful way, of one day making retribution. Johnson never hoped, and therefore never borrowed. In his sternest trials he proudly bore the ills he could not

master. Though, like Goldsmith, an immethodical student, he had imbibed deeper draughts of knowledge, and made himself a riper scholar. While Goldsmith's happy constitution and genial humour, carried him abroad into sunshine and enjoyment, Johnson's physical infirmities and mental gloom drove him upon himself, to the resources of reading and meditation; threw a deeper, though darker enthusiasm into his mind, and stored a retentive memory with all kinds of knowledge." We might add, that in the buoyant temper of Goldsmith, and the sturdy spirit of Johnson, we discern something of the inherited and inherent peculiarities of race. The patient Saxon and quick-blooded Celt appear in striking contrast; their virtues and failings were marked and prominent; upon each of them the stamp of the national character was firmly impressed. But they were attracted together by strong sympathies, and difference of temper served, as it has done in many other instances, to attach them more closely to each other.

Goldsmith had long felt the want of a monitor and guide. His yielding, gentle nature needed support, and in his weakness he felt that it was good for him to lean in confidence and reliance on the strong-minded Englishman. A memorable scene occurred one morning at Wine Office Court, which forcibly illustrates the characters and position of the two men. The story is well known, and has been made the subject of a graphic painting by a modern artist. We cannot do better than give it in Dr. Johnson's own words. "I received one morning," he says, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel was the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the bookseller to whom it was sold was Mr. Francis Newbury. Strange to relate, the purchaser kept the manuscript by him more than a year and a half before he ventured to publish it. But the work was destined to an extensive and enduring popularity, of which the fortunate bookseller never dreamed. "It came out," says Washington Irving, "on the 27th of March, 1766; before the end of May a second edition was called for; in three months more a third; and so it went on, widening in a popularity that has never flagged. Rogers, the Nestor of British literature,

whose refined purity of taste, and exquisite mental organization, rendered him eminently calculated to appreciate a work of the kind, declared that of all the books, which, through the fitful changes of three generations, he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had alone continued as at first; and could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished." We shall not attempt to inquire into the secret of this wonderful popularity. It is enough to say, that the work has been a blessed instrument in disseminating principles of mercy, tolerance, and kindness. The loving disposition and winning gentleness of spirit which characterised its author shine forth in every page. "Simple to very baldness," says Mr. Forster, "are the materials employed. But Goldsmith threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion of his own chequered life; and so made them a lesson and delight to all men." Who will not recognise in the common qualities of mind attributed to the pastor's family, the leading peculiarities of the gifted writer? "In short," he says, at the conclusion of the first chapter, "a family likeness prevailed through all; and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally *generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive*." The scope and objects of the tale have been eloquently summed up by Mr. Forster, in a few terse and expressive sentences, which we transfer with pleasure to our pages. "Good predominant over evil is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labour, cheerful endeavour, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world, and of turning pain to noble uses. It is designed to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life, are not of the superhuman sort; that they may co-exist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities; and that in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their places assigned them, and their parts allotted them to play."

Apart from its moral teachings, the "Vicar of Wakefield" is also valued as the most delightful picture of English domestic life in the language. All the tenderesses, virtues, and endearments of *home*—its pure enjoyments, and tranquil pleasures are beautifully set forth. It is a picture that could only have been drawn by one who himself deeply appreciated the ties of family affection. "And yet," observes Washington Irving, "how contradictory it seems that this, one of the most delightful pictures of home and homefelt happiness should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue, and all the endearments of the married state should be drawn by a bachelor, who had been severed from domestic life almost from boyhood; that one of the most

tender, touching, and affecting appeals on behalf of female loveliness, should have been made by a man whose deficiencies in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager of the sex."

Before the "Vicar of Wakefield," however, had made its appearance, Goldsmith established his reputation as a poet by the publication of the "Traveller." With many misgivings, on the part of its author, this charming poem was ushered into the world, and its success was most triumphant. Goldsmith now felt that he was rising in the world, and "accordingly," says Washington Irving, "emerged from Wine Office Court, and took chambers in the Temple." It is true they were but of humble pretensions, situated on what was then the library staircase, and it would appear that he was a kind of inmate with Jeffs, the butler of the society. Still he was in the Temple, that classic region rendered famous by the Spectator and other essayists, as the abode of gay wits and thoughtful men of letters; and which, with its retired courts and embowered gardens, in the very heart of a noisy metropolis, is, to the quiet-seeking student and author, an oasis freshening with verdure in the midst of a desert. Johnson, who had become a sort of growling supervisor of the poet's affairs, paid him a visit soon after he had installed himself in his new quarters, and went prying about the apartment, in his near-sighted manner, examining everything minutely. Goldsmith was sidged by this curious scrutiny, and apprehending a disposition to find fault, exclaimed, with the air of a man who had money in both pockets, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." The harmless bravado drew a reply from Johnson which touched the chord of proper pride. "Nay, sir," said he, "never mind that. *Ni le quesiveris extra*,"—implying that his reputation rendered him independent of outward show." To this anecdote of Johnson and Goldsmith we must add another equally characteristic of the two men. At the Literary Club, of which both were members, the merits of the "Traveller" were warmly discussed—many of the members could scarcely believe that a man like Goldsmith could have written such a poem. Some of them suspected that Johnson, who had contributed a few lines, was the author of the whole. Accordingly, Mr. Chamier, one of the members, on the first occasion that presented itself, undertook to sound the author on the subject. He boldly commenced with the question, "Mr. Goldsmith, what do you mean by the last word in the first line of your 'Traveller'—

'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow*'—

Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?" Johnson was there watching his flurried friend, and thus reports his reply. "Goldsmith," he says, "who would say something without consideration, answered 'Yes.' I was sitting by, and said, 'No, Sir, you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude. 'Ah!' exclaimed Goldsmith, 'that was

what I meant.' Chamier," continues Johnson, "believed then I had written the line, as much as if he had seen me write it."

No doubt—and yet how natural was the thoughtless, off-hand reply from the lips of the inconsiderate Hibernian. "No man," truly remarked the great lexicographer, on another occasion, "is more foolish than Goldsmith when he has not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he has."

It was Goldsmith's fortune to achieve success late in life. He was nearly forty when the publication of the "Traveller" raised him to distinction in the world of letters. "Beginning," observes Mr. Forster, "with not even the choice which Fielding admits was his, of hackney writer or hackney coachman, he has fought his way at last to consideration and esteem. But he bears upon him the scars of his twelve years' conflict; of the mean sorrows through which he has passed, and of the cheap indulgences he has sought relief and help from." Again:—"His reputation had been silently widening, in the midst and in despite of his humble drudgery; his poem, his novel, his essays, had imperceptibly enlarged the circle of his admirers; and he was somewhat suddenly subjected to the social exactions that are levied on literary fame." As we come to the last period of Goldsmith's life it is necessary to bear all this in mind, because it accounts for most of the foibles, follies, and indiscretions that have been laid to his charge. In his days of penury he had not been very scrupulous about his acquaintances. As his fortunes improved he continued easily accessible, fond of conviviality, and careless of the world's opinion. As soon as he obtained a footing in polite society he did not discard his old associates, or forsake his former haunts. His delight was in free-and-easy clubs; particularly in a certain club meeting on Wednesday evenings at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street. A countryman named Glover once accompanied him to this congenial resort, and was shocked to hear the familiar tone in which Goldsmith was addressed by some of the humbler members. A wealthy pig-butcher, especially, was singularly free and easy. Raising his glass, with a familiar nod, he pledged the poet in the hearing of the whole company, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you my old boy." We quote the sequel of the story from Washington Irving. "Glover whispered to Goldsmith that he should not allow such liberties. 'Let him alone,' was the reply, 'you'll see how civilly I'll let him down.' After a time, he called out, 'Mr. B. I have the honour of drinking your good health.' Alas! dignity was not poor Goldsmith's forte; he could keep no one at a distance. 'Thank'ee, thank'ee, Noll,' nodded the pig-butcher, scarce taking the pipe out of his mouth. 'I don't see the effect of your reproof,' whispered Glover. 'I give it up,' replied Goldsmith, with a good-humoured shrug; 'I ought to have known before now there is no putting a pig in the right way.'"

Already distinguished as a novelist and poet, Goldsmith's next triumph was in the drama. After having

been subjected to many vexatious delays his comedy of the "Good-natured Man," at length made its appearance; and though but partially successful on its first representation, it justified the expectations of his friends, and has since kept possession of the stage. But the author (who had gone to the theatre in a new suit of clothes, manufactured for the occasion, value 8*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*) was mortified and disappointed. Concealing his chagrin, he went to the Literary Club, and chatted to some of its members; but he afterwards confessed that when all were gone, except Johnson, he burst out a-crying, and protested he would never write again. It is characteristic of Goldsmith that he afterwards, in his guileless simplicity of heart, told this story to a large company at dinner, when Johnson was present, who cried out in astonishment, "I thought all this had been a secret between you and me, and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world." "It is singular, however," observes Washington Irving, "that Goldsmith, who thus in conversation could keep nothing to himself, should be the author of a maxim which would inculcate the most thorough dissimulation. 'Men of the world,' says he, in one of the papers of the *Ber*, 'maintain that the true end of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.' How often is this quoted as one of the subtle remarks of the fine-witted Talleyrand!

"The Good-natured Man," however, had a tolerable run, and produced its author no less a sum than 400*l.* He now felt disposed to launch out into a more luxurious style of living, and he accordingly invested his money in the purchase of the lease of a set of chambers on the second floor in No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple. This was his last residence—the last of the local habitations, which his genius has hallowed to all posterity. Sir William Blackstone, the author of the *Commentaries*, had chambers immediately under him, and it is said, often complained of the rackets and revels overhead. Although, like Johnson, fond of town life, Goldsmith appears to have had a true taste and relish for country scenery. He occasionally took strolls in the neighbourhood of London, (which he called making "a Shoemaker's holiday;") and when hardly pressed by the booksellers, he would take a quiet cottage a few miles from town, for the purpose of uninterrupted labour. It was thus that the "Deserted Village" was written. Strolling among the green lanes and hedgerows in the environs of London, he relieved his "prosaic toils," by the composition of this charming poem. When we recollect the circumstances under which it was penned, we need not wonder at the melancholy tone that pervades it. It was written under the influence of a sacred sorrow; in those moods of melancholy which called forth all the poet's tenderness, and imparted a more than wonted softness to the delineations of his pen. His brother Henry, the supposed original of the village preacher, was just dead. If his poetical portrait be correct, he was a genuine Goldsmith—a true scion of that gentle and generous race.

"Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

While the memory of such a brother was yet fresh in his heart, and his grief was green, it no doubt occurred to Goldsmith to hand down his blameless career to posterity, as a graceful tribute of fraternal affection. And we further agree with Washington Irving, "that the whole character seems traced, as it were, in an expiatory spirit; as if, conscious of his own wandering restlessness, he sought to humble himself at the shrine of excellence which he had not been able to practise."

About this time an interesting episode enlivened Goldsmith's literary life. At the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds he made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Horneck—a widow lady, with a son in the Guards, and two beautiful, amiable, and accomplished daughters. The whole family took a decided fancy to the whimsical poet, and he in return was not insensible to the charms of the daughters. The elder of these young ladies was known among her friends by the name of Little Comedy, and the younger (whose heart by the way was still unengaged) had received the *sobriquet* of the Jessamy Bride. It has been hinted that the poor author, to whom nature had denied the fascinations of person which are said to form the principal recommendation to the favour of the fair sex, was surprised into an attachment to the Jessamy Bride, which, though commenced in sportive familiarity, at length assumed a serious aspect. It is certain that his intimacy with the Hornecks had an effect upon his tailor's bills, and that to render his awkward figure more attractive, he arrayed it in the costliest raiments of the day. In the summer of 1770, he made an excursion with his new friends to Paris. The following anecdote, which has been related of Goldsmith, whilst sight-seeing in the French metropolis, will provoke a smile, especially if we consider that the Jessamy Bride was probably present and beheld his discomfiture. "Being with a party at Versailles, viewing the water-works, a question arose among the gentlemen present, whether the distance from whence they stood to one of the little islands, was within the compass of a leap. Goldsmith maintained the affirmative; but, being bantered on the subject, and remembering his former powers as a youth, attempted the leap, but, falling short, descended into the water, to the great amusement of the company." With the Hornecks he must have spent many delightful days. He was a frequent guest at their country seat at Barton, in Suffolk; they appreciated his character, and he was ever ready to add to their fund of harmless amusement. We may form some idea of the playful *badinage* and humorous sallies that enlivened this intercourse by perusing the following lines which occur among others, in a humorous letter indited by the poet to Little Comedy, (then become

Mrs. Bunbury.) The ladies, it appears, would often invite him to play at loo, the fashionable game of the day, and affecting to be his advisers, get him into all sorts of difficulties:—

"Now, ladies, I ask, if law-matters you're skilled in,
 Whether crimes such as yours should not come before
 Fielding:

For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
 May well be called picking of pockets in law;
 And picking of pockets, with which I now charge ye,
 Is, by quinto Elizabeth, Death without Clergy.
 What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!
 By the gods, I'll enjoy it, though 'tis but in thought!
 Both are placed at the bar, with all proper decorum,
 With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;
 Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
 But the judge bids them angrily take off their hat.
 When uncovered, a buzz of enquiry runs round,
 'Pray what are their crimes?' 'They've been pilfering
 found.'

'But pray who've they pilfered?' 'A doctor, I hear.'
 'What yon solemn-faced odd-looking man that stands
 near?'

'The same.' 'What a pity, how does it surprise one!
 'Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on.'

Then their friends all come round me with cringing
 and leering,

To melt me to pity, and soften my swearing.
 First, Sir Charles advances, with phrases well strung,
 'Consider, dear doctor, the girls are but young.'
 'The younger the worse,' I return him again;
 'It shews that their habits are all dyed in grain.'
 'But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves.'
 'What signifies handsome, when people are thieves?'
 'But where is your justice? their cases are hard.'
 'What signifies justice? I want the reward.'

This was society for which Goldsmith was adapted, and in which he felt himself at home. He had no taste for stately grandeur; nor did he particularly distinguish himself in highly intellectual circles. Above all things he loathed the pompous Pecksniffs of the world, who, by dint of assurance and assumption, sometimes succeed in raising a commanding reputation. In the "Citizen of the World" he has given us a graphic picture of "a great man," from the mouth of his Chinese philosopher, which is worth quoting:—"I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of a haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came, according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the conversation on the government of China; but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens! thought I, this man pretends to know China even better than myself. I looked round to see who was on my side; but every eye was fixed in admiration on the great man; I therefore, at last, thought proper to sit silent, and act the pretty gentleman during the ensuing conversation."

To all his literary friends Goldsmith's blundering simplicity was a source of infinite amusement. His

want of *tact* was everywhere apparent. He would tell stories in the wrong place, and retail jokes of which he had forgotten the point. We find one or two amusing instances in Mr. Irving's biography. "Beaumont was extremely apt to circulate stories at his expense, founded perhaps on some trivial incident, but dressed up with the embellishments of his sarcastic brain. One relates to a venerable dish of peas, served up at Sir Joshua's table, which should have been green, but were any other colour. A wag, suggested to Goldsmith, in a whisper, that they should be sent to Hammersmith, as that was the way to *turn-em-green* (Turnham-Green). Goldsmith, delighted with the pun, endeavoured to repeat it at Burke's table, but missed the point. 'That is the way to *make 'em green*,' said he. Nobody laughed. He perceived he was at fault. 'I mean that is the *road* to turn 'em green.' A dead pause, and a stare; whereupon, adds Beaumont, 'he started up disconcerted, and abruptly left the table.' . . . On another occasion, the poet and Beaumont were seated at the theatre, next to Lord Shelburne, the minister, whom political writers thought fit to nick-name Malagrida. 'Do you know,' said Goldsmith, to his lordship, in the course of conversation, 'that I never could conceive why they call you Malagrida, *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.'"

In 1773 the comedy of *She stoops to Conquer*; or, *the Mistakes of a Night*, was produced with triumphant success. It must have been written nearly two years before, but many perplexing circumstances had prevented its appearance. Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and a host of Goldsmith's distinguished friends were present, and joined in the hearty laugh which was kept up throughout the performance. Johnson's criticism on this brilliant production will be long remembered for its truth, as well as for its kindness to the sensitive author; "I know of no comedy for many years," he said, "that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."

In the commencement of the year 1774, Goldsmith was surrounded by an accumulation of work, that would have tasked the energies of the strongest mind. He was behindhand with the booksellers, and deeply in debt. His constitution was undermined partly by town dissipation, partly, perhaps, by early privations. He was over-worked and ill at ease; but he would not give way. He rallied himself as well as he could, and gave some entertainments in his chambers to Johnson and other friends. At length, on the 25th of March, he was taken ill. With characteristic impudence, he persisted in dosing himself with James's powders, (a medicine he had been in the habit of taking,) notwithstanding the expostulations of his medical attendants. He continued to grow weaker, and about half-past four on Monday morning, the 4th of April, 1774, he expired, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

One affecting incident remains to be narrated.

"There was one mourner," writes Washington Irving, "whose enthusiasm for his memory, could it have been foreseen, might have soothed the bitterness of death. After the coffin had been screwed down, a lock of his hair was requested for a lady, a particular friend, who wished to preserve it as a remembrance. It was the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy Bride. The coffin was opened again, and a lock of hair cut off which she cherished to her dying day. The lady," continues the biographer, "survived almost to the present day. Hazlitt met her at Northcote's painting room, about twenty years since, as Mrs. Gwyn, the widow of a General Gwyn of the army. She was at that time upwards of seventy years of age. Still, he said, she was beautiful, beautiful even in years. After she was gone, Hazlitt remarked how handsome she still was. 'I do not know,' said Northcote, 'why she is so kind as to come to see me, except that I am the last link in the chain that connects her with all those she most esteemed when young,—Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith,—and remind her of the most delightful period of her life.' " Mrs. Gwyn, so well known as Mary Horneck, and the Jessamy Bride, died in 1840.

Having accompanied the biographers of Goldsmith through the principal scenes of his chequered life, we may, perhaps, be allowed a concluding remark. There are few writers, it will be admitted, who have achieved a wider popularity, or who have exercised and maintained a more general and permanent influence on the English intellectual character than the author of the "Deserted Village." At every stage of life he is a friend and monitor. If, as his biographers have suggested, he was the author of "Goody Two Shoes," and other nursery rhymes published by his frequent employer, Mr. Francis Newbury—and there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that these drolleries, slight and trivial as they may appear, were really written by wise and thoughtful men—his sportive productions amuse our earliest infancy. His histories of England, Greece, and Rome, still form the basis of the historical knowledge communicated in hundreds of our schools; and if these histories are not remarkable for any deep research, their clear and lucid style admirably adapt them for the purposes of instruction. His selected essays, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Citizen of the World" are among the first volumes of English classics which, in youth and early manhood, are commended to our attention, and they never fail to leave a permanent impression on the mind. In maturer years they are resorted to with pleasure, and maxims and observations in daily use are taken from them. And when the meridian of life is passed, when the poetry of passion has lost its charm, and the mind is more readily attracted by sedate images and tranquil beauty, the "Deserted Village," and the "Traveller," are welcomed as favoured friends, and referred to as models of all that is pure, correct, and good. To every stage and condition of life we maintain that Goldsmith has been a liberal benefactor. But, above all, he has left us the example of a life which, though defaced and deformed by many errors, was redeemed by

so many virtues that we should be justified in rejoicing that he had lived even if he had not written a line.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL,

AFTERWARDS MISTRESS MILTON.¹

A HONEYMOON cannot for ever last; nor sense of danger, when it long hath past;—but one little difference from out manie greater differences between my late happie fortnight in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and my present dailie course in Barbican, hath marked the distinction between lover and husband. There it was "sweet Moll," "my heart's life of life," "my dearest cleaving mischief;" here 'tis onlie "wife," "Mistress Milton," or at most "deare or sweet wife." This, I know, is masterfulle and seemly.

Onlie, this morning, chancing to quote one of his owne lines,

"These things may startle well, but not astounde,"—he sayd, in a kind of wonder, "Why, Moll, whence had you that?—Methought you hated versing, as you used to call it. When learnt you to love it?" I hung my head in my old foolish way, and answered, "Sinco I learnt to love the verser." "Why, this is the best of alle!" he hastilie cried, "Can my sweet wife be indeede heart of my heart and spirit of my spirit? I lost, or drove away a child, and have found a woman." Thereafter, he less often wifed me, and I found I was agayn sweet Moll.

This afternoon, Christopher Milt on lookt in on us. After saluting me with y^e usuall mixture of malice and civilitie in his looks, he fell into casie conversatiou; and presentlie says to his brother quietlic enough, "I saw a curious pennyworth at a book-stall as I came along this morning." "What was that?" says my husband, brightening up. "It had a long name," says Christopher,—"'I think it was called 'Tetrachordon.'" My husband cast at me a suddain, quick look, but I did not see much as change colour; and quietlic continued my sewing.

"I wonder," says he, after a pause, "that you did not invest a small portion of your capitall in the work, as you say 'twas soe greate a bargain. However, Mr. Kit, let me give you one small hint with alle y^e goode humour imaginable; don't take advantage of our neare and deare relation to make too frequent opportunities of saying to me anything that would certainlie procure for another man a thrashing!"

Then, after a short silence betweene alle, he suddainlie burst out laughing, and cried, "I know 'tis on the stalls; I've seene it, Kit, myself! Oh, had you seene, as I did, the blockheads poring over the title, and hammering at it while you might have walked to Mile End and back!"

"That's fame, I suppose," says Christopher drylie; and then goes off to talk of some new exercise of the press-licenser's authoritie, which he seemed to approve, but it kindled my husband in a minute.

"What folly! what nonsense!" cried he, smiting the table; "these Jacks in office sometimes devise such senselesse things that I really am ashamed of being of theirs party. License, indeed! their license! I suppose they will shortlie license the lengthe of Moll's curls, and regulate the colour of her hooode, and forbid the larks to sing within sounde of Bow bell, and the bees to hum o' Sundays. Methought I had broken Mabbot's teeth two years agone; but I must bring forth a new edition of my Areopagitica; and I'll put your name down, Kit, for a hundred copies!"

Oct.—Though a rusticall life hath ever had my suffrages, nothing can be more pleasant than our regular course. We rise at five or sooner: while my husband combs his hair, he commonly hums or sings some psalm or hymn, versing it, maybe, as he goes on. Being drest, Ned reads him a chapter in the Hebrew Bible. With Ned stille at his knee, and me by his side, he expounds and improves y^e same; then, after a shorte, heartie prayer, releases us both. Before I have finished my dressing, I hear him below at his organ, with the two lads, who sing as well as choristers, hymning anthems and Gregorian chants, now soaring up to y^e clouds, as 'twere, and then dying off as though some wide echoing space lay betweene us. I usuallie find time to tie on my hooode and slip away to y^e herb-market for a bunch of fresh radishes or cresses, a sprig of parsley, or at y^e leaste a posy, to lay on his plate. A good whenten leaf, fresh butter and eggs, and a large jug of milk compose our simple breakfast; for he likes not, as my father, to see boys hacking a hugh piece of beef, nor cares for heavie feeding, himself. Onlie, olde Mr. Milton sometimes takes a rasher of toasted bacon, but commonly, a basin of furmity, which I prepare more to his munde than y^e servants can.

After breakfast, I well know the boys' lessons will last till noone. I therefore goe to my closett duties after my Forest Hill fashion; thence to market, buy what I neede, come home, look to my maids, give forth the needefulle stores, then to my needle, my books, or perchance to my lute, which I woulde faine play better. From twelve to one is the boys' hour of pastime; and it may generallie be sayd, my husband's and mine too. He draws aside the green curtain,—for we sit mostly in a large chamber shaped like the letter T, and thus divided while at our separate duties: my end is y^e pleasantest, has the sun most upon it, and hath a balcony overlooking a garden. At one, we dine; always on simple, plain dishes, but drest with neatnesse and care. Olde Mr. Milton sits at my right hand and says grace; and, though growing a little deaf, enters into alle y^e livelie discourse at table. He loves me to help him to y^e tenderest, by reason of his losse of teeth. My husband careth not to silt over the wine; and hath noe sooner finished the cheese and pippins than he reverts to the viol or organ, and not onlie sings himself, but will make me sing too, though he sayth my voice is

(1) Concluded from vol. x. p. 373.

better than my ear. Never was there such a tune-fulle spirit. He alwaies tears himself away at laste, as with a kind of violence, and returns to his books at six o' the clock. Meantime, his old father dozes, and I sew at his side.

From six to eight, we are seldom without friends, chance visitants, often scholarlike and witty, who tell us alle y^e news, and remain to partake a light supper. The boys enjoy this season as much as I doe, though with books before them, their hands over their ears, pretending to con the morrow's tasks. If the guests chance to be musicalle, the lute and viol are broughte forth, to alternate with roundelay and madrigal: the old man beating time with his feeble fingers, and now and then joining with his quavering voice. (By the way, he hath not forgotten to this hour, my imputed crime of losing that song by Harry Lawes: my husband takes my part, and sayth it will turn up some day when leaste expected, like Justinian's Paudects.) Hubert brings him his pipe and a glass of water, and then I crave his blessing and goe to bed; first, praying ferventlie for alle beneath this deare roof, and then for alle at Sheepscoote and Forest Hill.

On Sabbathis, besides the publick ordinances of devotion, which I cannot, with alle my striking, bring myself to love like y^e services to which I have beene accustomed, we have much reading, singing, and discoursing among ourselves. The maids sing, the boys sing, Hubert sings, olde Mr. Milton sings; and trulie with soe much of it, I woulde sometimes as lief have them quiete. The Sheepscoote Sundays suited me better. The sabbath exercise of the boys is to read a chapter in the Greek testament, heare my husband expounde the same; and write out a system of divinitie as he dictates to them, walking to and fro. In listening thereto, I find my pleasure and profit.

I have alsoe my owne little catechising, after a humbler sorte, in y^e kitchen, and some poore folk to relieve and console, with my husband's concurrence and encouragement. Thus, the sabbath is devoutlie and happilie passed.

My husband alsoe takes, once in a fortnight or soe, what he blythelie calls "a gaudy day," equallic to his owne content, the boys', and mine. On these occasions, it is my province to provide colde fowls or pigeon pie, which Hubert carries, with what else we neede, to the spot selected for our camp dinner. Sometimes we take boat to Richmond or Greenwich. Two young gallants, Mr. Alphrey and Mr. Miller, love to joyn our partie, and toil at the oar, or scramble up the hills, as merrilie as the boys. I must say they deal savagelie with the pigeon pie afterwards. They have as wild spiritts as our Dick and Harry, but withal a most wonderfull reverence for my husband, whom they courte to read and recite, and provoke to pleasant argument, never prolonged to wearinesse, and seasoned with frolic jest and witt. Olde Mr. Milton joyns not these parties. I leave him alwaies to Dolly's care, firste providing for him a sweetbread or some smalle relish, such as he loves. He is in bed ere we return, which is oft by moonlighte.

How soone must smiles give way to tears! Here is a letter from deare mother, taking noe note of what I write to her, and for good reason, she is soe distraught at her owne and deare father's ill condition. The rebels (I must call them such,) have soe stript and opprest them, they cannot make their house tenantable; nor have aught to feede on, had they e'en a whole roof over their heads. The neighbourhoode is too hot to holde them; olde friends cowardlie and suspitious, olde and new foes in league together. Leave Oxon they must; but where to goe? Father, despite his broken health and hatred of the foreigner, must needs depart beyond seas; at leaste within y^e six months; but how, with an emptie purse, make his way in a strange land, with a wife and seven children at his heels? Soe could mother with a "Lord have mercy upon us!" as though her house were as surelie doomed to destruction as it it helde y^e plague.

Minde eyes were yet swollen with tears, when my husband stept in. He askt, "What ails you, precious wife?" I coulde but sigh, and give him the letter. Having read y^e same, he says, "But what, my dearest? Have we not ample room here for them alle? I speak as to generalls, you must care for particulars, and stow them as you will. There are plenty of small rooms for the boys; but, if your father, being infirm, needes a ground-floor chamber, you and I will mount aloft."

I coulde but look my thankfulnessse and kiss his hand. "Nay," he added, with increasing gentlenessse, "think not I have seene your cares for my owne father without loving and blessing you. Let Mr. Powell come and see us happie; it may tend to make him soe. Let him and his abide with us, at the leaste, till the spring; his lads will studdy and play with mine, your mother will help you in your housewiferie, the two olde men will chirp together beside the Christmasse hearth; and, if I find thy weeklie bills the heavier 'twill be but to write another book, and make a better bargain for it than I did for the last. We will use hospitalitie without grudging; and, as for your owne increase of cares, I suppose 'twill be but to order two legs of mutton insteade of one!"

And soe, with a laugh, left me, most joyfulle, happy wife! to drawe sweete out of sowre, delighte out of sorrowe; and to summon mine owne kindred aboute me, and wipe away their tears, bid them eat, drink, and be merry, and shew myselfe to them, how proud, how cherished a wife!

Surelie my mother will learne to love John Milton at last? If she doth not, this will be my secret crosse, for 'tis hard to love dearelie two persons who esteeme not one another. But she will, she must, not onlie respect him for his uprightnessse and magnanimitie, coupled with what himselfe calls "an honest haughtinesse and self-esteemee," but like him for his kind and equal temper, (not "harsh and crabbed," as I have hearde her call it,) his easie flow of mirth, his manners, unaffectedlie cheerfulle; his voice, musicall; his person, beautifull; his habitt, gracefull; his hospitalitie, naturall to him; his purse, countenance, time,

trouble, at his friend's service; his devotion, humble; his forgiveness, heavenlie! May it please God that my mother shall like John Milton!

THE INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY.¹

THE inns of court and their inhabitants have ever been a fruitful and favourite theme with English writers. Poets and historians, novelists and essayists, have severally sung their praises. In the sixteenth century Spenser commemorated—

“Those brickie towers

The which on Temmes' brode aged back doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd thro' pride.”

Two centuries earlier, Chaucer, himself a Templar, drew a portrait of his brother students; later, Shakspeare made the Temple gardens the scene where the rival factions of York and Lancaster first assumed their respective badges of the white and red rose. Ben Jonson wrote, and Beaumont and Shirley inscribed verses to their honour; while, in our own day, Charles Lamb pronounced the Temple “the most elegant spot in the Metropolis,” and never lost an opportunity to testify his affection for the gardens of Gray's Inn and the cloisters of the Temple. In short, hardly a British author of repute can be cited, from Chaucer to Scott, or rather down to Dickens and Leigh Hunt, who has not spoken kindly and enthusiastically of the quiet groves and monastic buildings of the four inns of court.

“All these inns of court and chancery,” says Lord Coke, “do make the most famous university for the profession of the law only, or of any human science, that is in the world, and advanceth itself before all others *quantum inter viburna cupressus*.”

A still earlier authority, Sir John Fortescue, writes, “And to speak uprightly, there is in these greater inns, yea, and in the lesser too, besides the study of the law, as it were an university or school of all commendable quality. But after what manner and sort,” he continues, (Sir John, be it remembered, is addressing a royal pupil,—the unfortunate Henry VI.) “the laws are learned in these inns, thereof here to make rehearsal it is not needful, forasmuch as it is not for your estate, most noble prince, to put the same in use; yet know ye this, that it is pleasant and delectable, and in any wise expedient for the learning of the law, and worthy with all affection to be embraced. But one thing there is that I would have you know,—that neither at Orleans, where as well the canon as the civil laws are taught, and whither out of many countries scholars do repair, nor at Angers, or at Cane, nor any university of France, (Paris only excepted,) are found so many students past childhood, as in this place of

studies, notwithstanding that all the students there are English born.”

Under the Lancastrian and Tudor princes, the inns of court formed one of the first legal universities in the world; at present they are only entitled by courtesy to be denominated “schools of law.” There is, however, every reason to believe that they will gradually re-assume their ancient character; the recent establishment of lectureships at the Inner and Middle Temple, and most meetings and examinations at Gray's Inn, are evidences of the existence of such an intention.

Of all the inns of court, the two societies of the Temple, both from position and association, have long held the first place in public estimation; not that the other two inns would admit, or the Inner or Middle Temple assert, any superiority over Lincoln's or Gray's Inn. Beaumont, who knew well the jealous feeling with which the several societies viewed any one of the societies claiming precedence over the other, in dedicating a masque to two of the four inns of court, hit upon the ingenious expedient of inscribing it “to the anciently allied houses of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple, the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn,” and thereby avoided the heinous offence of preferring one society above the other, even in a play bill. Shirley, too, equally conscious of the delicate ground he was on, dedicated his “Triumphs of Peace” to the “four equal and honourable societies of the inns of court.” Nevertheless, though the Temple may not be able to show a scutcheon bearing more honourable names than the other two houses, or can justly claim a superior antiquity, “the halls, courts, gardens, and terraces of the Temple, that maintain, in the heart of a great city, in the nineteenth century, so much of the grace, romance, and picturesque decorum of our past manners,” as Disraeli has happily said, will ever impart a greater interest to the Temple than to the other inns. Great names still hold their sway, gainsay it who may, and the successors, legitimate or not, of the ancient Knights Templars, reap the advantage of their heritage.

Formerly, the inns of court were only accessible to sons of the nobility and men of rank; the inns of chancery being the *hospicia* or hostels, where the sons of merchants and traders studied: Fearné writes, “Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service, and for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did, with a special foresight and wisdom, provide that none should be admitted into houses of court, being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice, except he were a gentleman of blood; and that this may seem a truth, I myself have seen a calendar of all those which were together in the society of one of the same houses about the last year of King Henry V., with the arms of their house and family marshalled by their names; and I assure you the selfsame monument doth approve them all to be gentlemen of perfect descents.” Our modern governors have learned to think less proudly and more wisely, and the humblest equally

(1) “A History of the Inns of Court and Chancery; with Notices of their Ancient Discipline, Rules, Orders, and Customs, Readings, Morts, Masques, Revels, and Entertainments, including an Account of Eminent Men, of the Four Learned and Honourable Societies—Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn.” By Robert R. Pearce, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

with the highest member of society may become a student of either of the four inns.

Tradition assigns the reign of Edward III. as the period when the lawyers first settled in the Temple.

The order of the Knights Templars was suppressed in Edward the Second's time. That king bestowed the possessions of the Knights upon Thomas Earl of Lancaster; he afterwards, on Lancaster's rebellion, gave them to the Earl of Pembroke, and on Pembroke's death they fell to the lot of the younger Despencer. After Despencer's attainder, the Temple and its dependencies were, in obedience to a decree of the Council of Vienna, transferred to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, who in their turn demised the same to their present tenants for the yearly rent of 10*l*. So long as the order of the Knights of St. John remained in existence, the lawyers remained their tenants; but, upon its dissolution in Henry the Eighth's reign, the two societies of the Inner and Middle Temple became tenants of the crown. King James I. at the request of the two societies, who felt naturally anxious that their domiciles should not become the property of any of the hungry Scotchmen who had followed their countryman to England, (one of whom had already had the modesty to demand a grant of the Temple,) granted the "*hospicia et capitania messuagia cognita per nomen de le Inner Temple et le Middle Temple, sive uni Templi*," London, to Sir Julius Caesar, and the treasurer and teachers of the two houses and their successors for ever, for lodging, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm, in consideration of a yearly rent of 10*l*. paid by each society to himself, and his royal successors.

The lawyers' university flourished from the first. The four houses were in full vigour so early as Henry the Fifth's time. The town and gown contests which have been immortalized by Scott, seem to have commenced immediately on the advent of the new inhabitants of the Temple. Perhaps it was some recollection of the haughty tone the younger students displayed towards the shopkeepers and their apprentices, that prompted one of Cade's followers to propose to "kill all the lawyers," whilst the mighty demagogue himself bade his friends, "Now, go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all."

Chaucer, during his residence in the Temple, where his acquaintance with Gower began, appears to have shared in the pugnaciousness of his brother Templars, inasmuch as it was on record in Elizabeth's time that "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street."

In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, it was as much a matter of course for the younger members of the nobility and gentry, to spend a portion of their time at one of the inns of court, as it is now thought indispensable to pass three or four terms at Oxford or Cambridge. The young Templar was then in London as noisy a being as the student of the Sorbonne at Paris. In the nineteenth century the inns of court would be considered the last place in

the world where a youth would run wild; his wild oats have been sown at Oxford or Cambridge; in the sixteenth and seventeenth, it was otherwise. The Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, were then the safety-valves where the high spirits of youth were thrown off; Oxford and Cambridge at that period partaking more of the character of preparatory schools, the youthful Oxonian and Cantab being then subjected to the discipline of the ferule; the undergraduates of the twin universities were principally boys of fifteen or sixteen. The inns of court, situated only a reasonable distance from the court, adjacent to the residences of the nobility, the young noble's first introduction to life was as a student of the lawyers' university. All the better entertainments of the town were especially devised for the pleasure of the Temple students. For whom were the masques, then in their perfection, composed, if not for the delectation of the young gentlemen of the inns of court? Who were the real patrons of the theatre, and to whom did the play-writers inscribe their comedies? Where were the Christmas revels most religiously kept, and where were the town gallants to be found? The Sir Walter Raleighs, Cecils, and Leicesters, all came from the inns of court. In the days of the Pitts and Walpoles, the minister looked to Oxford and Cambridge, to supply the state with efficient servants; in Elizabeth's time such material was furnished by the "estate of Templaria." The rise of Sir Christopher Hatton, which appears to us a matter of surprise, was then a mere matter of course. The queen was aware that the young men performing in the masque before her were all men of birth or mark; their reputations for ability were well known; no censure, therefore, attached to her for preferring to her service a man who added the graces of person to those of intellect. Hatton's legal judgments were none the worse from his having in the hey-day of youth assisted in the composition of "Tancred and Gismunda," and in the performance of sundry other plays and masques.

"Tancred and Gismunda" reminds us, that the earliest English tragedy extant, "Ferrex and Porrex," was the work of two barristers of the Inner Temple, and was represented before bonnie Queen Bess by the gentlemen of that Society. Perhaps the most elegant of the masques of Elizabeth's day was "The Inner Temple Masque," written by William Browne, a Templar. The story of Ulysses and the Syrens furnished its subject matter. Mr. Pearce has wisely extracted the opening song, and, for the benefit of those of our readers who may not see his book, we follow his example:—

"Steer, brother, steer, your winged pines,
 All beaten mariners,
 Here lie Love's undiscovered mines,
 A prey to passengers:
 Perfumes far sweeter than the best
 Which make the Phoenix wine and nest
 Fear not your ships,
 Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,
 But come on shore,
 Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten more:
 For swelling waves, our panting hearts,
 Where never storms arise,

Exchange and be awhile our guests,
 For stars gaze on our eyes.
 The compass, Love shall hourly sing,
 And as he goes about the ring,
 We will not miss
 To tell each point he nameth with a kiss."

This is very charming poetry, and worthy of the bosom friend of Drayton and the companion of Beaumont. The dedication of this masque is so excellent, and withal so modest, that we insert it:—"To the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple—Gentlemen, I give you but your own: if you refuse to foster it, I know not who will. By your means it may live. If it degenerate in kind from those other the Society hath produced, blame yourselves for not seeking a happier man. I know it is not without faults, yet such as your lore, or at least poetical license, (the common salve,) will make tolerable. What is good in it, that is yours; what is bad, mine; what indifferent, both; and that will suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in private by him that is always yours, W. Browne." The Temple had no reason to be ashamed of the bantling committed to its protection: it has lived to do honour to its foster father.

Beaumont and Fletcher's masque of "The Inner Temple and Gray's Inn; Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple," is generally known. Its principal author, Francis Beaumont, the son of a judge, and himself bred to the law, did not forget, when he left that calling for the "idle trade" of play-writing, his old companions of the Temple. Beaumont was early in life bitten with the *cacoethes scribendi*; at fifteen, he published a metrical translation of Ovid's fable of "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus;" and before he was twenty had addressed his celebrated "Letter to Ben Jonson," whose friendship he had acquired. Beaumont appears to have been of a most affectionate disposition. All his contemporaries speak kindly of him; and when we remember the bitter spirit which was manifested by some of the wits of that day towards Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, this is no slight praise. Most of our readers will recall Ben Jonson's lines to his youthful friend:—

"How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
 That unto me doth such religion use!
 How I do fear myself, that am not worth
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
 At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st,
 And giving largely to me, more than tak'st:—
 What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
 What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
 When even there, where most thou praisest me
 For writing better, I must envy thee!"

Dryden tells us that Ben Jonson was accustomed to submit all his plots to this young poet,—no trifling mark of confidence. Michael Drayton's apostrophe to Francis Beaumont, his elder brother John, (the author of "Bosworth Field,") and his brother Templar, Browne, is further evidence, were further evidence wanting, of the affectionate regard in which our Temple poet was held by his brother wits and dramatists:—

"Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
 My dear companions whom I freely chose,

My bosom friends, and in their several ways
 Rightly-born poets; and in these last days
 Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
 Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
 As I have mine to them."

Beaumont died at nine-and-twenty. What he might have done had he lived, it is impossible to say; but when we remember that Shakspeare's, Scott's, and Milton's most glorious works were written late in life,—that their more finished writings were the productions of their maturer years,—it may reasonably be conjectured, judging from the magnificent legacies he left, that by his premature death England lost works immeasurably beyond any of the Elizabethan writers, Shakspeare alone excepted. Beaumont, unlike Fletcher, was of a reflective disposition; it is only necessary to look upon his noble, though somewhat melancholy image, to be assured of that; he possessed, too, greater judgment (greater industry were impossible) than his poet brother. The quaint and facetious Bishop Corbet, who was contemporary with Beaumont at Broadgate's Hall, Oxford, (now Pembroke College; a college, by the way, which has produced its fair quota of distinguished men;) and where the future divine and dramatist probably first engaged in the wit combats, so popular in those days, lived to write his friend's epitaph:—

"He that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
 As would ask ten good heads to husband it;
 He that can write so well, that no man dare
 Refuse it for the best, let him beware:—
 Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears
 Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."

Enthusiasm for the Temple poet, *par excellence*,—no ignoble distinction when it is recollected that Congreve, Wycherly, Rowe, Ford, Southerne, Marston, Sheridan, Cowper, and Moore, were all Templars,—has made us almost forget his masque. This time the scene was Whitehall; the occasion, the marriage of the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth; a marriage which was destined to be of greater importance to these isles than could then have been foreseen. It must have been a brilliant spectacle to behold the masquers with "divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses as their convoy," in the royal barges, attended and followed by galleys and barges innumerable, filled with noble dames and courtiers, decked out in all their bravery, sailing down the river: musical instruments, bells and cannons, announcing their approach. At Whitehall, the king, who dearly loved such shows, preferring them infinitely to the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, awaited the arrival of the gallant company. A few years later, one Floyd, a barrister of the Inner Temple, underwent an ignominious punishment for saying, "What has now become of your good man, Palgrave, and your good wife?—they had, I think, as much right to the kingdom of Bohemia as I have to the principality of Wales." Was this "one Floyd" a masquer at the nuptial feast?—or "were it," as Horatio says, "to consider too curiously to consider so?"

The most memorable of these masques was the one given in 1633 by the four inns collectively, partly to commemorate the birth of the Duke of York, but principally to testify to the king and queen the disapprobation with which the Templars viewed the violent and unjustifiable conduct of Mr. Prynne, who had dedicated his celebrated "*Histriomastrix*" to the benchers and students of the four inns of court, and especially of Lincoln's Inn. In the getting up of the masque, Lincoln's Inn took the initiative. Elaborate pains were taken to make it the most splendid of its kind, and the different inns appointed a committee formed of their most distinguished members. The attorney-general, Noy, and Mr. Gerling, represented Lincoln's Inn; the renowned antiquary Selden, and Sir Edward Herbert, the Inner Temple; the Queen's attorney-general, Finch, Gray's Inn; and Edward Hyde and Bulstrode Whitelocke, the historians, the Middle Temple.

This masque has found its historian in Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, who describes it evidently *con amore*. We fear, however, our readers would not care to know that Mr. Darrell of Lincoln's Inn was an extraordinary proper gentleman, and was mounted on one of the king's best horses and richest saddle; and that his own (Sir Bulstrode's) habit was exceedingly rich and glorious. Nor would the fact that, "then came the first chariot of the grand masquers, which was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, carved, and painted with exquisite art, and purposely for this service and occasion," inspire greater interest. "In this chariot," the knight continues, "sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn in their habits, doublets, trunk hose, and caps of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white stockings up to their trunk hose, and rich sprigs in their caps,—themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen."

To the curious in such matters we therefore commend Sir Bulstrode, who rivals Pepys in his admiration for fine clothes; it may, however, be satisfactory to add, that, on the arrival of the masquers at Whitehall, "the king and queen, and all their noble train, being come in, the masque began, and was incomparably performed in the dancing, speeches, music, and scenes. The dance, figures, properties, the voices, instruments, songs, airs, the word and the actions, were all of them exact, and none failed in their parts of them, and the scenes were most curious and costly. The queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them herself, and to judge them as good dancers as she ever saw; and the great ladies were very free, and civil, in dancing with all the masquers as they were taken out by them." In fact, as we moderns would say, the affair went off with great éclat, no accident befalling, excepting to Mr. May of Gray's Inn, the translator of Lucan, who had the lord chamberlain's staff broken over his shoulders. However, as his majesty apologized the next day for his chamberlain's error in judgment, and presented the unlucky

poet with fifty pounds, wherewith to purchase a salve for his aching back, no great harm was done.

The Temple revels were as famous as the Temple masques. They took place four times in each year, and no where, perhaps, were the feasts of Allhallow-tide, Candlemas, and Christmas, kept with greater spirit than in the halls of the astute old lawyers. Decker, who never missed an opportunity to aim a shaft at his rival Ben Jonson, says, "You shall swear not to bombast out a new play with the old lining of jests stolen from the Temple revels." The Christmas revels of 1597 were celebrated with more than ordinary splendour. This year Lord Robert Dudley, then a student of the Inner Temple (Scott's Earl of Leicester), was elected high-constable and marshal by the grandiloquent title of "*Pallaphilos, Prince of Sophie, High-constable Marshal of the Knights Templars, and Patron of the honourable Order of Pegasus*," and from the account Gerard Leigh has left, fooled to the top of his bent in glorious style. He had for a colleague another of Elizabeth's favourites, our old friend, Sir Christopher Hatton, who, although designated "master of the game," seems to have played in it but a secondary part. Amongst other rare things, his Highness, the Prince of Sophie, held a court in the Inner Temple Hall, and conferred the honour of knighthood upon twenty-three chosen gentlemen, and after severally arming them with the breast-plate of courage, delivering to them the targe of Pallas, girding them with the mantle of Pallas, and hanging round their necks the collar of Pallas, they were dismissed; not, however, without an exordium, which ran thus:—

"Wisdom, the guide of armed strength,
Uprise your knightlie name:
By force of prowess hunt to climb
The lofty tower of fame.
Advance your honours by your deeds,
To live for evermore
As Pallas' knightie, by Pallas' helpe,
Pallas serve ye therefore."

Pallas, of course, typified the immaculate Elizabeth, her majesty never objecting to incense, either in small or large quantities.

Gray's Inn, in her majesty's time, distinguished itself by the greater number of its revelries, if the *Gesta Grayorum* is to be believed; in the year 1594, it determined to outdo, if possible, all former revellings. The appointment of a Master of the Revels was an important matter on these occasions, and after due deliberation, Mr. Henry Holmes, who is described as a "very proper man, and very active in dancing and revelling," was elected master, with the title of Prince of Purpoole. The prince was at once invested with absolute authority; guards, officers, and gentlemen-pensioners assigned to him; and the better to enable him to support his state, monies were raised by benevolence. Next, letters were addressed to the society of the Inner Temple, inviting the attendance of its members. On St. Thomas' Eve the prince was enthroned in the great hall of Gray's Inn, his nobles, marshals, law officers, and courtiers being in attendance. The trumpets having sounded thrice, the

prince's king-at-arms stood forth and proclaimed his matter after the following fashion:—"By the sacred law of arms, and authenticated ceremonies of the same, (maugre the conceit of any malcontent,) I do pronounce my sovereign liege lord, Sir Henry, rightfully to be the high and mighty Prince of Purpoole, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardin, Duke of the High and Nether Holborns, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham Court, Palatine of Bloomsbury, and Knight of the most honourable Order of the Helmet, and sovereign of the same."

The prince's reign seems to have been a glorious one. On the 3d of January, the Lord Treasurer Burghley, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Essex, Lords Buckhurst, Windsor, Sheffield, Compton, &c., were present at the revels. The mayor and aldermen, hearing of the fame of the prince, entertained him and eighty of his suite, whilst the queen invited his highness to visit her the following Shrovetide, at Greenwich, and there perform a masque before her. Her majesty was so satisfied with the entertainment the Grayians gave her, as to offer her royal hand for the prince and his merry men to kiss. At the same time, the maiden queen declared that "Gray's Inn was a house she was much indebted to, for it did always study for some sports to present unto her." The day's entertainments closed with a species of tournament, in which the Earl of Essex and his company engaged the Earl of Cumberland and his friends, amongst whom was the Prince of Purpoole. The prince behaved so gallantly as to win the prize—a jewel set with seventeen diamonds and fourteen rubies, which was presented to him by the queen's own hand.

The revels at the Middle Temple and Lincoln's were, of course, similar in character to those held at the other inns, with the exception, that whilst at the Temple a Lord of Misrule presided, at Lincoln's Inn a King of the Cockneys, or Monarch of Christmas-day, ruled supreme. Lincoln's Inn, however, seems to have entered less heartily than the two Temples into these sports. The puritanical spirit of the times penetrated to Lincoln's Inn sooner than to the other houses. We read, that in the seventh year of King James I. a number of the outer barristers of Lincoln's Inn were put out of Commons for example's sake, for refusing to dance before the judges at Candlemas; and a threat was superadded, that the next offence would be punished by the infliction of a heavy fine. The celebrated "*Histriomastrix*" proceeded from the pen of a Lincoln's Inn man, and it was the dread that the opinions broached in that remarkable book, which was dedicated more especially to the benchers and students of Lincoln's Inn, should be thought to represent the sentiments of the society, that induced the inn to get up the masque *Whitelocke* has immortalized. Similar thoughts had extended to the other inns, but do not seem to have taken the same root. Sir Simon d'Ewes, returning from one of the revels held in the Middle Temple Hall, writes in his diary, "I began seriously to loathe it, though

at the time I conceived the sport of itself to be lawful." D'Ewes' opinions, however, represented those of the great party who were so scandalized by the plays and masques then in vogue. In 1623, D'Ewes had written, "At night I came in to commons at the Temple, where there was a Lieutenant chosen, and all manner of gaming and vanity practised; as if the Church had not at all groaned under those heavy desolations which it did." The licence permitted at the Temple revels attracted the indignation of the virtuous Evelyn, who, appointed a comptroller of them, precipitately left the scene of tumultuous revelry, and buried himself in his favourite Wotton. He doubtless thought, with the Prince Hamlet, that though he was a Templar, and therefore native and to the manner born, 'twas a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, inasmuch as, writing in 1668, he speaks of the revel as the "remains of an old and riotous custom, having relation neither to virtue nor policy." "When the cap and gown was off, liberty reigned," says old Ben Jonson, in one of his dedications to the inns of court; and if liberty reigned somewhat obstreperously in his day, the goddess was not likely to have grown soberer in that of the merry monarch.

The glory of the Temple masques and revels departed with the Stuarts. During the reign of the phlegmatic Dutchman and the earlier Brunswicks, they gradually dwindled into insignificance. Occasionally the presence of some European sovereign, such as that of Peter the Great, in 1697, revived them for the moment. But the giant race of the Beaumonts, Jonsons, Fords, Inigo Jones', and Vandykes, that had been fostered by a Charles and an Elizabeth, had disappeared: princes now ruled, who knew not Shakspeare; masques had succumbed to cards; and the tasteful magnificence that had so scandalized a large portion of free Britons had passed away. Was the country, was morality, benefited by the change? Was the court of Queen Caroline purer than that of the unfortunate Henrietta Maria? Were the mimic shows at Whitehall, produced with all the skill and care that an Inigo Jones and a Jonson could bestow, more prejudicial to the morals of the nation than the card tables at St. James's, and the assembly rooms at Bath? It cannot be denied, that when the Stuarts made way for a new dynasty, art and literature lost the only real royal friends they ever had in England. Let those who fondly cling to the notion that religion gained by the advent of the Georges, turn to the pages of Walpole and of Pope's *Lord Hervey*. There they will read the daily history of a court where gross hypocrisy, irreligion, and intrigue, reigned preeminent, without one particle of grace, feeling, or elegance, to atone for its unrelieved profligacy.

The last of the revels in the inns of court took place on the 2d of February, 1733, and a dreary revel it proved. Instead of a poetical masque or play, written for the occasion by some sprightly Templar or renowned poet, and performed by the students and barristers of the inn, was presented the prose comedy

of "Love for Love," written, it is true, by a Templar, but a piece which was doubtless familiar to the majority of those present. The players were from the Haymarket theatre. When the dramatic entertainment—which, consisting as it did of a lengthy five-act comedy and a two-act farce, (the famous "Devil to Pay,") was none of the shortest—had terminated, the Master of the Revels took the Lord Chancellor (Talbot) by the right hand, and he with "his left took Mr. J. Puge, who, joined to the other judges, sergents, and benchers present, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal-fire, according to the old ceremony, three times." The Chancellor and his companions were "aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the prothonotary, then sixty, and all the terms of the dance, the ancient song, accompanied with music, was sung by one Toby Acton, dressed in a bar-gown." After his honour and the reverend benchers had duly gone through this exquisite performance, country dances commenced—the ladies now descending from the gallery, where they had hitherto remained, the witnesses of the saltatory feats of the barristers and benchers. The historian of this last of the revels closes his narrative with "the whole day's entertainment was generally thought to be very *genteelly* and liberally conducted." Vastly genteelly indeed! and with this inane exhibition terminated the famous Temple masques.

From the Inner Temple we naturally turn to its ancient ally, Gray's Inn, in compliment to whom the Gray's Inn griffin still mounts guard over the Temple garden. This inn was in existence, as a school of law, in Edward the Third's time, and takes its name from the Grays of Wilton, whose property the inn originally was. The Gray family sold the manor of Portpole (otherwise Gray's Inn) to a certain Hugh Dennys, in Henry the Eighth's time. Subsequently, the prior and monks of Sheen purchased the inn, who, in their turn, demised it to its present tenants. Upon the general dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. granted the monks' estate to the society in fee-farm. If the Temple can boast of having had for members or inmates such men as Raleigh, Evelyn, Hawkins the navigator, Gower, Chaucer, Beaumont, Johnson, Goldsmith, Clarendon, Ireton, and Hampden, Gray's Inn can exhibit a list no less distinguished. Here lived the author of Hudibras, who has been thought by some to have been a member of the house. The gallant Sir Philip Sidney, that true gentleman, was a student of this school, as also were the renowned antiquaries Camden and Dugdale. Here, also, dwelt Shirley the dramatist; and here Chapman, the translator of Homer, "spoke out loud and bold." In Gray's Inn, too, lived Arthur Murphy, the playwright, whom the Society refused to admit as a student, on the ground that, as a young man, Murphy had been an actor. Lincoln's Inn, to its honour, opened its doors to the translator of Tacitus. Philip Wharton the wit, the Presbyterian general Fairfax, and Bradshaw the regicide, also studied here.

But the man that Gray's Inn more especially de-

lights to honour is—Francis Bacon. As a lawyer and a politician, Bacon cannot compare with his contemporary, Coke, the glory of the Inner Temple. What history is more melancholy than that of Bacon the lawyer? In obsequiousness, subservency, jealousy, meanness, and ingratitude, he seems to have distanced all mankind. As a judge, a friend, and an advocate, his conduct was equally contemptible. In the first capacity, he condescended to barter for gold the justice he had sworn to administer; in the second, he assisted to procure the condemnation of the patron, the friend, to whom he owed his very existence as a public man; and, in the third, he stooped to the publication of anonymous pamphlets, to obtain a step in his profession. The character of Coke is not attractive; the virulence and coarseness with which he attacked such men as Raleigh and Essex in their hour of trial, and the abjectness which distinguished him in his own, render him sufficiently repulsive. What man does not turn with disgust from the being who could so forget himself as to taunt a fallen spirit like Raleigh's with such vile trash and foul-mouthed language as—"Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived. Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride. I will make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face with a Spanish heart. 'Thou viper! for I thou thee, thou traitor!'" Or what amount of learning and honesty can inspire respect for a lawyer who, as attorney-general, in the midst of an argument, falls into a violent passion, and advises a brother barrister, and that barrister Francis Bacon, "if he has any tooth against him, to pluck it out; and that he (Coke) scorns to stand upon terms towards one who is less than little—less than the least?" Intemperate language, like this, produces disgust; it does not engender contempt. Contempt remains for that solicitor-general, who, in the quiet of his chamber, prepares a memoir under the title of—"Reasons why it should be exceeding much for his Majesty's service to remove the Lord Coke" (then Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) "from the place he now holdeth, to be Chief Justice of England, and the Attorney to succeed him, and the Solicitor the Attorney."

Any solicitor-general of our day who acted in this wise, would be scouted from society; but the worst feature in the transaction remains to be told. The high-spirited Essex, it will be remembered, had used all his influence, to the rebuking of the Lord Treasurer's son, to obtain for his friend Bacon the attorney-generalship, but without success. Since then, that impetuous spirit had fallen into disgrace, and the counsel for the prosecution was the individual for whom Essex had risked the prime minister's enmity—the man whom Essex, in the ardour of his generous friendship, had presented with an estate worth 2,000*l.* as some compensation for the disappointment his friend had sustained. This act of Essex was the more graceful, as, at the time of the gift, Bacon was in such

pecuniary distress, that, upon one occasion, he was arrested for debt at a goldsmith's instance. With the broad acres of Twickenham to remind Bacon of the exertions the friend he had brought to the scaffold had made in his behalf, it would have been presumed, that the attorneyship had now lost its attractions. Low as Bacon had fallen, could heart of man have conceived that the greatest thinker of the age could have descended to the petty arts of memoir-writing to obtain what his own high talents and the persuasive eloquence of Essex had failed to command? Coke, with all his bigotry, all his obstinacy, all his intolerance, all his violence, if only for the intrepidity he displayed at a time when to oppose the will of an arbitrary sovereign was an act of danger, commands our esteem. On the other hand, is one action of Bacon known to us, which bespeaks a manly and feeling heart. It is his literary character, the incalculable obligations we are under to him, as a thinker and a writer, that impart a fresh charm to Gray's Inn, as the spot from whence emanated the thoughts of the greatest of modern philosophers, and in the gardens of which he walked and studied, planted and meditated. But, as a judge and an advocate, the name of Bacon might advantageously be blotted from the list of the great lawyers of Britain.

Robert Cecil, the young gentleman who answered Essex's arguments for advancing his cousin to the attorneyship with the common-place that "Francis was too young," though, at the time, (still younger than his cousin,) he was intriguing for the secretaryship of state, was a student of Gray's Inn. We learn from Pepys, what otherwise we should never have dreamt, that the wily Robert, despite all the schooling of his sagacious father, was in his hot youth not much wiser than his neighbours. Let Pepys tell the story. "A mad companion having enticed Cecil to play, in a short time he lost all his money, bedding, and books, to his companion, having never used play before. And, being afterwards among his other company, he told them how such a one had misled him, saying, he would presently have a device to be even with him. And with a long trouke he made a hole in the wall near his play-fellow's bedstead, and in a fearful voice spake thus thro' the tronke. 'O mortal man, repent! Repent of thy horrible time consumed in play, cozenage, and leudness; or else thou art damned, and cannot be saved.' Which, being spoken at mid night, when he was all alone, so amazed him, as drove him into a sweat for fear. Most penitent and heavy, the next day, in presence of the youths, he told, with trembling, what a fearful voice spoke to him at mid night, vowing never to speak again; and, calling for Mr. Cecil, asked him forgiveness on his knees, and restored him all his money, bedding, and books. So, two gamesters were reclaimed with this very device, and never played more."

Not the least remarkable of the Gray's Inn students was Bradshaw, the president of the court that tried and condemned Charles I. He was called to the degree of Sergeant-at-law during the Commonwealth.

Bradshaw, though a violent partisan, was an honest politician; and, as he opposed the tyranny of Charles, so he protested against the dictation of Cromwell. If Gray's Inn has enrolled in its list of members the names of the regicides, Bradshaw and Ireton, the same list contains, also, those of the royalist Duke of Ormond, and the kingmaker, Monk.

Gray's Inn Hall is a noble building, and dates back from the reign of Philip and Mary. The beech tables in the hall were presented to the inn by Queen Mary's successor and sister. For this and other favours bestowed by her majesty upon the Society, the benchers, barristers, and students, solemnly drink, each grand day, to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth. Remembering that Sir Francis Walsingham, the Cecils (father and son), the Sidneys, and the Bacons, were all members of this house, it is but right that the society should reverence the memory of the sovereign who convinced her sense of the high character of Gray's Inn, by selecting from amongst its members her chief councillors and statesmen. In our own day, Gray's Inn has had the honour of producing three of our most distinguished lawyers: Curran, Romilly, and O'Connell. A book recently published by one of Mr. O'Connell's personal friends, informs us, that the great Irish agitator was wont, in his declining years, to revert with pleasure to the time when he was an unknown Gray's Inn student.

It is now time to speak of the largest of the four inns. Lincoln's Inn is built partly on the ruins of Blackfriars' House, Holborn, and partly on the spot where, in the days of Henry III, stood the episcopal palace of Ralph Nevil, Bishop of Winchester. In Henry the Seventh's time, Richard Sampson, the then Bishop of Chichester, passed the inheritance to William and Eustace Sularde, two of the benchers of the inn, who forthwith conveyed the same to the rest of the benchers in fee, who have held it ever since.

Of the masques, revels, and other customs that were common to Lincoln's Inn as to the other houses, we have already spoken; there only remains for us to mention a few of the many great men that here commenced their study of law and jurisprudence. None of the inns is so rich in names of political renown as Lincoln's Inn. The other houses may have sent forth greater lawyers, more renowned writers, but none other can show so proud an array of statesman-like names as Pitt, Addington, Canina, Peel, Brougham, Mackintosh, Perceval, Walpole, Shaftesbury, &c. The greatest of English advocates, Erskine, and the most high-minded of Chancellors, Sir T. More, studied here. We use the word "studied" advisedly—at least, inasmuch as regards Sir Thomas More; for in that chancellor's time the student did something more than eat, or pay for, so many dinners—(Lincoln's Inn, we believe, does not require, as do the other inns, that the dinners be actually eaten)—and perform imaginary exercises. As was common with all but the apprentice nobiliores in those days, he remained

some time at one of the Inns of Chancery before he was admitted at Lincoln's Inn. More, early in his career, was appointed lecturer at Furnival's Inn, a real honour at a period when the best men contended for the lectureships, and when theses were required from every student. Little could this great man have foreseen that a day would come when the Society to which he belonged should refuse to one of their own members, and moreover one of the most elegant and philosophical writers of his time, the use of Lincoln's Inn Hall as a lecture-room. Less, still, could the victim of royal tyranny have foreshadowed that two or three centuries after his death the grand objection to the delivery of the lectures in question was the fact, that the embryo lecturer had published a volume (the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*) in answer to one written by the greatest political writer then living. The unanimity which prevailed amongst the benchers on the subject of Mackintosh's lectures is not the least disgraceful feature in the matter. The most remarkable was that a Tory Chancellor, a member of another house, (the Inner Temple,) should be the man destined to save the character of Lincoln's Inn. The crowd of eminent persons, Whigs and Tories, Parliament-men and Westminster-men, who flocked to these lectures, must have convinced the benchers that they had stood upon the brink of a precipice. The issue, too, must have proved satisfactory to Lord Loughborough, but for whose interference, Sir James Mackintosh's lectures had never been delivered in Lincoln's Inn Hall; the public acts of the wary Chancellor were not always such as he could look back upon with pride.

Lord Thurlow, on being asked the probability of a certain young barrister's success in his profession, recommended that the young gentleman should be allowed to run through his own fortune, then marry, and when he had spent his wife's, there might be a reasonable chance of his attaining eminence. The late Lord Abinger, one of the most successful of modern advocates and the worst of modern judges, is reported to have said, on the other hand, that he would have a property qualification for barristers as for members of parliament. What would be the effect of Sir James Scarlett's proposed measure, we do not pretend to say; we only know that it would disqualify half of the present generation of barristers. Of the wonderful effects pride and necessity have severally and collectively produced, we have numberless instances. Lord Ellenborough is one of the most memorable. The son of a Bishop, a wrangler at Cambridge, an eminently proud man, perfectly conscious of his intellectual superiority, young Law resolutely submitted to all that drudgery without which no man yet ever became a great lawyer, though many may have been known as great advocates. His letter to his college-friend, Archdeacon Coxe, the biographer of Marlborough and the Walpoles, and the historian of the House of Hapsburgh, is, in our opinion, one of the most affecting that ever was penned.

"75, Temple, Friday Night.

"After holding a pen most of the day in the service of my profession, I will use it a few minutes longer in that of friendship. I thank you, my dearest friend, for this and every proof of confidence and affection. Let us cheerfully push our way in our different lines: the path of neither of us is strewed with roses, but they will terminate in happiness and honour. I cannot, however, now and then help sighing, when I think how inglorious an apprenticeship we both of us serve to ambition, while you teach a child his rudiments, and I drudge at the pen for attorneys. But if knowledge and a respectable situation are to be purchased only on these terms, I, for my part, can readily say, *Illic mercede placeat*. Do not commend my industry too soon; application wears for me, at present, the charm of novelty; upon a longer acquaintance, I may grow tired of it."

He did not tire of it, for he possessed an indomitable will; and when distaste, disinclination, or weariness crept over him, as they will, at times, over the most resolute, he would write and set before his aching eyes, "Read, or starve!" three monosyllables which have effected as many miracles as even the magic word "Failure!"

Sir William Grant, like Lord Ellenborough, had to struggle against the *res angusta domi*, that spur to a proud and ambitious man. Before he had kept all his terms at Lincoln's Inn, he sailed for the Canadas, and while there obtained the appointment of Attorney-general; but in those days the Canadian attorneyship was productive neither of glory nor wealth. Young Grant, longing for a wider field, returned to Europe; but so little did the high position he had held in the Canadas assist him, that he went the western circuit four times without obtaining a single brief. By the way, what a glorious band at that period went the western circuit! Pitt, Jekyll, Dundas, and Grant, not to mention the lesser giants. Pitt evidently looked back with pleasure to his circuit journeyings, and, many years after he had left the bar, annually met his legal friends at Greenwich. At their meetings the Chevalier, as Grant was called by his familiars, was a constant attendant. To show the kindly feeling that characterised these Greenwich reunions, we cite that when Lord Redesdale, an Inner Temple worthy, was unable, by reason of his appointment to the Irish chancellorship, to attend, the whole party sent every year an address to him, dated from Greenwich, written by Jekyll, and signed by all present at the dinner.

The history of the Calamities of Authors has been written by one of the craft, and forms a goodly though melancholy enough tome; but we question much whether as sad a story does not remain to be told of successful and unsuccessful barristers. The author's wretchedness is chronicled, not so the advocate's; he dies and makes no sign. The one, when in the most abject condition, finds a melancholy pleasure in exposing his sores to a hard-hearted world; the other only trusts that his may escape notice. The prevailing vice of the genus author is vanity; that of the barrister,

pride. We place the two professions in juxtaposition because they assimilate more than any other. There is much sympathy, though, perhaps, also some jealousy, between the authors and barristers of England, little or none between British authors and doctors of divinity and physic. Who can read in Steeven's Life of Horne Tooke, of Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, Tooke, and Kenyon dining together out of term time, at an eating house near Chancery Lane, where their meal was supplied to them at the charge of 7½d. a head, without recalling Johnson's relation to Boswell of a similar scene in his own life. "Dunning and myself," Tooke was wont to add, "were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, rewarded her with a halfpenny and sometimes with a promise." The two stories agree in the minutest details.

Again, the story of poor Fearné involuntarily suggests that of Savage. The story goes, that an attorney passing through the Temple observed, at one of the windows of the uppermost story of a set of chambers, a pale emaciated man with overhanging brows and meagre looks; in fact, just such another as Shakspeare's apothecary. Struck by the man's appearance the lawyer inquired his name, and received for answer that it was a Mr. Fearné, a hard-working, erudite, but briefless barrister. "He then is the very man I seek," cried the attorney, who forthwith ascended the rickety staircase, and laid before the astonished Fearné a case requiring great attention and research. A brilliant career now opened to Fearné. Had he been but commonly assiduous, he might quickly have realized a competency, if not a fortune; but, alas! like Savage, he was one of those mortals whom only dire necessity will induce to work. No sooner had he gained by his professional exertions sufficient to provide for his present wants than, bidding farewell to papers, solicitors, and chambers, away he started for the seaside. Here he would pass whole days in sailing; his fondness for boats and boating amounting to a passion. Careless of the future, confident in himself, it was in vain his friends remonstrated; his absences at last became so frequent that little or no account was taken of them. One day a friend received a letter; it was dated from a Provincial gaol; to this pass had poor Fearné's irregular habits brought him. His friends hastened from town, paid the debt, and effected his liberation; but the disgrace rankled in Fearné's sensitive breast, and he died soon afterwards broken-hearted.

We had intended saying a few words respecting the eminent men who have at various periods been masters of, or preachers to the four houses; but this, time will not admit of. At present it only remains for us to express the hope, that the "four equal and honourable Societies of Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn," in introducing into their constitution any changes which the spirit of the age seems to require, will act with care and circumspection, ever remembering that it is easier

to destroy than to reconstruct. To one of them, (the Inner Temple,) we add with Charles Lamb, "so may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognizance, still flourish; so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers."

A TEMPLE STUDENT.

THE DEATH OF FRANCIA.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

"WHEN Raffaele sent his famous St. Cecilia to Bologna, it was entrusted to the care of La Francia, who was his particular friend, to be unpacked and hung up. La Francia was old, and had for many years held a high rank in his profession; no sooner had he cast his eyes on the St. Cecilia, than, struck with despair at seeing his highest efforts so immeasurably outdone, he was seized with a deep melancholy, and died shortly after."

Diary of an Ennuyée.

As the long shadow falls
At fading eve, when some soft note recalls
The old home voices happy childhood heard,
Upon a heart that fame's high impulse stirr'd,
The presence of the beautiful appals,
And casts all old day-dreams to Lethe's brim,
As fancies vague and dim.

O weary heart of thine,
High genius! wherefore shouldst thou grieve, yet pine,
The laurel crown and votive wreath to wear?
Why falter in your path, and fear to share
One guerdon of the soul-fed art divine:
It is not thus that man's declared intent
Should lapse in banishment.

What has thy spirit bow'd
In this thy winter?—what majestic cloud?
Vision!—which hides thy proud heart's dearest dream,
Which makes reality unearthly seem,
And the true efforts of thy life dost shroud.
Thus fall the flowers that bloom'd so fresh and fair,
All perishing in air.

Ah the sad verity
That overcomes men's minds, and wills to be
The shadow o'er their paths of love and life,
The slayer of the fame whose ways are strife,
Where legions run the race in company.
Oh certain light of truth, thy rays dispel
Hopes erst invincible.

Thus fled the mystic faith
That is art's incense and its vital breath,
Thus died La Francia as some star outshone,
Over whose sphere a brighter light had grown,
And in the full eclipse had welcomed death,
Dimm'd by the lustre of another's sheen,
And fading all unseen.

Yet is it well to die?
To let life's purpose yield the victory
To die, and leave each passionate desire,
As some new tones half trembling on the lyre,
Or bud that folds its cup all silently
To die, and pass away like some frail flower
Or wonder for an hour.

Faint not upon your way
You who would hold o'er human hearts time's sway,
Is it not meet that those who yearn to wear
Fame's immortality, should fairly bear
The cares and turmoils of life's working day.
That thus when night proclaims her sable reign,
Their wishes prove not vain?

Droop not with craven fear,
Or falter darkly in thine high career ;
The music of that threshold thou wouldst gain,
Sounds ever free from human cares or pain,
Or voice of grief to daunt the faithful ear ;
The tones are all of love's most loving part,
And bless the trusting heart.

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CLOUD GATHERS.

IDA finished her history ;—tremblingly, and scarce intelligibly had she entered on the narration ; she dared not look towards her friend, but sat with averted eyes, breathing short, and waiting in a kind of terror for her answer. Madeline was silent so long that Ida, dreading she scarcely knew what, rose at last and went to her, putting her arms about her, and praying forgiveness as though she had committed some grievous offence. Then Madeline laid her pale weary face upon that kind bosom, and answered her very gently, "Did you think dearest that this would be new to me?"

"New! how, what do you mean?" rejoined Ida, astonished.

"I was prepared," replied her friend, "but I am so weak that I cannot speak of it as I ought. How should you guess what has been burning in my heart during these last few terrible days! From the moment in which I first recognised—" She stopped, and was for a moment overcome; then she resumed hurriedly, in an altered unnatural voice, "From *that* moment I knew what must be; I knew that the time was come, that the trial was at hand. You have seen the struggle, Ida, but I have brought my will to the altar, and the sacrifice shall be completed. No martyrdom; no, no! This poor tardy atonement may have the agony of martyrdom, but God forbid that I should claim the glory. *That* is reserved for such as have fought well; but the repentant traitor who is suffered to die for his sovereign has no fairer hope than that his name may be forgotten. I will act to God, not to man; yet from man comes my punishment. Oh, for a heart to forget earth and life altogether! Oh, for eyes blind to everything save the vision of the great white THRONE!"

There was so much excitement in her manner, that Ida was terrified and knew not how to answer her. In a moment she perceived this, and taking Ida's head caressingly between her hands, as if she were a little child, she said, tenderly kissing her forehead, "Don't be frightened, darling; it is hard indeed that *you* should have aught to do with these troubles and sins, my own timid, tender bird! I am quite calm and composed; there is no fear of the fever returning—you must make allowances for me. Even you, little as you know of the wayward disobedience which makes

duty agony, must feel that it is hard for me now to do right, and I know you pity me. But it should be done at once, should it not? I must not lose time. I will go to him directly. Where is he?"

She rose as she spoke, but paused ere she moved towards the door. "Is his feeling *all* anger?" asked she, turning away her face.

"No; indeed I do not think so," replied Ida, eagerly; "of course he was amazed and agitated; of course he felt himself injured; but I do not think he spoke with bitterness, and he repeatedly said that no constraint should be put upon your wishes. Ah! dear Madeline, will you let me act for you? Indeed, indeed, you have not strength for this interview! Will you trust to me—will you give me leave to do what I think best?"

Madeline sat down again and buried her face in her outspread hands. "What do you want to do?" murmured she.

"I want to show him the book which you gave me," replied Ida, kneeling beside her and again winding her arms round her waist; "I want him to understand the past, to know you as you are. It is due to him; he has a right to demand it; he can do justice neither to you nor to himself now. And how could you show yourself to him, either in a letter or in conversation? You could not, you know you could not; pride, shame, grief, everything would be against you. He would still see you disguised, masked, an involuntary counterfeit of what you are not. You would fulfil the letter of your duty only to violate its spirit."

Madeline rose impatiently. "Never!" cried she, "never! you ask what is impossible. I cannot do it; no woman could. What! appeal to his pity, lay bare the shrinking wounds of my heart; beg as an alms what he withheld as a gift. At this moment he believes me as indifferent to him as—as he was to me, and I would sooner slay myself than suffer him to think otherwise. Nay, if I believed that I were capable of betraying myself by a glance or a gesture, I would hide myself in the depths of the earth sooner than encounter him. I am still a woman, though a most erring one, and the last poor lingering virtue of shame is still left me. Oh, Ida!"

All Ida's courage and self-possession seemed to have returned. She fixed her clear, deep, loving eyes upon Madeline's face, all glowing as it was with unsubdued passion and bitterness of soul, and asked earnestly and timidly, "What is it that you mean to do then?"

"I mean," replied her friend, vehemently, "to do *right*, much as it costs me. I mean to submit myself to—to—his will; to confess that I have done grievous wrong, to give up the disposal of my future life into his hands."

"And if," said Ida, still in the same soft, deprecating, peaceful tones, "if he asks you, as he surely will, what it was that led you to leave him, how will you answer the question?"

"I shall say," answered Madeline, hastily, "that it was a fit of passion; a character so undisciplined and self-willed as mine then was is capable of everything."

"Will that answer be true?" inquired Ida.

"True! yes, was it not an act dictated by the wildest passion?"

"Will it be **THE TRUTH?**" reiterated Ida, her voice faltering with earnestness. There was a long silence which was at last broken by Madeline, who, dropping upon a chair, gave way to a sudden outburst of unconquerable tears. Her powers seemed to be mastered in a moment by the agony which had so long vainly struggled against them, and she wept and sobbed like a child. Poor Ida dared not speak, but weeping too, she repeatedly kissed her friend's hands; that silent expression of mere love was the only consolation she could offer. She listened eagerly for the first words, and at length they came abrupt, resolute, inexorable.

"It is useless—I CANNOT do it!"

And Ida ceased to urge the impossible; not that she ceased to think it right, but she felt that she had gone as far as she could—as she ought. With undiminished tenderness she soothed the agitated Madeline, and again offered to go to Mr. Tyrrell, to speak for her, to do anything, everything she might, to spare or to serve her.

"Tell him that I am ready to see him—now—directly, if he so pleases."

"Dearest Madeline, are you fit? have you strength?"

"I am as strong as I shall ever be," replied Madeline, sharply, almost peevishly, "nothing can hurt me so much as delay or remonstrance."

Ida was at the door in an instant; she would have paused to express her fear of having given unnecessary pain, to ask forgiveness; but she felt that it was not a time to think of herself, or to expect Madeline to think of her, so she was withdrawing quietly and quickly when her friend's voice checked her in an accent whose very feebleness made it the more impressive, "Ida!—stop—you are to do what *you* think right. Leave me—quick—and say nothing!"

The injunction could not be disobeyed, for there was a pale and awful anguish in the face of her who gave it which it would have been profaneness to contemplate. Once again, however, she recalled the departing Ida, hurrying after her with a momentary strength, the result of vehement agitation, and saying, rapidly, "Tell him that I place myself entirely in his hands, and only supplicate that he does not ask to see me!" She turned and flung herself on her knees, almost on her face, prostrate upon the floor, while Ida, merely bowing her head, in token that she understood and would fulfil the request, went from her even as she had come to her—trembling, tearful, and speechless. She hurried in search of Mr. Tyrrell, feeling as though half an hour's unnecessary delay would be guilt. She found him awaiting her in the vestibule with a countenance from which he vainly sought to banish the signs of anxiety and emotion. Silently she placed the volume in his hands; he looked wonderingly and inquiringly at her.

"I was to give you this," faltered she, "and to say

—that—that she will submit to your determination in everything, but that she earnestly beseeches you—" Ida hesitated.

"What?" exclaimed he quickly.

"Not to insist upon seeing her," added Ida, in a low, abashed voice.

"A true woman's submission," observed Mr. Tyrrell, bitterly. "She will do whatever I demand, and then she restricts my demands to whatever she pleases. I understand perfectly."

"Indeed, you do *not* understand!" cried Ida. "You never have understood, and I believe you never will understand her. You have thrown away a treasure of true affection, and you would not even stoop to pick it up when it lay at your feet. Wrong as she may have been in the past, if her husband had understood her, if he had loved her, if his thoughts had not been exclusively centred and entirely occupied in himself, she might have been now a happy, honoured wife. The ruin of a heart, the wreck of a life is *your* work; at least the guilt is half yours. The wrong which you did her in making her believe that she was beloved, though less palpable and less definite, perhaps less capable of being sentenced, less sure to be avenged, was full as deep and far more irreparable than that which she afterwards did you."

She paused, breathless, and, as soon as she paused, felt ashamed of her impetuosity, and afraid of its result. There is no truer nor more universal law of woman's nature than that which gives fire to the gentlest, and boldness to the most timid, in the cause, not of herself, but of her affections; but it is a fire whereat the very hand which kindles it, trembles in sudden amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said Ida, humbly.

Mr. Tyrrell did not do as he ought; very few men *do* in difficult circumstances. He did not take Ida by the hand, and say warmly, "For what? for speaking the truth to me?" It was, perhaps, quite as much as could be expected of him that he felt something like this in his heart, and that he demonstrated it outwardly by smiling kindly at her, as if he quite forgave her. He looked as though the eloquent rebuke were a specimen of not unamiable childish petulance, and this manner of patronising and indulging the Truth gave some small inexplicable satisfaction to the *Man* in him; at least, I suppose it must have been so, because this is such a common masculine habit. The frank avowals, the stately candours, the noble self-forgettings which we meet with in books, are very seldom met with anywhere else. When they *are*, let us guard them jealously, for they are the jewels of life; they should be the zone of the heart in its secret retirement, for it would seem that the air of heaven, or the gaze of man may tarnish the delicacy of their brightness. There is a kind of allowable, and even necessary churlishness, so to speak, in true affection; we like to keep our friends not only *for*, but *to* ourselves. But to return.

"And I am to read this!" said Tyrrell, musingly. He put the book in his pocket, and stood still, looking

strangely and awkwardly. "Is she alone?" asked he at last.

"She wished to be left alone," replied Ida; "I shall go to her in a little while; but just now I think it is better for her—she is terribly agitated."

He was silent; then, with a courteous little bow which seemed almost grotesque, so suddenly did it introduce the formalities of daily conventionalism into the presence of those powers and passions by which conventionalism is shattered in fragments—he left her. Ida sought her own room, and sat down to think—not of Madeline, but of herself.

So rapidly had events crowded upon each other that not till now had she leisure of thought for reviewing her last strange and painful conversation with Godfrey. It was there in her mind as a thing suppressed, shut up, not to be looked at for the time, yet undoubtedly existing and importunately present. She had only thrust it a little below the surface, and the moment the actual pressure was withdrawn it arose, and she could not shun the encounter. She recalled his tone, his look, his gestures, and the intense reality of them all was terribly convincing. It seemed strange that they should be more impressive in memory than in actual occurrence, but so it was. She hated and despised herself for her slowness of perception; she accused herself of cruelty, of coldness, of idiocy. Alas! she was only guilty of innocence. It is wonderful how soon, the first shock being over, the mind accustoms itself to the contemplation of new and terrific forms; it is still more wonderful how soon the heart learns to veil, to disguise, to beautify them with fair excuses. Ida had received, almost unconsciously, the idea of the dark truth which lay in Godfrey's narration, and she was now far more occupied with condemning herself as pitiless than with thinking of him as criminal. Indeed she consigned the crime to some far unseen hiding-place. She took it for granted *before* the beginning of the history, and she began with the misery and the repentance. How intelligible was now all that wayward variableness, which had so often wounded her in him; how touching an aspect did the close union between the brothers now assume! It was the seal of a perpetual pardon, ever besought, never withheld. She went through, in fancy, the life of both; identifying herself with the struggles, the pangs, the keen and silent sufferings of Godfrey, with that vivid force so natural to an imaginative heart when the subject under contemplation is a friend, too proud, too shy, or too self-governed to ask for sympathy. The undemanded, often unsuspected tenderness which we lavish upon the woes of such an one, is, by some strange yet precious perverseness of our nature, a thousand-fold more liberal, more delicate, and more vigilant than the compassion which is charmed from us by tears or wrung from us by entreaties. We create anew for ourselves each trial that he has undergone, and assert a partnership in all; and with an involuntary reserve, different from his own and yet the counterpart of it, we delight in thinking that we feel

far more for him than he suspects or would believe—more even than he would ever confess that he has felt for himself. In love, yet more than in charity, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Ida was growing rapidly familiar with the face of evil; sin and sorrow had started up before her, yet did the last so shelter and embrace the first that condemnation was lost in pity. The puritan spirit which brands the offences of others is as different from the Christian spirit which watches tremulously for its own, as darkness is from light. Innocence, like Him from whom she comes, is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; it is hers not only to suffer long and be kind, but to be strong and patient in belief, prodigal and inexhaustible in hope. Ida's heart said no hard words to her either of Madeline or of Godfrey. She was, however, still too young, too unused to the business of life, to be able thoroughly to realize to herself what had happened. It seemed to her a mournful and pathetic vision, which brightened as she gazed upon it. She thought how dear she must be to Godfrey, since he had chosen her as the depository of his secret, and then she wept bitter tears of self-reproach in remembering that she had given him pain instead of consolation. But if it was in her power to wound, it must be in her power also to heal, and this poor logic comforted her greatly. Only she felt impatient to apply the balm at once; to let Godfrey know, without an instant's delay, that he had mistaken mere surprise and unconsciousness for horror, and that she was still the sister whom he had chosen for himself. Her heart beat quick, she felt feverish and confused; it was the natural result of the agitations of the day, yet she was almost afraid of meeting Godfrey till she should have become a little more composed. Twice she rose, moved to the door, and twice returned to her seat, spreading her hands over her lovely, troubled face, and striving by a strong effort of will and an earnest self-commendation to God to subdue the tumult within. Then she began once more to build for the future; a happy family-picture grew up before her eyes, a group of many well-known and well-loved figures. Hand-in-hand with Godfrey she sat at the feet of her father, whose presence was as the presence of an angel, sanctioning and consecrating their affection; kind, gentle aunt Ellinor looked tenderly upon them, and dear uncle John peeped smiling from behind a screen. Some one else, too, was looking at them; some one who said, in low and thankful voice, "Oh! how can I ever use these restored eyes, except in looking at faces so beautiful and so beloved?" A fairy's wand had done it—the fairy of youthful, hopeful fancy. Those visions of earthly happiness are very puzzling; so pure, so perfect are they, and yet so different from all we dare conceive of the happiness of heaven. It seems strange that, in the greater number of human hearts, there should be faculties which find no occupation, cravings which obtain no answer, conceptions to which there is no responding reality throughout Eternity. True, they will be all absorbed in the loftier capacities

of risen and purified humanity; yet does it seem mysterious that they should have been, so to speak, created only to cease.

More than an hour glided away unperceived, and by degrees she began to feel the necessity of exchanging her dreams for action. She could not yet quite resolve to encounter Godfrey, so she went in search of Frederick, to whom she always felt that she could speak with far less restraint. She found him in the library alone; a rare, but just now a most fortunate occurrence. She felt embarrassed—she did not know how to begin the subject, nor how far she could let him know what had happened, without giving him pain; she had a kind of persuasion that he knew of Godfrey's intended confession, yet she could not feel sure of this, and so she hesitated, and doubted whether to speak of it or not. She sat down by his side, put her hand into his, and asked him, with forced playfulness, of what he was thinking?

"Of you, dear Ida," was his immediate reply, but the words were uttered in a tone so full of melancholy that she directly felt sure he knew all, and was secretly reproaching her.

"Oh, Frederick!" she replied, her eyes overflowing with tears, "do not be angry with me! I did not mean the least unkindness. I was so astonished, so pained, so shocked that I really did not understand—and so I—I—I do so want to be friends with Godfrey! Do tell me where I can find him."

"With Godfrey!" answered Frederick. "I have not seen him since the morning. I was not thinking of him."

"But I *am* thinking of him," rejoined Ida, quickly.

"It would make him very happy to hear that. But, dear Ida, let us forget him for a few moments. I have been wanting to speak to you about—were you listening to me?"

"Yes, dear Frederick, I will listen," cried she, summoning up her attention, which, to say the truth, was not a little inclined to wander. "Only, Godfrey—"

"Nay," interposed he, "it is a very grave matter of which I have to speak. Dearest Ida, you have known but little sorrow, and if I could fix the course of your future life, it should all run through pleasant pastures and under sunshiny skies; but God knows what is good for you better than I do. And in His eyes it has seemed good that you should taste affliction. Nay, do not look so terrified," (pressing her hand earnestly between his own,) "no irrevocable blow has been struck—no irreparable misfortune has befallen you—there is still hope."

"Papa!" said Ida, trembling violently. She could articulate no more.

"I have a note for you from him," replied Frederick, speaking very gently and deliberately. "He gave it to Mr. Tyrrell who was charged to communicate it in the first instance to Mrs. Chester, and afterwards, if necessary, to you. It is now necessary, and the task has fallen upon me. God knows, Ida, every tear you shed, seems wrung from my own heart. What shall I say to comfort you?"

She took the letter from his hand without speaking, and read, compelling herself to do so, as it were, by main force, the following words:—

"MY DARLING IDA,—When I parted from you I would not pain you by telling you what I then well knew myself, namely, that I was affected by a disorder which is—I must not conceal it—of dangerous, though not of hopeless character. I wished to save my precious child the anxiety of these months of separation, but there is a point after which concealment becomes unkindness and distrust; and that point is now reached. I have confidence in your courage; I have faith that God will support you. I am myself quite calm, and I feel sure that you will aid me in maintaining my calmness; I know you are capable of such an effort. Come to me, then, my darling; I owe you this confidence. Come to me, remembering those who out of weakness were made strong, remembering also whose strength it was that was perfected in their weakness. It is vouchsafed to us also to suffer somewhat for our Lord. Come, and I shall at least have the happiness of watching and wiping away such tears as you cannot help shedding. Mr. Tyrrell will tell you all particulars, for I am not allowed to write at great length. God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

PERCY LEE.

Let us pass over in silence the hour which followed the reading of this letter. At its close Ida was ready and the carriage was at the door. As she issued from her room, her face pale and haggard, her eyes full of that desolation which knows not the softness of tears, little Arthur ran to meet her, buoyant and uproarious in his childish glee. "I am going to see poor sick Mrs. Chester," cried he; "papa sent me, and he says I am to be very gentle to her." Ida passed on without heeding him, or even understanding the import of his words. Unused to aught but tenderness from her, the little fellow stood still, wondering and displeased; but, speedily forgetting his wrath in eagerness to visit his new acquaintance, he betook himself to the door of Mrs. Chester's bedroom.

On the stairs poor awkward Agnes joined her. "Ida," said she, in a thick, broken voice, "I am going with you. Pray let me; aunt Ellinor cannot leave Frederick, and Mrs. Chester is ill, and you must have a woman with you. I am quite ready; I will give you no trouble, and I will try to be a comfort to you if I can."

A silent pressure of the hand was the only reply, and the two cousins entered the carriage together. Ida did not notice that Alexander took his seat upon the box; she was almost unconscious of uncle John's hearty embrace and faltered blessing as she ascended the steps; she had not remembered to take leave of Madeline; she had even forgotten Godfrey.

She did not know, for it had been thought better not to reveal it to her as yet, the immediate cause of

the summons she had received. It was necessary that Mr. Lee should undergo a very difficult and dangerous operation, which might possibly restore him to health, but which, if it failed, would greatly accelerate the termination of his sufferings. He felt that it would, indeed, be a needless and irreparable cruelty disguising itself in the shape of kindness, which, under such circumstances, and at such a time, should seek to separate his child from him. Yet, while he was determined not to allow her presence during the trial, he wished also if possible to keep the knowledge of it from her till it was over, only securing that he should at least see her once more, and that she should be present to close his eyes.

THE INFLUENCE OF BRITISH CITIES ON BRITISH CIVILIZATION.

It is a strange spectacle, and one which instantly suggests its moral,—an old town, the seat, perhaps centuries ago, of some flourishing manufacture which has since been superseded by the progress of modern discovery. The physical decay, the cessation of traffic, the solitude and ruinous desolation make a forcible impression on the most unreflecting mind. But it is very possible to pass through the streets, still crowded with passengers, of many towns in busy England of the nineteenth century, from which their former glory has passed away as completely, though the decay is not visible save to the *mind's* eye. They were once the capitals of civilization, the renowned seats of letters and of learning; but the civilization, the letters, and the learning have since removed to other quarters, and the places remain, with all their life, the tombs of their former reputation, and serve only to point a moral or adorn an *essay*.

Oxford and Cambridge, for instance, were once the seats of all the learning, and of all the thought and intellect also, which then resided in the country. In virtue of the authority of Aristotle, the great dictator of the intellectual world, they exercised an absolute dominion over the minds and consciences of all men. On their dogmas kingdoms were ruled, and institutions founded; according to their teaching men thought and acted, prayed and preached, lived and died. We have their works still among us, huge folios and quartos, mighty monuments of commanding intellect and of unwearied research, piled away on the shelves of our libraries and covered with the dust of ages. We have no wish to say aught to their disparagement; we thankfully acknowledge the great debt which we and all mankind owe to these old schoolmen and divines, and we regard with unfeigned admiration the noble institutions where they were reared, the altars, so to speak, where they kindled the torches with which they lighted their fellow-men through those dark ages.

The fertilizing waters of piety and learning, of which the *universities* were the reservoirs, were carried over the whole country by means of the

cathedral-towns, which may be regarded as so many colonies. Instead of tutors and fellows there were bishops and rectors, archdeacons and deans, who occupied and diverted themselves with literature or scandal, with politics or cards. We think it cannot be denied that the presence of a resident clergy exercised a most humanizing influence over the spirit of our English society. A certain cheerful light of piety and intelligence was shed abroad over the whole land. The piety, indeed, was not very fervid; it was not the feeling which recruits "the noble army of martyrs," and on which we look with reverence and awe. Nor was the intellect of the highest order; of that order which produced a *Novum Organum*, or a *Paradise Lost*; the works, which issued forth to the world from the parsonages and vicarages and rectories of England, were, with few exceptions, not so much monuments of rare genius, or talent, or learning, as the literary relaxations of accomplished and amiable men. And as such they were every way respectable, nor can it be doubted that the personal influence of their authors and of the class to which they belonged, contributed much to cherish that decorous and domestic spirit which leads to English society one of its greatest charms.

But in this calm, however attractive to the imaginative and the lovers of peace, there was an admixture of evil. There was danger of a perpetual stagnation of intellect. A change was required—and was effected. The other learned professions revolted against the authority which had so long borne undisputed sway. The acute reasoning, the practical sense, and the mental versatility of the lawyer—the cautious and sceptical observation and induction of the physician—began to be prized in books. And then the places where these professions chiefly flourished rose into importance. A city, for example, the number of whose doctors and lawyers has passed into a proverb, began towards the end of the last century, and has since continued, up to quite our own day, to take so prominent a part in letters and philosophy as to have earned for itself the appellation of the modern Athens. The spirit of the literature thus produced does not, at first, present so venerable or attractive an appearance as that of the universities or cathedral towns. There is something very repugnant to the best feelings of our nature in the flippant contempt with which a Scotch philosopher or reviewer treats all that the greatest and best of those who lived before him have agreed in considering to be great and good. Nor will posterity, perhaps, think that his own speculations, however distinguished by acuteness and good sense, are equally remarkable for their profundity. Still the change was beneficial. A more independent tone of thinking and writing was attained. An infusion of fresh blood was made into the national mind.

It was a distinguished member of this school who is the highest authority in the science of political economy. But the doctrines of the wealth of nations have not been received with implicit assent in the

places where the wealth of this nation is chiefly acquired. Manchester has rebelled against Smith, as Edinburgh rebelled against Aristotle. The grinding poverty and misery with which the inhabitants of our large manufacturing towns become but too familiar, force upon their minds speculations of a more daring character than those entertained by men who have leisure and means to be philosophical. They acquire the courage of despair. Hence the prevalence among them of socialism and other *thorough-going* systems. In the literature which they produce the same characteristics are visible, the same earnestness and daring; a mode of reasoning quite independent of the laws of logic, and an eloquence not learned in the schools. No complete works, no fine-wrought essays do they produce, but short hasty productions, rude and inelegant if you will, but valuable as the genuine expression of the ideas that lie fermenting in those heated minds. We do not think that the ideas should be too hastily condemned or despised. The systems of these rude philosophers, their theories of government, or rent, or population, may very probably never gain general acceptance, they may not deserve to do so; but depend upon it, they contain some grains of truth, which it will be for coming time to winnow and separate from the chaff with which they are mixed. In them will probably be found practical suggestions of perhaps no small value on the better division of wealth, and the better remuneration of labour adapted to our state of society.

Why, it may be asked, have you delayed so long to speak of the influence of London? Does not the metropolis of all the world deserve to take precedence of Oxford, or Edinburgh, or Manchester? But in truth the great city is almost the last place where we may expect a great social movement to *originate*. Its inhabitants might at first be supposed to rival in mental sluggishness those of ancient Boeotia. The truth is, all classes are there so equally balanced that no one can gain a very great ascendancy. There are there divines, and lawyers, and physicians, rich merchants, poor mechanics,—but you cannot say of any class that it altogether predominates, or gives the tone to the spirit of the place. "I have often amused myself," says the biographer of Johnson, in one of the best passages of his work, "with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue. But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." London is, as it were, a great hall of congress, to which all other places send up their

delegates to debate and to consult; a vast representative assembly, where all interests are heard and equally cared for.

The poet Wordsworth has, in a series of sonnets, traced the course of one of the rivers of his native district—the river Duddon. In like manner, though in humble prose, have we endeavoured to follow a noble river—the stream of British civilization. As it flows on, many mighty cities and fair towns spring up along its banks, to which it is the source of fame and prosperity. And as the tourist makes it his business, on coming to any town, to inquire what eminent men it has produced, so have we, though without sharing the confidence with which some philosophical historians have assigned to the various countries of the world, to Greece or Rome, to France, England, or Germany, the part it had played or was to play in the history of civilization, ventured to conjecture what influence some of these towns had exercised in bringing us to our present state of society. We made it *our* business to inquire what particular *form of civilization* each had given birth to. We have endeavoured to do justice to all in their turn. We paid homage to the old divinity with its vast learning, its profound thought, and its subtle reasoning. We conceded ready praise to the elegant studies and ingenious speculations with which the inhabitants of our cathedral towns have been accustomed to employ their lettered ease. We admired the value of the accessions which the members of the more temporal professions,—men whose minds had been at once disciplined by a scholastic education and sharpened by much converse with the world,—brought to our national literature. And we have not feared to assert that truths of perhaps no small importance may be discovered in the rude philosophy which has been born into the world amid the din and clatter of innumerable spools and shuttles. One is apt at first, on finding places to which we owe a large debt of gratitude cast into the shade by some younger rival, to share the melancholy of the traveller, when he comes upon a few stores in the desert—all that remains of Babylon or Palmyra! But that is not the right way of viewing the matter. The law of nature is change, and, through change, progress. And, though the outward prosperity of a place may fail, though the halls of its colleges may no longer be thronged by eager students from all parts of the world, though its *society* may cease to attract strangers to its streets, yet we should remember that its former works do still remain with us, that what it *did* formerly achieve can never die, but shall live for ever in the grateful recollections of all mankind.

PURE ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

MR. BRANDE has shown that artificial light may imitate that of the sun in purity, by obtaining a Talbotype in less than a minute, by the light of phosphorus burnt in oxygen.

ORNITHOLOGIA POETICA.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE NIGHTINGALE. (*Motacilla Luscinia.*)

"Daylight in its last purple cloud
Was lingering grey, and soon her strain
The nightingale began; now loud,
Climbing in circles the windless sky;
Now dying in music; suddenly
Far scatter'd in a thousand notes,
And now to the hush'd ear it floats
Like field smells known in infancy;
Then, failing, soothes the ear again"

Rosalind and Helen.

NOTWITHSTANDING Coleridge's assertion that it is an "idle thought" to reflect upon the nightingale as "a melancholy bird," for "in nature there is nothing melancholy," we are disposed to agree with the great majority of the poets, and to give to the music of this sweetest of feathered warblers something of a mournful and depressing character. Certain it is, that we never listen to the song of the bird without feeling as though it were the voice of one very dear to us, whom we were never again to behold on earth; and, even while our ears are delighted with the rich music which it pours forth, our eyes are ready to overflow with tears, and our breast is thrilling with emotions which partake more of the nature of grief than of gladness; and yet there is in them a mingling of both. Like the twilight shadows which steal over the landscape when the last golden streak has disappeared from the west, they are essentially gloomy, although something of the light of day yet lingers in and about them,—memories and recollections of departed brightness, which cheer us even amid our sadness, and induce that state of feeling under the influence of which the Gadie bard exclaimed, "Pleasant is the joy of grief!" It is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head."

No doubt the effect produced by the song of the Nightingale upon any individual mind will depend very much upon the general temperament of that individual, and more especially upon the particular state in which his mind may be at the time when it is brought under the influence of the "dulcet jargonings" of Philomela. There are some who are "never merry when they hear sweet music," and this must be the case, we imagine, with most thoughtful and sensitive persons, such as poets, *et hoc genus omnes*; but to endeavour to explain *why* this is the case would involve us in a metaphysical disquisition, for which our readers perhaps would scarcely thank us. Plato has denied that grief can be the exciting cause of song in any feathered creature, and we are disposed to agree with him; for however much of truth there may be in the saying, with regard to poets, that—

"They learn in sorrow what they teach in song;"

yet do the feathered creation invariably give expression to their anguish and distress in piteous and discordant cries, and not in pleasing and harmonious strains, like that of the nightingale, which, with its

fellow-warblers of the woods and fields, is no doubt excited to sing by the tenderest and most rapturous emotions that can fill and emanate the breast, either of bird or man. What then becomes of the old poetic fable of Philomela, related by Pausanias and Strabo, amplified by Ovid, and alluded to by almost every master of the lyre, from Homer downwards;—that terrible and pathetic story of a great wrong, and of a fearful retribution, which comes to us through the lapse of many centuries from the misty regions of myths and fables; which follows the nightingale wherever it goes, and makes it a bird of mournful interest, and of melancholy associations? Must we no more, with Homer, believe that—

"When Spring's approaching steps prevail,
So sweet the tawny nightingale,
Deep in leafy shades complains,
Trilling her thick-warbled strains,
And wakes for Itylus her woe,
Laid by a mother's madness low."

Nor say, with Aristophanes,—

"O come, my mate, break off thy slumbers,
And round thee fling thy plaintive numbers
In a most melodious hymn,
Warbled from thy brown throat dim;
For Itys, our beloved son,
Thine and mine, now dead and gone;
Fill the forest with thy moaning,
Till through the woodbine boughs the groaning
Of thy voice to Jove's seat climb,
And mingle with the starry chime,
Where gold tressed Phœbus soon
Shall answer in as sad a tone,
From his ivory-clasped lyre,
That leads in dance the stately quire;
And from the blest above shall flow
A peal accordant with thy woe."

Must we disregard, or entirely oppose, the prevailing sentiment, which gives a sombre tone and colour to the greater portion of what has been poetically said and written of this—

"Most musical, most melancholy bird,"

and say that it is all nonsense to suppose, with Lucian, that—

"Through the woods with nightly wail,
And many a tear
For Itys dear,
Laments the Attic nightingale;"

for that her song is one of love and joy, and not of despair and lamentation? Nay, the allegiance which we have sworn to the Muses forbids this, and so, in spite of the old Greek philosopher, and of all matter-of-fact, unimaginative people, and in spite, too, (but this is between ourselves, reader,) of our own convictions, we shall even, for awhile at least, forget that Philomela is other than the transformed daughter of Pandion, the Athenian king,—the beautiful and modest maiden, abused and mutilated by the husband of her sister Procne; that sister who, to revenge the foul and unnatural deed, committed a crime no less repugnant to nature, in murdering her son Itys, or Itylus, and causing his body to be cooked and served up at a feast

(1) See Cary's admirable Translation of "The Birds."

for his father, Tereus, king of Thrace. How can her song be other than one of anguish and bitterness of heart? she who was so gentle and so affectionate, who so loved her sister that she consented to leave her father's court, the home and friends of her happy childhood, the stately palaces and polished society of Athens, for the comparatively rude and uncivilized home and subjects of the Thracian monarch, in order that she might satisfy that sister's longing desire to see and be with her? Rified on the way of that which is dearest and most honourable to a woman,—deprived, also, of her sweet silvery tongue, and immured in a lonely castle, by the inhuman monster who ought to have guarded and protected her from every insult and injury,—surely her cup of bitterness was full, even before the horrid immolation of her infant nephew by its infuriated mother, when she had become aware of poor Philomela's barbarous treatment and forlorn situation, and had effected her escape. No wonder that, changed to a bird by the pitying gods, she should constantly mourn and lament, and should preserve the memory of her woes and injuries, even through the lapse of so many long ages. No wonder she should still be, as Hood has well termed her,—

"The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,"

the passionate complainer and mourner through the still night hours; for, as a writer in Blackwood observes, "However clearly learned twaddlers in the classical journal may have proved that the nightingale is not mute in the day-time, yet, to the whole unsophisticated world, the nightingale is a *songster of the night*; the only bird, says Ælian, that sleeps not; ergo, to the greater part of us it is a melancholy melodist."

"One whose music wakes again
Griefs that long have slumbering lain,
And evokes sad memories
Of departed friends and pleasures,
Till we heave regretful sighs,
And count o'er our banish'd treasures."

Let us now cite a few of the poetical authorities in support of this mournful view of the case; Homer, and Aristophanes, and Lucian, have already given their evidence; Hesiod is certainly on the same side, for, although he does not allude to the ancient legend, yet it seems that he must have had it in his mind, when he pictured poor Philomela in the talons of a cruel hawk,—fit representative of the pitiless ravisher Tereus:—

"'Twas when the hawk, marauder fell,
Bore off the dappled Philomel;
On his crooked claws empaled,
Pitiously the poor bird wail'd."

In the "Sapphics" of Æschylus, the nightingale, we recollect, is made a bird of sorrow, as also in "the Agamemnon," where the following allusion occurs—(see Fox's translation):—

CHORUS.

"Thou ravest, with a divine afflatus borne away, and for thyself
Weeping, thy hapless song art timing still:

Thus Aïdo, of unwearied utterance, ever mourns,
For Itys, her loved Itys, through an existence
Of woes abounding."

Sophocles in the "Ajax" speaks of

"—the plaintive nightingale
That warbles sweet her tender tale;"

and makes the grief-stricken Electra exclaim:—

"—like the nightingale,
Whose plaintive song bewails her ravish'd brood,
Here will I still lament my father's wrongs,
And teach the echo to repeat my moan;"

while in the "Trachiniæ," he tells us of Dejanira, that—

"Like the sad bird of night alone,
She makes her solitary moan;
And still, as on her widow'd bed reclined
She lies, unnumbered fears perplex her anxious mind."

We are free to confess, however, that this author's testimony is not all given on one side of the question; passages might be quoted from the "Œdipus Coloneus," which do not strictly accord with the above in the character which they assign to the bird, such for instance as that wherein Antigone says:—

"This place is sacred, by the laurel shade,
Olive and vine thick-planted, and the songs
Of nightingales sweet warbling through the grove."

And thus again in the chorus to Act I.—

"Where beneath the ivy shade,
In the dew-besprinkled glade,
Many a love-lorn nightingale
Warbles sweet her plaintive tale."

But Euripides, the sweet, the plaintive, the very nightingale of Attic tragedians,—what says he? We cannot trust ourselves to answer in his own words, but must refer our readers to the "Hecuba," the "Helena," and the "Rhesus." Then, have we not, as representative of the Bæcolic poets, the simply elegant and graceful Moschus, who, lamenting for the death of his brother idylist, Bion, bids

"The Sicilian muse begin the mournful lay!
For ne'er did dolphin in the azure main,
In such pathetic energy complain;
Nor Philomel with such melodious wo,
E'er wailed."

Even the Greek epigrammatists, satirists, and comic writers, become grave and pathetic when they allude to this bird; of the former we might cite Pamphilus, at least, as an example, and of the latter Aristophanes must suffice, whose beautiful lyric we have already quoted. Then for the Latin imitators of the masters of the Grecian lyre, have we not Ovid, who throws all his powers of imagination and pathos into the narrative of Philomela's wrongs and sufferings, and Metamorphose into a bird—

"That to the woodland's shady covert hies?"

And Virgil—but soft; we scarcely think that his Philomel, "piping beneath the poplar shade," is so

very melancholy a bird. Horace, however, we may quote, when he says :—

"The luckless bird her nest doth frame,
Bewailing Itys, and the shame
Of Cærop's house, and that so ill
On king's rude lust she wrought her will."

And what say the noble bards of our own age and country,—Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, and the rest ; do they concur in characterising the nightingale as a bird of sadness and sorrow ? Not altogether, we reply ; although some of them do so, as we shall presently show. With the first named, it is true, our client is the songster of love and ecstatic delight ; he it was who—

—"Heard the lusty nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing through all the greenwood wide ;"

and he addresses her thus :—

"Ah ! good, sweet nightingale ! for my heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stay'd a little while too long ;"

according to Wordsworth's rendering of the "Cuckoo, and the Nightingale ;" and, again, in the "Flower and the Leaf," as modernised by Thomas Powell, we find the father of English poetry thus describing the effect which the song of this bird had on him :—

"And then the nightingale, to answer him,
Pour'd forth a flood of merry song ; the wood
Stirr'd with the echoes of this glorious hymn ;
As one o'ercome with wonderment I stood
So long entranced, that do whate'er I could
I wist not where I was, for far and near,
Still thrill'd this heavenly music to mine ear."

With regard to Shakspeare, he too, we fancy it must be admitted, does not recognise the bird in its gloomy aspect ; at all events we do not recollect an allusion in his writings, which would authorize our supposing this. When Romeo, fearful of the approaching dawn, fancies he hears the matin song of the lark, Juliet says :—

"It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

And here we have the bird represented in a pleasing, nay, a delightful character ; for, to say nothing of its rich melody, so consonant with the blissful emotions of the hearts of the devoted lovers—aught which gave an assurance that the time of parting had not yet arrived, must have been to them most welcome and joy-inspiring. "Where," says Charles Knight, in reference to this passage, "did Shakspeare learn that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week ? Doubtless in some of the old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale in 'a fresh green laurel tree,' but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate grove in the day-time,' says Russel in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute

as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East, he never heard such a choir of nightingales, as in a row of pomegranate trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia." No doubt Hafiz, and other of the Eastern poets, would furnish us with allusions to this interesting fact in relation to the habits of the nightingale, if we thought it worth while to refer to them ; its introduction here may serve to show that in our discursive flights through the realms of poetic fiction, we shall not altogether lose sight of the truths of natural history, but place them before our readers, although at times they may afford no support, nay, may even serve to overthrow the fanciful theories and superstructures of imagination, which, with such materials as readily come to hand—poems and legends, old sayings and historic gleanings—we may build up, in a fashion not very shapely, nor artistic, perhaps. This is, however, by the way, and we will now proceed with the main object of our papers, which is to cull out, and place before our readers, such passages from the poets, as may best serve to illustrate their peculiar modes of thought and expression in regard to the various objects of the feathered creation. In the great majority of instances it will be seen how closely they observed nature, and how great was the power they possessed of depicting the haunts, the habits, and changing appearances of the various creatures which came under their observation :—

"From the bright-plumed humming bird, no larger
than a butterfly,
That hither gleams and thither, quaffing nectar from
the flowers,
Unto the mighty eagle, which on rushing wings doth
cleave the air,
And builds his nest amid the crags, and gazeth on the
sun.
From twittering swallows, skimming o'er the glassy
pool or meadow green,
And cawing rook, and chattering pie, and sparrow
with his chirp,
Up to the lyrique lark that trills his matin song at
Heaven's gate,
And to the nightingale, that fills the woods with
richest melody."

Our last quotation, before we thus digressed, was from Shakspeare ; and it will have been seen that neither by him nor by Chaucer is the nightingale alluded to as a bird of melancholy associations, or of lugubrious note, as it is in the lines which follow :—

"As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
By a group of myrtles made ;
Beasts did leap and birds did sing ;
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sang the doleful'st ditty :—
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry,
'Tera, tera,' by-and-by ;
Thus to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her grief so lively shown,

Made me think upon my own.
 Ah ! (thought I,) thou mourn'st in vain,
 None take pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
 King Pandion, he his dead ;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing :
 Even so, poor bird ! like thee,
 None alive will pity me."

These beautiful lines have been erroneously attributed to Sir W. Raleigh, but there seems little doubt that they are the production of Richard Barnfield, author of the "Affectionate Shepherd," published in 1549. The following lines will show that this author did not always write in so sad a strain, nor look upon his favourite bird with such an eye of gloom :—

"Nights were short, and days were long ;
 Blossoms on the hawthorn hung :
 Philomel, (night-music's king,)
 Told the coming in of spring,
 Whose sweet silver-sounding voice,
 Made the little birds rejoice—
 Skipping light from spray to spray,
 Till Aurora show'd the day."

We are here reminded of Drummond of Hawthornden, who says :—

"The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
 Calls up the breezy morn her notes to hear."

But Drummond seemingly does not know that the bird, which he elsewhere addresses in words like these,—

"Dear chorister, who from these shadows sends,
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
 (Because all ear,) stars stay to hear thy plight,"—

has no "winter's woe" to remember, being migratory, and so passing its life amid perpetual summer. In England it arrives generally in April, and departs in September ; in Italy and the southern parts of the Continent it is a month earlier in its arrival. "If," says Bechstein, speaking of Germany, "by accident a nightingale is met with by the end of September, or in October, it must have been delayed by some peculiar circumstance." It may be a young bird that was hatched late, or an invalid that had not strength for the journey, that in sadness and solitude pines for the chestnut groves of Italy, the rose gardens of Persia, or the spice isles of the Indian ocean, where its erstwhile companions are now disporting themselves ; where—

"The Indian fig with its arching screen,
 Welcomes them to its vista green,
 And the breathing buds of the spicy trees
 Thrill at the burst of their melodies."

Ælian, as we have been already told, says that the nightingale never sleeps, and if we ask how it is she manages to keep from doing so, we find an answer in the lines quoted from Barnfield :—

"She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast upon a thorn ;"

and another, which more fully explains the matter, in this stanza, by Giles Fletcher :—

"So Philomel, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
 And sings her sad tale to the restless twig,
 That dances at such joyful misery :
 Nor ever let sweet sleep invade her eye,
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
 Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest."

With the paradox embodied in the last line, we have no concern whatever ; neither is it our business to explain how the poor bird found a thorn upon the aspen tree sufficiently keen for its purpose, nor how the twig could be so unfeeling as to "dance" to such "joyful misery." Our present object is to trace the recurrence of this idea of *leaning upon a thorn* in the downward stream of poesy. We find it in the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, where he says :—

"The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
 Unto her rest a sense a perfect waking,
 When late bare earth, proud of new-clothing, springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorn her song book making ;"

and are not aware that it occurs again, until Young, the poet of the night, gives musical utterance to his sad and solemn thoughts, saying,—

"Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
 I strive with wakeful melody to cheer
 The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel, like thee,
 And call the stars to listen."

Then again Thompson, not he of the "Seasons," but William, who has sung very sweetly of birds and other country pleasures, in his "Hymn to May" describes how

"The lowly nightingale,
 A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale."

But we had almost forgotten Byron, who treats the supposed fact as a poetic fiction :—

"The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,
 Which fable places in her breast of wail,
 Is lighter far of heart and voice than those
 Whose headlong passions form their proper woes."

With this moral apothegm, which comes with double force from the lips of the passionate and wayward child of genius, we leave the thorny pillow of our client, and turn back again to some of the older poets, who have immortalized her in their songs :—

"Then on the lower brake the nightingale hard by,
 In such lamenting strains the joyful bowers doth fly,
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw,
 And, but that nature (by an all-constraining law)
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
 They else alone to hear that charmer of the night,
 (The more to use their ears,) their voices sure would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts, the first had learn'd of her."

It is thus that Drayton in his "Polyolbion" alludes to the sweet songster of the night, making it appear as though from her finely modulated notes, man had learned somewhat of his skill in musical numbers.

In *Brown's* Pastorals, the bird is represented as the imitator and not the teacher; speaking of one who, like Wordsworth's Ruth, was a true child of nature, the old poet says:—

"——and 'twas her usual sport,
Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,
To imitate their warblings with a quill
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
Half full with water; and with it had made
The nightingale beneath a sullen shade,
To chant her utmost lay: nay, to invent
New notes to pass the other's instrument;
And, harmless soul, ere she would leave that strife,
Sang her last song, and ended with her life:
So gladly choosing, as do others some,
Rather to die than live and be o'ercome."

We recollect that a similar trial of skill, in which the nightingale poured out her life in her efforts to surpass a human musician, is very beautifully described by one of our old dramatists; but we must not pause to look for the passage, having much more on our hands now, than we shall find space to quote.

But although, as Yarrell observes, "the song of the nightingale has been the theme of writers of all ages, yet few have expressed their admiration in more fervent or more natural terms, than honest Isaac Walton, who loved birds almost as well as he loved fish; he says, 'The nightingale breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say—Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'" Truly hers is a miraculous song, and often does it "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles;" Milton loved it; witness his sonnet beginning,

"Oh, nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead in propitious May."

We can scarcely wonder at the popular superstition to which allusion is here made, and on which is founded Chaucer's poem, "the Cuckoo and the Nightingale;" wherein the old bard says:—

"But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought which lovers heed,
How among them it was a common tale,
'Till it was good to hear the nightingale,
Ere the vile cuckoo's note he uttered."

And so he leaves his couch and lies him forth—

"That he perchance a nightingale might hear,"

unlike the gloomy ascetic Edward the Confessor, of whom the legend says, that when he retired to pray and meditate amid the umbrageous woods of Havering-at-Bower, in Essex, being much disturbed by the music of the nightingales, he sent up a petition, that never more within the bounds of his retirement

might the sweet tones of the feathered minstrel be heard. It is said that the petition was granted; we are inclined to hope that it was not; he who made it did not deserve such a foretaste of heavenly joy, but we may well suppose that there were others who dwelt, or wandered in that picturesque neighbourhood, who would feel the want of those melodious strains as a sad deprivation. No doubt—

"The cottar, wending weary to his home,
Linger'd full oft to listen to the song,
And felt 'twas beautiful, and bless'd the strain;
And lonely students, wandering in the woods,
Loved nature more because this bird had sung;"

as Charles Mackay has it, in his instructive "Apologue for Poets;" wherein he endeavours to impress the moral, which Conrad of Wurzburg, a minstrel of the thirteenth century, had in his mind, when he said, speaking of the apathy of the world towards poetry:—

"I care not for their gifts! my tongue shall not be silent, since the art itself will reward me. I will continue to sing my song, like the nightingale, who sings for her own sake; hidden in the woods, her notes assuage her cares, nor does she heed whether any stranger listens to her strains." She may well say, in the words ascribed to her by the author of "The Apologue,"—

"Mine is a hymn of gratitude and love;
An overflowing from my inmost heart;
And if men listen and are pleased, not less
My pleasure in administering to theirs;
But if none care to hear my melodies,
Not the less happy would I be to sing."

This is teaching of the right sort, and of such teaching nature, both animate and inanimate, is full; we cannot go abroad,

"——rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things,"—

that is, if the mind be properly stored and instructed,—without learning some lesson that shall be good and salutary; and if it be asked of us, what particular point of spiritual instruction is illustrated and enforced by the nightingale, we answer—It is humility of heart and of intellect; the richest and sweetest of all the feathered songsters loves best to sing in the silence of night, and in the shadow of the leafy woodlands. But let James Montgomery speak for us here.—

"The lark that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour bath humility;"

and again, to quote William Browne—

"Not from nobility doth virtue spring,
But virtue makes fit nobles for a king,
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,
While sweetest nightingales sit on a thorn."

But here we have nearly used up our space—too limited by half, at least—and have not yet alluded to the beautiful Eastern fiction, which unites the nightingale and the rose—the bulbul and the attar-

gul—in the bonds of devoted affection; we might quote page upon page on this head alone, but one short passage must suffice, and that shall be prose. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his travels, describing the rose garden of Nayanvisten, says:—"The eye and the smell were not the only senses regaled by the presence of the rose; the ear was enchanted by the wild and beautiful notes of the multitude of nightingales, whose warblings seemed to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of the poet, who says, 'when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene.'"

We find that we have latterly dwelt more especially upon the *pleasing* influence of the nightingale's melody upon the mind, and thus, as it would appear, contradicted the assertion with which we set out, that its song was essentially melancholy and depressing; but this assertion, it must be remembered, was considerably modified by a reference to individual temperament and state of feeling. And, after all, the great bulk of the poetical authority is in favour of our own view of the matter, as we could easily show, by calling a council of the poets, and putting the question to the vote. This, however, it is scarcely necessary to do. One more witness only shall we call into court, and his evidence must be considered as final and conclusive. This witness is Ippolito Pindemonte, who, as his translator, Mr. H. Rankin, informs us, has been usually considered as *par excellence* the poet of melancholy: he has written some fine stanzas on night, in which the following occur:—

"But, hark! what soft delicious sounds arise
From yonder thicket's leafy, wild retreat!
Sweet nightingale! thy voice I recognise!
Thy nectar notes were e'er to me most sweet:
I always loved thee, for thy genius is
Gloomy and sad. Thee do the muses greet
As their companion: I, too, with my lay,
Have paid my court to thee from boyhood to this day.
Perish the wretch who would thy song remove
From the green copse to an imprison'd cage!
An unbought songstress, in the myrtle grove
Thou art best heard—'tis thy own native stage.
The dusky earth beneath, wide heaven above
In silent gloom, are thy loved heritage;
And the free fluttering from bough to bough,—
Oh! ne'er would I the pangs of slavery have thee
know!

It is thy wont, when deepest shades prevail,
Nor moon is seen, nor twinkling star's pale ray,
With eloquent discourse, and musical,
To make dull night more exquisite than day.
Both thou and I would fain pour forth our tale
Mid rocks and caves, from mortals far away.
In others praise we seek not happiness;
In our full heart we feel one all-sufficient bliss."

VISIT TO MACINTOSH'S CAOUTCHOUC FACTORY.

To witness on the great scale the actual manipulation of the extraordinary substance, caoutchouc, and its manufacture into the various useful materials now

so largely employed for various purposes, was one of our most long cherished wishes. Circumstances having at length occurred to accomplish the gratification of this desire, we are persuaded that an account of our visit to the immense works where these operations are conducted, will interest a very large proportion of our readers. This we shall immediately proceed to lay before them, promising a few general remarks upon caoutchouc itself, so as to render our article complete in the view it will present of the history and manufacture of this invaluable vegetable production.

Have any of our readers in their school-boy days plucked the milky stem of the spurge-wort and rubbed certain inveterate warts with the oozing milk-white juice? In such a fluid caoutchouc exists, and in all milky juices of plants this singular substance may be detected in larger or smaller quantities. The composition of this milk varies as to its chemical constituents, but physically, it is identical in most instances, and consists of a pellucid fluid, holding minute globules of caoutchouc in suspension. On exposure to air, these globules rise to the surface of the fluid, like the cream of animal milk, and these coalescing into one mass, they form that tenacious, elastic, insoluble material of which we are speaking; and by no process of science or art hitherto discovered can they be made to reassume their original condition. It is a remarkable fact that caoutchouc, in itself the most innocuous of all substances, should be principally yielded by a tribe of plants furnishing generally the most deadly products, and numbering in its terrible catalogue the frightful poisons of the Manchineel, Woorari, and Upas. The method by which it is obtained from the trees for the purposes of commerce has long been familiar—incisions being made deeply into the bark, the exuding fluid is collected and spread over moulds of clay to dry, the mould being usually of a pyriform, or bottle shape. The tree from which it is obtained in greatest quantity is the *Siphonia elastica*, a large tree flourishing in great luxuriance in portions of South America. From the port of Para, in South America, from Guiana, and the regions round about, the principal supply for the European markets, of which England is immeasurably the largest, is derived. Eastern India also sends large shipments for our use. Fifteen years ago, the enormous quantity of about ninety tons of this vegetable extract was imported into England, and since this period the consumption has probably nearly doubled. Dr. Schleiden informs us that in one manufactory in Greenwich alone, eight hundred-weight are daily submitted to dry distillation in iron vessels. By this process a volatile oil is obtained, which possesses the valuable property of dissolving with great facility solid caoutchouc placed in it; the residue is a peculiar greasy substance, admirably adapted and largely employed for rendering cordage impervious to wet. This process is the subject of a patent.

Having passed the threshold, we may now without further delay describe in detail the particulars of our

visit. The factory is situated in a densely-populated district of Manchester, its tall form rising in bold prominence from a crowd of human habitations, while the base is washed by the black and reeking waters of the Medlock. Streets of humming cotton-factories form the only avenues to the building, and the muffled roar of toiling engines, driving hundreds of thousands of swift-revolving spindles and looms of ceaseless clack, gives a peculiar impression to the visitor's mind, and prepares him to expect something out of the common from the inspection of one of the great mechanical hives before him. Some difficulty exists in obtaining an entrance, but this being overruled by the introduction of a friend, we met with the utmost kindness and attention from the manager of the works, who was so polite as to accompany us, and enter into a lucid explanation of the various steps of the process from first to last. At the very gates of the factory, and even for some short distance from them, although the heavy air was loaded with odours of no very agreeable kind, that well known and most peculiar naphthaline odour which every owner of a Macintosh abominates, was very distinctively perceptible, and on entering the premises it increased until it became for a little while almost overpowering; the source of this smell we were hereafter to inspect.

The first room into which we were conducted is on the ground-floor of the building, and is the apartment in which the initiatory manufacturing processes are carried on. The casks in which the caoutchouc is imported are brought here and opened. Looking into one of them, we saw the "raw article" in the form of pear-shaped bottles, of no great pretensions as to elegance of shape, and varying much from one another in aspect, fineness of grain, and in colour. The prevailing colour of the outside was grey or black; on a section they were of a cream colour, that is, they retained their original colour, for the blackness is due, as we believe, not alone to the smoke-drying of the bottles, but to the chemical influence of the atmosphere upon the caoutchouc. A similar darkening effect takes place in the case of *Gutta-percha*, the cognate of the article in question. It was curious to look at one of these bottles in section, for by a little close scrutiny it became easy to detect the number of times it was dipped in the liquid caoutchouc, by remarking the evident *layering* of the substance, somewhat resembling the annual ring-marks in the cross-cut stem of an exogenous tree. And it became easy to picture the busy scene of the native manufacture; here one makes the clay-moulds and dries them in the sun; there are others hastening to and fro, dipping the moulds in the thick yellow cream which floats in that wooden trough, and then hanging them to the cords stretched between those majestic trees, until the sun has dried them sufficiently for a second or third dip, while, in every direction, behold the bleeding trunks of the noble *Siphonia*, streaming out into shells or earthen vessels the precious fluid destined to play so invaluable a part in the scheme of human economy. Manchester, however, is one of the most matter-of-

fact places in the world, and our reverie was soon interrupted, by a request to observe the manoeuvres of several men who were busily engaged in this room. We must stay to state, however, that, contrary to a preconceived opinion, the number of layers in these bottles is far greater than would have been supposed; thus, there may be perhaps thirty or forty of them, or even more, to be counted in a section of one of these bottles; indicating, of course, that before completed, the patient native must have dipped it so many times into the fluid caoutchouc, and so many times hung it up in the burning sun. In addition to the bottle "rubber," to make use of a convenient technicality of phrase, we were surprised to find it imported also in the form of solid square masses, or cakes; but the finest kind, so far as we were able to perceive and learn, comes over exclusively in the pyriform shape. The finest and purest specimens are all now sorted out, and kept distinct for the various purposes for which India-rubber in its original form is used generally.

Along one side of the room long troughs full of water are arranged, into which steam-pipes enter and keep the water at a pretty high temperature. Several men seated on stools and armed with long knives, sit before these troughs with a cask of rubber at their sides. Taking up the bottles, or pieces, and placing them on a board before them, they slice them with a sawing motion in half, and throw the halves into the hot-water. As we watched this simple process going rapidly forward, we soon discovered the object of it, together with the disagreeable truth that the act of adulteration is, alas! not unknown in the dense and world-removed parts of Guiana. Small stones, lumps of clay, bits of wood artfully concealed in the smooth plump masses, fell from them under the operation of the knife; while in the middle of others was found a curious lump of bad caoutchouc, formed out of the scrapings of the sides of the troughs, and put in to increase the weight. These impurities necessarily become a serious annoyance to the manufacturer, and necessitates the adoption of several processes which common honesty on the part of the savage producer would altogether do away with. After soaking in the hot-water for some time, the clay becomes softened and is washed away, and the other impurities are picked out. The pieces are then collected out of the troughs and conveyed in baskets to another portion of the building.

That it might be truly said we had seen the substance in all its stages, we took a piece from the trough, and were conducted by our clear-headed companion to a lower room. Passing by piles, or stacks of what appeared to be strips of very coarse, thick, sackcloth, we were brought to the end of the room where the purifying machinery was fixed. The construction of this very powerful and efficient engine will be very readily understood. At a convenient height from the ground were placed two cast-iron rollers, the faces of which were cut in a very peculiar manner; these revolved upon strong shafts upheld by

a cast-iron frame, and capable of being put in or out of gear with the driving machinery at pleasure. Immediately above them, a jet of water was made to fall so as to wash with some force the revolving surfaces. Below was a complete system of drainage, by which the soiled water escaped. Our piece of rubber was now taken, and the machine being set in motion, and presented to the revolving rollers: as with a giant's grasp they seized the substance and *crunched* it between their iron teeth, in a manner so energetic as to make one almost shudder, while the water washed over the substance and swept away every particle of foreign matter. This process was repeated several times, and each time the water brought away less and less impurity, until at length it washed through quite clean. The effect of this mangling operation in the rubber was very singular. Instead of tearing into shreds of great minuteness, it actually flattened it out into a firmly coherent mass, deeply indented, it is true, with the tooth-marks of the strong engine, so deeply, indeed, as to wear the appearance of coarse network; yet still forming a tenacious and resisting band of caoutchouc. The aspect of the substance has also undergone a remarkable alteration; it is no longer black externally, and cream-coloured within, but is now uniformly of a greyish tone of colour. Neither any longer can the giddy sensation consequent upon its impure condition be detected in it; in short, instead of being a heterogeneous mass, both as to texture and external character, it is now a soft, smooth-feeling homogeneous substance. The vast amount of impurity got rid of in this simple manner would scarcely be believed; there fell out of a tolerably pure piece of rubber, a little handful of fine gravel, not to take into consideration the large amount of clay washed away as mud during the process. We thus discovered that, what on our entrance we had mistaken for heaps of coarse sackcloth, were actually heaps of rubber in its now greatly altered and purified form.

From the nature of this process it will be evident that when the rubber leaves the purifying engine a large quantity of water must necessarily be included in the masses, locked up, possibly, in little bladders of the substance. This must be perfectly removed, or its presence would interfere to a most serious extent with the success of future processes. The thick bands of rubber are, therefore, conveyed to a stove-room heated by steam-pipes. They are here disposed so as to give the greatest facilities for evaporation, and, after remaining a certain time they are removed, when it is found that every particle of moisture has been driven away.

Following a truck laden with the dried substance, we entered another room, in the centre of which was a massive piece of machinery, the kneading engine. Although not heated artificially the temperature of this room was very considerable, and the cast-iron frame of the engine was in places so hot as not to be touched by the hand with comfort. The source of this heat is very interesting; it arises *exclusively* from

the compression of the rubber by the powerful mechanism into which it is placed. To the reader inconvertant with the laws of caloric this may appear rather inexplicable, but the difficulty is easily removed. It appears that every substance has within it an amount of caloric, which, not being sensible to the touch or thermometer, is called *latent*. If the body, no matter what it is, undergoes a violent compression this latent heat is (to use homely language) *squeezed out*, and then it becomes sensible to the touch and thermometer, and may even rise to a considerable degree of temperature. Thus there is a philosophic toy consisting of a piston working in an air-tight cylinder; at the bottom of the piston is a small piece of German tinder. Now, by violent forcing down, with a sharp sudden motion, this piston, so much heat is extricated from the compressed air, and the tinder actually takes light!

The principle in the case in question is precisely similar: the rubber undergoes a degree of compression which would crush the human body into a shapeless jelly; and the result is a very convenient one; for it extricates exactly enough heat to keep the caoutchouc, which, as is well known, is softened by heat, at a proper temperature for working, without the necessity of applying heat by artificial means.

The kneading-engine is, probably, five or six feet high, by eight or ten in length. It consists of a sort of powerful cast-iron box, with four heavy iron lids, counterbalanced by a falling weight. Along the horizontal axis of the box, or chest, is placed a massive roller of cast-iron, with fluted edges, which is in connexion with a system of strong cogs and moving-gear attached to the engine-shaft. It is thus made to revolve slowly, but with invincible force, inside the box, and would, of course, if there were any substance placed between it and the sides of the chest crush or compress it with great power. In order to watch in succession the whole of the stages of the kneading operation, let us suppose the box empty. The four heavy lids are lifted up, an armful or two of the bands of rubber are crammed in, until the customary quantity is stowed away. The lids are then lowered down, and fastened over the contents of the chest by powerful bolts, which prevent their being lifted up by the action of the machinery, and a handle sets the whole ponderous wheel-work and roller in steady motion. A low, muffled, crushing sound escapes from the machine, indicative of the fearful mangling which it is inflicting upon the captive rubber. At the same time, the temperature of the chest rises rapidly, and before long becomes very high indeed. When this has gone on for an hour or so, one or two of the lids are unloosed and partly raised, and now an opportunity is afforded us of inspecting the kneading of the substance. The mass has undergone a striking alteration; it is no longer a hard resisting substance, but is soft and plastic as dough. Its colour is also changed from a greyish cast to a yellowish brown; and its texture is smooth and uniform. Could we compare it to any thing, it resembles just now an

oblong flattened mass of brown dough, only that it emits the peculiar caoutchoucine odour to a rather disagreeable extent. Its motion inside the chest is just that of a planetary body; it traverses an orbit bounded by the sides of the box, and it has also a motion of rotation upon its own axis in so doing. This, in fact, as a little reflection will show, is just the combination of movements we should expect from a body placed in such a position and under such circumstances as that in question. In consequence of this peculiar revolution the mass is presented at regular intervals to all parts of the sides of the chest, and is not, as might perhaps have been supposed, spread over all parts of it at once. Thus, at stated times, it presents itself in a body to that part of the chest where the lids are situated, and if the lids were not partly closed it would turn itself completely out of the chest. This fact is taken advantage of when the kneading has gone on for a sufficient length of time; the four lids are then lifted quite up, and the great, soft, hot mass is majestically discharged out of the machine into the arms of a couple of men. When one quantity is removed its place is taken by another, and the process begins, goes on, and concludes as before.

In order to form it into a convenient shape the mass is then taken into another room. Here we saw several presses of various forms, intended to effect this object. The most common mould into which it is placed is one of cast-iron, six feet in length, one in breadth, and one in depth. Another form was that of a solid drum. On the soft mass of rubber being placed in these and covered in, it was placed under an hydraulic press, and by this means was made to take the form of the mould. After remaining under pressure until it was cold, it was then removed and carried up stairs to the cutting department, whither we would beg the reader to follow us.

Every one must have seen, and many must be puzzled about that form of India-rubber which is sold, and is largely used, particularly for chemical and philosophical purposes, in thin sheets, which are commonly about a foot broad and six feet long, the thickness varying from that of paper to that of shoe-leather. If the surface of one of these is closely examined it will be found to present the appearance of cross ridges or marks of a very delicate kind, all perfectly parallel with one another. Under a small Stanhope lens they become very manifest, and exhibit their real character as cuts or furrows. With a little patience from fifty to sixty of these cuts can be counted in an inch of the sheet, making from 600 to 700 of them in a foot. Remembering the form in which caoutchouc was imported—in bottles—it was long a source of the profoundest perplexity to ourselves to conjecture by what human skill a tissue, so to speak, so beautifully uniform in width and thickness could be formed thereout. A part of the difficulties attending the question have been now removed by the preceding observations, and if the reader will consent to give us a little patient attention the rest will vanish also.

Upon the removal of the rubber from the mould it is brought to the cutting room, and placed in an iron case of the same dimensions as the mould; that is, six feet long, one broad, and one deep. This case has double sides, and the partition, being connected with a steam-pipe, is filled with steam, so as always to keep the rubber at a certain degree of softness of texture. This case is arranged so as to move backwards and forwards, carrying the mass of caoutchouc with it. At the further end of the apparatus is a most ingenious little machine, by which the delicate operation of slicing off the rubber in these sheets is effected. Essentially, this consists of a horizontal knife, keener than any razor, placed so as to have a lateral motion of a limited extent, and in connexion with some curious mechanism and a short crank by which its cutting movements are effected. Parts of the machine are so arranged that the thickness of the layer to be cut can be easily determined by screwing the bearings of the knife higher or lower. Just above the knife a little stream of water is continually flowing so as to lubricate the cutting edge, and thus facilitate its action against this tough and most peculiar material. The machine, being set in motion by a driving strap, the knife begins to act with immense rapidity, so much so, indeed, as to cause the ear to lose the impressions of a set of distinct, rapidly repeated noises, the resulting sound being a loud whirl of a peculiar kind. The case, with its contents, moves slowly up to the swift-moving edge, until at length the mass of rubber is in contact with it, and, in a few seconds, a beautiful delicate layer of the material is seen curling up. The end of this is taken by an attendant and partly rolled round a cast-iron roller. The machine then goes on, acting by itself. It draws up the case containing the rubber to be cut; it cuts it of any desired thickness, and, finally, rolls it up in a convenient form for future purposes. All the attention, in fact, this clever contrivance requires is the first adjustment, and the removal of the cut layer when the whole length, six feet, has been cut. The time taken to cut through this length is about six minutes, or a foot in a minute. From this datum we are able to get at the speed of the knife, and, remembering the number of cuts just mentioned in a foot, we find that it makes from 600 to 700 cutting movements in a minute, or about 4,000 for the whole length of six feet. There is a modification of this apparatus in use for cutting the rubber when it is cast into the form of a solid drum. In this case the drum revolves, and the knife acts incessantly until it has sliced off any required number of feet. Where, for any peculiar purpose, a greater width and length of sheet-caoutchouc are necessary than can be produced by one of the above machines it is formed by means of this contrivance. The simultaneous action of several of these engines made this room a very busy and a very noisy scene.

A very valuable application of caoutchouc has been its use in the formation of what are called "elastic webs." These tissues are extensively employed for

the manufacture of many of the minor articles of human apparel. Among them are straps for "braces," bandages for surgical purposes, bands for gloves, watch-guards, and such like. If the materials of which such fabrics are composed are subjected to a little scrutiny it will be found that they owe their valued elastic properties to the fact that they contain filaments of caoutchouc interwoven and covered with cotton or silk, the elastic filaments forming the warp, or long threads, and the cotton or silk, in addition to the coating with which they surround the filaments of caoutchouc, forming the cross-threads, or weft. The method by which these delicate filaments of caoutchouc are manufactured, although, apparently, very difficult to comprehend, is, in reality, very easy. Every reader must have seen the pill-machines which adorn our apothecaries' counters, and knows that they are formed of two pieces of brass cut into grooves, and so adjusted that the edges of that piece which is held in the hands and those of that which is fixed in the frame, when the machine is in action, shall just touch each other, thus leaving room for the round body of the pill in the interspaces. The machines by which the elastic filaments are cut are on a precisely similar principle, only that grooves are cut into two rollers, which revolve by power, and on placing a thin plate of the rubber, taken from the last machine between these rollers, they cut it into a number of filaments, all smooth and round, and of greater or smaller size according as the nature of the case demands.

The manufacturing processes connected with unprepared rubber ending here, we quitted this building to witness its treatment by the aid of solvent agents. In passing along a sort of court our attention was arrested by an iron boiler of gigantic proportions. This immense structure was placed in the open air, under a slight roof to turn the wet off. Approaching nearer to it, we at length discovered the main source of the naphthaline odour which met us at the gates. The boiler was a vast reservoir for the naphtha used on the establishment. Some conception of its actual size may be formed from the remark that it was estimated to contain when full about 45,000 gallons of this spirit. Its present contents, as we were informed, were about 18,000. There are several pumps in connexion with it, which either evacuate its contents, or fill it from the vessels in which this fluid is brought to the factory. Inquiring the cause for the adoption of so large reservoir, we were informed that it was necessary for some time at the outset of the manufacture, in consequence both of the enormous consumption of the fluid and the uncertainty of procuring a constant supply.

For a considerable period the preparation of caoutchouc solution was conducted on an erroneous principle. It was made very liquid in the first instance, and then evaporated down to the consistence of a paste. By this means an enormous loss of naphtha was occasioned, the amount evaporated amounting to 2,000 gallons a-week! Experience

has shown that much of this was only waste of material, and the proportions now employed of "spirit" to rubber are very different, only enough spirit being used to reduce the caoutchouc to the state of a pretty thick paste, so as scarcely to require evaporation at all. The solvent used, as we have just noticed, is naphtha, a fluid produced in considerable quantities in the gas manufacture, and in other chemical operations; the principal source is, however, the gas works. So large was the consumption at a former period that it was found impossible to meet the demand, and every gas-factory in, and even some out of, the country, were laid under contribution to afford an adequate supply.

The solution of caoutchouc is a very simple operation. Thin sheets of it are laid in proper vessels, covered with the solvent, and submitted to a gentle heat. By this means its solution is quickly effected, and we are then presented with a glutinous semi-transparent fluid, very viscid, and of an intensely powerful odour. For many economical purposes this solution is highly prized, affording as it does a most valuable waterproof varnish, applicable to many fabrics with advantage, and largely used, to quote an instance on the great scale, in the formation of balloons.

From the manufacture of the caoutchouc paste, we were led to a long apartment where this paste is applied to tissues of various kinds. If we examine the section of a piece of waterproof, or Macintosh cloth, we find it consists of three layers, an under and upper one of cloth and an intermediate stratum of caoutchouc. In this apartment we beheld the ingenious and simple processes by means of which this invaluable fabric is prepared. There were about eighteen Macintosh engines disposed in various parts of this department, most of which were in full work at the time, giving a very animated character to the room. The method of manufacturing a Macintosh will be best understood by a description of one of these engines. It consists of a low square frame, in the front part of which is the roll of tissue, a sort of cotton "twill," we believe, destined to receive the caoutchouc layer. Just above this roll of cloth, are placed a pair of long iron rollers in a horizontal position, and set in motion by proper machinery; both these rollers are heated by a steam pipe, which enters at their axes. Over the lower one passes an endless web, intended to carry on its surface the cloth to be "Macintoshed," the upper one, which is the spreader, is smooth and polished. The cloth now enters between these rollers, and just as it enters a mass of tenacious caoutchouc paste is placed upon its upper surface, and spread by an attendant over the breadth of the cloth, in a thick lump. Being drawn onwards by the machine, the cloth goes through the rollers; but, in consequence of their close adaptation the one to the other, it is only able to drag with it a thin, smooth and beautifully even pellicle of the paste. It then passes over a flat iron chest, also heated by steam; the superfluous naphtha is thus evaporated, and by the time the fabric

has been drawn to the end of the machine, it is dry enough to bear rolling up, which is accordingly effected by the machine itself.

It is thus seen that the operation is one of remarkable simplicity, the only care requisite being to supply the machine with fresh paste in suitable quantities, and to regulate its uniformity of distribution over the breadth of the cloth. We believe that the apparatus by means of which common diachylon, or sticking plaister, is spread is upon a precisely similar principle. But the tissue thus prepared, although perfectly waterproof, requires another layer of cloth to fit it for most of the purposes to which it is applied. This is effected by merely causing the single tissue to pass between hot rollers, an upper layer of the cloth being applied to its surface, and made to adhere by the heat and pressure. For a length of time the "double" tissue, as it is called, was exclusively manufactured, as it was thought that the shining surface of the caoutchouc would not recommend it as an article of apparel for gentlemen. Latterly, however, matters have undergone a change; the fantastic title of *aqua scutum* has been fastened upon the single tissues, and a vast number of waterproof garments with glossy black faces, are now worn under the supposition that a beautifully light and novel water-repellant article has just been discovered! In addition to the large demand for the double fabric for clothing, it is used to an immense extent in many of the factories and works of the neighbourhood, particularly by calico printers, as a web upon which the cotton cloth rests in its passage through the cylinder printing engines.

One curious fact in connexion with this room must be mentioned ere we quit it. The odour of the naphtha is so strong as to be distressing for some time to those who have weak or irritable lungs; and remarking upon the fact we inquired whether it produced any effect upon the health of the men constantly exposed to its influence. Our intelligent conductor informed us that the only ill effect he ever experienced was occasionally several of the symptoms of *intoxication*, and, now and then, the occurrence of intense headaches. He assured us that after a busy day in this part of the factory, he has no sooner emerged into the fresh air than he has commenced staggering and reeling, as if under the potent influence of ardent spirits. But this effect gradually wore off, and his appearance, together with that of the workmen, certainly did not leave any stigma upon the healthiness of the occupation. Some peculiar views regarding the nature and cure of consumption and the remedial influence of naphtha held by certain authors, led us to inquire also, whether there was any immunity from this disease among the men. A satisfactory reply could not be given; but it was stated that some of their former work-people had certainly found benefit from the task; whether they were permanently relieved or not, is another question. As will be readily supposed the risk of fire in this building altogether is excessive, and its occurrence would be likely to signalize itself as a fearful and awful event. Several

fires have occurred, some of them doing tremendous mischief, and by the brilliancy of their up-leaping flames, creating a terrible sort of admiration in the vicinity. Every room is now built on a fireproof plan, and the property is therefore as secure from the overwhelming effects of this visitation as its inflammable nature will admit of.

That extraordinary material, the fresh appliances of which meet and astonish us every day, vulcanized India rubber, is also prepared at this factory. This singular substance may be formed in several ways, either by immersion in melted sulphur, or by kneading the rubber with a due proportion of sulphur in the machine already described, and after this process has been completed, heating it to a certain point. But we believe the most common method is to reduce the caoutchouc to the semi-fluid condition by means of naphtha, and then to mix with it a definite quantity of sulphur. A paste is thus formed which may be spread out so as to form a flat layer by means of one of the spreading machines, or it is sufficiently plastic to be moulded in various ways. At this time true chemical union of the sulphur and caoutchouc is not established. After the proper form has been given to the substance it is removed to an oven, where it is exposed to the temperature of 300° Fahrenheit. Apparently a true chemical compound is the result, the material has lost its plasticity, and has entered into the possession of those most extraordinary powers of resisting compression, and of almost insuperable elasticity, which have caused it to take rank among the most valued discoveries of our day. It can now no longer be made to unite with another portion of the same material, as it could before it was heated, and it becomes therefore necessary, whatsoever be the nature or form of the article it is intended to be, that all the manipulatory processes be ended *before* the substance is put into the oven. We were shown an immense number of articles made of it, of which we can only particularize a few. Tubes of all diameters, bottles of various sizes, springs, straps, rings, washers, bands, diver's clothing, gaiters, boots, gloves, and many more. And in examining the mechanism of a new self-acting mule, for cotton spinning, just erected in a beautiful mill over which we wandered, we found there two strong slips of this all-useful substance performing an important part in the mechanism of the apparatus.

But our lengthening page reminds us that caoutchouc, even as the subject for an article, loses none of its elastic attributes. A number of minor facts could be mentioned, each possessed, it may be, of a degree of interest; but since they are readily supplied by the majority of readers, we feel no hesitation in refusing their admittance into our paper. Within the not unreasonable limits to which we have confined ourselves will be found, we believe, an account of one of the most remarkable of our manufacturing processes, hitherto, in no instance, brought under the notice of the general reader, sufficient to enable him to form a satisfactory conception of the whole, and even of some of the minutiae of the most

important parts of the manufacture. As we have gone through the various operations to which human skill has subjected this singular material, and, as we look to the innumerable direct and indirect benefits conferred upon us by the inspissated juice of a tree, can we fail to acknowledge that all these ends were foreseen in its creation, and that it is the Creator's hand which has thus singularly endowed and freely bestowed this blessing upon mankind?

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXVII.

DE GRANDEVILLE MEETS HIS MATCH.

UNPLEASANT as was the situation in which Lewis was left at the end of the last chapter, we can scarcely imagine that any of our readers, however they may be accustomed to look on the "night side of nature," can have coolly made up their minds to the worst, and settled to their own dissatisfaction that he fell a victim to the poacher's gun. We say, we cannot imagine such a possibility,—not because we have any very deep reliance on the tender-heartedness of all our fellow-creatures, seeing that this tale may fall into the hands of a poor-law guardian or a political economist; that a butcher may read it fresh from the shambles, or a barrister after defending some confessed murderer; but, we feel certain, butcher or barrister, lawgiver or guardian must alike perceive, that as we are writing the life and adventures of Lewis Arundel, we cannot commit manslaughter without adding thereunto suicide; or, to speak familiarly, we cannot kill Lewis without docking our own tale; therefore, the utmost extent that our most truculent reader can possibly hope for must be a severe gun-shot wound, entailing a lingering illness and a shattered constitution. But even these pleasant and reasonable expectations are doomed to meet with disappointment, the fact being, that almost at the moment in which "long Hardy" (for he it was) levelled his gun at Lewis's retreating figure, his quick ear had caught a sound betokening the advance of some person through the bushes in his immediate vicinity, and neither wishing to encounter any of the game-keeper's satellites, nor considering the deed he had meditated exactly calculated to be performed before any, even the most select audience, the poacher slowly recovered his gun, and proceeded to convey himself away, after a singular snake-like fashion of his own, reserving to himself the right of shooting his supposed enemy at some more convenient season. In the mean time Lewis walked quietly on, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, until a turn in the road brought him in sight of his companions. During the course of their homeward walk Lewis questioned the game-keeper as to his intentions concerning the poachers to whose proceedings he had that morning gained a clue.

(1) Continued from p. 381.

"Vell, yer see, Mr. Arundel," returned Millar, in whose estimation Lewis had risen fifty per cent. since his clever shot at the snipe,—“yer see, it ain't ther fust time as this chap, Hardy, has give us a good deal o' trouble;—we catcted him a poarchin' about three year ago, and he wor in — gaol for six months at a stretch; vell, ven he cum out, he tuk to bad courses all to-gether,—jined thier chartists, them chaps as preaches equalerty, 'cos, being at the very bottom of ther ladder therselves, equalerty would pull them hup and their betters down; vunce let 'em get to ther middle round, and they'd soon give up equalerty,—hit would be the 'haristocracy of talent,' or ther 'shupremacy of physic-all force,' (vich means, power of pitching into somebody else,) vith 'em then. I hates such cant as I hates varmint, so I do.”

Having delivered himself of this opinion with much emphasis, the keeper proceeded to relieve his mind by licking an inoffensive dog for an imaginary offence ere he continued:

"Vell, arter he jined the chartists, he vent to Lunnun as a Delicate, as they calls 'em; and has they found him in wittles and drink, lodgin' and hother parquisites, in course he wor'n't in no hurry to cum back; howsomdever, I suppose, at last they diskivered what I could a told 'em at turst—that he was'n't worth his keep; and so they packed him off home agen. I 'spected vhen I heard he vas arrived vot he'd be hup to. He calls hussell a blacksmith; but he drives more shots into hares and pheasands than nails into 'orses 'oofs, you may depend.”

"And how do you propose to put a stop to his depredations?" inquired Lewis.

"Vy, I should like to catch him in the wery act—nab him vith the game upon him," returned the keeper, meditatively; "then ve could get him another six months; but he's so precious sly, and uncommon swift of foot too, though he ain't fur hoff my age, vich shall never see five-and-forty no more.”

"I wish, Millar," said Lewis, after a moment's consideration, "I wish that whenever you receive information which you think likely to lead to this man's capture, you'd send me word; there's nothing I should like better than to lend you a hand in taking him,—I might be useful to you, for I used to be reckoned a fast runner.”

"And suppose it comes to blows? Them poarching chaps is rough customers to handle sometimes," rejoined Millar, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, as if he expected this information would alter his companion's intentions.

"So much the more exciting," returned Lewis, eagerly; "an affray vith poachers would be a real treat after such a life of inaction as I've been leading lately.”

As he spoke,—throwing off for a moment the proud reserve which had now become habitual to him,—his eyes flashed, he drew himself up to his full height, and flung back his graceful head vith an air of proud defiance. The game-keeper regarded him fixedly, and mentally compared him vith—not the

fighting gladiator, for Millar's unclassical education had never rendered him acquainted with that illustrious statue; but he had once been present at a prize-fight, in which a tall, athletic youth, rejoicing in the ornithological *sobriquet* of "the spicy Dabchick," proved victor, and to that dabchick did he assimilate Lewis. At length his thoughts found vent in the following ejaculation:—

"Well, Mr. Arundel, hif ther's many more like you hup there, that blessed Lunnun can't be as bad a place as I thought it."

Lewis smiled; perhaps (for after all, he was human and under twenty-one), the evident admiration which had replaced the no less evident contempt with which the sturdy game-keeper had regarded him earlier in their acquaintance was not without its charm; at all events, when, after another hour's shooting, Millar went home to dinner, and Lewis and Walter returned to Broadhurst, the young tutor diminished his income to the extent of half-a-crown, and the keeper, as he pocketed the "tip," renewed his assurance that he would send Mr. Arundel timely notice, "whenever there was a chance of being down upon that poaching willain, Hardy."

Charley Leicester, as he did not start for Constantinople, found himself at liberty to escort Laura Peyton and his cousin Annie, to view the ruins of Monkton Priory, which in themselves were quite worth the trouble of a ride; had they, however, been even a less interesting combination of bricks and mortar than the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, (supposing such a thing possible,) it would not have signified to the party who then visited them. Never were three individuals less inclined to be critical, or more thoroughly determined to be pleased with every thing. The old grey ruins, frowning beneath the clear wintry sky, appeared the colour of strawberry ice to them; every object reflected the rose-tint of their happiness. As for Charley, a change had come o'er him; the indolent fastidious man of fashion, whose spotless gloves and irreproachable boots were the envy and admiration of Bond Street, had disappeared, and in his place arose an honest, genuine, light hearted, agreeable, sensible being, to whom nothing seemed to come amiss, and who appeared endowed with a preternatural power of diffusing his own superabundant happiness amongst all who came in contact with him. The girth of his saddle broke; they had no groom with them. "Grooms were such a bore, he would be groom," Charley had said, consequently, there were no means at hand by which the injury could be repaired.

"Well, never mind; he would get some string at the first cottage, and tie it up; he was rather glad it had happened, riding without a girth was great fun."

But Laura's horse stumbled, and Charley, forgetting his precarious seat, dashed in the spurs, intending to spring forward to her assistance. The horse *did* spring forward, but the saddle turned round. Mr. Leicester was, however, fated that day to fall on his

legs, literally as well as metaphorically, and beyond being splashed up to his knees by alighting on a spot where the sun had thawed the ice into a puddle, he sustained no farther injury. Laura was frightened; he must not mount again till he had been able to get the girth mended.

"Very well," returned Charley; "he would lead the horse then; it was pleasanter to walk than to ride, such a cold day as that; he liked it particularly."

So he marched sturdily through mud and mire, leading his own horse, and resting his hand on the mane of the animal ridden by Laura, for the space of some five miles, laughing and talking all the time so agreeably, that the young lady came to the conclusion that she had never properly appreciated his powers of conversation till that moment. Altogether, despite the broken girth and the mud and the cold, to say nothing of a slight snow-storm which overtook them ere they reached home, each member of that little party felt mentally convinced that they had never enjoyed a ride so much before in all their lives.

"Arundel, where are you?" exclaimed Leicester, putting his head into the study as he passed the door on his way to his apartment. "Can you spare me five minutes' conversation?" he continued, as Lewis, closing a book, rose to receive him.

"Certainly," was the reply, "pray come in."

"I've been wishing to see you all day," resumed Leicester, carefully shutting the door, and glancing round the room; "Where is your charge?"

"He is with the General," was the reply; "he likes to have him for half-an-hour every day before he goes to dress; he talks to him, and tries to instil into his mind correct notions regarding things in general, and his own future social position in particular. Walter sits still and listens, but I'm afraid he does not understand much about it."

"No great loss, either, I've a notion," returned Charley, irreverently. He paused, whistled a few bars of "Son Celoso," entangled his spur in the hearthrug, extricated it with much difficulty, then turning abruptly to Lewis, he exclaimed,—"Arundel, I'm no hand at making fine speeches, but recollect if ever you want a friend, I owe you more than I can possibly repay you. Not that this is such a very uncommon relation for me to stand in towards people," he added with a smile.

"Nay," returned Lewis, "you are reversing our positions; I am your debtor for my introduction to this family, and for an amount of kindness and consideration, which you must be placed like myself in a dependent situation fully to appreciate. But," he added, glancing at his friend's happy face, "I hope you have some good news to tell me?"

"You are right in your conjecture," replied Leicester, "but it is mainly owing to your straightforward and sensible advice that I have gained the prize I strove for. I was within an ace of losing it, though;" and he then gave a hasty outline of his day's adventures, with which the reader has been already made acquainted.

Lewis congratulated him warmly on his good fortune: "You see I was right when I told you Miss Peyton was not so indifferent to you as you imagined," he said, "and that she liked you, not because you were a man of fashion, the admired of all admirers, but because she had sufficient penetration to discover that you were something more,—that you possessed higher and better qualities, and were not——"

"Go on, my dear Arundel," urged Leicester, as Lewis paused, "go on; I like plain speaking when it comes from a friendly mouth."

"The mere butterfly you strove to appear, I was going to say," resumed Lewis, "but you will think me strangely impertinent."

"Not at all," returned Leicester, "it's the truth; I can see it plainly now. I've taken as much trouble to make myself appear a fool as other men do to gain a reputation for wisdom. Well, it's never too late to mend; I shall turn over a new leaf from this time forth, give up dress, restrict myself to one cigar a-day, moderate my affection for pale ale, invest capital in worsted gloves and a cotton umbrella, and become a regular business character." He paused, and drawing a chair to the fire, seated himself, and stretching out his legs, subjected his boots, which bore unmistakable traces of his pedestrian episode, to the influence of the blazing wood. Having thus made himself comfortable, he fell into a fit of musing which lasted till, after gazing vacantly at his extended legs for some moments his features suddenly assumed an eager expression, and he exclaimed, "Confound those blockheads, Schneider & Shears, I suppose if I've told them once, I've told them fifty times, to give more room in the leg for riding-trousers—a horse's back is a wide thing, and of course, when you stretch your legs across it, you require the trousers to fit sufficiently loosely to accommodate themselves to the position: they need not set like a couple of hop sacks either; the thing's simple enough—I know if I'd a pair of scissors I could cut them out myself."

Glancing at Lewis as he spoke, Leicester perceived that he was struggling, not over successfully, to preserve his gravity, and the absurdity of the thing striking him for the first time, he indulged in a hearty laugh at his own expense 'ere he added, "Heigh ho! it's not so easy to get rid of old habits as one imagines; I see it will take me longer to unpuppyise myself than I was aware of. Seriously, however, I don't mean to continue a mere idler, living on my wife's fortune. My father has interest with Government, and I shall ask him to push it, and obtain for me some creditable appointment or other. He will have no difficulty; the Hon. Charles Leicester, husband to the rich Miss Peyton, will possess much stronger claims upon his country than Charley Leicester the portionless younger son. In this age of humbug it is easy enough to get a thing, if you don't care whether you have it or not; but if you chance to be some poor wretch, to whom the obtaining it is life or death, ten to one but you are done out of it.

Poverty is the only unpardonable sin in these days; the worship of the golden calf is a species of idolatry to which Christians are prone as well as Jews; it's rare to find a sceptic as to that religion, even amongst the most inveterate unbelievers."

Lewis, to whom Leicester in his self-engrossment had not perceived that his remarks would apply, bit his lip and coloured; then, wishing to save his companion the mortification of discovering that he had accidentally wounded his feelings, he hastened to change the conversation by observing,

"How will the magnanimous Marmaduke bear the news of your success?"

"Oh! to be sure, I was going to tell you about him, when something put it out of my head," returned Leicester. "The great De Grandeville was greater than ever on the subject—it was such fun—he came up to me after breakfast this morning, and catching hold of my button, began—'Ar—Mr. Leicester—excuse—ar—won't detain you five minutes, but—ar—you see in regard to—ar—the matter we conversed on yesterday, when you were good enough to give me the benefit of your opinion, concerning a certain proposed alliance, if I may call your attention once more to the subject; you will perceive that—ar—the affair has assumed a very different aspect—ar—indeed so completely different, that I feel confident you will agree with me in considering the—ar—in fact the arrangement no longer desirable.' I told him I was quite prepared to think as he did on this point, and begged to know in what the mysterious impediment consisted. 'Well, sir—ar—I don't say it—ar—by way of a boast—ar—such things are quite out of my line, but, you must have yourself perceived the very marked encouragement which my advances met with yesterday evening—ar—in fact the game was—ar—in my own hands!'—I succeeded in repressing a strong desire to kick him, and he continued with bland dignity—'Ar—finding that this was the case, I felt, that, as a man of honour, I was bound—ar—to make up my mind definitely as to my future course, and had—ar—all but resolved to acquaint the young lady with the brilliant, that is—ar—in many points unexceptionable position which awaited her, when fortunately—I might say providentially—it occurred to me to open a letter I had that evening received from my friend in the Herald's College. Imagine my horror to learn, that her actual father, the immediate previous Peyton himself, had—ar—*horresco referens*, as Pliny has it—upon my word it quite upset me!' 'This dreadful Papa, had he murdered somebody?' inquired I. 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'Lord Ferrers and other men with unexceptionable pedigrees have committed that crime; there is nothing necessarily vulgar about murder; the case was far worse—this intolerable proximate ancestor, who has not rested in his dishonoured grave above half-a-dozen years, was not only guilty of belonging to an intensely respectable firm in Liverpool, but had actually been insane enough to allow his name to be entered as sleeping partner in a large retail house on Ludgate Hill!

fancy a De Grandeville marrying the daughter of 'Plumpstern & Peyton, dealers in cotton goods;' 'pon my word, sir, it took away my breath to think of the narrow escape I'd had!' And the young lady? inquired I. 'Ar—of course it will be—ar—disappointment, as I've no doubt she considered—ar—that she'd made her book cleverly, and stood to win, as the betting men say; but—ar—she soon had tact enough to perceive that the grapes were sour—ar—took that tone immediately,—clever girl, sir, very—ar—I shouldn't wonder if she were to give out, that she had discouraged my attentions—ar—in fact, virtually refused me—ar—I shall not contradict her, I owe her that—ar—with the exception of yourself, Mr. Leicester, her secret will be perfectly safe in my keeping.' It was now my turn; so, drawing myself up as stiffly as old Grant himself, I said, 'Confidence begets confidence, Mr. De Grandeville; so, in return for your candour, allow me to inform you, that Miss Peyton, doubtless driven to despair by your desertion, has done me the honour to accept me as your substitute! One word more,' I continued, as, completely taken aback, he flushed crimson, and began stammering out apologetical ejaculations, 'I have listened in silence to your account of the transaction; I confess I have my own opinion about the matter, but, should you adhere to your intention of preserving a strict secrecy in regard to the affair, I shall do so likewise,—if not, I may feel called on to publish a somewhat different version of these love passages—one which will scarcely prove so agreeable to your self-esteem, unless, indeed,' I added, seeing that he was about to bluster, 'you prefer settling the business in a shorter way; in which case, I shall be quite at your service.' So saying, I raised my hat, bowed, and, turning on my heel, left him to his meditations."

"Which must have been of a singularly unsatisfactory nature, I should imagine," returned Lewis, laughing. "But there is no chance of your fighting, I hope?"

"Not the slightest, I expect," replied Leicester. "De Grandeville, to do him justice, is no coward, but he will have sense enough to see that he can gain no *éclat* by giving the affair publicity, and will remain quiet for his own sake. Luckily, I'm not of a quarrelsome temperament, or I should have horsewhipped him, or, at least, tried at it, when he was talking about Laura."

"It was a temptation which in your place I could not have resisted," rejoined Lewis.

"Ah, its easy to be magnanimous when one is happy," returned Leicester; "besides, I really was rather sorry for the poor devil, for, as I dare say you've guessed long ago, I've no doubt Laura refused him last night—in fact, she as good as told me so."

"Perhaps it may benefit him," remarked Lewis; "his vanity was too plethoric, and a little judicious lowering may conduce to the general health of his moral system."

"I'm afraid its a case of too long standing,"

replied Leicester; "such a lamentable instance of egotism on the brain is not so easily to be cured—however, he's had a pretty strong dose this time, I must confess. And now, seeing that my boots have been wet through for the last three hours, the sooner I get rid of them the better."—So saying, Charley Leicester took himself off, preparatory to performing the same operation on his perfidious boots.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GENERAL TAKES THE FIELD.

THE interview which Lewis had witnessed between Lord Bellefield and the girl, dwelt in his thoughts, and was a source of much doubt and uneasiness to him. The quiet secluded life he had led for the last year, affording ample time for meditation,—the almost total want of society, (for poor Walter was no companion,)—the peculiar position in which he was placed, shut out from all the pleasures and excitements natural to his age and taste—had given an unusually reflective turn to his vigorous mind, and produced in him a gravity and depth of character, to which, under different circumstances, he might never have attained. Thus, in the views he took of life, he was accustomed to look beyond the surface, and deeming it unworthy of a believer in the truths of Christianity to attribute events to the mere caprice of a blind destiny, was rather disposed to trace in such occurrences the finger of a directing Providence, and to consider them opportunities purposely thrown in our way, for the use or abuse of which we should one day be called to account, as for every talent committed to our charge. Holding these opinions, he could not be content to sit down quietly with the knowledge of which he had become possessed, without making some effort to prevent Lord Bellefield from successfully accomplishing the evil he could not doubt he meditated. But what then should he do? The question was not an easy one to answer. The most natural and effectual means to employ, would be to inform General Grant of the affair; he was the person likely (as the father of his future bride) to possess most influence over Lord Bellefield, while as possessor of the estate on which they resided, he was certain to meet with respect and obedience from the parents of the girl. But besides the dislike every honourable man feels to undertake the office of talebearer, Lewis's chivalrous nature shrank from even the appearance of seeking to wreak his revenge on the man who had insulted him, by injuring him in the opinion of his future father-in-law. Again, were he to seek out the girl, and expostulate with her, he felt certain he should produce no good effect—the fact of her being aware of the terms on which he stood with her admirer would render her suspicious of his intentions, and prevent her from paying any regard to his arguments. At last it occurred to him: to mention the thing to Charles Leicester, and persuade him, if possible, to visit the girl, and, at all events, to make her aware of the deceit which had been practised upon her by his brother in assuming his name. Accord-

ingly, he determined to seek an early opportunity of speaking to Leicester on the subject; but good resolutions are always more easy to form than to carry into effect. On the following morning Leicester went to town, as well to acquaint his father with the important step he contemplated, as to bear in person an invitation to an old family friend and *ci-devant* guardian of Laura Peyton's, to join the party at Broadhurst; nor did he return till after several days had elapsed, so that it was nearly a week ere Lewis found the opportunity he sought for.

There had been a dinner party at Broadhurst, and, as was the custom of the neighbourhood, the guests had departed early. Lewis waited till Leicester had disposed of a lady, whom he was handing to her carriage, then drawing him aside, he made him acquainted with the interview which he had involuntarily witnessed; informing him at the same time of his object in so doing. As he proceeded with his tale, Leicester's brow grew dark.

"It is really too bad of Bellefield," he muttered, "situated as he is in regard to this family; it shows a want of all proper feeling—all delicacy of mind—assuming my name too! Suppose it had come to Laura's ears by any chance—'pon my word I've a great mind to speak to him about it—though, I don't know, it would only lead to a quarrel—Bellefield is not a man to brook interference—I feel quite as you do about it, my dear Arundel, but really I don't see that I can do anything that would be of the slightest use."

"Surely you can find out the girl, and prove to her the truth of my statement, that your brother has deceived her by assuming your name—you owe that to yourself."

"She would be certain to tell him of it the next time she sees him," returned Leicester, uncasily; "it would lead to a quarrel between us, and you don't know what Bellefield's resentment is when it's once excited—it's actually terrific, and that's the truth."

"But for your cousin, Miss Grant's sake, you ought not to let your brother proceed with this affair," urged Lewis; "surely you must see the matter in this light?"

"Ah! poor Annie," returned Leicester, with a half sigh; "I sometimes wish that engagement had never been entered into. I doubt whether they are at all calculated to render each other happy. In fact, I've learned to look upon marriage in a very different light lately—however, it's no business of mine, wiser heads will have to settle it, luckily"—He paused, and after a few moments' deliberation, resumed abruptly, "I'll do as you advise, Arundel. I'll see this girl, and talk to her, and if Bellefield hears of it, and makes himself disagreeable, why it can't be helped, that's all—he should not attempt such things—particularly in this neighbourhood. He ought to have more respect for the General and his daughter; it shows a want of good taste and good feeling; besides, as well as I can judge from the glimpse I had of her in the refreshment room, the girl's not so

unusually pretty, after all. She'd an awful pair of hands, if I recollect right."

A contemptuous smile passed across Lewis's handsome features, as his companion promulgated the above original moral distinction. Leicester, however, did not observe it, and continued—

"Just fancy my coming out in the character of a virtuous Mentor. I only hope I shall get through my arduous duties without laughing at my own performance. 'Pon my word, though, it's rather serious, when a man feels inclined to scoff at himself for doing his duty from the sheer inconsistency of the thing. I tell you what, Arundel, I believe I've been a very naughty boy without in the least knowing it. I've always considered myself the victim of circumstances, and set all my peccadilloes down to that account;—but I don't see why I need bother you by making you my father confessor?"

Lewis, considering the train of thought into which Leicester had fallen one likely to lead to useful practical results, was about to encourage him to proceed, when a servant approached them, and placed a small, crumpled, and not over clean piece of paper in Lewis's hand. Holding it under the light of a lamp, he was enabled with difficulty to decipher the following words:—

"TO MUSTER ARUNDEL.—Sur, the party as you knows of is hout to-night, and more of his sort along vith him. Ve are safe for a shindy; but being quite ready for ther blackguards, lives in good 'opes hof a capture—him which hif you likes to assist, not minding a crack o' ther head, should sich occur, which will sometimes in ther best regerlated famurlies, pleas to follur ther bearer, as will conduct you to your humbel servaunt to commarnd,

"J. MILLAR."

"That's glorious," exclaimed Lewis, placing the missive in the hands of his companion; "I never did catch a poacher in my life, but I've often wished to do so—the whole scene must be so picturesque and unlike anything one has ever met with—the darkness, the excitement—but you are laughing at my cagerness. Well, I confess to a love of adventure for its own sake; if I'd lived in the middle ages I should have been a knight errant, that's certain. I suppose it's no use asking you to join us? there's nictal more attractive in the drawing room, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Why," returned Charley, arranging his neckcloth by aid of a glass placed in the cloak-room for the benefit of the ladies who wished to wrap up becomingly; "really I must own I prefer Laura's smiles even to the delights of a possible rencontre with your friend Mr. Whats-his name the poacher."

"Hardy is the fellow's name," replied Lewis; "he is a chartist and all sorts of horrors, so that I don't feel the smallest degree of sympathy for him. Do you know where the General is to be found? I suppose, as I may be very late, or even obliged to sleep at Millar's cottage, I must ask his sanction ere I start on my expedition."

"I think you'd better," returned Leicester, "he's in the library—I saw him go there after he had seen Lady Ruynymede to her carriage. So good night—I shall be curious to learn in the morning whose brains have been knocked out;" and with this agreeably suggestive remark Leicester ended the conversation, and strolled off to the drawing-room.

Lewis proceeded at once to the library, where he found not only General Grant, but, to his extreme annoyance, Lord Bellefield also; there was, however, no help for it, and he accordingly explained his wishes as briefly as possible. The General heard him to the end without speaking—his first idea was, that such a request was strange, and unbecoming the peaceful gravity that should environ the office of a tutor, and he intended to favour him with a dignified refusal; but as Lewis proceeded, his eager tones and sparkling eyes recalled to the old officer the days of his youth, when the spirit of enterprise was strong within him, and in the wild bivouac, the dashing assault, the hand to hand struggle, "i' the imminent deadly breach," and the many exciting vicissitudes of a campaigning life, he had found a degree of pleasure which his age knew not, and he was fain to accord a gracious assent.

"Your father was a soldier, Mr. Arundel, I think you told me?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative, mentioning some engagement in which he had particularly distinguished himself. The General listened to him with complacency, then exclaimed,—

"That's it, sir, that's it! I confess when I first heard your request I considered it unnatural, in fact, unbecoming in a civilian, but in a soldier's son it assumes an entirely different character. I like to see spirit in a young man." (here he glanced at Lord Bellefield, who, apparently engrossed by a legal document which he was perusing, seemed unconscious of Lewis's presence.) "It's a pity your father was unable to afford you a commission: there's been some very pretty fighting in India lately, and you might have distinguished yourself." He paused, then added, "I know most of the agricultural labourers about here; did Millar tell you any of these poachers' names?"

"Hardy, a blacksmith, was the most notorious character," returned Lewis.

As he mentioned the name, Lord Bellefield started so violently that he nearly overturned the lamp by which he was reading. Seeing the General's eyes fixed on him inquiringly, he rose, and putting his hand to his side, drew a deep breath as he exclaimed,

"One of those sharp stitches, as they call them,—nothing worse. You know I am subject to them; it's want of exercise, producing indigestion. I tell you what," he continued, "I've rather a curiosity to witness Mr. Arundel's prowess, and see what sport this poacher will afford. Man-hunting, in the literal *ferre nature* sense of the term, will be a new excitement."

"We'll all go," exclaimed the General, springing up with the alertness of a young man; "if these rascals choose to trespass on my land and destroy my property,

why so fit to resist them and bring them to justice as myself? I'll make the necessary alteration in my dress, and we'll start immediately."

Lord Bellefield urged the lateness of the hour, the cold night air, the chance of danger to life or limb,—but in vain; General Grant had taken the crotchet into his head, and he was not the man to be easily induced to change his mind. Accordingly Lewis found himself suddenly associated with two as strange companions as ever a man was embarrassed withal. Still there was no help for it; and inwardly pondering what possible reason Lord Bellefield could have for joining the expedition, and why he had started at the mention of Hardy's name, Lewis hastened to wrap himself in a rough pea-jacket, and selected a heavy knotted stick, wherewith he proposed to knock respect for the rights of property into the head of any misguided individual who might be deaf to all milder argument. As he returned to the hall, the General made his appearance, carrying under his arm a cavalry sabre; his bearing was even more stiff and erect than usual, and his eye flashed with all the fire of youth.

"Early on parade, I see, Mr. Arundel," he said, with something more nearly approaching to a smile on his countenance than Lewis had ever previously observed there; "we'll read these poaching rascals a lesson they will not easily forget, sir."

As he spoke, a light footstep was heard approaching, and in another moment Annie Grant bounded down the staircase, her glossy curls streaming wildly over her shoulders, and her cheeks flushed with the speed at which she had come.

"My dear papa!" she began, then turning pale as her eye fell upon the sword, she continued—"Oh! it is really true! I hoped they were only deceiving me in jest. Dearest papa, you will be good and kind, and not go out after these men? Suppose any accident should occur? think how valuable your life is—papa, you will not go?"

"Annie, I thought you were perfectly aware of my extreme dislike to, or I may say, disapproval of all uncalled-for displays of feeling; I am about to perform a duty incumbent on my position, and I need scarcely add that any attempt to induce me to neglect that duty, will not only prove ineffectual but will be highly displeasing to me. Not another word," he continued, seeing she was about to resume her entreaties; "return immediately to the drawing-room, and apologise to our friends in my name for being obliged to leave them."

At this moment a servant announced that his master's shooting pony was at the door, and that Lord Bellefield had already started; so placing his hat on his head with an air of offended dignity, the General marched proudly out of the hall. Lewis was about to follow him, when, glancing at Annie, he perceived that she had sunk into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, had given way to an irrepressible burst of tears. The young tutor paused—wishing to reassure her by promising to use his best efforts to shield her father from danger, and yet

fearing to intrude upon her grief. In his embarrassment he accidentally dropped his stick—starting at the sound, Annie for the first time perceived him, and springing up, she came hurriedly towards him, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Arundel! I am so glad you are going. You will take care of papa, will you not?"

As she spoke, she laid her hand on his arm, and gazed up into his face imploringly.

"I will most assuredly try to do so, Miss Grant," returned Lewis, calmly, though that light touch thrilled through him like a shock of electricity. "You need not alarm yourself so greatly," he continued, anxious to soothe her; "believe me, your apprehensions have greatly exaggerated any probable danger."

"You really think so?" returned Annie, doubtfully. "At all events," she continued, "I shall be much happier now I know you are going; I am sure you will try and take care of papa."

"I will, indeed," returned Lewis, earnestly, as, glancing towards the door, he essayed to depart; but Annie, completely engrossed by her anxiety to secure his services on her father's behalf, still unconsciously retained her hold on his arm, and Lewis was obliged gently to remove the little hand that detained him. As their fingers met, Annie, becoming suddenly aware of what Miss Livingstone would have termed her "indiscreet and unpardonable heedlessness," blushed very becomingly; then, with a sudden impulse of gratitude and warm feeling, she extended her hand to Lewis, saying,

"Thank you very much for all your kindness, Mr. Arundel. Mind you take good care of yourself as well as of papa—I shall not go to bed till I hear you have brought him safe home again."

Lewis pressed the fair hand offered to him, repeated his assurances that her alarm was unnecessary, and hastened to follow General Grant. Annie gazed after him with tearful eyes, but his words comforted her. She had begun already to rely on him in moments of difficulty or danger.

(To be continued.)

A GLANCE AT GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

BY FRANCIS SCHROEDER.

At twelve o'clock on the fourth, we descended from the mountains of Loja, and passing through a ravine, we entered upon the far-famed Plain of Granada, that vast and beautiful meadow, the garden of the luxurious Moor for almost eight hundred years, and the theatre of more gallant and knightly chivalry than all the crusader battle-fields of Syria.

It is about thirty miles long and sixteen broad, of irregular shape, and on one edge of it is the city of Granada. We entered upon the Vega at a point about fifteen miles from the city, and on each side of us, therefore, as we descended from the Sierra, the valley

opened upon us in all its wonderful beauty, set like some perfect and entire chrysolite among the rugged mountain barriers on every side, the rich and thickly-peopled country extending a grand garden of its own various fruits, intersected by the graceful curvings of the Xenil and Darro. Glittering towns are interspersed in all the quaint architecture of the Moors. Mountains encircle the fairy land in the most various outline imaginable, from the rich verdant slope to steeppling crags and precipices of marble, and joining in the north, as at a focus, in the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada. Mulahacen, with three exceptions the loftiest peak in Europe, appears to soar in snowy grandeur far into the blue depths of the sky, and immediately at its base, on a sloping hill side, is seated the crescent city of Granada.

I believe there is no such inland landscape on earth—the pure white city, a glittering half-moon, clothing the ascent of a hill, as if set up to be wondered at; the buildings rising in terraces, and decorated with the most superb foliage, profusion of turrets, and gilded cupolas. The summit of the hill is crowned with the towers, ramparts, balconies, and gardens of the Alhambra; the two rivers, like defensive moats, embrace the feet of the city, and over against all, like the field for this incomparable picture, is the grandeur of Mulahacen. Between the summit of the giant mountain, the outline of which is of the most fantastic group of snows and glacier—between this frigid and unknown region and the beautiful summer and fairy land at its base, the intervening sides are precipices of prodigious height of rock, the colour and almost the quality of porphyry, with enormous ridges and deep ravines, through which the mountain springs tumble in cataracts into the plain. The city is set in the relief of this stupendous ridge, and around us on every side the plain extends away in the contrast of luxurious summer. Such was our first view of Granada across the Vega, every rood of which has been fertilized with human blood; the great scene of Moorish poetry, of the glory of Isabella, and the arena of the most chivalrous deeds of man; for centuries the seat of the splendour, pride, and luxury of the Moorish kings, and of a nation then far more advanced in arts and wealth than all Christendom. Granada even yet lives in the hearts of the Arabs, as the holy city lived in the ambition of the Crusaders. The Moor, however, exhibits the more faithful constancy, for Jerusalem is well nigh forgotten by the Christians, while the recovery of Granada, a city for a few years only consecrated to Mahomet, is still the cherished daily prayer of the Arabs.

Perhaps nothing can be so disappointing as the first view of the Alhambra—a wretched looking range of red structures (Alhambra, in Arabic, meaning red house), with no elegance of exterior, and no apparent order. I was reminded of Sir Walter's description of Monkbarns, "apparently, some hamlet had suddenly stood still in leading down one of Orpheus's country dances." The walls are quite unornamented, being gravel and pebbles, daubed coarsely over with red plaster. But oh! the incomparable fairy world within!



A distant view of some rich opera scene, or the mind's gayest conception of Aladdin's palaces, are all that I can liken to the sudden splendours we found within these unpromising walls.

There are not many things in all the works of man which can compete with this part of the Alhambra in exquisite, minute, and elaborate splendour; and one might fill a *carte blanche* from passages in the Arabian Nights, multiplied by the brains of all poets and all architects, and still fail to convey the proper impression. The noting of size, extent, and method would seem to encumber the mind, and lead it in a direction which never occurs for a moment to the spectator. I suppose I was three hours in the Court of the Lions and the halls adjacent, and never for a moment did it occur to me to think how big it was. The whole soul of my admiration was steeped in the beauty, the richness, and the fairy-like workmanship, which remains entire and absolute, as though six hundred years had passed over the scene like six hundred straws in a summer breeze.

But to descend to particulars, and not to allow your fancies to roam on too wide a scale, I should think (for I possess no references except my own impressions)—I should think the size of the Court of the Lions to be a rectangular parallelogram of one hundred and fifty by seventy-five English feet, the centre of which is occupied by a fountain which gives the name to the quarto; twelve or fourteen marble lions stand in a circle, their heads fronting out; their backs support a large basin or salver beautifully wrought from a single block of white marble, carved and chased; and in the centre of this stands a huge urn of the same material, and rich workmanship. At present the fountain is not ordinarily in operation, but it was easy to imagine the effect of a single perpendicular *jet d'eau* mounting from the centre of the urn, the water falling into the salver, and then passing through the mouths of the lions, it runs along beautifully-wrought canals and little reservoirs about the marble pavement. The whole court is surrounded by the most exquisite conceivable colonnade of marble, light and fairy-like, and supporting horseshoe arches; the pillars being irregularly placed, sometimes two or three under one capital, and sometimes single—all of exquisite workmanship, and the very materiality of grace. The shape of the arches, purely Arabic, is delicious; the capitals are most fantastically designed, and the exterior face of the arches, as well as the façade above, is one continued labyrinth of fretwork, lace-work of the most profuse and unceasing richness and carving, that it is possible to fancy. The ceiling of the portico vaults is much more complicated and rich than the communa, and the most extraordinary delicacy of construction prevails throughout: the whole seemed to me like a princess arrayed as for her bridal in the richest laces and embroidery, satins, and whole "stomachers of gems." The ceilings are frosted, filigreed, enamelled blue and gold, looking in some places like an inverted bed of amethysts peppered with gold dust; in others, like some embroidered ten thousand *franc mouchoir*,

imitated in marble; in others, like an illuminated page of the Koran; and again, like a gigantic, hollow cone of lapis lazuli, intersected and studded with frosty stars: fantastic, picturesque, Romanesque, grotesque, arabesque.

Nothing in architectural artifice that I have ever seen approaches the halls communicating with the Court of the Lions, in intricate and mazy beauty. Pure white marble slabs of great size are the universal pavement. At each end of the court project open cabinets or porticoes, of even more elaborate and graceful design, and four enormous double doors of some dark and durable wood, carved with the same extraordinary minuteness, conduct to various apartments, and lead away through corridors, galleries, and stairways to various parts of the palace.

The Court of the Lions! Moorish kings, sultans, and caliphs had not the fictitious magnificence the readers of the Arabian Nights suppose.

We entered, I believe, on the west side, and continuing along the southern colonnade, we passed through one of the four double doors I have mentioned, and found ourselves in a circular apartment enriched in a hundred ways in all the splendours I have attempted to describe to you. The ceiling is a dome decorated with pendant arches, enamelled, embossed, gilded, carved, and moulded in every possible manner; the walls of the curious lace and stucco work; in the centre is the constant fountain, a single jet, and along marble canals the refreshing water ran sparkling into the reservoirs of the court. The floor is of huge slabs of white marble, several of which bear the ineffaceable marks of guilt. This is the world-renowned Hall of the Abencerrages, where a princely race was well-nigh extinguished by the cruel treachery of their king. I wish I could refer to our friend's beautiful Moorish ballads, to trace the poetical story in its appropriate splendour. St. Pierre related it afterwards as follows: One of the Abencerrages (a powerful family in Granada) was the special favourite of Abdallah, or Boabdil, (the proper name being Abou-abdoulah; hence either derivation), and his ruin was accomplished by an envious courtier, who, Iago-like, worked upon the jealousy of the credulous king. Boabdil, in his misery, resolved on the most absolute revenge, and, having invited the whole clan to an entertainment at the palace, he caused each one to be beheaded as he entered this hall. The beautiful and innocent sultana was sentenced to be burned alive, if within a certain period she did not produce four knights to defend her cause in the lists. Many of the Moorish chivalry offered themselves for the trial, but she peremptorily refused to accept them; and the torch was about to be applied to the faggots, when a single bugle blast was heard at the outer gates of the fortress, and four knights rode toward the lists in strict incognito. They fought and defeated the four accusers, one of whom was the villain who had invented the plot. With his dying breath he disclosed his treachery, and the innocent queen was carried to the palace in triumph. She never would see the king

again, however, and his anguish from this event may have hastened his surrender. We were afterward shown the cypresses, which the accuser pointed out as the guilty rendezvous; they overshadow an exquisite little stone bower in the gardens of the Jenerallife, most lover-like and secret. But who, think you, blew that "single bugle-blast," which echoed so well-timed from the outer gate? and who, think you, the four champions in mask, who levelled their avenging lances at the false accusers? Christian knights! for the love of honour and of arms! Don Ferdinand of Cordova, Don Alonzo, and I don't know what heroic Dons, were the victors in this "trial by battel."

All this is very captivating, and the romantic heroism of these knights entirely accords with the sober detail of history. In this war the very essence of chivalry was developed, and the Moors were by no means outdone by the Christians in acts of generosity and honour. Instance the anecdote of the Moorish chief, who, in a scouting expedition, encountered several beautiful children of Christian nobles playing with their nurses in the fields. "Get ye home to your mothers, ye prattling vagabonds," said he to the frightened group, and, turning to his bannerman, he said, "How can we harm such innocents?" Such is one of a hundred examples related.

A walk through the Alhambra is like a very intense perusal of such chapters: the picturesque history is matched throughout with appropriate scene.

We descended by a stairway, one of a great many; spiral, twisting, state, and secret. We found an endless range of rooms, the most important being the royal chamber, conforming in all respects with the general elegance. There are two alcoves for the beds, raised from the floor, an exquisite fountain in the centre of the apartment, and their majesties could be lulled to sleep by the tuneful birds in the prison gardens.

For summer luxury, and in adaptation to the climate, nothing could be more admirable. I have seen all the comfortable splendours of the royal private apartments in Windsor Castle, and, remembering the date and the present difference of race, certainly the Moor of 1400 A.D. could match the British princes in all luxury: and when we recall the rich equipage and furniture of the Alhambra as it was four hundred years ago, the precious woods of citron, sandal, aloes, and olive wood, ivory, and Mosaic of pearl; the gold and enamel work; the rich dresses, the costly hangings, the curious works of art, and ingenious toys which abounded; the baths and plentiful luxuries; and the inhabitants of this sumptuous abode arrayed in fine lincos and embroidered native silks, plumes, velvets, glittering with gems and wrought gold, and compare them with the British monarchs of that day, we shall have a striking contrast. At a still earlier period, when the palace floors of Windsor were strewn with rushes and straw, the richest carpets and ottomans were laid upon the superb marbles of the Alhambra.

But there were other and far more important superiorities of the Moor; learning, literature, art, science,

and accomplishments of every sort. Their national greatness attained its highest importance in the tenth century, when one of their kings accumulated a library of six hundred thousand volumes. Eighty free schools were established in Cordova, and the best scholars of Christian Europe flocked to the Moorish colleges. Nothing in all antiquity surpassed the means of accomplishments and learning; and philosophers, poets, historians of the Arabs grew great in numbers and in fame. At this period, the last Saxon king was on the throne of England, and ruled over a people described by Hume as "uncultivated, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanical arts, untamed to submission to law and government," &c.

While such was the state of England and of Europe, the single city of Cordova possessed six hundred public temples, and the palace of the king was a great academy to which the students of all nations flocked, and the king himself partook of their learned conferences.

At a later age, when Edward the First was on the throne of England, there were fifty colleges on the Plain of Granada; and in Moorish Spain no less than seventy public libraries. The state of learning and literature at the same period in Christian Europe was yet in its dark period.

The revenue of the Arab sovereigns in the tenth century, derived from commerce, husbandry, mines, and herds, &c. amounted to nearly \$30,000,000; and a hundred years later, William the Conqueror was unable to obtain 2,000,000 from his new kingdom by every means of oppression. In short, all Christian Europe was in its dark age, and from the Spanish Moors came one principal impulse for their enlightenment and regeneration. In agriculture, nautical science, and the arts of war, the most important lessons were derived from them. The Arabs were devoted to natural and mathematical sciences; Algebra was their gift to all other Europe; they were the first to manufacture paper; and the application of gunpowder to the military science was due to the ingenuity of this extraordinary people. So great was the thirst for knowledge among all classes of Moors, that we are told blind men were eminent scholars among them five hundred years ago, when at the enlightened period of this present day, we look with astonishment at ingenious methods by which the blind can obtain the most common-place information. Astronomy made vast strides in improvement, and their instruments and observatories were brought to great perfection. Their historians number thirteen hundred writers, and their treatises upon logic and metaphysics, we are told by Mr. Prescott, amount to one ninth of the surviving treasures of the Spanish royal library. The writing of their philosophers, historians, poets, were translated and diffused throughout Europe. In every thing they appear to have quickened the dormant energies of Christians. They even taught them lessons in gallantry and chivalry, and it is not the least interesting item of their great examples, that the famed knightly orders of the Templars, Hospitallers, Knights of St. John, were imitations of

Moorish Crusaders against Christian Infidels. The existence of such an order among the Arabs was a century earlier than the first Christian brotherhood of knights. They were distinguished for their austere and frugal habits, and being stationed on the borders, were bound by a vow against the Christian Infidels.

Such are some of the interesting facts for which we have to thank the industry and research of the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella; and to have enjoyed the benefit of his information on the spot most associated with the glories of the Spanish Moors, was no common gratification.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER TO HER CHILDREN.

BY MRS. TRAILL,

Author of "The Backwoods of Canada."

My children, would you knew the land,
The pleasant land—the free,
Where once a careless child I roved
O'er woodland hill and lea!

There daisies lift their starry eyes
To greet you as you pass,
And there the sweet low violet blows
Unseen amid the grass.

And merry 'tis at matin prime
The joyous lark to hear,
The blackbird with his bugle note
That singeth loud and clear;

The linnet and the mellow thrush,
'The lovelorn nightingale,'
That to the lonely ear of night
Telleth her mournful tale.

And sweet it is on Sabbath morn
The pealing bells to hear,
Oh, sweeter far than song of birds,
'They tell us God is near.

And many a pleasant sight there is,
And pleasant sound to hear.
My children, 'tis my native land,
Oh! would that we were there.

But oh! that loved, that blessed land
Thy mother ne'er will see,
Where the dark woods wave must be her grave,
'Neath the lonely hemlock tree.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

This is a small, but excellent copy of a very celebrated print. Wright of Derby was an artist famous in his day, rather for bold and striking scenes, and fire light effects, than for the expression of the pathetic. Here is a composition, however, which must come home to every heart, and speak volumes against the inhuman practice of war. It is needless to dilate on what the painter has so well depicted; the agony and despair of the wretched woman, who has followed her husband through the perils and hardships of a campaign, and is now left desolate and unprotected.

The smiles of the unconscious infant heighten by contrast the painful interest of the expression. How many such scenes go to the making up of one campaign!

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

BY JOHN TIMES,

EDITOR OF "THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS," ETC.

ECONOMY OF ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The notion of electricity as a source of illumination was suggested by Davy nearly half a century ago; and the application is, in all respects, practical, save in the matter of expense. Mr. Brande tells us that a mode of procuring cheap electricity must precede the economical use of such illumination; and that, were this obtained, water might be decomposed, and its hydrogen naphthalized, burnt, so as to produce a vivid, bright, and steady flame in its other element, oxygen.

ELECTRICITY OF GRAVE-YARDS.

Sir James Murray recommends the advocates of intramural interments to employ accurate electricians, with delicate instruments, to measure the terrible galvanic derangements of fermenting churchyards as the best proof of the fatality of the practice. Sir James refers to an effervescing golgotha, long kept in active fermentation in Belfast, near the quays, and on a level with low-water mark. During many years, Sir James had proofs demonstrating that persons residing in tenements opening into this Belfast grave-yard could not be efficiently electrified, because the best machines could seldom produce sparks of any intensity. He often noticed that a magnet capable of sustaining fifty pounds with ease in other situations, could not for a moment suspend an iron of ten pounds in the habitations built close to this devastating place of interment. From these and many other observations, Sir James proved that negative electricity pervaded this vast swamp, and drew away the positive electricity from the living creatures in immediate contact with the damp earth and air of that fatal and extended trough, or galvanic pile.

VAST HYDRAULIC PRESS.

The largest of the Bramah's hydraulic presses, (the hoisting apparatus in the construction of the Britannia railway bridge,) is a noble instrument. It has a cylinder eleven inches thick, with a piston or ram twenty inches in diameter, and the lift a span of six feet. The weight of the cylinder is sixteen tons,—of the whole machine forty tons. This one alone has power enough to lift the whole, a weight, it is estimated, equivalent to that of 30,000 men. It would spout the water pressed into its cylinder to a height of nearly 20,000 feet, according to Mr. Clark, the engineer, or more than five times the height of Snowdon, or 5,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. And yet, any one man can "put a hook into the nose of this leviathan," and, alone with him, with the utmost facility and precision, guide and control his stupendous action.

LAW OF STORMS

Captain Händley, of the *Saltany*, has recently most successfully tested the truth of the law which regards tropical tornadoes as cyclones, or revolving masses of air travelling along certain curved lines. The edge of the cyclone referred to was thirty degrees,

at least, from Bombay, Calcutta, and Aden, and its effects were felt at the distance of 2,000 miles. The course of the ship *Sullany* was south-west, when, overtaken by the storm, Captain Handley says, in his log, he "furl'd top-sails and fore-sails and rounded the ship to, with her head to the eastward, as I have every reason to believe I am on the edge of a hurricane." The storm passed onward to the south-west; and thus, by laying to, and steering to the eastward, Captain Handley, no doubt, saved his ship and 300 coolies on board. This triumph of scientific observation cannot be too widely known.—*Athenæum*.

NEW REMEDY FOR DEAFNESS.

Glycerine has been highly successful in its results on diseases of the ear, from its possessing the peculiar property of attracting from the atmospheric air moisture, and consequently, never drying or hardening.

COLOUR OF TREE-FROGS.

In the newly erected Reptile House in the Zoological Society's gardens in the Regent's Park, is a glazed case of the Tree-Frogs of Europe. Although of a bright green when exposed to light, these creatures become almost black in the dark; and for some time after their new location, the specimens in the gardens presented every possible shade between a dark brown and bright green, owing to their having been recently kept in a dark place.

MOLECULAR ACTION.

M. Niepce has discovered that, when a print is held over the vapour of iodine, the iodine is attracted almost exclusively by the ink. By applying an engraving thus saturated with iodine particles to a film of starch spread on a glass surface, he thus obtained, in iodide of starch, a perfect transcript of the original design.—*Communicated by Prof. Dumas to Mr. Faraday*.

DANGER FROM STORMS.

We are often told that there is no danger if a certain interval of time can be counted between the flash of the lightning, and the report of the thunder; but it is equally true, that if we can count at all, we are safe.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

It is a curious fact in the history of discovery, that the manufacture of glass was, a few years since, unknown at Sidon, where it is reputed to have been first invented.—*Pellat's Curiosities of Glass-making*.

TO DETECT IMPOSITION IN GOLD-DUST.

Place a little gold-dust in a glass tube or earthenware saucer, and pour nitric acid upon it; then hold the glass or saucer over a flame, or upon a few embers, until red flames (nitric vapours) arise: if it be pure gold, the liquid will not become discoloured; but if pyrites, or brass filings should have been mixed with it, the acid will become turbid, green and black, discharging bubbles of gas. After the ebullition has ceased, the residue should be washed with water, and acid again poured upon it, when the same effect may be observed, but in a less degree; and if the experiment be repeated till all the effervescence ceases, it will finally leave the gold-dust pure.—*Professor Ansted, M.A. F.R.S.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF GOLD.

Gold can be distinguished by its relative weight or specific gravity, and by its relative hardness, from other bodies which resemble it. It is described generally as soft, completely malleable and flexible, but more accurately as softer than iron, copper, or silver, but harder than tin and lead. It is useful to know facts of this kind, as a simple experiment that can be made with instruments at hand, is often more valuable than a much more accurate examination requiring materials not immediately available. Thus, if it is found that a specimen, (perhaps a small scale or spangle,) is readily scratched by silver, copper, or iron, and scratches tin and lead, it may, if of the right colour and sinking rapidly in water, be fairly assumed to be gold.—*Professor Ansted*.

THE LARGEST LUMP OF GOLD.

We believe the largest lump of gold ever found, to be that obtained in 1843, in the mines south of Miask, and now at St. Petersburg, the weight of which is no less than seventy-eight pounds avoirdupois—its value, therefore, about 3,000*l*.—*Professor Ansted*.

GUN COTTON IN WARFARE.

It is stated that gun cotton was used, for the first time, in actual warfare, at the storming of Mooltan, in the Punjab. The brilliance and breadth of the flash from the guns are described as of great intensity.

ALL THE UNIVERSE IN MOTION.

If, for a moment, we imagine the acuteness of our senses preternaturally heightened to the extreme limits of telescopic vision, and bring together events separated by wide intervals of time, the apparent repose which reigns in space will suddenly vanish, countless stars will be seen moving in groups in various directions; nebulae wandering, condensing, are dissolving, like cosmical clouds; the milky way breaking up in parts, and its veil rent asunder. In every point of the celestial vault, we should recognise the dominion of progressive movement, as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms. The celebrated Spanish botanist Cavanilles, first conceived the possibility of "seeing grass grow," by placing the horizontal micrometer wire of a telescope, with a high magnifying power, at one time on the point of a bamboo-shoot, and at another on the rapidly unfolding flowering stem of an American aloe; precisely as the astronomer places the cross wires on a culminating star. Throughout the whole life of physical nature—in the organic as in the sidereal world—existence, preservation, production, and development, are alike associated with motion as their essential condition.—*Humboldt's "Cosmos."*

HOW CHRONOMETERS ARE TRIED AT GREENWICH.

Chronometers offered to government for purchase are placed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, the first or second week in January, where they are ranged upon shelves round "the Chronometer Room," and each is daily compared with an astronomical clock, and its rate carefully noted. This is continued until the

middle of July, during which time the temperature of the room is considerably varied: the windows are thrown open during six or seven of the coldest weeks, and for about an equal period the heat is raised 80° or 90° by fires, which are attended at intervals of two hours night and day; for the rest of the time the Chronometers remain in the ordinary temperatures. This constitutes the usual trial: but for such Chronometers as are subjected to the extreme trial, an iron tray is provided over the stove, the mean temperature of which may be taken at about 100 Fahr.; and for the cold, they are placed outside a window on the north side of the building. The severity of both the ordinary and extreme trials with regard to the cold will, of course, vary in different years, according to the severity of the season.—*Mr. Soreby.*

INSECTS AS REMEDIES.

Insects once occupied a place as important as herbs in the list of sovereign remedies. To take a Woodlouse or Millepedes, perhaps, alive, and conveniently self-rolled for the occasion, was as common as to take a vegetable pill. Five gnats were administered with as much confidence as three grains of calomel. In an alarming fit of cholic, no visitor with a dram of peppermint could have been more cordially welcomed or swallowed than a lady-bird. Fly-water was eye-water, and even that water-shunning monster, Hydrophobia, was urged to lap *aqua pura* by the administration of a dry cockchaffer. Like other dogs and drugs, these have all had their day in the world of medicine, but have left behind them that salutary biter, the *Cantharides*, or Spanish flies of Europe, and the *Meloe Chicorei*, used by the natives of the Celestial empire for the same purpose of drawing off terrestrial humours.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

IMITATIVE GALVANISM.

Galvani, in the last century showed that convulsions ensued in a limb by simply bringing into connexion the muscles and nerves. In the muscles we have a nitrogenized material, which is acid; in the blood we have a nitrogenized material, which is alkaline; the connecting part or nervous fibres are neutral. Mr. Smee, F.R.S. says: "We may imitate such a combination, by using a solution of ferrocyanate of potash, a compound of iron, nitrogen, carbon, and potash, with a little alkali for one side, a solution of the red ferrocyanate for the other side, and connect the two with a solution of chloride of sodium, or common salt.—*Elements of Electro-Biology.*

REMARKABLE ACCUMULATION OF ICE.

When Captain Parry's ships, *Hecla* and *Griper*, were on their Arctic voyage, the month of March set in mildly, (at their retreat in Winter Harbour,) so that the solid ice, which for some time had lined the ship's sides, began to melt. It therefore became necessary to scrape off this coating of ice, on which occasion Captain Parry observes—"It will, perhaps, be scarcely credited, that we this day (March 8) removed above one hundred buckets full, each containing from five to six gallons, being the accumulation which had taken place in an interval of less than four

weeks; and this immense quantity was the produce chiefly of the men's breath and of the steam of their victuals during meals."

ANTIQUITY OF MAN ON THE EARTH.

M. Paul Jervais has lately discovered in the upper tertiary stratum of Montpellier a species of fossil ape, probably belonging to the *Macaque* genus. On comparing this discovery with that of M. Lartet, in the Gers, and those made in the environs of London, it appears that fossil apes have been discovered in the three principal tertiary strata of Western Europe; that is to say, in every part of the level of sedimentary earths in which the bones of mammalia abound. If man had existed at the period when these strata were deposited, the non-discovery hitherto of the slightest trace of human skeletons, or remains attesting human industry, would be very astounding. The discovery of these fossil apes is, therefore, an additional indirect proof of the very inferior antiquity of man on the earth.

STATISTICS OF LONDON MORTALITY.

The average mortality of England at the present time may be stated at 350,000, and that of London 47,000 per annum. As the population of England and Wales is nearly sixteen millions, and that of London 1,900,000, this gives an annual average mortality of one out of every forty inhabitants for the metropolis, and one out of every 45 for the whole country. This is an astonishing decline in the rate of mortality, compared with the experience of former ages; and it presents, at the same time, a most favourable picture of the value of life in this as compared with other countries. The annual mortality in England, in the year 1700, was about one in twenty-five. About the middle of the last century, from causes not well understood, it increased to one in twenty. From that time to this it has slowly but steadily declined. In 1801, it was 1 in 35; in 1811, 1 in 38; and now it is 1 in 45; so that in the space of about eighty years, the chances of existence have been exactly doubled in London, a progress and final result which may fairly be considered as without a parallel in the history of any other age or country.

In Paris, about the middle of the last century, the mortality was 1 in 25; at present it is about 1 in 32; in Rome the annual deaths are as one in 25; at Amsterdam, as 1 in 24; at Vienna, as 1 in 22. The inhabitant of London, therefore, has twice as good a chance of living as the burgher of Vienna.—*George Gregory, M.D. &c.*

SCIENTIFIC COOKERY.

Liebig, in his *Chemistry of Food*, recommends the following method of cooking meat on scientific principles. Put the joint into water in a state of fast ebullition; allow it to remain in this state for a few minutes, and then add so much cold water as to reduce the temperature to about 160 degrees, in which state it is to be kept for some hours. By the application of boiling water at first, the albumen is coagulated, so as to prevent the water from penetrating the meat, and extracting the soluble juices.

Rebels.

THE COURT AND REIGN OF FRANCIS I. KING OF FRANCE.¹

THE century extending from 1450 to 1550 forms a historical study of profound and universal interest; for it was the period of transition from the "Middle Ages" to modern times; and in the events and characters of greatest mark then may be discovered, in their rudimentary and nascent state, or else in their necessary causes, the most expressive features of our own days.

It would be a source of unalloyed satisfaction to us to engage our readers, or, at least, the *young men* amongst them, to make themselves acquainted with that age. Beside the general charm of history—which Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his discourse in "The Caxtons," on "The Hygeinic Chemistry of Books," and Carlyle, in his "Letter on Studies," published in all the newspapers a few years ago, have so eloquently described—this particular portion has attractions of its own. Its loftiest lessons not only "acquaint us with the nature of man," which, according to our English philosopher and poet, Coleridge, is "the great use of history;" but immediately relate to men and things, as we know them by common daily experience. And thus, not only may these too familiar matters be invested with new significance, but we also, who toil amidst them, be enabled so to direct our labours that men of far-distant generations shall look back on our times as we do on the achievements of the men who lived three hundred years ago.

Happily, we can support our counsel by the mention of some of the best and most fascinating historical works; such as *Robertson's Charles V.*; *Benvenuto Cellini's Autobiography*; *Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella*; *Washington Irving's Life of Columbus*; *Lord Bacon's Henry VII.*; *Roscoe's Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Leo X.*; and *Merle D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*; and to these we may now add *Miss Pardoe's Francis I.*; all of which, in various degrees, and some with eminent success, have converted what might else have proved to the most enthusiastic a dry and wearisome task, into a most refined and intellectual pleasure, by the enchantment of their style, and the philosophical method on which their works are based.

Before we proceed, however, to the particular notice of Francis I. and of this, his latest biography, we must caution the student of these times against the danger of misapprehension respecting them, arising from the transference of the feelings associated in the present day, with social movements which began then, to the days when they were but *beginning*; and in some cases too had hardly taken a determinate direction.

For us, the characteristics of those times are the revival of learning, the fine arts, and science; the invention and perfecting of the art of printing; the

extension of commerce by the great geographical discoveries; the general employment of gunpowder in war; the contest between absolutism and traditional constitutionalism; the establishment of the "Balance of Power" in Europe; and the translation of the Scripture into the vulgar tongues, with all the ecclesiastical and religious innovations that followed from it. But we, who see around us schools for the poor, arts and sciences universally taught, and applied to popular uses, a free press, commercial interests ruling the world, national disputes settled far more frequently by diplomacy than by war, constitutions and republics, and the Bible in the hands of all, cannot, without an effort, look upon those times so as to see them as they actually were; still less, so as to see them as they appeared to the men who lived then. What, for example, can be so astounding at first sight, as that a statesman as sagacious as Machiavelli should be so ill a diviner as to predict the speedy disuse of firearms, and the resumption of bows and arrows, catapults, and mangonels, as far superior? If, however, we go to the study of the dawn of the sixteenth century, with the instruction, but without the emotion, that our nineteenth century can give, we shall find ourselves more able to trace the first appearance, and more interested in watching the early struggles, of these movements, which are the true "signs of the times;" whilst the satisfaction with which we contemplate the inextinguishable position they have now achieved, will be most abundantly enhanced.

It is in the lives of the great actors of this, as of every other epoch of history, that its peculiar signs may be best discovered. The splendour of many events seems to overshadow their actors; but when the biographies of these men are put before us, we seem to gain a new knowledge of the events themselves. They serve as diagrams, or cabinet specimens, by which not only the multiplied and obscure relations of facts, else isolated and worthless, are set before us, but also the varied impulses and motives, the expectations and aims, that animated those by whom the results that we contemplate were effected; and thus we can more clearly and fully apprehend the events themselves. It is for this reason that Coleridge would resolve all history into biography; after stating that "the great use of history is to acquaint us with the nature of man," he proceeds: "This end is best answered by the most faithful portrait; but biography is a collection of portraits. At the same time there must be some mode of grouping and connecting the individuals, who are themselves the great landmarks in the map of human nature;" and concludes that "the most effectual mode of attaining the chief objects of historical knowledge" is "to present history in the form of biography, chronologically arranged."

Fortified by such an authority, we may without fear speak of the biography of Francis I. as one of the best helps that can be found for studying the history of the first half of the sixteenth century. And as we cannot spare sufficient space for an attractive sketch of the life of this prince, we will carry this hint out into

(1) "The Court and Reign of Francis I. King of France." By Miss Pardoe. 2 Vols. Bentley.

some detail; and confidently leave Miss Pardoe's work with our readers.

"Francis I." says Heeren, "belonged peculiarly to his own nation. In him France saw an epitome of itself; and therein, although he knew it not, lay the secret of his power." But it was just because he was so eminently the ideal of France, that he may be studied as the ideal of his times; for, of all European people, the French are most mobile and impressible, and the most frank in the manifestation of their impressions and motives; and thus the spirit of the age not only acted more powerfully in France than elsewhere, but found also a more complete embodiment. Beside which, Francis I. was connected with *more* of the movements of the times, and more *intimately*, than any other sovereign of Europe; neither Charles V. nor Henry VIII. were so many-sided as the "First Gentleman of France;" and thus we may get more nearly to the centre, whence all the characters and events of the period appear in their true position, by studying his life than by studying that of any contemporaneous monarch.

The first aspect under which Francis I. appears is that which is familiar to most of our readers, from its being the one which popular histories present. He is regarded as embodying in himself the spirit of *chivalry*, and the spirit of *diplomacy*; and as being rather more knight than statesman.

An extract or two from the work before us will do more to exhibit the predominant features of this sovereign's character, than anything we could advance. Take this scene. Francis has resolved, after his splendid victory at Marignano, before creating knights with his own hand, to receive knighthood himself at the hand of Bayard.

"The ceremony must have been an imposing one, as the young king stood upon the battle-field where he had subdued his enemies, in the midst of the brave and devoted chivalry of a great nation; the dead, who had fallen in his cause, yet unearched; the living, who had fought beside him, still at their post; the gallant men who survived the conflict marshalled about him, girding with their strength the proud group clustered about their youthful, and fearless, and victorious sovereign; the banners of their beloved France streaming upon the air, and the weapons which had so well and so recently done their duty, gleaming on all sides; feathers streaming, proud war-horses champing the bit, and the artillerymen leaning upon their guns, now dark and silent.

"Mistaken as the act may have been, and worse than supererogatory in a powerful monarch, the scene must, nevertheless, have been one to make high hearts leap and bold brows flush, as Francis called Bayard to his side, and with the noble and endearing courtesy familiar to him, declared his intention of being there and then knighted by the hand of a warrior esteemed one of the most renowned, not only of his own nation but of all Christendom; and, despite the disclaimers of his astonished subject, he persisted in his determination.

"'In good sooth, Sire,' then exclaimed Bayard, who would have held further objections to the command of his sovereign as discourteous and irreverent, 'since it is your royal pleasure that this should be, I am ready to perform your will, not once, but many times, unworthy as I am of the high office to which you have appointed me;' and grasping his sword proudly and firmly, he continued, as the young king bent his knee; 'May my

poor agency be as efficacious as though the ceremony were performed by Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin; although, in good truth, you are the first prince whom I have ever dubbed a knight; and God grant that you may never turn your back upon an enemy!' Then brandishing his good weapon, and glancing sportively at it, as the last rays of evening flashed upon its polished blade, he apostrophized it as though it were a thing of life, which could participate in his own hilarity of spirit, exclaiming, 'Thou art fortunate indeed to-day, that thou hast been called upon to confer knighthood upon so great and powerful a monarch, and, certes, my trusty sword, thou shalt henceforth be carefully guarded as a relic, honoured above all others; and shalt never be unsheathed again, save it be against the infidel!' Then, lowering the point with reverence, he thrust it back into its scabbard, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the exulted army.

"Many of the French officers, among whom one of the most distinguished was the gallant young Marquis de Fleuranges, then received the honour of knighthood in their turn by the hand of Francis himself; and three days having been consumed in these ceremonies, and in the burial of those who had fallen upon that memorable field, the French struck their tents, and marched towards Milan."

We should have been glad to add, as a further proof of the chivalric temper of Francis, the famous letter, after his defeat and capture at the battle of Pavia; but the relentless truth of his biographer has shown that the letter he actually wrote was "as wordy and diffuse as his ordinary epistles." The expiring cry of chivalry came, not from the lips of Francis, but from those of "the good knight," Bayard,—*sans peur, et sans reproche*,—in whom, in fact, and not in the king, ancient knightly honour was, for the last time, incarnated. Indeed, there can be no doubt, that, but for Bayard, Francis would never have enjoyed his chivalric renown; for the commonest historical truth would have been outraged, had there been no such hero as Bayard to illustrate the reign and the wars of a monarch who regarded no oath as binding, to whom female honour was a thing of naught, and whose service to God was not the defence of the weak and the succour of the oppressed, but the cruel persecution of the Lutherans, and the burning of those very men whom his own invitations had induced to settle in his kingdom. The death scene of Bayard is too typical of the times of which we are speaking, to be omitted. It is not merely the death scene of the last knight of France, but of knighthood itself; for how could the old spirit of personal heroism continue to exist, when it was opposed, not by the like personal prowess, but by shot from hacquebouses and all kinds of artillery?

In the disastrous rout at Sessia, Bonnivet, being disabled by a musket-ball, gave up the command to Bayard and the Count de Vandenesse; but the latter had hardly taken his place at the head of the *gendarmes*, when a stone from a hacquebouse struck him, and inflicted a mortal wound.

"As he fell, Bayard turned upon the enemy, and made so vigorous a charge, that he compelled them for a time to retreat upon their main body; but, as he was about to rejoin his own force, he was in his turn smitten by a similar missile, which struck him across the loins, and fractured his spine. As he felt the blow he reeled in his saddle, exclaiming; 'Jesus, my God, I am killed!'

he then, with some difficulty, raised to his lips the hilt of his sword, which was in the form of a cross, kissed it, recommended his soul to God, and fainted. In an instant a dozen hands were outstretched to support him; and while he was led into a place of safety, he rallied, and besought those about him to set him with his back against a tree to which he pointed, and to place him with his face towards the imperialists.

"'I feel,' he gasped out, 'that I have but a few moments to live, and I will not, for the first time, turn my back upon the enemy. Comrades, to the charge! the Spaniards are advancing. Let me once more see the gleaming of our lances!'

"The sobs of his maitre-d'hôtel, who was supporting his head, again recalled him to himself. 'Jacques, my friend,' he murmured affectionately, 'be comforted. It is the will of God that I should now leave this world, in which he has blessed me far beyond my deserts. His will be done!'

"As no priest was on the field to receive his confession, he sent to summon the Seigneur d'Alegre, the Provost of Paris, whom he entreated to act as his chaplain, and to whom he humbly declared his sins; after which he besought him to bear his last vows of fidelity to the king his master, and to assure him that the most bitter pang which he experienced in dying, existed in the consciousness that he could not again wield a lance in his service.

"'And now,' he said, glancing around upon the soldiers who were thronging about him, regardless of the peril by which they were momentarily threatened; 'and now, my friends and comrades, leave me, I entreat you; and do not let me suffer the misery of seeing you fall into the hands of your enemies; your care can avail me nothing:—go, and pray for my soul!'

"For the first time, however, he was disobeyed. Still the imperialists advanced, and still the weeping soldiers stood motionless, gazing upon their expiring idol. Not another blow was struck by the French; and as the enemy came up they heard only one long wail of grief, coupled with the name of Bayard.

"Pescara was in the van of the army, and at once apprehending the truth, he made his way to the spot where the good knight was still struggling with the death-agony. As his eye fell upon him, the Spanish general dropped his sword; and then bending down, he raised the hand of his erstwhile enemy respectfully to his lips.

"'Would to God, my good lord of Bayard,' he said; 'that at the cost of a quart of my own blood, so death had not ensued, I might have met you in good health, and as my prisoner, that so I might have proved how much I honour the exalted prowess that is in you; knowing as I do that the emperor, my master, has never had a braver or a bolder enemy; and, may God be my help! I would rather have given half of all that I am worth than that this should have chanced.'

"During this brief interview [with the Duke de Bourbon, who came up after the imperialist general]; Pescara had caused a magnificent marquee to be pitched upon the field, and the wounded man was conveyed upon the crossed lances of some of his own followers to a camp bed beneath it, beside which he found a priest, to whom he once more confessed himself. The imperialist general then took up his station beside him, and remained at his post, until slightly raising himself upon his pillow, the dying man once more pressed his sword to his lips, and faintly murmuring his war-cry of 'God and my country!' sank back and expired."

The honour paid to the good knight's remains by his enemies, and by every town in Savoy, Piedmont, and Dauphiny, as they were borne to their last resting-place in his family tomb, stands in noble contrast with the more than half selfish exclamation of the *vo-*

disant chivalric monarch, when the death of his famous knight was told him—"Alas! I have lost a great captain. He carries with him into the grave many of the brightest jewels that might have been added to my crown." Bayard was indeed the *chevalier* of the age; and thus the spirit of chivalry departed.

Let us just glance at the diplomacy of Francis. We shall find that his reputation for statesmanship, such as it is, is utterly void of foundation. Indeed, as we ascribed his knightly fame to the fact of his having a Bayard amongst his nobles; so must we ascribe to the astute intelligence of his mother, who exercised the most powerful ascendancy over his sensual and frivolous mind, the fact that his name has ever been associated with the thought of state-craft at all. The recklessness with which he disregarded treaties; and the shameless and studied effrontery with which he denied his own acts, may perhaps be charged in part upon the loose political morality of his age; but the way in which he was duped by all he attempted to cajole, whenever he met them in diplomatic conflict, gives us the meanest opinion of his own skill in the delicate strategy of the cabinet. Such a prince could ill cope with a Charles V., or a Wolsey, or a Clement VII. But let us turn to a strange scene in the annals of diplomacy,—the negotiations which ended in the famous *Paix des Dames*.

Louise de Savoie on the part of her son, and Marguerite d'Autriche on that of the Emperor, have met at Cambray, to arrange the conditions on which Francis's two sons, who had been given to Charles as hostages for the observance of a treaty that Francis never meant to keep, should be liberated.

"The two princesses were lodged in contiguous houses; but not content with this arrangement, and anxious to confer together without interruption, they caused a communication to be opened between their respective dwellings, in order that they might meet at all hours without witnesses, or the irksome ceremonial attendant upon an official conference. The prudence and judgment of this measure soon became manifest; for, thus released from the conflicting arguments of interested individuals, they were enabled to effect a peace, which was, owing to their agency, known as *La Paix des Dames*. Equally anxious to effect their object, they made mutual concessions; and, on the 5th of August, the articles were drawn up, and the treaties signed by both parties; the duchess-mother agreeing, on the part of her son, that he should relinquish Artois and Flanders to the emperor, withdraw his claim to Italy, espouse, without further delay, the Queen Eleanor, and secure to their male issue the contested duchy of Burgundy. He was, moreover, to pay, as ransom-money for the young princes, the sum of 2,000,000 of golden crowns, and to discharge the debt of the emperor to England, as well as to reverse the attainder of the Duke de Bourbon, to authorize the succession of his heirs, and to reinstate in their possessions all the French subjects who had been involved in his rebellion. While Charles, on his part, was engaged to recognise the claim of Francis to the duchy of Burgundy, with the solitary exception of Charolois, which was to remain the property of Madame Marguerite, and was, after her demise, to become a life-tenure of the Emperor, at whose death it was again to revert to the French crown.

"The characters of the two contracting parties were strikingly exhibited in this treaty. In renouncing Italy

no attempt was made on the part of Louise de Savoie to secure favourable terms for the states of Florence and Venice, which had during so long a period been the faithful allies of France; but, on the contrary, she engaged that within the space of four months, the former should swear allegiance to the emperor, and the latter make restitution of all the territory of which they had possessed themselves within the kingdom of Naples; or, in default of such restitution, be compelled by force of arms to fulfil the obligation. The interests of the Duke de Gueldres were also abandoned, as well as those of Robert de la Mark; and, in fine, the king was pledged to desert all his allies upon his northern frontier, not even excepting Henri of Navarre, the husband of his sister. Thus, the brave men who shared his dangers, and to whom he owed the success of many a well-fought field, were recklessly left to the mercy of the sovereign against whom they had so often appeared in arms; while Marguerite d'Autriche refused to accede to every suggestion which threatened to involve the safety of the emperor's foreign adherents, and made the restitution of Bourbon's honour one of the salient features of the treaty."

The splendid fêtes and ceremonious pomp of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," when Francis I. and Henry VIII.,

"Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde;"

with such magnificence that—

"each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its;"

and such displays of knightly skill and prowess, that—

"former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed;"

and when, hidden behind all this royal pageantry of amity, there were carried on diplomatic negotiations, that were an emptier pageant still; might well delay us, as embodying both the characteristics usually ascribed to Francis; but it would be impossible to compress the narrative, and our great poet has summed up its meaning in a few of his words of power:—

"What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue!"

The alliance formed, to the scandal of Christendom, by Francis with Solymán, and that with the Protestant League of Germany, whilst he was persecuting with the fiercest fanaticism the Protestants of France, (an inconsistency he had the meanness to excuse by a lie, that brought on him the fearless exposure and rebuke of Calvin, in the dedication of his "Institutes,") might also be adduced to show the character of his state-craft, of his religion, and of his morality, at once. And in the same way we might illustrate the claim we have made on his behalf of being regarded as the representative of his age, by referring to his friendship for Lionardo da Vinci, and his liberal patronage of professors and proficient in arts and letters,—to his foundation of his Royal College, and to his planning the Louvre. While, as if to emphasize this fact, and to prepare us for such a study of his reign as we have recommended above, Lefevre made the first transla-

tion of the Bible into French at this time; and Ignatius Loyola received, at the siege of Pampeluna by Francis's troops, the wound that turned him from an undistinguished soldier into an enthusiast and a genius, that shook the whole world, and well-nigh subdued it to his idea; and Catharine de' Medici perfected her detestable character, whilst she adorned his court as the youthful wife of his second son.

One other aspect under which this reign presents itself to the student of history we must advert to. It is known now, and generally believed, that the fearful outbreak at the end of the last century, called the FRENCH REVOLUTION, the closing scenes of which we seem not even now to have reached, was the result of causes that had been in operation for ages before; and that it was not because Louis XVI. was a bad king, but because he stood in the place that had been occupied by so many atrocious characters, and was to the people the symbol of the secret source of all that they and their fathers had suffered, that that unfortunate prince lost his life beneath the glaive of the guillotine. The most cursory perusal of this "Life of Francis I." will disclose the beginnings of many of the ills that during three centuries grew to be intolerable. It was Francis who established the plan of disposing of official places by purchase; which while it raised up a body of men of intelligence and of influence independent of the court, at the same time set them at variance with the people, and made it inevitable that in the first earnest collision between the ruled and the rulers, they should be, by both parties, marked for destruction. It was Francis who remodelled the game-laws, and introduced many of those provisions which, as much as anything else, fed the flame of discontent in the rural districts, and threw them heart and hand into the track in which the cities, and Paris especially, had set out. It was Francis, too, who, first of all French monarchs, in defiance of right and custom alike, made himself the state and his will the law, and set the fatal example of coercing the *Parlement* to the register his edicts, which was the signal for the attack on the monarchy itself when Louis XVI attempted to imitate it. And it was in the court of Francis, and by his own conduct chiefly, that that profligacy which made not only the monarchy, but the nobility, and even the hierarchy, abominable in the eyes of all, was first systematized, and made so essential a feature of a royal household, that so putrid a story as that of "the Diamond Necklace," could play no mean part in bringing about the fearful doom of the ill-starred Marie Antoinette.

A passage from Miss Pardoe's preface will be welcome to our readers for its own sake; while it will furnish a complete picture of this famous monarch, and justify the view we have taken of him and of his reign:—

"The glorious day of Marignano saw the rising, that of Pavia the setting of his fame as a soldier; so true it is that the prowess of the man was shamed by that of the boy. The early and unregretted death of one of his neglected queens, the heart-broken endurance of the other, contrasted with the unbounded influence of his

first favourite, and the insolent arrogance of his second, will sufficiently demonstrate his character as a husband. His open and illegal oppression of an over-taxed and suffering people to satisfy the cravings of an extortionate and licentious court, will sufficiently disclose his value as a monarch; while the reckless indifference with which he falsified his political pledges, abandoned his allies in their extremity in order to further his own interests, and sacrificed the welfare of his kingdom and the safety of his armies to his own puerile vanity, will complete a picture by no means calculated to elicit one regret that his reign was not prolonged.

"Despite this drawback, however, the period was one of great and absorbing interest. The fierce and continual struggle for power between Francis and Charles V.; the well-earned renown of the several generals on both sides; the names of the Connétable Duke de Bourbon, Bayard, Pescara, De Leyva, Doria, Gaston de Foix, Lautrec, and a host of others equally brave; the bright galaxy of beauty which adorned the court; the fair and gentle Madame de Châteaubriand; the haughty and voluptuous Duchess d'Etampes; the magnificent Diane of Poitiers; the mature, but still attractive Louise de Savoie; the strong-minded and intellectual Marguerite de Valois; and the beautiful Catharine de' Medici; all combine to invest the age with a charm and a romance totally independent of the personal character of the monarch; while the fact of its having been the period of the mission of LUTHER, and the crowning work of the REFORMATION, suffices of itself to render it the greatest landmark on the whole highway of history.

"Never, perhaps, did the reign of any European sovereign present so many and such varying phases. A contest for empire, a captive monarch, a female regency, and a religious war; the poisoned bowl and the burning pile alike doing their work of death amid scenes of uncalculating splendour and unbridled dissipation; the atrocities of bigotry and intolerance blent with the most unblushing licentiousness and the most undisguised profligacy;—such are the materials offered to the student by the times of Francis I."

Miss Pardoe's work is admirably adapted to make her readers familiar with "the old times before them." Compiled with great care, and evidently in good part from the original sources, although not overloaded with quotations and marginal references; written in a serious, but lively style; abounding in artistic delineations of character, and graphic sketches of incidents; not concealing, nor excusing, but not obtruding the worst parts of the story; it deserves to rank with historical compositions, while it cannot fail, we apprehend, to be welcomed by the general reader, and especially by the large circle of admirers secured by the former works of this amiable and excellent authoress. A copious index, brief biographical notes respecting the illustrious characters that appear on the scene, and an introductory sketch of the foregoing reign of Louis XII., add greatly to its historical value; and the portraits which embellish it, and the quaint ornament of its binding, copied from a design by the famous Diane of Poitiers herself, possess a value which readers of all classes will readily appreciate.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.¹

WE have already introduced the two previous volumes of this work to the notice of our readers; and we have given, as well as our limits would allow, some idea of the real nature of this "Romance of the Peerage;" showing that it does not belong to the class of ephemeral literature, but that it will in all probability become a standard work, which no student of English history can safely be without. Its title, as before intimated, is calculated to mislead; not that it is untrue in itself,—for it is perfectly correct and true,—but that the reading world have been accustomed to find similar titles, such as the "Romance of History;" "The Romance of Biography;" "Stories of the Peerage;" "of the Aristocracy;" &c. given to books of an entirely different order of literature; and thus, judging merely from an advertisement, many of those persons who would most enjoy, and are most capable of appreciating the value of the "Romance of the Peerage," would be likely never to take it into their hands at all, if it were not for the enduring nature of the book, which will make it out-last all misapprehension caused by the title. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, on this account, that its secondary title, "Curiosities of Family History," did not stand first; there could have been no misapprehension about that. A list of the names given to the different sections of the present volume will show its importance to scholars and students in the history of our own country.

"The Hereditary Principle."

"Charles Brandon's Widow and her Second Marriage."

"Sir Robert Dudley."

"Bess of Hardwick and the Talbots."

"The Cavendishes and the Stanhopes."

"Lord Pembroke and Sir George Wharton."

"The Wharton and Stuart Duel."

"The Bruce and Sackville Duel."

"The Lord Crichton of Sanquhar."

"The Earldom of Menteith."

To persons interested in the biography and literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England, we may safely recommend a careful perusal of the whole work; and we now proceed to the business in hand,—viz., that of giving the general reader some account of the contents of this third volume.

The first chapter, on "The Hereditary Principle," is a very remarkable one, and deserves particular attention, both on account of the matters treated of, and on account of the succinct and masterly way in which the pith of them is condensed and set before the reader. The hereditary principle, not only as applied to the succession of the crown, but also as it bears upon the whole political and social system of a state or nation, is here considered philosophically as well as practically. The sentiment or idea of family is shown to be of vital importance in a state; and all

(1) "The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History." By George Lillie Craik. Vol. III. Chapman and Hall.

that our author says upon this subject, as well as upon property, will be found to contain a quiet but very decided overthrow of socialist and communist doctrines as the basis of a political system. Not that he attacks them directly; on the contrary, he seems hardly to consider them worth an attack. He deals them heavy blows in the course of his argument, because the limbs of his argument strike out in their direction. In like manner, while discussing the nature of the aristocratic and democratic elements in the government of a state, without any direct reference to Red Republicanism or Chartism, he shows the practical absurdity of ultra or pure democracy. Perhaps we cannot do better than give an extract or two from this short treatise on the Hereditary Principle.

"In the earliest forms of society nearly everything was arranged upon the hereditary principle. The government was hereditary; the priesthood was hereditary; the commonest professions were hereditary; honours and rewards, punishments and degradations, were all hereditary. There was scarcely any respect in which a man was regarded as standing alone, and was left to act without reference to his family position and on his own sole responsibility. He could not marry and continue his race except according to the narrowest limitations of tribe and pedigree. People were scarcely looked upon as individuals at all. This was the absolute tyranny of the sentiment or idea of Family. The gradual development of the antagonistic element of Individualism makes an important part of the history of civilization and human progress. But it does not follow, because the hereditary principle was at one time allowed too great and general an ascendancy, that it is entitled to no place in a wise political system, or that it would be either possible or desirable to get rid of it altogether.

"Within a certain range it may be said to have a natural claim to be allowed some influence and operation. In society, indeed, natural rights no longer exist; every social arrangement is an affair of convention, either formal or implied, the fundamental principle of which is the surrender by every man of his natural rights. Natural rights, as such, are only for the woods. But, on the other hand, the more of the natural rights of individuals the social convention can preserve untouched, or, to speak more correctly, can give back under a new name or a new sanction, the better. This is only a repetition, with a different application, of what has been already observed, that, in every kind of arrangement, natural forces are always to be taken advantage of as far as may be, or interfered with as little as possible. It is thus only that any moral arrangement, in particular, can ever be made to work smoothly or satisfactorily. The rights of nature are not extinguished when they are surrendered under a social compact in exchange for certain other artificial rights. They are eternal and cannot die. Their action is only suspended for a season. Like the ocean which is kept back by the dykes of Holland, there they roll behind all your artificial regulations with the same force that they had before your institutions and laws were set up. The salvation of your social system depends altogether upon its proving stronger than they. It is only a contest between the hillow and the embankment. The moment the latter gives way, the former is as ready to overwhelm and devastate the land as ever. As far as it is possible, therefore, natural rights and natural feelings must be respected, and as it were taken into confederacy, by every scheme of society or polity that would have either a tranquil or an enduring existence. The fewer of them that are put down,—the more of them that are built into the fabric of the scheme and made available among its

forces or supports,—the better chance it has both of lasting long and of working beneficially."

What is said concerning the elective as opposed to the hereditary principle in general is well worthy the attention of politicians. We extract the following short paragraph:—

"No mode of appointing to offices by selection, or election, indeed, is or can be other than a very imperfect expedient, or unattended with heavy drawbacks. Even if you could always be sure of the honesty of the electors, you never can be sure of their sagacity. With the best intentions in the world, they may be deceived in various ways. No faculty short of omniscience in the electors could make elections always what they ought to be; and even only that would do if to the universal knowledge were joined absolute freedom from corruption, from passion, from interested views, and from every other bias. In how far any body of electors, great or small, that the world has ever known, have approached this standard, needs not to be set forth. Election or selection, then, has not, after all, so much to boast of that it should claim to be preferred as of course to the hereditary principle, or to any other principle, at least in so far as its superiority is to be tested by the superior quality of the appointments for which we have been indebted to it. It may have answered other purposes; but its professed purpose, of finding generally the fittest man for the office to be filled or the work to be done, has not been answered at all. Probably we should not have been much worse off in that respect if such a thing as election never had been heard of. It has served, indeed, as a way of settling the matter in the case of a competition among several claimants or their partisans. It has done what a dice-box might have done more quietly. Now the hereditary principle has also this same recommendation of pronouncing a clear and incontrovertible decision; or, if its decisions are sometimes disputable, they are not more frequently so than those of the method of election. In some cases that method may have its peculiar advantages; in other cases, the rule of hereditary succession is certainly entitled to the preference."

We know not what the gentlemen who set up and knock down governments on the other side of the channel will think of the following observation concerning Equality, but we believe most of our readers will find no fault with it.

"The element, however, of the democratic and modern republican spirit which is most pointedly and irreconcilably opposed to all effective political organization, is the manna for what is called Equality. The notion is the product of a verbal trick. What is now designated political equality was originally introduced to the world under the less startling phrase of political justice; but the term justice is synonymous with equity, and equity is etymologically identical with equality; whence political justice and political equality were easily made to appear to be the same thing. It was assumed that there could be no justice in any political system under which all the people were not of equal rank. Yet the two things have in reality no connexion whatever. To make one of the great ends of the union of men in society the preservation among them of a perfect equality of rank, even if it were nothing more and worse, would be as puerile as if a similar importance and dignity were to be assigned to the making them all wear coats of precisely the same cut and colour. Viewed in itself, and as an ultimate object, uniformity here does not seem to be at all necessarily preferable to variety, and it is not obvious why the cry of the regenerators of mankind should not be 'Liberty and Inequality,' as well as what it is. Uniformity is doubtless proper in some things,—in weights

and measures, for example; in other things a little variety is more desirable. A passion for equality in the abstract is a mere lunacy. And among fanaticisms this of political equality is surely one of the most unimaginative and basest. Perhaps in the ordinary case it is not so much an impatience or hatred of all superiority, as an incapacity to conceive or to believe in anything greater or higher than itself;—as the mistake of the unhappy frog in the fable was mainly, that, if he only took pains and did his best, it was not possible that any other animal roar should excel his own croak. He too, in his emptiness of head, and destitution of all sense or suspicion of anything above or beyond his own insignificance, had evidently adopted the simple creed of Equality and Fraternity with an exceedingly ardent zeal. Often, however, the immense vanity is combined with as immense an envy. Some of the enthusiasts of the doctrine, again, seem to be inspired not so much by either envy or egotism as by a disinterested delight in the low and the flat. Anything rising above the common level, anything eminent or noble, offends their moral sense."

"Charles Brandon's Widow and her Second Marriage," contains much curious and interesting matter concerning one of the many noble and pious ladies who adorn the history of great families. She was the fourth wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose third wife was Henry the Eighth's sister, Mary. She was born, our author tells us, in 1518 or 1519. Her father was the eighth Baron Willoughby d'Eresby, who died in 1525. She was his only child, and thus became baroness in her own right, at the age of six or seven. About three years later, the Duke of Suffolk was appointed guardian to the young heiress, and she thus had the advantage of being brought up in his household under the eye of Mary Tudor. About a year after the death of that princess, her widower married his young ward, then about sixteen years of age. "Brandon must, in all probability have numbered considerably more than three times the years of his bride." This, however, seems to have been no impediment to their domestic happiness. After the duke's death, "according to the common account, in 1545," the young duchess devoted herself to the education of their two sons, then probably under ten years of age, though, "according to the common account," the young duke must have been ten years old at his father's death. The young mother seems to have been admirably fitted for her important task, and to have fulfilled it well. The eldest boy she sent up to court, to be brought up with Prince Edward. The famous Sir John Cheke taught them both, and when the latter came to the throne, the young Duke of Suffolk still remained with him until his mother "thought it right that he should have a separate tutor for himself." Some time after this he joined his brother at Cambridge. At this time the celebrated Martin Bucer was professor of divinity there. The duchess had become a Protestant since her husband's death. Her love for her sons, and her "desire to witness their daily improvement," made her remove to Cambridge, where "she may almost be said to have joined them in their academic life." She seems to have been a woman of enlarged views on most subjects, and the following

extract from one of her own letters stamps her as a person of first-rate sense, and true womanly feeling.

"The most genuine representation we have of her is that given in her own letters; both in the sentiment, and even in the style, they often anticipate a later time. A portion of one of them which has been preserved will illustrate her character, and also indicate something of her position at this period of her life. It is dated in May 1550, and relates to a scheme of the Earl of Warwick's, for making a marriage between her eldest son and a daughter of the Duke of Somerset. Nothing could well be more foreign to the established feelings and usages of the age than the way in which she views this proposal. The letter is addressed to Cecil, with whom she lived in much intimacy. She trusts, she begins by saying, that the friendship between his Lordship of Somerset and herself hath been so tried, and hath so good assurance upon the simple ground of their good will to one another, that they do not need to do anything rashly or violently in order to give the world a better belief of it; nor, to make the one think well of the other, can any unadvised bond between a boy and a girl do so much as what has already passed between them; on the contrary, if this marriage were now to take place by their command, the parties to the contract being as yet without judgment to give such a consent as ought to be given in matrimony, she cannot tell what greater unkindness the one might show the other, or how they might work more wickedly, than by bringing their children into the miserable state of not being allowed to choose according to their own likings those to whom they must profess so strict a bond and so great a love for ever. 'This,' she proceeds, 'I promise you, I have said for my lord's daughter as well as for my son; and this more I say for myself, and I say it not but truly, I know none this day living that I rather wish my son than she. But I am not, because I like her best, therefore desirous that she should be constrained by her friends to have him, whom she might peradventure not like so well as I like her. Neither can I yet assure myself of my son's liking, neither do I greatly mistrust it; for, if he be ruled by right judgment, then shall he, I am sure, have no cause to dislike, except he think himself disliked. But to have this matter come best to pass were that we parents kept still our friendship, and suffer our children to follow our examples, and to begin their loves of themselves without our forcing. For, although both might happen to be obedient to their parents and marry at our pleasures, and so find no other cause to dislike but that by our power they lost their free choice, whereby neither of them can think themselves so much bounden to the other, that fault is sufficient to break the greatest love. Wherefore I will make much of my lady's daughter without the respect of my son's cause, and it may please my lord to love my son for his mother's sake: and so I doubt not but, if God do not dislike it, my son and his daughter shall much better like it to make up the matter themselves. And let them even alone with it, seeing there can no good agreement happen between them that we shall dislike; and, if it should not happen well, there is neither they nor none of us shall blame another. And so, my good Cecil, being weary, I leave you to the Lord.'"

Her two boys, who seemed to have been as highly endowed by nature as they were by fortune, were both attacked by the sweating sickness on the 16th of July, 1551, and died within six hours, the younger surviving the elder half an hour. Henry (the duke) was sixteen, Charles fourteen. Their poor mother felt this blow severely; but the strength of her religious principles enabled her to bear up against it after a time. We find the following passage in one

of her subsequent letters to Secretary Cecil. "I give God thanks, good master Cecil, for all his benefits which it hath pleased him to heap upon me; and truly I take this, his last (and to the first sight most sharp and bitter) punishment, not for the least of his benefits, inasmuch as I have never been so well taught by any other before, to know his power, his love and mercy, my own wickedness, and that wretched estate that without him I should endure here." About two years after the loss of her sons, the Duchess of Suffolk, then only thirty-four years of age, married Mr. Richard Bertie, a gentleman of an ancient Kentish family. Soon after this event King Edward VI. died, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion brought the duchess and her husband into trouble. Fox, the martyrologist, relates the remarkable story of their escape from the revengeful malice of Bishop Gardiner, and their romantic adventures beyond seas. There is also an old ballad, entitled, "The most rare and excellent history of the Duchess of Suffolk."

"According to that version of the story, the Duchess and her husband, with their child and its nurse, each by a different road, made their way to Billingsgate; thence they got to Gravesend in the common barge; from Gravesend they walked to the sea-coast; landing in Flanders, as they were travelling on thence into Germany they were attacked by thieves, when not only were they robbed of all their money, and had their horses killed, but

"The Nurse amidst of all their fright
Laid down the child upon the ground;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found."

That is, the nurse ran away and was lost, not the child. At last, sometimes the one, sometimes the other carrying the infant through the pitiless rain and hail, they came to a town, which proved to be Wesel. But the people here were all as pitiless as the weather; no one would give them shelter; so that they were obliged to take refuge in the porch of the great church of St. Willebrode, where, procuring a few coals, the husband kindled a fire, beside which his wife sat down with her child in her lap while he prepared some food for it. Speedily, however, the sexton came upon them, and proceeded to drive them away; on which Bertie, wrenching from him the keys of the church, struck him till he made the blood flow all down his head, and his cries brought the town officers about them, by whom the strangers were forthwith carried before the governor. The ballad is ornamented with a woodcut representing the belaboured sexton, with the blood spouting out from his head in eight distinct streams, two descending symmetrically on each side, the other four rising into the air, while Bertie is still laying on with the keys, and the Duchess, seemingly unconcerned, sits dandling her baby beside the fire.

"According to the Martyrology, Bertie only thought he should be obliged to take his wife to the porch of the great church, 'and so to buy coals, victuals, and straw for their miserable repose there that night, or at least till by God's help he might provide her better lodging.' But while he was on his way thither he overheard two boys talking Latin, and making up to them, and addressing them in that language, he offered them two stivers if they would conduct him to some Walloon's house. They were the first of the inhabitants to whom he had been able to make himself intelligible; for he could as yet speak but little German, and he had met with nobody till now that understood either Latin, English, French, or Italian. As it fortunately chanced,

the house to which the boys led him was one where his friend Perusel, the Walloon clergyman, was then supping. The details of their meeting must be sought for in the *Acts and Monuments*, or left to the reader's imagination; but of course the wanderers had a warm reception and a comfortable lodging for that night; 'and within few days after, by Mr. Perusel's means, they hired a very fair house in the town, and did not let [refrain] to show themselves what they were, in such good sort as their present condition permitted.' Here, on the twelfth of October, 1555, the Duchess was delivered of a son, who two days after was baptized by the name of *Peregrinus*, or Peregrine, 'for that,' to translate the terms in which the event was recorded at the time in the Register of the City, 'he was given by the Lord to his pious parents in a strange land, for the consolation of their exile.'"

This child is the famous Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby, of the reign of Elizabeth. His parents meet with more remarkable adventures during their exile, which are well described by our author; but on the accession of Elizabeth their troubles are ended, and they return to pass the rest of their days peaceably in their native land. The duchess survived till the 19th of September, 1580.

The story of Sir Robert Dudley, the son of the great Earl of Leicester, by Douglas, Lady Sheffield, the daughter of the first Lord Howard of Effingham, is a very extraordinary one. Whether he were legitimate or illegitimate, is a point not easy to be settled. The lady declared that he was legitimate; and yet behaved as if he were not; for during Leicester's lifetime, she married Sir Edward Stafford. The father is equally inconsistent on this subject, for he styles him in his will, "my base son, Robert Dudley," while he leaves him heir of Kenilworth Castle, and the bulk of all his other lordships and lands, after only a life occupancy by his brother the Earl of Warwick. The whole affair of Leicester with Douglas Howard, from the beginning to the end of it, when to oblige him, or probably to save herself from being poisoned by him, she consents to become the wife of Stafford, is one of those strange sixteenth century tales which astonish the nineteenth century folks, and make them wonder of what strange stuff the sixteenth century folks were made. However, the career of the son is as extraordinary as that of his parents. He began life very early, on coming into possession of an immense fortune after the death of his father and his uncle the Earl of Warwick. He seems to have been what we in these days call an extremely clever person, if not a man of great talent. His first great object of interest was the New World. His uncle had been a patron of Froisher; Drake, Cavendish, and Raleigh, were his contemporaries; and his ardent and ambitious spirit first sought distinction in voyages of discovery. He seems to have spent his money very freely in fitting out expeditions, and when he was scarcely one-and-twenty, he took the command of one in person. He seems to have borne all the hardships of this undertaking with great cheerfulness and fortitude. He was three times married. He had no children by his first wife, a sister of Cavendish the navigator; by his second he had five. He suddenly ruined all his

prospects in England by deserting his wife and children, and eloping to the continent with a beautiful young lady, Miss Southwell, a cousin of his own. His large property was soon the prey of the various persons interested in his outlawry, and he then had to begin life anew, after having passed his thirtieth year. He established himself at Florence, and there rose to power and importance at the court of the grand duke, Ferdinand I. He at first assumed the title of the Earl of Warwick, and was afterwards created a duke, when he was generally known as Duke of Northumberland. The following passage will show the public and private position of Dudley at Florence.

"What it may have been that began the alienation between Dudley and the wife whom he left behind him in England, we have little or nothing to guide us in conjecturing. Possibly Dame Alice may have failed to sympathise very ardently with the great scheme of ambition in the pursuit of which, as it turned out, he was prepared to put to hazard or to throw away all that he possessed in the world; she may not have quite taken her husband's view even of his right to the *status* that he claimed. In his fair cousin he may have found a readier believer in the marriage of his father and mother, and a more eager zeal to vindicate the honour of her aunt. But, however it may have commenced on either side, the guilty love that had sprung up between Dudley and Elizabeth Southwell probably soon grew to a hurricane of passion, which would leave to neither much power of resistance or reflection. And so it tore away both from all detrainments, him from lands and revenues, from wife and children, as her from father and mother, brothers and sisters, and all else that she had ever known of either love or respect—plunging them together into an abyss, where yet each had in the companionship of the other what made up for the loss of all else. Nor did their attachment prove the less lasting for its first headlong violence. Dudley and Elizabeth Southwell, beginning together a new life in their new country, and forgetting their previous existence, or looking back upon it as an unreal dream or as something from which they were for ever separated, wanted for the remainder of their days neither honour from those around them, nor affection from each other. Lord Herbert of Cherbury saw them, as he tells us, at Florence, in the year 1614. His lordship speaks of Dudley as having already 'the title of Earl or Duke of Northumberland, given him by the Emperor,' and of the lady as 'the handsome Mrs. Sudel, whom he carried with him out of England, and [who] was there taken for his wife;' but in expressing himself in this manner he both antedates Dudley's dukedom, and designates his wife by a name by which she was known only in England. In Italy, and throughout the continent, Mrs. Sudel, or Southwell, was now the Countess of Warwick, and at a later date the Duchess of Northumberland. 'I was invited by them to a great feast,' continues Herbert, 'the night before I went out of town. Taking my leave of them both, I prepared for my journey the next morning; when I was ready to depart, a messenger came to me, and told me that if I would accept the same pension Sir Robert Dudley had, being two thousand ducats per annum, the Duke would entertain me for his service in the war against the Turks. This offer, whether procured by the means of Sir Robert Dudley, Mrs. Sudel, or Signor Loty, my ancient friend, I know not, being thankfully acknowledged as a great honour, was yet refused by me, my intention being to serve his Excellency [the Prince of Orange] in the Low Country war.' At a later date we have Dudley and his wife thus mentioned by another English traveller:—'At the City of Florence there

liveth Sir Robert Dudley, who styleth himself Duke of Northumberland, who left England because he could not be suffered to enjoy a second wife, his first wife then surviving. This Dudley now enjoyeth his second wife by a dispensation from his Holiness, and is in great esteem with the Duke of Florence, in regard of his art in contriving and fabricating of ships and galleys; and hath obtained of the Emperor to be declared Duke of Northumberland, who hath given him the title already, and the land when he can catch it.' This is the splenetic language of a convert from popery, which religion Dudley had, of course, embraced. The Duchess of Northumberland died some years before her husband, and was interred within the church of St. Pancras in Florence, where he caused a sumptuous marble monument to be erected over her grave, in the intention that, when his own funeral came to be celebrated, his remains should be deposited beside hers."

Our space will not admit us to give any particular account of the remainder of the volume, but all the stories are full of curiosities, historical, biographical, and moral. The two most interesting are "Bess of Hardwick and the Talbots," and "The Earldom of Montcith;" and we very much regret that we cannot give a detailed account, with illustrative extracts of each of these, for they are done in Mr Craik's best style. We hope his recent appointment to the Chair of history and literature at the New College in Belfast, will not be the means of delaying the publication of the next volume of the "Romance of the Peerage." The portrait of Sir Robert Dudley, prefixed to the present one, is after a miniature by Lilliard at Penshurst. It is a sharp, clever face; but indicates little depth of mind and less feeling.

LONGFELLOW'S "KAVANAGH." 1

THIS is a graceful little tale of love, poetic reverie, and sadness. It has no plot, and little incident; its charm is one of feeling rather than of passion; and its evident design is to give an interest to common and familiar objects and events, and to illustrate an admirable article of the modern poetical faith,—

"A man's best things are nearest him."

Common human life, with its daily joys and sorrows, the simple feelings and aspirations of human hearts, are the natural and acceptable materials whereof the story is constructed. And yet the persons and characters introduced are by no means common sort of people, but, for the most part, pure-minded, generous, and cultivated men and women, in whom the mystery and intelligence of life is hallowed and exalted by high and holy aims and purposes. A poetic sanctity pervades the narrative, which flows on softly and gracefully, like a gentle stream through rural places.

It is a Saturday afternoon; and Mr. Churchill, the schoolmaster of a certain village in New England, is preparing to go forth and enjoy a ramble in the country. He is a "dreamy poetic man," whose wife considers him "equal to great things." Inward intimations also lead him to contemplate the glory of some distant

(1) "Kavanagh: A tale." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Tegg & Co. London.

day, when his name shall be honoured with the homage which is paid to them that achieve literary distinction. He is conscious of a power of which the outward world around him has at present no suspicion or conception. "To the people in the village, he was the schoolmaster, and nothing more." They saw him daily toiling in the common path; his visible labours were earthly, and tending only to earthly and temporal results; and they knew nothing of the latent capacity which made him yearn to participate in a higher ministry. Nevertheless, he had seasons of personal satisfaction, of the influx of conscious inspiration, and of a high and poetical delight, which carried him beyond the thralldom of irksome and material impediments, into regions of spiritual and universal beauty. On this particular Saturday afternoon, as on Saturday afternoons in general—those welcome and ever pleasant schoolmaster's sabbaths—he was revelling and inwardly rejoicing at his temporary deliverance from the ordinary cares and vexations of his calling.

"With a feeling of infinite relief, he left behind him the empty schoolhouse, into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring. All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old grey flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window panes."

He went forth, and with a light step he speedily entered the "solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river :—"

"At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness, the unjust reproaches of fathers, and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a schoolmaster's life. Unruly sons, and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights. But as he walked, his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air. So that when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten."

Here he lay down under a sycamore, to enjoy the visitation of exalting thoughts, and to catch impressions and pleasing images from the scenery.

"Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a schoolmaster. This produced a discord between his outward and his inward existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and the ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he would fain have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its

outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings.

"The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds, and they became as blood.

Mr. Churchill turned his steps homewards, and, on entering his study, found the lamp lighted, and his wife waiting for him :—

"The wood fire was singing on the hearth like a grasshopper in the heat and silence of a summer noon; and to his heart the chill autumnal evening became a summer noon. His wife turned towards him with looks of love in her joyous blue eyes; and in the serene expression of her face he read the divine beatitude, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'"

In pleasant converse and communion with this "help meet for him," and in playful intercourse with a fascinating little boy, whom she had borne to him, and who, as is usual, was the pride and solace of the household, the schoolmaster poet passed a cheerful and happy interval of recreation. And when at length the rosy fellow, and a speechless little brother, something younger, had been sent respectively to bed, and the room was still, and tea was over, and Mrs. Churchill had seated herself to needle work, and with her quiet and sympathetic face seemed ready to listen and respond to any thing her husband had to say, the latter rose up from his seat, and, "as was his custom," paced to and fro about his study :—

"And as he walked, he gazed with secret rapture at the books which lined the walls, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves, and imparted it to others, by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls, with countenances neither sorrowful nor glad, but full of calm indifference to fate, like those of the poets who appeared to Dante in his vision, walking together on the dolorous shore. And then he dreamed of fame, and thought that perhaps hereafter he might be in some degree, and to some one, what these men were to him; and in the enthusiasm of the moment he exclaimed aloud—'Would you have me be like these, dear Mary?'

"Like these what?' asked his wife, not comprehending him.

"Like these great and good men,—like these scholars and poets,—the authors of all these books!'

"She pressed his hand and said, in a soft, but excited tone,—

"Oh yes! like them, only perhaps better!'

"Then I will write a Romance!'

"Write it!' said his wife, 'like the angel.' For she believed that then he would become famous forever, and that all the vexed and busy world would stand to hear him blow his little trumpet, whose sound was to rend the adamantine walls of time, and reach the ears of a far-off and startled posterity."

But Mr. Churchill dallied with the subject, and went on talking with his wife about the desirability of making mathematics more poetical, and how, as Pythagoras and other ancients taught, "there is something divine in the science of numbers :—" all which Mrs. Churchill declared herself unable to understand, since, in her opinion, there was no manner of poetry in the matter. An old translation from the

Sanscrit is thereupon produced, namely, the "Lilawati of Bhascara Achargu," a book said to have been written more than seven hundred years ago, to perpetuate the name of the author's daughter, of whose history and matrimonial mischances a certain legend is there reported. The book contains likewise many arithmetical and geometric problems, all fancifully and somewhat mystically stated; and in the effort to solve one of the questions, the schoolmaster makes a very decided blunder, and loses, on the whole, a considerable space of time.

"But," at length said he, "I am now going to write. I must really begin in sober earnest, or I shall never get any thing finished; and you know I have so many things to do, so many books to write, that really I do not know where to begin. I think I will take up the romance first."

"It will not make much difference, if you will only begin."

"That is true. I will not lose a moment."

"Did you answer Mr. Cartwright's letter about the cottage-bedstead?"

"Dear me no! I forgot it entirely. That must be done first, or he will make it all wrong."

"And the young lady who sent you the poetry to look over and criticise?"

"No; I have not had a single moment's leisure. And there is Mr. Hanson, who wants to know about the cooking-range. Confound it! there is always something interfering with my Romance. However, I will despatch those matters very speedily."

And he began to write with rapidity and haste.—

"For awhile nothing was heard but the scratching of his pen; then he said, probably in connexion with the cooking-range,—'One of the most convenient things in housekeeping is a ham. It is always ready, and always welcome; you can eat it with anything and without anything. It reminds me always of the great wild boar, Scrimner, in the northern mythology, who is killed every day for the gods to feast on in Valhalla, and comes to life again every night.'

"In that case, I should think the gods would have the night-mare," said his wife."

There was little further said; and meanwhile Mr. Churchill proceeded with his letters. There were half-a-dozen of them altogether, and some of them were not very easily disposed of, particularly that to the poetical young lady. Finally, however, they were finished and sealed; and the writer looked up to his wife:—

"She turned her eyes dreamily upon him; slumber was hanging in their blue orbs, like snow in the heavens ready to fall. It was quite late, and he said to her,—'I am too tired, my charming Lilawati, and you too sleepy, to sit here any longer to-night; and as I do not wish to begin my Romance without having you at my side, so that I can read detached passages to you as I write, I will put it off till to-morrow or the next day.'"

He watched his wife as she went upstairs with the light. It was a picture always new and always beautiful. As he followed her, he paused to look at the stars, and the beauty of the heavens made his soul overflow.—

"How absolute," he exclaimed, "how absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measure-

less depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature—decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time!"

That same night the Rev. Mr. Pendexter, the parson or pastor of the village, was preparing his farewell sermon. His parishioners had become dissatisfied with his preaching, and, through manifold annoyances and disquietudes, he had been driven to resign his ministry. The next day the sermon was delivered to an unusually enormous congregation, and on the day following, the old gentleman departed. A few persons regretted the loss of his counsel and his presence, though the generality were immeasurably relieved, and the young ladies more particularly were excited with pleasing expectations respecting his successor.

"The winter came on with its affluence of snows, and its many candidates for the vacant pulpit. But the parish was difficult to please, as all parishes are, and talked of dividing itself, and building a new church, and other extravagances, as all parishes do. Finally, it concluded to remain as it was, and the choice of a pastor was made."

This honoured individual was the Rev. Arthur Kavanagh, who, as a school girl of the period described him in a letter to a bosom friend, was "tall, very pale, with beautiful black eyes and hair!" Several weeks elapsed before he got permanently into residence. At length, however,—

"The spring came, and brought the birds, and the flowers, and the new clergyman, who was ordained with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions. The opening of the season furnished also the theme of his first discourse, which some of the congregation thought very beautiful, and others very incomprehensible.

"Ah, how wonderful is the advent of spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be."

"Such was the train of thought with which Kavanagh commenced his sermon; and then, with deep solemnity and emotion, he proceeded to speak of the spring of the soul, as from its cheerless winter distance it turns nearer and nearer to the great Sun, and clothes its dry and withered branches anew with leaves and blossoms, unfolded from within itself, beneath the penetrating and irresistible influence."

While delivering the discourse, Kavanagh had not succeeded so entirely in abstracting himself from all outward things as not to note, in some degree, its effect upon his hearers. As in modern times no

applause is permitted in our churches, however moved the audience may be, and, consequently, no one ventured to signify his approval or disapprobation; and, moreover, as no one after church spoke to him of his sermon, or of any thing else, the young preacher felt doubtful about the impressiveness of his oration, and went home with rather a heavy heart and a feeling of discouragement. Yet one thing had cheered and consoled him. "It was the pale countenance of a young girl, whose dark eyes had been fixed upon him during the whole discourse with unflinching interest and attention." This was Alice Archer, the poor, but gentle and affectionate daughter of an aged woman now blind. "Ah! could he have known how deeply sank his words into that simple heart, he might have shuddered with another kind of fear than that of not moving his audience sufficiently."

Arthur Kavanagh, we are told, was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had an estate "lying upon that wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine, which, even upon the map, attracts the eye by its singular and picturesque indentations." Here, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of their ancient faith, the little church where they worshipped being still standing, "though now as closed and silent as the graves which surround it, and in which the dust of the Kavanaghs lies buried."

"In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she could not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spoke to him of God and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpets of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as the perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the lives of the saints, a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends, the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works,—things which ever afterwards remained associated together in his mind. Thus, holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination the spiritual world became real: the holy company of saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. . . .

"Of all the legends of the mysterious book that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him, was the legend of St Christopher. . . . It related that St Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognised by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should lose his strength, and that he did not know how

to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and, tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven, and said, 'Behold this strong man, who knows not the way to worship, but has found the way to serve me!' And one night he heard the voice of a child crying in the darkness, saying, 'Christopher, come and bear me over the river!' And he went out, and found the child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril, so that when he reached the shore he said, 'Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?' And the child answered, 'Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!' With these words the child vanished away."

"There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at times to seize him and control him. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained for ever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff, it blossomed and bore fruit."

At a proper age Arthur was sent to a Jesuit's college in Canada, where he "distinguished himself by his zeal for study, by the docility, gentleness, and generosity of his nature." When his college days were ended, he returned home, "full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother, who expired in peace, having seen his face once more. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea-shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real." For affairs he had no aptitude, and he therefore devoted himself to theological and philosophic studies. In continued reading and meditation he passed many weeks and months. And, mingled with his daily thoughts and ponderings, continually and ever with more distinctness arose in his memory from the days of childhood the old tradition of Saint Christopher, the beautiful allegory of humility and labour. He and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray. It became more and more clear to him, that the life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

"Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. The books taught him more than their writers meant to teach. It was impossible to read of Athanasius without reading also of Arius; it was impossible to hear of Calvin, without hearing of Servetus. Reason began more energetically to vindicate itself; that Reason which is a light in darkness, not that which is 'a thorn in Revelation's side.' The search after truth and

freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul; and he pursued it till he had left far behind him many dusky dogmas, many antique superstitions, many time-honoured observances, which the lips of her alone who first taught them to him in his childhood, had invested with solemnity and sanctity.

"By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof, still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in it that was holy and pure, and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Finally, his own vocation became manifest to him, and he entered upon its many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter, and the gentleness of John."

So nurtured and educated, and inspired with feelings and principles so little in unison with the ordinary notions and sentiments of worldly life, Kavanagh might perhaps be pardoned for manifesting a few occasional "eccentricities." One of his whims was to take possession of a chamber in the old church tower, and have it fitted up for his uses as a study. To enliven a little this sombre house of contemplation, he goes one day to a bird-fancier's to purchase a canary. Here the destinies had ordained that a certain young lady of the neighbourhood should be at the very instant, intent on buying a charming carrier-pigeon, which she designed to employ as a private daily post, for conveying the voluminous correspondence that was continually going on between herself and a female friend, residing in the village. The lady, indeed, was Miss Cecilia Vaughan, who lived in a very respectable country mansion, "a little out of town," and whose father was a person of some eminence and consideration in those parts. He is described as being "a kindly old man; a judge in one of the courts; dignified, affable, and somewhat bent by his legal erudition, as a shelf is by the weight of the books upon it." The young lady's mother had been many years deceased, and she had been left very much to herself, both in the choice of her amusements and pursuits, and in the selection of her friends. Her beloved associate at school was the before-mentioned Alice Archer. "After they left school, the love between them, and consequently the letters, rather increased than diminished." It was to facilitate this intercommunication that the carrier pigeon had been provided. "He was to be the flying-post; their bed-rooms the dove-cots, the pure and friendly Columbaria."

"Endowed with youth, beauty, talent, fortune, and, moreover, with that indefinable fascination which has no name, Cecilia Vaughan was not without lovers, avowed and unavowed; young men who made an ostentatious display of their affection; boys, who treasured it in their bosoms, as something indescribably sweet and precious, perfuming all the chambers of the heart with its celestial fragrance."

All her lovers, however, had hitherto found little favour in her sight, but she, like most of the young

ladies of one's acquaintance, had in her time refused a reasonable multitude of "offers," excellent or otherwise. She held her gentle heart quite free, and cultivated a Platonic friendship with Alice Archer, waiting doubtless unconsciously for the time when a more earnest and tumultuous passion should disclose to her something of the height and depth of the mystery of a profounder love. And now it came to pass that this pale and intelligent stranger—this poet-priest, and elegant preacher of the everlasting word, was to pass, like a marvellous mesmeric hand, before her eyes, and dissolve her soul in a dream of ecstasy.

On first beholding her, Kavanagh himself had been charmed with her form, her goodly lineaments, her voice; and her "fair and beautiful face, shaded by long, light locks, in which the sunshine seemed entangled, as among the boughs of trees," had shed a glory in his heart, which no after-time could render dim. Whether Miss Vaughan became simultaneously "attracted," the story is not careful to inform us. There is reason, however, to conclude otherwise. On the particular morning in which she purchased the carrier-pigeon, she went straightway to call upon Miss Archer, to explain to her the plan she contemplated. Alice is more than commonly delighted to see her friend: she has that in her heart which she would fain tell, but for which as yet she has no word.

"I have just been writing to you," said Alice; "I wanted *so much* to see you this morning!"

"Why this morning in particular? Has any thing happened?" asked her friend.

"Nothing; only I had such a longing to see you."

"Alice was not aware that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet, had nothing happened? Was it nothing that among her thoughts a new thought had risen like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with the common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was it nothing that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was: and this stronger yearning—this unappeasable desire for her friend, was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart that as yet knows not its own secret."

As the time speeds on, Kavanagh becomes sufficiently acquainted with his parish. In a few months he had completed the first great cycle of parochial visits.

"He had seen the Vaughans, the Archers, the Churchills, and also the Hawkinsses and the Wilmerdingses, and many more. With Mr. Churchill he had become intimate. They had many points of contact and sympathy. They walked together on leisure afternoons; they sat together through long summer evenings; they discoursed with friendly zeal on various topics of literature, and morals, and religion."

"The study in the tower was delightful. There sat the young apostle and meditated the great design and purpose of his life, the removal of all prejudice, and uncharitableness, and persecution, and the union of all sects into one Church universal. Sects themselves he would not destroy, but sectarianism; for sects were to

him only as separate converging roads, leading all to the same celestial city of peace. . . . From this tower of contemplation he looked down with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow on the toiling world below. The wide prospect seemed to enlarge his sympathies and his charities; and he often thought of the words of Plato: 'When we consider human life, we should view as from a high tower all things terrestrial; such as herds, armies, men employed in agriculture, in marriages, divorces, births, deaths; the tumults of courts of justice; desolate lands; various barbarous nations; feasts, wallings, markets; a medley in all things, in a system adorned by contrarities.'

"On the outside of the door Kavanagh had written the vigorous line of Dante,

'Think that to-day shall never dawn again!'

that it might always serve as a salutation and memento to him as he entered. On the inside, the no less striking lines of a more modern bard—

"Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost, lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated:
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

Meanwhile, things had gone on very quietly and monotonously in Mr. Churchill's family, when—

"One evening, as he was sitting down to begin, for at least the hundredth time, the great Romance,—subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon, but never begun,—a loud knock at the street door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study door was likewise open; and consequently, being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would he have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted—the art of refusing oneself being at that time imperfectly understood in Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the visitor was shown in."

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway; and he had come to enlist Mr. Churchill as a contributor to a new gigantic magazine, which was then on the eve of being established. There is a long talk about American literature, in the course of which Mr. Churchill discourses rather sensibly, and indulges himself in some judicious criticism. It appears, however, he is only indifferently acquainted with the great authors of his country.

"By the way," says Mr. Hathaway, 'do you know Honeywell?'

"No, I do not," replies the other. 'Who is he?'

"Honeywell, the poet, I mean."

"No; I never heard of him. There are so many poets now-a-days!"

"That is very strange indeed! Why, I consider Honeywell one of the finest writers in the country,—quite in the front rank of American authors. He is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with her shirt sleeves rolled up. . . . Honeywell is going to write for the magazine; he is to furnish a poem for every number, and as he succeeds equally well in the plaintive and didactic style of Wordsworth, and the more vehement and impassioned style of Byron, I think we shall do very well."

"And what do you mean to call the new magazine?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

"We think of calling it 'The Niagara.'"

"Why, that is the name of our fire-engine! Why not call it 'The Extinguisher?'"

"That is also a good name; but I prefer 'The Niagara,' as more national. And I hope, Mr. Churchill, you will let us count upon you. We should like to have an article from your pen for every number."

"Do you mean to pay your contributors?"

"Not the first year, I am sorry to say. But after that, if the work succeeds, we shall pay handsomely."

Mr. Churchill is induced to promise his co-operation in the scheme, and agrees to write "a series of papers on Obscure Martyrs—a kind of tragic history of the unrecorded and life-long sufferings of women, which hitherto had found no historian, save now and then a novelist." Spite, however, of all its brilliant pretensions and prospectus, the magazine never was got out. Still the dream of gaining a wide celebrity, by means of its promised extensive circulation, was enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's thoughts, and to withdraw them entirely from his romance for many weeks together.

But now, for the sake of change and coolness, let us go, in the summer weather, with a cheerful party into the woods, and where the murmur of running waters sends a charm into the shady places.

"Every state," says our author, "and almost every county in New England has its roaring brook,—a mountain streamlet, overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their fair imaginings with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream."

To such a spot did Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, with their little son Alfred, Cecilia Vaughan, Alice Archer, and Kavanagh, repair on a certain day in the mid-summer vacation, carrying with them "a large basket, containing what the squire of the grove in 'Don Quixote' called his *fambreras*—that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards; by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls over-run with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness,—forward drove the happy party on that pleasant summer morning."

In the course of the day, there was a pleasant little catastrophe.

"Ere long, they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before,—Cecilia, who had the surest foot and the firmest nerves of all the village maidens; she stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremour, blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with tenderest emotions."

The reader perceives whither matters are now tending. Kavanagh and Cecilia have entered on the turnpike road to matrimony. This fact comes home shortly afterwards, with startling effect, to Alice Archer. She, however, was resigned. "She made the heroic sacrifice of self, leaving her sorrow to the great physician, Time—the nurse of care, the healer of all smarts, the soother and consoler of all sorrows. And, thenceforward, she became unto Kavanagh what the moon is to the sun, for ever following, for ever separated, for ever sad!"

The summer and the autumn pass away, and the wild winter comes forth howling, and casts his mantle over the earth.

"The first snow came. How beautiful it was! falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape, and the leafless trees, that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches. . . . All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the churchyard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came she had gone to that land where winter never comes. . . . She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed; Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave; Mr. Churchill never knew that, while he was exploring the past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion, unnoticed and unknown."

When the fair spring came round, Kavanagh and Cecilia were married. They went away from the village, and rambled over many lands, spending a three years' period of honeymoon! They saw the towns and cities of highest note in Europe, loitered on memorable shores, and among the ruins and great attractions of renowned and honoured places; and finally returned to the "old house at home." Calling in on Mr. Churchill, Kavanagh was greeted with all the olden fervour, and welcomed with cordiality and earnestness. But Kavanagh found Mr. Churchill precisely where he left him. He had not advanced a single step in any of the great concerns and undertakings that were to have rendered his life famous.

"The same dreams, the same longings, the same aspirations, the same indecision. A thousand things had been planned, and none completed. While he mused, the fire burned in other brains. Other hands wrote the books he dreamed about. . . . So far as fame and external success were concerned, his life certainly was a failure. . . . All his defects and mortifications he attributed to the outward circumstances of his life, the exigencies of his profession, the accidents of chance."

But, in reality, they lay, wherein all failures of activity lie generally,—within himself.

"He wanted the all controlling, all subduing Will. He wanted the fixed purpose that aways and bends all circumstances to its uses, as the wind bends the reeds and rushes beneath it."

Alas, for the irresolution and infirmity of man!

"'Nothing, nothing done,' exclaimed Kavanagh, as he wended his way homeward, musing and meditating as he went. 'And shall all these lofty aspirations end in nothing? Shall the arms be thus stretched forth to encircle the universe, and come back empty against a bleeding, aching breast?'"

"And the words of the poet came into his mind, and he thought them worthy to be written in letters of gold, and placed above every door in every house, as a warning, a suggestion, an incitement:—

"'Stay, stay the present instant!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!'"

This, gentle reader, is a shadow of the substance and the beauty of Professor Longfellow's "Kavanagh."

"The Family Economist." Vol. 2. Price 1s. Groombridge & Sons.—This we do not hesitate to qualify as one of the best shilling's worth that ever was produced even in these days of cheap literature. Such books are indeed a boon to the community, and a blessing to the poor. The information communicated is surprising in amount, and given in a plain, downright, practical, yet pleasing manner. It is a book of reference on domestic matters, that no family should omit to procure. Moreover it is interspersed with much amusing and instructive reading. The tone of the book is eminently sound and healthy; religious and moral precepts—shrewd hints upon conduct and manners, are unobtrusively and pleasingly interwoven. Those, above all, who have at heart the improvement of the lower classes, should endeavour to give increased circulation to publications such as these, of which the good effects are incalculable. We wish every person in the kingdom had a copy, as a New Year's gift.

"Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights,"—1s. also published by Groombridge,—is a collection of cheap and good fictions, all marked by their religious and moral tendency. When the country is deluged with demoralizing trash for the poor, it is pleasant to see an issue of books of a class which may at once please and inform their minds. A little poem on "William Tell," is well worthy of insertion in more ambitious publications.

"Cottage Cookery" is a little manual extracted from the "Family Economist," which will be found useful to the middle as well as the lower classes.

"The Triumph for Salamis." A Lyrical Ballad. By W. C. Bennett.—Mr. Bennett has been for the last few years establishing himself as a favourite with the public. His songs, sonnets, and other poetical compositions, have a decided superiority over those of our "thousand living poets." They all contain evidence of genuine taste and feeling. This "Triumph for Salamis" is a longer poem than any we have yet seen from his pen. It is written after the manner of Greek Choruses, and has considerable merit.

CALIFORNIA :

ITS PAST PROGRESS, PRESENT CONDITION, AND
FUTURE PROSPECTS.

MORE than three hundred and twenty years have elapsed since Hernan Cortez discovered that long narrow peninsula which outlies the coast of Mexico, and forms the Gulf, then known as the Purple or Vermilion Sea. He was more attracted by its position than its aspect; for it appeared a situation where he could concentrate his forces and spread his power over the golden continent. It presented few attractions to the eye, but the voyager's experience taught him to expect that, where the plains and hills seemed least verdant, the concealed treasures of the earth abounded most. Cortez at once attempted to subdue what he considered an island of moderate fertility. In those times national right was little more than a fiction; and with this ambitious explorer discovery conferred the privilege of dominion. But he failed, and it was not until 1679 that a Spanish admiral planted a flag in that soil—a flag destined to flourish there through many generations, until the mother-country, languishing under a long decline, lay prostrate amid the rising powers of Europe. Meanwhile, New California was in 1542 discovered by Cabrillo, explored by Drake, and surveyed by Spain sixty years later. Considerable uncertainty hangs round the exact order of events connected with this wealthy region; but its early history is associated with the names of those adventurous navigators who sought to conquer by the sword what they had through chance discovered. It forms a map of events too intricate to be delineated in the present sketch. Drake saw the country, named it New Albion, and called it British territory. Our claim, however, was never asserted. Sebastian Visconio, in 1602, was led by accident to Monterey, and established the Spanish authority there; but finally, when the first heat of enterprise had cooled, and the enthusiasm of many contending claimants was exhausted, the Jesuits, towards the close of the seventeenth century, obtained permission to colonise a territory whose value was still unknown to the world, but which to their subtle discernment appeared to teem with the ready materials of wealth.

A hardy band of seamen or soldiers, commissioned to this adventure, would have landed, sword in hand, upon the coast, built a fortress, planted cannon on the heights, and at once built up their dominion on the adamant basis of superior power; but the Jesuits infused the character of their order into the prosecution of their enterprise. Theirs was a bloodless conquest. They carried gifts, not arms, into California. They subdued the natives with luring promises, not with the sabre or the arquebuss; and their sway—unseen, unrecognised at first,—spread in a rapidly widening circle over the region. Having destroyed the independence, they sought to develop the resources of their acquisition; they planted missions; they stimulated labour; they industriously wrought the land; and their energies soon piled up

stores of wealth. Crafty in this, as in every other project, they feared jealousy, and assiduously scattered through Christendom accounts of the sterility, the baneful climate, the unwilling people of California. Meanwhile the pearl-fishers brought up riches from the bed of the ocean; the lands were covered with plenty, and the Jesuits despatched many a rich galleon, to the various markets of the world.

Ships with costly cargoes left the harbours, bearing in their holds the riches of the virgin soil; but in the mouths of their crews, reports of the wretched country they had left! Still these crafty fathers laboured not wholly for themselves: with them it was an axiom that the enthralled mind is the heaviest fetter for the body; and whilst they reaped the ready crops of California,—whilst they ranged its forests in search of gums, and bored its rocks in quest of gold,—they spread everywhere the influence of Christianity, and the promising buds of a new civilization appeared. Before the arrival of these Jesuits the country wore the aspect of a fertile solitude, with primæval forests, vast grassy valleys, and luxuriant plains, peopled only by wandering houseless savages. Its progress under their influence was rapid, and its prosperity rose high. Let us not inquire too closely into the motives of the saintly fathers, whose energies ripened into results so friendly to civilization.

At length Lord Anson captured a vessel, richly freighted, sailing from that *poverty-stricken* land. The Jesuits owed their fall to the occurrence of that day; for their masked rapacity was trumpeted through the length and breadth of Europe; and when the country was smiling in its changed attire, and the Indians had sunk to a proper degree of submission, a new revolution occurred. It formed the dawn of another epoch in Californian history. The Jesuits were expelled, and the region was confided to the control of the Dominican monks of Mexico and the saintly Franciscan friars.

The peninsula was at this time studded with sixteen villages; and though the upper country had not maintained the race with equal swiftness, its superior beauty and richer verdure attracted the enterprise of settlers. It seemed to roll away to the snowy mountains in splendid undulations of fertile land, with dashing streams and plenteous valleys, inviting culture, and offering a generous reward to industry.

The first mission in New California was San Diego. It was planted in 1769, and soon around it there sprung up others, until, in 1803, eighteen were scattered over the country. Each mission was considered as the fold of a tribe of Indians, numbering in some, more than twelve hundred; and during the domination of the priests, the converts were well fed, clad, and lodged, in return for the labour of their hands. The products of their industry were bartered with the merchants of Europe; and attracted by the forms and ceremonies of the Christian Church, owing its soft influence, and the benefits to be derived from steady lives and well-directed toil, the neophytes swelled their numbers, and California promised to become the

home of a population at once happy, simple, and religious.

The means of conversion, however, were not always the most scrupulous; for the good missionaries held the theory, that the result obtained sanctifies the instruments employed. When persuasion, or gifts, or gentle allurements failed, the stubborn savages were seized, condemned to ten years' servitude, compelled to adopt the Christian creed, but encouraged by kind treatment, and taught the various arts of industry. Many laboured for the common interest, many were let out to private service, and many, having served their period, received allotments of land and rewards for faithful conduct. The influence of the missions was beneficial, if the manner of its employment admits of blame. The rise of population and the extension of industry were rapid in the extreme. In 1790 there were in the upper country 7,748 inhabitants; in 1801, 13,668; in 1802, 15,629, or double the first number; whilst the quantity of wheat raised, increased from fifteen to thirty-three thousand bushels, and the oxen fattened, from twenty-five to sixty-eight thousand. This tide of prosperity was rising with undiminished rapidity when troubles, in 1835, broke out, and the accumulated store of years was swept away by a torrent of struggles and confusion. Authority changed hands. The priests, stripped of their functions, degenerated into simple pastors, and the *administradors*, appointed by a despotism cloaked under the venerated name of a Republic, drove the Indians in great numbers to their native woods, robbed them of the fruits of their long labour, and overthrew the fabric commenced by the Jesuits and continued by the monks and friars.

The Indians, driven from their homes, galled by bitter injuries, robbed of their humble riches, and hunted once more to a refuge among woods and mountains, carried with them the spirit of hatred, and the purpose of deep revenge. They retaliated on their oppressors. Populous cultivated places were laid desolate, and left deserted; and the flames of a harassing and miserable war threatened to convert the smiling verdure of the land into a waste of smoking ashes. The missions were neglected; ruins became frequent; the earth was uncultivated; Christianity languished, and all things appeared as though the degenerate savage was again to range, in the unlimited freedom of nature, over a wild but magnificent wilderness. But the United States infused a new element of population into California. Her war with Mexico—whether justifiable or not—afforded the occasion; but there was a policy in her movements rarely observed in the impetuous conduct of youthful powers. She spread her actual influence long before she planted a flag as the sign of her dominion.

For two years previous to the capture of Monterey in 1846, her authority had been paramount in the country, which—nominally a province of Mexico—was, in truth, American territory. At length, towards the close of the summer of 1845, Captain Fremont appeared in the neighbourhood of Monterey, whose

park-like scenery—trees scattered in groups over grassy hills, wide sloping fields, plantations of oak and fir, red-tiled houses, yellow-washed church, and white cottages—showed in pleasant contrast to the desolate region he had left. He was accompanied by some of his trappers—gigantic loafers, dressed in deer-skin coats, with formidable rifles, and mounted on tall spare horses. They rode in Indian file through the outskirts; their one-eyed leader viewed the town, and they vanished. Soon again he appeared with an ominous array of thirty-five followers, encamped on a woody height; was commanded to depart, was driven to the hills, pursued, and again lost sight of. An American ship then sailed into the harbour. Fremont was again at Monterey. The Californians foresaw the probable progress of events, and perhaps secretly desired the fostering protection of the great Republic. They balanced between that and independence; but, at length, a Mormon prophet excited an insurrection; and while a contest was pending, two United States vessels simultaneously entered the harbours of Monterey and San Francisco, and in July, 1846, the whole of California relapsed without a struggle, under the easy rule of America. A new era was again opened. An immediate change appeared. Industry was revived; deserted villages were re-peopled; neglected lands were again cultivated; decaying towns were renovated; and the busy hum of toil broke that death-like silence, that dispiriting lethargy, which broods over an ill-governed country.

But another and a greater change was at hand, to turn the tide of her fortunes into a new, a wider, and more diffusive channel, and to raise California from the condition of an ordinary State, to be the focus of the world's attention, the spot where innumerable streams of emigration from the four quarters of the world, from barbarous and civilized countries, pouring over the Rocky Mountains, or brought over the sea, from distant shores, were to meet in tumultuous confluence, and, flowing upon each other, form an eddying whirlpool of excitement, such as few countries on the globe, in any period of their history, could present to the observation of mankind.

The region itself—independently of its newly-discovered treasures—is wealthy in many natural resources. Its extent is great. From Cape Mendocino, at the borders of the United States, to the root of the Peninsula, is seven hundred miles, and Lower California thrusts out its vast tongue to an almost equal distance. The old region is for the most part a broken, hilly, and barren tract of land; but occasional plains of rich fertility alternate with the less favoured tracts; and these formed the sites of the old Jesuit Missions. Alta California extends from the coast to the provinces of New Mexico; but the interior desert basin remains unknown, except in those parts traversed by the Exploring Expedition. All that is known of it is, that it is a wild, rocky, and woody territory, watered by a few rivers, and lakes, rising periodically from the earth, and peopled by wandering Indian hordes—uncouth improvident savages; who seem to

have derived from the white race little save that vice which appears most easily to be planted, and most quickly to grow, in all newly-discovered soils. The wild man at first contemplates his strange visitor as a god, and then receives from him the worst lessons of profligacy and debauch; leaving it for his children to learn, that civilization has commonly sent her most abandoned sons in the train of great discoverers.

The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, divides the gold region from the great desert basin; and between this and the sea lies another line of mountains, forming a valley 500 miles in length, watered by the Sacramento and the San Joachin. These streams, forming a junction in the centre of the valley, diverge towards the sea, and pour in an united current into the harbour of San Francisco—one of the noblest on the globe. The aspect of the country is diversified, and full of beauty. Green valleys, glittering lakes, and verdant hills, extend along the interior borders, backed by the rounded spires of the Snowy Range, whose deep ravines and caverns are now peopled by toiling gold-hunters; who draw more wealth from the bleakest, most barren, and most neglected spots, than the husbandman in the course of many years could derive from the most luxuriantly cultivated land. Along the river banks, light grassy slopes alternate with stony, broken, sandy expanses, honey-combed as it were by time, but now swarming with amateur delvers. However, the country, as a whole, is fertile; producing abundance of grains, vegetables, and fruits, with fine timber; whilst immense pasture grounds afford nourishment to the flocks and herds that once formed the principal wealth of California. Several towns have risen along the coast; and of these Monterey, San Diego, San Francisco, San Gabriel, and the City of Angels, are the chief. Previous to the popular outbreaks and the war between the administrators and the Indian tribes, considerable commerce was carried on at the ports,—the produce of the country being exchanged for cloths, cottons, velvets, silks, brandies, wines, teas, and other merchandise.

But this trade was almost wholly destroyed, until the Annexation gave a new aspect to affairs. Then a new era was opened up, and prosperity filled the towns with bustle, the ports with shipping, the fields with cultivators, and the workshops with industrious artisans. Even the Indians, driven to the forests by misgovernment, flocked to the peopled communities, and gradually cast away, for the second time, the mantle of their barbarous life.

Before the establishment of Christianity, they formed one of the strangest and most savage sections of the human race. They worshipped a fantastic god; they dwelt in tribes, and lived partly in primitive thatched huts, and partly under the still more primitive roof of the forest. They wandered abroad in search of game, of dried seeds, of the wild produce of nature's own orchards, and roots dug out of the earth. The whole race was plunged in the darkest barbarism. From this condition they were elevated by the successive European rulers of the country.

Their domestic manners were purified by passing through the first progress of refinement; their habits of life became more decent and more regular, and their ideas were enlarged within the sphere of a new belief. They rose to a considerably high standard of progress; but were again depressed by the events of 1835, and once more reclaimed by the establishment of American power. The fisheries were actively prosecuted, and the culture of grain—which had been so neglected that foreign produce was required to blunt the edge of famine—occupied the energies of a numerous class. The rearing of oxen and sheep was undertaken with the vigour of former times. During the spring-tide of her prosperity, California was famous for hides and fleeces. This branch of industry also withered, and the traveller across those wide-spreading pastures was only reminded of the productive labour of former days by the vast heaps of bleaching bones left on the slaughtering-grounds. They frequently occur in many of the districts, and call to recollection those ominous piles of white bones which dot the sandy wastes of Libya, recording the fate of luckless caravans. But a new epoch was about to open. A sudden change appeared in the aspect of the country. It sprang up from its low prostration; it revived from its long lethargy; and society, restored to health, was again inspired with the spirit of industry, the love of commerce, and the ambition of well-earned prosperity.

The inter-communication between California and the United States received a vigorous impulse. Broad currents of emigration flowed through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, from the territories of the great republic, and into the valleys and plains of California. This leads us to consider for a moment one of the most curious features of commerce in this or any other quarter of the globe. We mean that great caravan or wagon-train which traverses the deserts, gorges, hills, valleys, and flowery plains lying between the town of Independence, Missouri, in the United States, Santa Fé on the western slope of the Rocky range, and the City of Angels on the coast of Alta California. It was formerly one of the principal links of intercourse, and, indeed, with the vast emigrant trail diverging from it, and crossing the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, afforded a main channel for the inter-communication of the two regions.

Forty-five years only have elapsed since one James Pursley, after wandering for a long period through the desolate solitudes west of the Mississippi, fell in with some Indians on the banks of the Platte River, and descended with them to the trading station of Santa Fé. Whether or not he opened a barter with that town, is conjectural; but it appears certain that he planted the first seed of that overland intercourse, although local tradition relates that a swindling French Creole amassed much wealth through trade carried on across the Rocky Mountains. Some desultory undertakings were attempted, but with little result, until in 1821 the first caravan arrived at Santa Fé. Perils and privations were the lot of the first adventurers;

but in the next year a company of traders was formed to establish the system of commerce. Eighty of them in 1824 started with a caravan of numerous mules and twenty-five carts, bearing merchandise to the value of thirty thousand dollars. The journey was performed with little difficulty; but gradually, when the wagon-trains passed in regular succession along the trail, their wealth attracted tribes of roving Indians to hover along the line of march, plunder, murder, and intercept. They filled the woody hollows, lying in closest ambush until the head of the large, unwieldy caravan appeared in view, and then suddenly but stealthily thronging out upon the comparatively defenceless traders, who nevertheless frequently beat back their assailants and left a mound of slaughter on the spot. Still, the guilt of the first bloodshed hangs in a doubtful scale between the savages and the civilized men, though certain it is that many a corpse, shrouded in its own clothes, filled a grave on the wayside, and numerous stone-heaps or upright posts mark the resting-places of the dead along the borders of the trail.

In 1829 military protection was secured, and bodies of riflemen accompanied the caravans a considerable distance on their journey.

From various districts of America merchandise is collected on the Missouri River, brought up over its waters to the City of Independence, and then stowed in huge wagons, which bear it to Santa Fé, where part of the cargo, if we may so call it, is sold to the merchants of New Mexico, whilst a portion is carried on to the City of Angels. The caravan starts from Independence in May. Its appearance is singularly picturesque. A train of perhaps a hundred teams of from four to fifteen yokes, pulling five-score huge tented wagons, under the guidance of numerous drivers, cracking their long whips and shouting with all the power of their lungs; immense droves of cattle; long strings of carts drawn by mules; numbers of these animals laden with packs, with the merchants in their rude attire;—all these, and countless other features,—too minute to be described—too picturesque to be forgotten,—impart the chief interest to a scene of singular romance. All the town's-people throng out to witness the departure of the caravan, which is regarded as the great event of the year, although it is not more gigantic than many of those vast loaded trains which nightly issue from every side of London, and travel through darkness to the remotest quarters of the kingdom.

The interest of the expedition is not diminished by the wild landscapes across which the caravan pursues its creeping way. Now it enters on a broad grassy savannah, level as a lake; now it wends among flowery slopes, dotted with a few trees, brilliant with the Californian poppy, and speckled with thickly blooming shrubs, crimson blossoms, purple lilies, and the modest petals of the white and yellow evening primrose. Now it strikes out upon a wide, bleak, barren plain, studded with stony heaps; now it descends into a desert valley, deep and broad, waving from rim to

rim with the wild mustard; now it skirts the arid shores of a salt lake; and now it enters the Vale of the Lonely Elm, where a solitary tree, by a pool of water, has given its name to the spot where it grows. Occasionally a little clump of tall cotton trees dots the prairie, each bearing amid its branches a small platform whereon a shrouded Indian corpse is laid. The climate is favourable to rapid desiccation, which encourages this singular plan of disposing of the dead. It is a custom among many barbarous races, and was practised by the ancient Scythians, as it is now among some of the Bornean tribes.

Plunging amid rugged gorges, dark precipitous heights, and deep lonely defiles, the wagon-train winds among the Rocky Mountains, and then, descending the slopes, entering a valley cultivated with rich crops of corn and yams, reaches Santa Fé. The town has three or four thousand inhabitants, dwelling in mud-brick houses, one story high, with a church and fine gardens in the suburbs. Long strings of asses may be constantly seen, laden with wood, wending their way from the distant hills, upon which the city depends for fuel. The arrival of the caravan spreads life through the dull streets, and a brisk barter is at once commenced: the mules and cattle of the surrounding region, with other materials of wealth, being exchanged for the merchandise brought from the Missouri.

In October a train of about two hundred horsemen, with a multitude of loaded mules, leaves Santa Fé for the City of Angels. They take with them woollen, cotton, and linen cloths, to be exchanged for horses and mules—two pieces being the usual price of each animal. Crossing the Sierra Madre, descending southward to the Rio Navajoas, traversing the wasted districts of the old missions, and making its way over the Colorado, the Snowy Range, the Valley of Tularos, and the Californian hills, it reaches Los Angeles in about seventy-five days, and leaves it in the following April, before the melting of the snows, with a train of two or three thousand horses and mules. Everywhere neglected lands, olive plantations heavy with fruit, and magnificent vineyards overgrown with wild vegetation, recalled the decayed industry of former days. But American enterprise was gradually rebuilding the ruined fabric of prosperity, when a discovery was made which turned adventure into a new channel, and opened another era in the history of California.

In September, 1847, an American settler, Captain Sutter, erected a water-mill in a mountainous spot a thousand feet above the level of the valley, where the Rio des los Americanos pours down from the Sierra Nevada to swell the united streams of the Sacramento and San Joachim. Some glittering particles were observed in the mud. They were examined—they were tested—they were proved to be pure and virgin gold. The discoverer at first secreted his knowledge, but it escaped him and spread abroad. The first rumours were lightly tossed aside; but confirmation gave them strength, and as each transmission of intelli

gence to the United States carried fresh accounts of new discoveries, an enthusiastic ardour was awakened, and within four months of that eventful day five thousand persons were delving on the river's banks, on the slopes, amid the ravines, hollows, and caverns in the Valley of the Sacramento.

From the vast population of the rising Republic new streams of emigration broke at once to swell that current which had for years set noiselessly towards the valleys of California. The upper region, or at least that portion of it lying between the Snowy Mountains and the sea, previously contained about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom half were Christianized Indians, a third Spanish Americans, and the rest foreigners. Of the wild tribes in the interior no reckoning was ever made; but the number we mention swelled at once to immense additional magnitude after the discovery of the gold. Gradually the knowledge of that auriferous soil was borne to the four quarters of the world, and from all the ports of all the nations a few sails were spread towards the coasts of that wealthy region, the valley of that modern Pactolus, whose Chrysorhean stream appeared to pour down an inexhaustible flood of riches from the caverns of the Snowy hills.

Industry was making rapid progress along the coast; the towns were full of life, and the sounds of the hammer and the anvil awoke a thousand cheerful echoes. But the sands of the Sacramento attracted the population as by a magnetic impulse. Lawyers, stewards, hotel-keepers, merchants, mechanics, and cultivators, left their occupations and hurried with basket and spade to the glittering region. Sinbad's diamond valley appeared not half so rich. Houses were closed; the grass threatened to grow over whole streets; deserted ships swung on their anchors in silent harbours. There was little danger in this. None had time to rob; none had the inclination. The garrison of Monterey abandoned arms and took up the pickaxe and the shovel. Trains of wagons constantly streamed from the coast to the interior. Stores and sheds were built along the river bank, and crammed with provisions to be sold at more than famine price; whole towns of tents and bushy bowers sprang up as if by magic; every dawn rose upon a motley toiling multitude, swarming in every nook and corner of the modern El Dorado, and every night was illumined by the flames of a thousand bivouacs.

Half-naked Indians; sharp visaged Yankees in straw hats and loose frocks; groups of swarthy Spanish Americans; old Dons in the gaudy costume of a dead fashion; gigantic trappers with their rude prairie garb; and gentlemen traders from the United States, with crowds of pretty Californian women, jostled in tumultuous confusion through the gold district. Every method, from the roughest to the most ingenious, was devised for the rapid accumulation of gold; and the strange spectacle was presented of a vast population without law, without authority, without restraint, toiling together in amicable companionship. But the duration of this condition of things was brief. Out-

rages were perpetrated; robbery commenced; blood was shed, and anarchy in its most hideous form appeared. But the United States' government soon laid the foundations of order, and has prepared a system of regular legislation for California. A severe code was established; thieving incurred the heavy penalty of a brand on the cheek, with mutilation of the ears; and by the last accounts, the treasures accumulated by the gold digger lie as secure in his canvass tenement as though under treble lock in a London bank.

A Californian gold hunter, who wrote this day five months ago, estimating the influx of population from the States during the past season, fixes it at a hundred thousand souls, so that the original census was quadrupled within those few months. Of these he calculates forty-five thousand arrived in the nine thousand wagons that traversed the overland route, and four thousand on mule-back, whilst the remainder came *via* Panama, and round Cape Horn. One third of this multitude was composed of farmers, another of tradesmen and mechanics, and the rest of merchants, professional men, adventurers, and gamblers. The vast emigrant armies have acted as pioneers on their various routes, hewing down trees, filling up chasms, levelling the grounds, bridging torrents, and in every manner possible facilitating the passage of the trail. But the sufferings endured in these colossal caravans are severe and terrible. Many perish by the way; many become insane through lack of food and water. The Mormon half-way settlements on the Salt Lakes have afforded succour to thousands of these struggling wretches; so that some good has been effected by the wild saints of New Jerusalem.

By this time two or three hundred thousand persons must be busy in the golden region, although it appears as though the settlers wished to check emigration by fabricating accounts of the bad climate and poor soil, in imitation of the old Jesuit policy, but in contradiction to all writers of authority on California.

American enterprise is clearing the forest lands, cleansing out mines, planning cities, speculating in town lots, erecting school-houses, universities, and churches; whilst land is selling at prodigious prices. Dreaming adventurers call to mind the coffers of King Croesus, and hearing that in California there is

"Gold to fetch, and gold to send,
Gold to borrow, and gold to lend,
Gold to keep, and gold to spend,
And abundance of gold in futuro,"

pour in mad torrents to the favoured land, and dig with glistening eyes, whilst building up visionary castles more extravagant than those of the sanguine Alnaschar in the Thousand and One Nights. They never call to mind The Melancholy Man's Moral Maxim,—Hope for nought, and nought will disappoint you.

But the rage for gold has not driven all human feeling from the land, for the speculators are falling in love by thousands, though marrying only by hundreds, as women are very scarce, and most desperate jealousies

occur; so that matrimony is as busy among them as the Midas mania for the glittering treasures of the Sacramento. Still, it must be confessed that Mr. John Cayley, pausing from his narration of the deeds of Sir Reginald Mohun to apostrophize the reader, is right when he lays down the maxim—

"Have you a heart? gold is the thing to harden it;" and we sadly fear that many of the speculators having been victorious in a jealous struggle, rather neglect their wives, to sift the fine grain on the sand flats, or dig for precious fragments among the rocks. Still, many edifying pictures of felicity occur, and the speculative gold-hunter may often lift his eyes and see a long Yankee storekeeper scraping in the same hole with his partner, in most loving companionship; one holding the sieve, whilst the other pours upon it the rich dust; or one filling the pail, whilst the other stirs it with a long wooden pestle.

A traveller journeying from San Francisco to the gold district, has given some interesting details of the singular aspect presented by this population of miraculously rapid growth which now swarms from end to end of the Sacramento Valley, and even to the spurs of the Snowy Mountains. He arrived at San Francisco in April, 1848, and was delighted with the view spread out before his eye, whilst sailing across the broad lake-like harbour, whose gently heaving bosom was studded with ships that had recently arrived from Europe and America. On all sides rose lofty hills, whereon pastured innumerable herds of oxen and flocks of sheep. Their vast green slopes were dotted with clumps of trees. The town lay scattered on the harbour's rim; and over the entrance of the port frowned quaint old Spanish fortifications, where the star and stripes of the Republic fluttered gaily above, and the streamers of a merchant fleet below. But our traveller was dreaming of gold, and the prospect had few endearing charms for him.

During his stay at the town, a man arrived from the gold district with twenty-three ounces of the pure metal, the produce of eight days' work. Others followed him, and gradually shovels, mattocks, and tin pans rose to a premium at the San Francisco market; whilst parties of adventurers continually left for "the diggings." Houses were closed; half-finished buildings were abandoned, and every species of industry was neglected. Meanwhile, vessels laden with amateur miners arrived from the United States, and the disembarked emigrants presented a curious spectacle, as they hurried in search of the means of rapid transit to the diggings. Here was a lawyer who had left his office—perhaps with a half-written brief upon the table; behind him stole his clerk, and at his heels, perhaps, the functionaries of the law, abandoning quills, blue bags, red tapes, and staves, for spades, mattocks, crowbars, and colanders. Here was a merchant who had closed his counting-house, with his partners and assistants; here was a storekeeper; here was the master of an hotel; and here an ominous array of most doleful and grim-looking individuals proclaimed themselves connected with the press; indubi-

tably they were none other than the patient workers who toil by twilight. From the editor to the printer's devil, the whole staff of a New York journal emigrated to California; presses stood still; types remained in hopeless "pies," and uncorrected proofs were abandoned to the rats; for gold tempted all classes to its shrine, and even justices, naval and military officers, musicians, and farmers, left their gentler crafts to bore the rocks, and dig among the caverns of the Snowy Mountains, or to wash the mud and sift the glittering sands of the Sacramento.

Negro servants and labourers of all classes immediately assumed imperial airs, and demanded an imperial rate of wages. The waiter at the San Francisco hotel, succumbing—reluctantly, no doubt—to circumstances, found himself perfectly comfortable for some time with a salary of nearly nine hundred a-year. Gold-scrapers, sieves, spades, shovels, and pickaxes, were sold for enormous sums; provisions were vended at Tanjore—famine prices; and camp equipage, arms, horses, and liquors, could only be obtained by those whose purses were heavy with the accumulation of former gains. The traveller, with a party of companions, prepared well for their adventure, and were lucky enough to secure the services of a mechanic to furnish them with saddles; but visiting his workshop to order some alterations, saw posted on the door the laconic written notice—"Gone to the Diggins."

Journeying to the banks of the Sacramento, they overtook many huge wagon trains, laden with emigrants to the gold regions, groups of horsemen and crowds of men, women, and children; whilst along the border were sprinkled numerous tenements composed of rough wooden frames, covered with brown calico or cotton. The great valley was peopled by an industrious multitude, some digging in holes, others washing in the river beds, shaking pails and sieves; some erecting houses, some dispensing provisions from stores, others changing the dust for coin—(the Jews monopolise this)—whilst all pursued through varied means one common object—gold. Along the waters of the river, the masts of numerous vessels might be seen threading their way from the coast, and immense encampments studded the hill-slopes with life.

On dry and level spots, the amateur diggers erected their tents under the trees. Huge log-fires were kindled, bowie knives cut the pork, spoons mixed the coffee; the meat was fried in oceans of its own fat, with soaked pilot bread; and tin pails, used in common for gold washing and water boiling, foamed with the rich brown cream of the grateful beverage. An American "digger" describes with much animation the scene he witnessed around, whilst engaged pleasantly devouring fat pork and swallowing hot coffee. The axe resounded, and the flames crackled in all directions through the valley as evening approached, while continual streams of new comers poured towards the mines. Hundreds of these were escaped or released convicts from New South Wales, whose appearance was that of so many demons broken from the infernal realms. Dressed in discoloured shirts,

their ugly and impudent faces, says the American, peered with cunning impudence from beneath flaming red caps, which from their shape might be the camp pudding-bag; around their waists circled greasy leathern belts, in which worked at ease a wooden-handled sheath knife, used to blood of man and beast; while, leaping through the flames of their camp fire with hideous yells, they completed at least a close copy of one of Pluto's ante-chambers.

The night closes in: the vast scattered camps relapse into repose; the sound of digging, washing, and sifting ceases; the swarthy multitudes seek their various places of rest, or lie down shelterless on stores of gold. The camp fires blaze dimly, and shed a lurid glare on tent and sleeper, whilst the dark assemblages of bush-formed bowers, canvass tenements, calico-frame houses, and mud huts, mingled with the groves and strewn along the river banks, with the thousands of prostrate forms, and the few groups of watchers, form a picture at once novel, wild, and romantic. Early dawn changes it: all are again astir. The fires blaze up; the pots are on; the kettle hisses; the frying-pans sputter with their floating masses of pork, and a general demolition of bread, meat, coffee, and tobacco takes place. The meal is hurried. The whole valley wakes into activity. Every man seizes his implements. Pots, kettles, colanders, crowbars, and axes are caught up, and thus armed, the whole host of gold diggers pours out upon the plains, valleys, and hills, to toil for another day, and heap up a new accumulation of wealth.

Our American was a trader, and opened a store in the Culoma valley. The great tent was pitched, and piled with merchandise. A broad counter, erected on barrels, was prepared in front. "Then arranging our articles we prepared for trade, and were soon visited by groups of diggers or others to purchase or look on. Ascertaining the current prices, we disposed of powder at sixteen dollars a pound, percussion caps at two dollars a hundred, or for waterproof, eight dollars a quarter box, with small belt pistols from thirty-two to forty-eight, a rifle for a hundred, clasp, sheath, and bowie knives at eight, ten, and sixteen dollars, and cigars at from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a dozen. The abundance of the gold dust and lumps in the possession of the miners was most wonderful. A fellow clad in greasy deer-skin pants and hunting shirt, the usual dress of the diggers, would purchase some article for an ounce or half-ounce, and producing, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief around him, an old deer-skin pouch, untie the coarse string, and turn out the dust into our scales. In this clumsy process more or less gold was spilled on the paper under the scales, and unless it was a considerable quantity, they generally refused to receive it back, saying, 'There's plenty more where that comes from.'"

At the river banks, and scattered over the rough ground, in this portion of the region, spectacles of singular strangeness were presented. Men with long-

handled shovels delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, their eyes kindled with sudden pleasure, and the search was more intently pursued. In the water, knee, or even waist deep, regardless of the shivering cold, others were washing the sand in tin pans or the common cradle rocker, whilst the sun poured a hot flood upon their heads. The rocker is a wooden cradle covered with a grating, in which the earth and water are thrown, escaping through a contrivance at the bottom, which retains the gold. Some are so large as to require five men to work them, and with steady labour the thrifty miner rarely fails to pile up in his tent a store of glittering riches; but what is obtained with toil is spent in excess. Parties of diggers continually throng to the stores to enjoy "a burst," which means a few days of degrading revel, drinking, feasting, and profligacy. Brandy at half an ounce, and champagne at an ounce, a bottle, are swallowed in profusion, and the intoxicated wretches rush from place to place, brandishing bowie knives, or shooting with the rifle at any fancied mark, with the ball often not half home and the rammer in. Others, leaping into the saddle and howling with frenzied excitement, ride fiercely through the tents in any direction, and are frequently thrown and nearly killed; whilst oaths and blasphemy so fearful that, as our American well expresses it, the rocks refused to echo them, fill the air. Many of the miners have spent as much as ten thousand dollars in two or three days—answering all remonstrance with "There's plenty more, and when we want it we can dig it."

Such were the scenes which were in 1849 to be witnessed from end to end of the gold region. We have merely glanced at a few pictures, and of these rather suggested the outline than filled in the details. But the reader's imagination will doubtless carry him to those splendid valleys, those green hills and glittering rivers, where the waters are golden, where the soil teems with precious dust, where every stream is a Pactolus and every ravine a miser's chest; where Time has hoarded up his stores, now opened to the eye of man; where the Snowy Mountains have rolled down their exhaustless wealth, and converted the whole region into one vast mine, wherein now merchants, doctors, convicts, parsons, thieves, artists, editors, judges, soldiers, sailors, broken adventurers, blacklegs, and lawyers, dramatic poets, beggars, mechanics, and vagabonds of all classes and calibres, swarm as flies about carrion, delving, washing, scraping, toiling and sweating from morning till night—all falling down and bowing before the great idol of their worship, the golden calf of Mammon, as the multitudes of old Egypt laboured around the eternal pyramids, at the bidding of their despotic kings.

One most singular circumstance is, that the Chinese, who for unnumbered ages have been interdicted from foreign settlement, have broken all old bonds,

(1) "Sights in the Gold Region and Scenes by the Way." By Theodore T. Johnson. New York: Baker and Scribner, 1849.

crossed ten thousand miles of ocean, and located themselves in great numbers at San Francisco, in wooden tenements brought from Hong Kong, occupying themselves, as usual, in cheating as well as house-building—both most lucrative employments in California. A complete hotel has been sent thither from Antwerp: it consists of forty rooms, with furniture, all in cast-iron. The whole takes to pieces when desired. Similar houses have been shipped from Liverpool; but lodgings are nevertheless at a high premium, both in the towns and at the diggings.

Remembering the vast and continually rising tide of emigration that sets towards those golden shores, we cannot but regard with interest the plans for facilitating the transit of passengers. The voyage to New York offers, of course, every facility, but from thence to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, is a breadth of sea extending seventeen thousand miles, whilst the journey by the Panama Isthmus is only a third of that distance. But the passage of this narrow link of land, connecting the South with the North American continent and Mexico, is now tedious and difficult—open to long delays and vexatious obstacles. A company has, however, been chartered to connect, by a railway, the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. The contractors for the line, which is to be fifty miles in length, are pushing the accomplishment so vigorously, that a year is expected to complete the undertaking, and the voyager from New York may then, instead of navigating the perilous sea that rolls round the head of Cape Horn, land at Chagres, place himself in a railway carriage, pull out his copy of the *Ancient Mariner*, and ere he has seen the old man shrivel, find himself at Panama, on the banks of the Pacific. It is a noble project, and its accomplishment will be one of the most splendid triumphs of human enterprise. To bore a tunnel through the earth beneath a river is a wonderful thing; but to throw a bridge of iron, to be traversed by steam, between the two mightiest oceans on the globe, will be a magnificent achievement. It will open an easy road from the Old and New Worlds to the shores of the land of gold.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, the French dramatist, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. He is known in this country chiefly by his celebrated comedies, *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*, or rather by the operas founded upon them, to which Mozart and Rossini contributed their beautiful music, and which have gained unbounded popularity in every country of Europe. These operas, however, delightful as they are, give but a faint idea of the spirit of the original Comedies. The *Mariage de Figaro* was produced a few years before the breaking out of the great Revolution of 1789, and is believed to have had some share in bringing about that event, by the keenness with which it satirized the prevalent abuses in the government and the administration of

justice, and the dissolute manners of the aristocratic classes. The author had at first great difficulty in getting his play represented, and, long before its appearance, the expectations of the public were raised to the highest pitch. It continued to be acted without interruption for two years, not only in the capital, but in all the provincial theatres, and its gibes and sarcasms against the nobility and official functionaries became proverbial expressions in every mouth. Its satire has now lost its point, but we still read it with pleasure derived from the ingenuity of its Spanish plot, full of bustle and intrigue, and the wit and liveliness of its dialogue. It was turned into an Italian opera soon after its production, and its delicious music was one of the last efforts of the genius of Mozart.

The literary pursuits of Beaumarchais were not sufficient for the extraordinary activity of his mind. He engaged in commercial speculations of great magnitude, one of which was, supplying the government of the United States with arms, ammunition, and military stores, during the war of independence with Great Britain. At the beginning of the French Revolution he imported fire-arms for the use of the army; but his liberal principles and patriotism did not save him from the perils of the "Reign of Terror." Falling under suspicion, his property was confiscated, his person proscribed, and he escaped with difficulty from the fury of the revolutionary mob. The dangers and sufferings of this period have been described by him in a work entitled *Mes six Epoques*, written with graphic power and full of interest. After living some years in exile, he returned to France when the storms of the Revolution had subsided, and, having recovered some portion of his property, died at Paris, in 1799.

This slight biographical sketch will serve as an introduction to the narrative given by M. de Beaumarchais himself of the perils he underwent in the month of August, 1792. It is contained in a letter to his daughter Eugenia, at the Hague, whither he had sent his family for safety a short time before, while he himself remained at Paris.

Paris, August 12, 1792.

As I have promised to write to you during our separation, it is to you, my dear daughter, that I shall relate the events which have happened to me during the last three disastrous days.

On Wednesday morning, the 8th, I received a letter, in which a gentleman, who made no secret of his name, told me that he had called on me to inform me of a matter of great urgency which concerned me, and desired a meeting. He came to my house accordingly, and said that a band of thirty ruffians had formed a plan to pillage my house on the night between Thursday and Friday; that six men, dressed like national guards or federates, were to come and demand, in the name of the municipality, that I should open my doors, under the pretext of a search for concealed arms. The band were to follow, armed with pikes and with red bonnets on their heads, like zealous citizens. They were to shut up my domestics in the kitchen or cellars, threatening to murder every one

who uttered a word; and then they were to ask me, with a dagger at my throat, what had become of the 800,000 francs, which, the gentleman said, they believed I had received from the national treasury.

"In fine," added this worthy man, "they have made me privy to the plot, threatening death to every one who should reveal it. I give you my name, my profession, my residence; take your precautions, but do not expose my life in return for the important warning which my esteem for you has led me to give you."

After having thanked him warmly, I wrote to M. Pétion, as chief magistrate of the city, to demand a safeguard. I handed my letter to his porter, but received no answer.

I shall say nothing of the terrible events of Friday;¹ you will learn them from the newspapers. In the evening, seeing the soldiers and people returning, discharging their muskets, and firing off petards, I concluded that all was quiet, and passed the night at home.

On Saturday, the 11th, about eight o'clock in the morning, a man came to tell me that the women of the Port St. Paul were going to bring the people upon me, excited by false information, that there were arms in my house, in the pretended vaults which have been so often imagined, and the suspicion of which has not been destroyed by three or four previous visits. And this, my dear child, is one of the fruits of calumny: falsehoods, exposed ever so completely, leave obscure reminiscences, which base enemies revive in troubled times; for these are the times, my daughter, when the most cowardly revenge is taken with impunity.

On this intimation, I threw open every part of my house, bureaux, cupboards, rooms, and closets, being resolved to surrender my person and my house to the severe inquisition with which I was threatened; but when the multitude appeared, their noise and clamour was so loud, that my alarmed friends would not allow me to go down, and entreated me to save, at least, my person.

While the mob was clamouring for the opening of the outer gates, my friends forced me to retire by the upper end of the garden, but a man who had been set to watch called out, "There he is, running away!" though I was walking slowly. He ran to report my flight to the people assembled at the gate. I only doubled my pace; but the women, ten times more cruel than the men in such scenes, started off in pursuit of me.

It is certain, my Eugenia, that they would have torn your poor father in pieces if he had not got the start of them, for, the search not having been made, nothing could have put it out of their heads that I fled as a criminal. Such was the consequence of my weakness in following an advice dictated by fear, instead of remaining coolly, as I had determined to do. I got into a friend's house, of which the door was re-closed,

in a street which, forming an angle with that in which these cruel women were running, saved me from their pursuit, though I continued to hear their horrible cries.

While I remained shut up in my place of refuge, thirty thousand souls were in my house, in which, from cellar to garret, smiths opened every lock, masons raised the stones of the floors, and perforated the walls with holes, while others dug the garden down to the virgin earth, all of them passing and repassing twenty times through every room, but some of them saying, to the great disappointment of the thieves, who were there in hundreds, "If nothing is found here that belongs to our search, the first that touches the slightest article of furniture shall be hanged without mercy, and hacked in pieces by our hands." At length, after seven hours of the strictest search, the crowd dispersed under the orders of some one who led them. My servants swept away dust of an inch thick, but not a pin was lost. The children pillaged the green fruit—I could have wished it riper for their sake—there is no malice at their age. A woman in the garden gathered a flower; she got twenty buffets for her pains, and narrowly escaped being ducked in the basin.

I returned home. They had had the attention to draw up a report, garnished with a hundred signatures, which attested that nothing suspicious had been found in my possession. I dined as if nothing had happened. My servants, who had all behaved admirably, gave me all the particulars.

"Sir," said one, "they were twenty times in the cellars without drinking a single glass of wine."

"They emptied the water but in the kitchen," said another, "and I rinsed the glasses for them."

"They rummaged all the linen-presses," said one of the maids, "and not a towel is missing."

"One of them," said another, "came to apprise me that your watch was at your bed's head, and there it is, Sir! Your spectacles, your pens and pencils, were on your writing table, and not an article has been touched."

But now I come to the terrible night I have already mentioned to you.

While walking in the garden with some friends, on Saturday, in the dusk of the evening, somebody said, "Upon my word, Sir, after what has happened, there can be no harm in your passing the night here." My answer was, "Very true; but neither can there be any harm in my passing it elsewhere. It is not the people I fear; they are disabused with respect to me; but this information that I have received, of an association of robbers to plunder me one of these nights, makes me fear that, in the crowd which has been in my house, they may have devised the means of entering it in the night. In short, I have a desire to go and pass a quiet night in the house of our good friend in the *Rue des Trois Pavillons*, while he is in the country. Go, François, and put on his bed a pair of sheets for me."

I supped; fortunately, I ate little; and then I sat

(1) The memorable 10th of August, the day on which the Tuilleries were stormed, the brave and faithful Swiss Guards massacred a man, and the last blow given to the Monarchy of France.

out in the dark for the *Rue des Trois Pavillons*, satisfying myself, from time to time, that nobody was following me.

My servant having left me to return home, the street-door being well barred and bolted, and a domestic of my friend's in the house with me, I went to sleep. At midnight, the servant, in his shirt, and in great alarm, came into the bed-room.

"Sir," he said, "get up; the mob are in search of you, and are knocking as if they would break open the door. You have been betrayed at home, and this house is going to be pillaged."

While he was speaking, the multitude were thundering at the door. I was only half-awake, and the man's terror infected me. I put on my coat without my waistcoat, and thrust my feet into my slippers.

"Is there any way," I said, "by which I can get out?"

"None, Sir; but make haste, for they will break down the door. Ah, what will my master say!"

"He will not say anything, my friend, for I am going to surrender myself, so that they may respect the house. Go, open the door, and I shall go down with you."

While he went down stairs, I opened a window in the first floor, which looked into the *Rue du Parc Royal*. There was on the balcony a lamp which showed me, through the blinds, that the street was full of people. A frantic desire that seized me to leap from the window, left me at the moment I was about to do it. I went down trembling, to the kitchen at the bottom of the court-yard; and, looking through the window, I saw the door at length open. I saw blue coats, pikes, men in their shirt-sleeves, pouring into the house; women were yelling in the street. The domestic came to me, looking for candles, and said in a smothered voice,

"Ah, it is really you they want!"

"Well, they will find me here."

Adjoining the kitchen there is a kind of store-room with a large press for earthenware, the doors of which were open. As a last refuge, my child, your poor father placed himself behind one of the leaves; and there I stood, leaning on my cane, with the door of the room only half closed, while the search began.

Through the open windows that looked into the court, I saw candles moving about, up-stairs and down, from room to room. I heard footsteps above my head; the court was guarded, the street-door open, and I, on tiptoe and holding my breath, laboured to regain coolness and presence of mind. I had a brace of pistols in my pockets, and I debated with myself whether I should use them. I came to the conclusion, that, if I did, I should be cut to pieces on the spot, and should hasten my death by an hour, while I deprived myself of the last chance of crying for help, and perhaps obtaining it, by calling out my name as they were dragging me to the *Hotel de Ville*. While I was thus calculating chances, a light came near the spot where I stood, and I heard the door of my hiding-place drawn close; a movement which I

ascribed to the good domestic, who seized the opportunity of thus diminishing my danger. The most profound silence reigned; I saw, through the windows of the first floor, that they were opening all the presses and cupboards. Then I thought I had found the meaning of all these riddles. The robbers, I said to myself, have been to my house; they have forced my servants, on pain of death, to tell where I am; they are come hither in consequence; and finding this house as good for plundering as my own, they are reserving me for their last object, sure that I cannot escape them.

Then my sad thoughts turned to your mother, and you, and my poor sisters. I said with a sigh, "My child is safe; I am old, my life is worth little, and my death will at most anticipate by a few years the course of nature; but my child and her mother are in safety;" and tears flowed from my eyes. Comforted by these reflections, I endeavoured to prepare for the death I thought so near me. At length I became exhausted by such violent agitation, and sank into a state of apathy. I gazed mechanically on the lights as they went and came. I said from time to time, "The moment approaches;" but I felt like a man in a dream, or one whose thoughts begin to wander; for I had been four hours in a violent state before it changed to this death-like composure. Feeling weak, I sat down upon a bench, and there I waited my doom without any further emotion.

While in this horrible waking dream, I heard the noise grow louder; it drew near, and I placed myself instinctively behind the folding-door of the press by way of screen. The door opened, my face was bathed in a cold sweat, and I felt my strength exhausted.

I saw the servant come towards me in his shirt, with a candle in his hand.

"Come, Sir," he said, "some one is asking for you."

"What! you will give me up, then? I shall go without you. Who wants me?"

"M. Gudin, your cash-keeper."

"What do you say about my cash-keeper?"

"He is there—with those gentlemen."

I thought my reason had forsaken me, and that I was under some delusion. My hair was dripping; my face streamed like a fountain.

"Come," said the domestic; "come—it is not you they are seeking. M. Gudin will explain every thing."

Unable to attach any meaning to the words that fell upon my bewildered ear, I followed the servant up-stairs. There I found M. Gudin in his uniform of a National Guard, and armed with his musket, along with some other persons.

"What chance has brought you here?" cried I, astonished to see him.

"A chance, Sir, as strange as that which brought you here the very day that an order was issued to search this house on information of concealed arms."

"Ah, my poor friend!" I cried, "you have base enemies as well as I."

Being no longer under the necessity of keeping up my powers, they now gave way entirely. I sank down on the bed in which I had been sleeping when the alarm began. When I recovered myself, M. Gudin gave me the following explanation:—

"At eleven o'clock at night, anxious to know if our quarter was guarded by patrols, I took my uniform, musket, and sabre, and went into the streets in spite of the advice of my son. I fell in with a patrol, who, knowing me, asked me to accompany them. I agreed, the more willingly, as this gentleman, whom you see in the uniform of the National Guard, is the confectioner who lives opposite your windows—M. Gibé, in short."

Upon my word, my poor girl, I rubbed my forehead to convince myself that I was awake.

"But why," said I to M. Gudin, "if it is really you I speak to, why did you leave me for four hours in the agony of death, without once coming near me?"

"I am going to astonish you still more," he answered. "Seeing that the party were marching in double quick time, I observed that this was not the way to patrol. 'We are not patrolling,' they said, 'we are going to make a seizure.' I saw them arrive at the *Rue du Parc Royal*, and then my heart began to beat when I found myself so near you. When we turned into the *Rue des Pavillons*, and came in front of this house, where we now are, the word was given, 'Halt!' Good God! said I to myself, by what fatality am I among those who are come to arrest M. Beaumarchais? I, too, thought myself in a dream, but contained myself to see how it would end. The servant opened the door, and started back with surprise when he saw me among these gentlemen. He thought that I shared in the treachery which he suspected in your household. The order given by the section, to search this house for concealed arms, was read."

"Then why," cried I, "did you not instantly fly to me? Why had you no pity for my condition?"

"My terror was only increased by what I heard," said Gudin; "I did not know whether there might, or might not, be arms in the house, and I saw that, if anything were found, your having shut yourself up here might be the cause of your destruction. While the search was going on, I found an opportunity to whisper the servant, 'Is your master's friend in the house?' 'He is,' was the answer. 'But where is he?' 'I have no notion where,' again answered the servant. He was employed in lighting the searchers, and could not leave them. I slipped, in the dark, into your bed-room, and groped about in search of you, calling your name softly; but you were elsewhere, and I had no idea where I could find you. At length, when the search was over, and I was sure that calumny had missed its aim, I informed all these gentlemen how it happened that you had concealed yourself in this house; and their astonishment was as great as ours. Now it is all over, thank heaven; go to bed again, Sir, try to sleep,—you must have much need of it."

The visitors, having drawn up a report of their search, went away, telling the people that the house was free from suspicion. The women, enraged that nothing had been found, insisted that the search had been bad, and that they would make the discovery in five minutes. They wished to force their way into the house, but the Commissary ordered the door to be shut in their faces. Thus ended my troubles, but I was overcome with fatigue and weakness.

While I reflected on all the incredible chances which had concurred to compose this thousand and second night of the Arabian tales, I said to myself, "I shall write it down; twenty people will attest its truth; nobody will believe it, and every body will be in the right." All the principal features of my life have had a tinge of singularity, but this surpasses them all. The horrid truth is like a wild dream; if anything can make it credible, it is the impossibility of believing that any one could have imagined so improbable a tale.

But I learned next day, that elderly men, long resident in this quiet quarter that had never before been disturbed by any thing, hearing this frightful tumult in the night, had in their terror endeavoured to escape, and leaping in their shirts over garden walls, had alarmed their neighbours in the *Rue de la Perte*, by cries to them to save their lives. One of them had broken his leg. The fright had spread, and of all the people of the quarter, your father, who had the greatest reason for fear, was perhaps the only person who finished in his bed a night so full of dread.

Such, my Eugenia, are the details I promised in my last letter to your mother. A man of less firmness and less experience in danger and misfortune, would have died outright of sheer terror. Coolness and prudence have saved me from many dangers; here I owed my safety to mere chance. But how often did I say to myself, as I was falling asleep in the morning; "Oh, how joyfully shall I embrace my child, if she is not deprived of her father by events still more terrible and disastrous!"

CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

SALT IN THE SEA.

THE amount of common salt in all the oceans is estimated by Schaufhault at 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles. This would be about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one third less than that of the Himalaya. The sulphate of soda equals 633,644'36 cubic miles, or is equal to the mass of the Alps; the chloride of magnesium, 441,811'80 cubic miles; the lime-salts 109,339'44 cubic miles. The above supposes the mean depth to be but 300 metres, as estimated by Humboldt. Admitting with Laplace, that the mean depth is 1000 metres, which is more probable, the mass of marine salt will be more than double the mass of the Himalaya.—*Silliman's Journal*.

LINES

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER
OF ENGLAND.

Thou art gone to where the righteous
Shine with everlasting light;
Thou hast pass'd the gloomy precincts
Of the grave's sepulchral night.

When the pomp of earthly station
Faded from thy Queenly brow,
Thou attained a crown immortal,
And it rests upon thee now.

Such, at least, thy life's long tenour
Of laborious duties prove;
And thy dying affirmation
Of a Saviour's saving love.

Many a tearful eye shall mourn thee,
Many a sable garb shall bear
Witness to the orphan's sorrow,
And the widow's silent prayer.

They have drawn a circlet round thee
Brighter than the purest gem;
Like *Cornelia's* priceless jewels,
They surround thy diadem!

When the ruby pales its lustre,
And the sapphire's fires grow dim,
They shall shine, as time advances,
They shall chant thy glorious hymn:

The redeem'd ones, whom thy efforts
Suatch'd from misery and crime;
Who have reach'd with thee the haven,
And escaped the storms of time!

WILLIAM ETTY.

BY T. W. NEWTON.

THE lamented death of Mr. Etty has left a great void in the world of art. The position which he occupied, there is no one to fill. Great minds doubtless exist, to command our admiration and reverence; but on the path which he made so peculiarly his own, no one will dare to tread. As a colourist he stood first among painters, and in his own person raised the English school to the level of the old Venetian. He was gifted with a mind radiant with the brightest visions of poesy; and the products of his imagination—embodied on the canvas by a hand skilled in portraying the manifold graces of the human form, and with a pencil steeped in gorgeous hues that rivalled Italian sunsets—were things of beauty, which, once seen, became “joys for ever.”

The late William Etty was born at York on the 10th of March, 1787. His father was a miller, and carried on the trade of a confectioner also. The mill occupied by him at the time of the birth of his son was standing until very lately, when it became the property of the Recorder of York, who pulled it down, and erected a mansion near the site. From his own description we find that, at a very early age, he was seized with a passion for sketching,—sometimes with chalk on the rough beams and flooring of the mill,—and that the promise of a box of colours

delighted him beyond expression. When we call to mind that it was in an old mill that the boyhood of Rembrandt was passed, and that the stray gleams of light which penetrated into the dark interior founded in him those deep-laid principles of chiar-oscuro which made him the master of his own and of succeeding ages, we cannot but conclude that a similar scene was not without its due influence upon a mind as ardent and aspiring as young Etty's.

From his home, and from his favourite pursuit, however, he was soon to be removed. His parents treated with indifference his youthful essays at drawing, and entertained no conception of the bright destiny which awaited him. On the 8th of October, 1798, being then under twelve years of age, he was taken to Hull, and apprenticed to the printing trade in the office of Mr. Peck of that town. There he continued until the expiration of his term of seven years, working during the greater part of that time most laboriously; and, as he was engaged on the *Hull Packet* newspaper, even Sundays were not exempt from toil. An ordinary mind, suddenly arrested in the pursuit of a favourite object, would have sunk under a check so dispiriting in its influence as this; but, in the case of Etty, no opposing circumstances for a moment banished his deep-rooted passion, but only caused him to pant more ardently for the time of his freedom, and cling with greater tenacity to the hope of one day becoming a painter.

On the 23d of October, 1805, he completed his period of servitude; and, after working as a journeyman for three weeks, a letter arrived, not unexpectedly, calling him to London. This was from his uncle, Mr. William Etty, of the firm of Bodley, Etty & Bodley, Lombard Street, who, himself skilled in drawing, had not been unobservant of the natural bent of the mind of his nephew. Under his roof young Etty continued for some time, copying engravings, or making small sketches from nature; but his first serious labours in art began in Gianelli's plaster-image manufactory in Cock-lane, Smithfield, a spot celebrated in the annals of popular delusion, but rendered worthier of note by the visit of Dr. Johnson and the pamphlet of Oliver Goldsmith. In the workshop of this Italian modeller he laboured with untiring zeal,—often when the wintry winds were drifting the snow through its rudely-constructed doors and windows. Here he drew, with much success, a Cupid and Psyche, from the antique; and, furnished with an introductory letter, he carried his drawing, with fear and trembling, to Mr. Opie. Fortunately, it met with that great man's approval; and, after treating the young artist with much kindness, he gave him a commendatory letter to Fuseli,—Fuseli, whose delineations of the terrible had invested him with a mystery like that ascribed to Dante,—by whom he was immediately appointed a probationer in Somerset House. Collins, a devout worshipper of nature in her simplest forms, was entered as a probationer the same week. Etty had now realized one of his bygone dreams, that of drawing in the

Royal Academy. He laboured as hard as he had ever done in the time of his servitude, devoting all his days to drawing, and his nights to painting; a practice which he continued in after years, and which has been a favourite habit of many painters from the time of Tintoretto, as from lamp-light it is possible to derive a greater breadth of shadow and depth of tone. At this period he drew the "Torso" of Michael Angelo and the Laocoon. Shortly after, he was placed by his uncle under the tuition of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in whose house he resided for a year, being engaged in copying the pictures of his master, an occupation too limited for his ambitious spirit. On leaving Sir Thomas Lawrence, he devoted himself principally to copying from the old masters, and to the practice of that beautiful system of colouring which at the time called for the approbation of Fuseli, and afterwards placed him at the head of English colourists. Filled with visions of success, he now sent six pictures, on which he had bestowed much labour and expense, to the exhibition. But, alas! with what feelings of disappointment and self-humiliation did he find that not one of them was accepted. Some others which he had sent to the British Institution experienced a similar fate. This convinced him, on reflection, that there was a radical defect in his pictures yet to be conquered. Accordingly, with that characteristic energy which nothing could daunt, by unwearied application, he perfected himself in a scientific knowledge of the anatomical construction of the human frame, to the want of which he attributed the failure of his paintings. And now brighter days began to dawn. A "Ganymede" which he painted attracted much attention, and he was complimented by Mr. West and by the President Sir Martin Shee. This emboldened him to greater exertion, and he produced, on a larger scale than the former, "The Coral Finders;—Venus and her youthful attendants arriving at the Isle of Paphos;" a work which, for brilliant colouring and classic purity of invention, may be ranked with the chefs-d'œuvres of the school of Venice. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1820, and gained him a commission for another picture, "Cleopatra on the Cydnus," which rivalled its predecessor. As an instance of the increase of value which time gives to works of art, we may mention, that the artist received for the "Cleopatra" two hundred guineas in 1822, and that the same picture was purchased in 1848 for one thousand pounds.

In the summer of 1822 he left England for Italy, passing through Paris. When he reached Rome, he found the weather unusually hot, and malaria raging, which induced him to retire for a time to Naples. There he passed the time in a manner congenial with his refined taste, visiting Herculaneum and Pompeii, Baïæ, Pozzuoli, and other places of note in that lovely region. He pursued his artistic studies in the Museum at Naples; and, in the sea-shore gardens of the Villa Reale, he drew the celebrated "Tauro Farnese." Before leaving that part of Italy, he ascended Vesuvius, while the mountain was in a

state of eruption. He passed a whole night, not without peril, in watching the mighty throes of that fearful volcano; and descended just as the dawn of a summer's morning unfolded the beauties of the city and bay of Naples.

The malaria having subsided, he started for the Eternal City. Rome, with its glorious historical associations, its mighty architectural relics, its sculptures and its paintings, furnished unlimited materials to the fertile mind of Etty. Nothing of interest was overlooked by him; and, with the deep soul-worship of a congenial spirit, he felt at the same time humbled and inspired in the presence of the world-famous creations of art so profusely spread around him. He painted in the Borghese Palace, in the Capitol, and the Vatican, devoting himself chiefly to copying from Michael Angelo and Raffaele. He also studied the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Cupid and Psyche; and paid occasional visits to Tivoli, Albano and Frascati.

But even in Rome, the mighty metropolis, where—

The very dust we tread stirs as with life;
And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur—

his thoughts were turning to that "glorious City in the Sea," in whose bosom were deposited the treasures which he idolized, the glowing productions of the school of Venice. He was not long in reaching the spot which was the goal of his wishes. "Venezia, cara Venezia," he exclaims, kindling at the recollection of bygone days, "thy pictured glories haunt my fancy now! Venice, the birthplace and cradle of colour, the hope and idol of my professional life, its towers and campanelles rising like exhalations from the bosom of the Lagoon, the Queen of Isles. I hear the bells from the towers thereof; mark well her bulwarks; the gondola glides, the dark gondola. Stanzas of Tasso and Ariosto are sung beneath my windows; the scene enchants me, even in a dull day in November. I felt at home most in Venice, though I knew not a soul." Here, then, surrounded by the master pieces of Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, Bonifacio, and all the "radiant glories of that beloved city," he gave himself up to that mental luxury which results from the highest appreciation of art. He pursued his studies with increased vigour; and the Academy elected him an honorary member. Making Venice his head quarters, he visited every spot invested with natural or historic interest. Bologna and Ferrara, Mantua and the "smooth-gliding" Mincio, and Verona, where Juliet lies, by turns claimed his attention.

He now determined to visit Florence, for the purpose of copying, life-size, the celebrated "Venus" of Titian. With the assistance of friends, after several days' delay, he succeeded in obtaining the requisite permission to copy in the Tribune. All who have compared with the original the picture which he then drew, admire its fidelity and beauty. On completing his Titian, and some less important subjects, he went again to Venice, where he continued for some time;

and then began to think of returning to England. He set out from Italy with that feeling of regret which all experience in leaving who have sojourned in that lovely land.

From Italy he went to France, and spent a short time in Paris, copying in the Louvre. He arrived in England in 1824, with an immense collection of finished studies and sketches, the result, for the most part, of two years' indefatigable labour in the countries where the mightiest in art were born, where they flourished, and where they died.

The night after his arrival he was at his duties in the Royal Academy; and the happy result of foreign travel on his mind was visible in the beautiful picture of "Pandora crowned by the Seasons," which he soon after exhibited. At the next election, the Academy chose him an Associate, in opposition to Mr. Allan, now Sir William Allan, President of the Scottish Royal Academy. In a letter to Wilkie, written at this time, Sir Thomas Lawrence observes, "You know the claims of Mr. Etty, and how much he may be said to be a child of the Royal Academy;—educated in it, its most assiduous student, a former pupil of its President, and a man of the most blameless life, modest and natural manners."

From this period he painted with wonderful rapidity almost up to the end of his life. The walls of the Exhibition were enriched year after year with paintings, the finished beauty of which was matter of surprise considering their number and variety of subject. With the exception of Rubens, perhaps there never was a genius more prolific. The enumeration of his works would fill a volume. A few of the principal may be named, without regard to order—"The Origin of Marriage," "The History of Judith," "The Judgment of Paris," "The Combat," "Hero and Leander," "Benaiiah, David's Chief Captain," "Ulysses and the Sirens," "Joan of Arc," "A Bivouac of Cupid," "Phædrus and Cymochles," and "Woman pleading for the Vanquished." Not only were these bought up with avidity, and realized high prices, but all his works have been eagerly sought for; and so high do they now stand in public opinion, that it is impossible to guess what sums may have to be paid hereafter for even the smallest production.

In 1828 Mr. Etty was elected Royal Academician. In 1830 he paid another visit to Paris, in company with some friends. While resident there, the Three Days Revolution of July burst on the city with fearful violence. He was engaged at the time in copying in the Louvre, and his daily walk from his residence was beset with dangers and horrors. But nothing could induce him to stay within doors. His conduct at this time forms an admirable illustration of the triumph of mind over material circumstance. While an infuriated populace was raging round the walls of the Louvre, and the artillery was thundering on them from the Pont Neuf, within, the painter was pursuing his peaceful calling, disturbed only by the grapeshot that shattered the windows of his study.

He speedily returned to England, however, happy

in escaping the wild excitement of the French metropolis. He settled in London, residing chiefly in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, and painted and studied with untiring enthusiasm. Indeed, almost to the last, he was as constant an attendant in the 'Life' study as if he were a mere novice in the art.

In June of past year a selection of his works formed the second exhibition of the works of British Painters at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. One hundred and thirty pictures then graced the walls of that valuable institution, some of which were his most successful efforts. On a small picture of "Cupid sheltering his Darling from the Approaching Storm," appeared the earliest date, 1822. "Cupid in a Shell," "The Mourner," "Nymph after Bathing," and some others, were then first exhibited. The public had not till that time witnessed so glorious an assemblage of paintings, the brilliant emanations of one mind.

He had been for some time in declining health, when, about a year and a half ago, he retired to York, for the benefit of his native air, and purchased a house in Coney Street. The exhibition in June had necessarily demanded his presence in London, but was an exertion which he was ill able to bear. He had been labouring for a long time under a disease of the heart; and he expired, somewhat suddenly, at his residence in York, on the 13th of November last, at the age of sixty-three, universally regretted. The admiration with which he was regarded in his native place, was testified by the profound respect paid to his memory, when his remains were taken to their final resting-place in the church-yard of Saint Olave's, Mary Gate. The funeral procession comprised a vast number of persons on foot and in carriages, among whom were the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Council of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, and the pupils of the York Government School of Design. As the mournful company passed along the principal streets, most of the shops were closed; and the death-bell of the Minster proclaimed to York that its most illustrious citizen had departed. We perceive with pleasure that his fellow-townsmen contemplate erecting a statue to his memory.

In private life there was no one more esteemed. Always humorous, he was an agreeable companion; while his ordinary conversation was remarkable for a poetical expression perfectly natural and unaffected. Remembering the struggles and disappointments of his own early days, he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He was deeply imbued, from his earliest days, with the spirit of religion, and was rigorous in the duties of Divine Worship. He took great interest in the establishment and progress of the York Government School of Design; and in the preservation of the antiquities of his native city. When a great portion of the noble cathedral was destroyed by fire, he was one of those most active in promoting its restoration. One weak point of character, for which he was always remarkable, as he himself informs us, was a tendency to "fall in love!" Alfieri asserts,

that this propensity, shown in early life, is "an unerring sign of a soul formed for the Fine Arts." The truth of this assertion Etty would seem to have illustrated; but why, possessing this amiable qualification, he was never married, is a problem which we must leave to our fair readers to solve.

Unlike his master, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Etty amassed a great fortune; and is an instance, not of daily occurrence, of the alliance of prudence and genius. It is not uninteresting to know, that he has a brother still living, who bought him, when a child, his first box of water colours.

In style Mr. Etty has been said by some to resemble Rubens. To us he seems to have followed no one master, but rather to have formed a style for himself out of the collected beauties of the Venetian school. His delineations of the nude, especially in the female form, possess a beauty which we vainly seek in the works of Rubens. Like Titian, he has produced but few landscapes, preferring to exercise his powers in the development of the human form; but the scenes which form his back-grounds,—the woods, streams, meadows, flowers, and skies,—present the most glorious aspects of the earth and heavens.

There are still extant many rough draughts and sketches, executed during his apprenticeship, which display a bold and skilful drawing. They were probably his only solace in that busy period. His earliest exhibited works were "Telemachus rescuing the Princess Antiope from the fury of the Wild Boar," and "Priam supplicating Achilles for the body of Hector." They were in Somerset House in 1811, but drew no particular attention. The Vernon Gallery contains eleven of his pictures, two of which, "Bathers surprised by a Swan," and "Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," may be classed with his most felicitous efforts.

His auto-biographical sketch, addressed in letters to a relative, which appeared some months ago in the "Art Journal," is the record of a life wholly devoted to art; and is equally remarkable for its moral axioms and its elegant diction.

The Heathen Mythology, "The Iliad," and "The Faërie Queen," were the chief sources of his inspiration. And what visions of loveliness has he presented to our gaze! Scenes which a Grecian poet of the antique time might have dreamed on the banks of Cephissus:—Wood-nymphs sheltering from noon-tide heat in the depths of impenetrable forests; laughing naiads frolicking with swans; summer bathers in lily-covered lakes; goddesses combing their tresses before mirrors of steel, or floating, in burnished ships, on the bosom of waters flushed with crimson sunsets.

There is no painter whose absence from the exhibition of the Royal Academy will be more deeply deplored. When from amidst that bright assemblage of the creations of native genius we miss the "old familiar faces," we shall feel that a spell, which held us in delicious thralldom, is dissolved, and that a spirit, whose mission was to charm us from the realities of life, has passed from the earth for ever.

CHANGES AND CHANCES.

THE vicissitudes of life furnish every branch of literature with its most affecting subject. Scripture often adverts to them, and they are recorded so frequently in the pages of history and biography as to strike the most careless reader. The poet and the novelist make them the theme of their most touching passages, and the philosopher of his most impressive lessons; and all are naturally led to contrast their continual recurrence with the course of that happier state of existence, where, in the midst of endless variety, no change can interpose to mar felicity. The great uncertainty of the attainment of the most insignificant object is so plain to us all, that we feel with Sterne, "that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wished and naturally expected from them."

We need not look beyond our own days for Changes and Chances quite astounding. Within less than two years we have seen kings doffing their crowns and laying down their sceptres so repeatedly, that the sight has become perfectly familiar; and these remarkable events have been marked by trifling, but significant incidents, which have been appropriately called *signs of the times*, and are similar to those which are described as having taken place when Louis XVI. was dethroned and executed. Ballad singers at that time adapting their revolutionary songs to the same airs to which they had chanted their loyal ditties; the itinerant venders of goods, as they oried them through the streets, throwing in a phrase to show which way the tide had turned; thus, the fruit which had been loudly called through the public ways as "the plums of Queen Claude," were then vociferously offered as the "prunes de la Citoyenne Claude." We have so often seen what was intended for a special purpose turned to a totally different use that we have been repeatedly reminded of the striking manner in which this has been touched on by Shakespeare, when Hamlet says,—

"——The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

The wax lights set up for the ball to be given at the Tuileries by the king and queen of the French, served for the illuminations during the rejoicings on the night of the abdication,—the very night which had been fixed on for the royal ball. A most striking instance, though arising wholly from accident, occurred in Rome, by which a purpose altogether different from that intended was answered;—it struck us so much at the time, that we copied it from *The Times* of August 14, 1847-1848. Part of the paragraph ran thus:—"In the evening a frightful tumult arose in the streets, it being stated that news had arrived confirming the statement that the Italians had won the battle, and it was added that Radetsky was killed. The great bell of the capital was rung, and all the other bells in Rome answered it. Muskets were fired here and there, and in a group more agitated than others, there were loud cries of 'Long live King

Albert, only king of Italy!' A body of the people went to the minister Manciani, who declared to them that the news of the victory of the Italians was true. They then went to the Sardinian ambassador's, when a person appeared on the balcony, and also announced that the intelligence was correct; after which he cried, 'Long live Charles Albert the victorious!' The people were so impatient to ring the bells that they did not wait for the keys of the churches, but broke open the doors; and, as they were not accustomed to bell-ringing, some, instead of ringing peals of joy, clanged the death bells, and others sounded the tocsin." This, added to the discharge of muskets and the excitement of the people in the streets, caused great dismay, and it is said that some women, *enceinte*, actually died of terror, and by the discharge of the muskets several persons were desperately wounded. A few days after these fatal and ominous rejoicings, news arrived that the Italians had *not* been victorious, but had been beaten. Thus the tolling of the death bells, rung but accidentally as signals of joy, were indeed too well suited to the occasion.

Southey mentions, in his letters from Spain and Portugal, a remarkable instance of a statue being made to serve a purpose which was never thought of—it was of a sleeping Venus. It was placed in the romantic gardens of Penhavarde, in Cintra. A pious Roman Catholic repaired every morning to the spot, to offer up his prayers to the heathen goddess, under the impression that she addressed herself to an image of the Virgin Mary. There never was a more striking instance of the different purpose from what was intended having been effected, than that which we all remember—where Haman was hanged upon the gallows which he had erected for Mordecai. A most affecting incident is told of the Princess Charlotte, which bears upon the subject. She was sitting for her likeness to Lawrence, unknown to Prince Leopold, intending it for a gift and agreeable surprise to him on her birthday; but before that day came round she was in her grave, and the picture, which was to have given so much delight, became a most affecting legacy.

Another very touching instance may be given. The mail coaches, at Christmas and other holiday times, used to be filled with the boys from Eton, Harrow, and other schools, all on their way to their longed-for homes; and many a one that met them along the roads looked with pleasure on their happy faces, and read upon the banners which they displayed, "*Dulce domum*," and they heard the young merry voices singing joyfully in chorus, "*Dulce, dulce domum*;" a song indeed most full of pathetic recollections. The story tells that once in holiday time it fell, that one poor boy was kept for punishment in Winchester School, and he saw all his companions set off with hearts elate for home, and his heart yearned to be with his own, and he composed that ballad of "*Dulce Domum*," and he set it to his own simple music, and he continued incessantly to sing it, and as he sung, he pined more and more after his home, and so he fell sick and died.

ROMANCE IN BOYHOOD.

BY G. C.

ROMANCE in boyhood,—as well might it be said, boyhood in romance, for where that age is happy amidst circumstances favourable to the nature being developed, it is as much soaked and steeped in this glowing and gorgeous element, as it conceives the materials of it within the mind. Boyhood is not *poetic*, except inasmuch as romance is the passive, inactive branch of poetry, not conscious of any imaginative light it throws upon nature and events. It may be described as that state in which the heart is all credulity, association, wonder, dread, impulse, and bursting happiness; when the soul, its desires and reveries, are disproportioned to external objects, yet transform themselves outside into seeming realities. Romance is proper to the heart *then*, or else it must be cramped and limited all its life long, never to conceive an idea greater than its condition, and to drag on in the same dead level till the end. The country, with its vagueness and variety of associations, is the natural source for this; yet all boys, even all boys born and living in the country, are not characterised by the tendency to it; there is the *rural* feeling in them often without the *romantic*. In the case of both men in general and poets, it has been disputed whether those bred in town or country are best fitted to appreciate and describe nature, human or inanimate; the former, "long in populous city pent," come out and fall a raving about everything that is rustic; they "babble o' green fields;" the latter, like natives of any particular region, omit many things that are interesting in it, and are apt to muse and meditate of matters akin to solitude, but not human. Our verdict in this question would be, that he will best feel or represent nature who has first drawn nourishment in sequestered life, afterwards to recall it through the medium of streets and men. But there is a third element still required, to confer a richness upon the imagination of all objects, which combined with those other two would make up the perfect poet, and which cannot be gained except by original situation of a specific kind. This element is the *historical*; the continual presence of remains from what is past and old, so that we may be allied to the hereditary ideas of the race, seeing colours and forms that are not palpably obvious, regarding some things with a sentiment of veneration because they belong to time. This sentiment in our own day appears in a measure fading from the world, which rather aspires now toward the future and the better, than reveres what has been. In early boyhood, however, there is an embrace for everything that leads it out of itself and gives vent to the restless fancy. To *youth* belong change, life, the future world of activity and passion; but boyhood loves the objects around it because it can invest them with a thousand meanings; it is satisfied with them because it never thinks of questioning their authority; all it has to do is to explore this and revere it.

It was our lot thus to have our early days cast in a

district full of antique remnants, of olden manners, traditions, songs, and quaint historical associations. Of all places in our island, the pastoral Borders are the region where romance has lingered longest, and where, although the intelligence of two nations might be thought to interchange, the mediæval spirit has its best representation. The people of the Highlands have far less of this rich, fantastic lore about them; it was from hence the Ballad minstrelsy arose, which infused new vitality into our literature. While Burns in the West expressed the heart of human passion, freshly lyrical, and Wordsworth in the South expounded the thoughtful human soul, it was Scott, and Hogg, and Allan Cunningham that represented human life in its relation to circumstance and story.

Within but a narrow circle round the small upland parish in which we lived, little as the neighbourhood possessed that was beautiful to the eye in itself, there was quite a cluster of old towers, of castles, abbeys, and chapels, all ruined in their places, all linked to the names of living families, each mentioned in some ballad of love, of fight, or foray. Half-a-mile from our birth-place, under a hill that was visible from our bed-room window, stood Corsbie Tower, hoary, broken, and tree-surrounded, which the name of some unknown Scott endeared. Over on the other side of a northern upland was the hold of Whitslead, a grey fragment on a mound by the bank of a brook; and in the little green churchyard near our garden you could read upon an old stone table, "Here lyeth Sir William Montgomery of Whitslead." Five miles off, by paths through the long fir-woods, you came to the red upright shaft of Gordon Tower, still slated over, like that of grim and ghostly Smailholm, that rose upon a rocky eminence right between you and the southern sky. Eastward, when you went up the hills, appeared the larger pile of Hume Castle, lifted on the horizon of an endless range of uplands; the cry only of a more sagacious and strong-winged bird of prey, the eagle's nest among hawks'. Soon you could look over almost into the vale of Melrose, for you saw the cloven peak of the Eildons, the black hill, and the purple hill of Cowdenknowes, where were the old house of Cowdenknowes with its keep still in use as a cellar, and the tower of Thomas the Rhymer, down amongst the smoke of Earlstoun village, beside the clear channel of the Leader. There was the ford which "True Thomas" crossed at dawn, with the mysterious hart and hind, to go up the grey side of the Eildons, away for ever to Faëry land; and looking, as we could have done every day at school, into the lime and earth upon his dark hall-floor, was it not natural for us to believe in our secret hearts of the wizard knight, of Faëry land itself, and of the prophecy fulfilled, that

"The hare shall kittle on thy hearth-stane!"

Even passing as boys amongst the hills and pine-plantations, sometimes we used to realize forcibly the old condition of the inhabitants that had been, when there was no refuge from that chain of towers and

castles, except by belonging to one of them. Sheep and cattle fed quietly all round about, stumbling unmolested upon the very mounds of their foundations; the shepherd, an Elliot, an Armstrong, or a Scott, looked out placid from the hill-side with his dog; but the thought often sprung into our imaginations, and was exchanged in words—if we could but see the horses' heads and the steel caps above them, winding down from yonder tower in the dusk, with gleaming spear-heads, what work there would be! Perhaps it would be a long moonlight night, though; and Border moonlight had a peculiar sense, as it rose misty over the innumerable braes: for all the hills near at hand would be bare enough, and a dark night would do to harry a neighbour in; there would be striking of hands, and gathering together from many a haugh and glen, all to ride away for England yonder, where the pale blue Cheviots topped the south-cast. To us that faint glimpse of England was a whole gush of thrilling imagination, reality, and national hatred; we lived absolutely in old time, long before the Union, somewhat in the days of "The Flowers of the Forest," which girls sang as they milked the cows. Next morning, we thought, there would be smoke after smoke rising along the path of our moss-troopers, from barn, from byre, and dwelling; fire would answer fire on the beacon-heights, and perchance in some ford of Tweed, choked up with cattle, there would be enacted some stirring scene of Border ballad again. Yet when first I saw grey Dryburgh in its woods, and the broad green vale of "holy Melrose" opening by silver Tweed, and pale Kelso Abbey, or a little Lady Chapel, how did I realize on the other hand what blessings of peace, refuge, order, the Church afforded long ago! Mercy, pious repose, awful sanctity, looked out through the delicate tracery of their ruined windows; their beauty was a thing that came melting even one's boyhood, from the very buried hearts of the old unhappy dead, that were so harassing and harassed, so evil and ignorant, ages ere we were born. For the sake of those towers upon the heights, and unknown huts obliterated near them, blessed were these cloisters in the vale. And the heretic-burning, soul-governing sons of Mother-Church—the quaint old monks,—what soft green fields and fruitful orchards did they cultivate, when the precincts of knights and moss-troopers were so sterile and hungry-looking, as they are to this day! They chose out, indeed, the fairest, most fertile spots, but they took what no other proprietors would have cared for, to till, or would have undertaken to defend. Those good Border fathers—blessings be on their shaven heads!—had no heretics to trouble them, for no man thought at all; but two commandments of the decalogue must have given them sad work, while yielding them as much revenue as all the rest together.

Then again, four miles away, at Lauder, there was Thirlestane Castle, where the gloomy Lauderdales, with a Covenanter's curse upon them, had dwelt; illustrated, too, by our own little churchyard, where many a time I used to clear out with a nail the

(1) Ballad of Thomas of Ercildoune.

epitaph of "that godly man, Mr. Calderwood," who slept very quietly under a "through-stane," at the church-gable, borne up by cherubs' heads and wings, long grass blowing round him into the shadow of the old building he had preached in. For there were moors and hills round about, where Covenanters and Cameronians had wandered, even here and there a green mound in the heather which shepherds would say was *their* last resting-place, watered by dews and kept free from scath, like Gideon's fleece upon the threshing-floor of Abiezer, a sign to the Lord for all generations. But most romantic circumstance of all, —the towers of Abbotsford were within a ten miles' journey; the Great Magician of the Borders was near us in our boyish days, living and writing his marvellous books within the same circle of sky. Now and then he would pass through the village where we were at school,—that tall grey man, grey-haired, grey-eyed, with shaggy grey eyebrows, in his plaid trowsers and dark shooting-coat, walking by a pony carriage, with "a hircle in his gait:" a dim form and indistinct to our careless eyes! But going home over the hills I read his "Lord of the Isles" and "Last Minstrel," while still the wondrous pen wrote on; and the reading of those strains, in sight of Border hills and towers, stirred my soul like the voice of trumpets. To one with such schooling the things visible could not be mere objects of to-day and yesterday, or to-morrow!

It was that old Tower of Corsbie or Crosbie, however, that first sent into my own boyish love of rustic things and idle adventures the additional sentiment of romance: it was *our own* tower, a sort of picture in the living primer of our childhood, that stood for all the stateliest remnants of antiquity, from itself to the Colosseum. Our father and mother would have us stay at home, learn our lessons, and speak English; but only while mere children did the narrow household grounds and the home plantation suffice for our enjoyments, or "speaking *proper*" for the many quaint notions that could be only expressed in good broad Scotch. Then there was the neighbouring farmer's son, an uncombed, uncultivated little fellow of my own age, whom I was not to make my companion; but of all boys this was the one my soul must love, and a feeling arose towards him so unique, so independent of all that he really was or was to be, that one cannot describe it, for it has nothing after it to compare with. His occupation seemed to me the very ideal of existence; in the summer time he went to no dull, monotonous school, but herded his father's cows and "stirks" all day, out of sight or hearing, and drove them home at night along between the fir-woods. He had his plaid and his stick, his bannock and his can of milk, his own dog "Help;" he sat and cut whistles out of branches with his knife, or built a hut for shelter from the rain, or threw stones at the birds, and knew all the nests for miles round. That was the true, happy pastoral life, the golden age of which I had read in Ovid's dead Latin, by dint of dictionary and chastisement; and oh, what delight it was to find it so near, by stealing out now and then to spend the

long summer day with him, in the long green fields, with the long green fir-woods to shut out the chimneys of the house and everything connected with it!

First, there was to be discovered the particular field in which that season had laid their pasture-ground; and then how fortunate if it chanced, as often was the case, to lie in the solitary hollow about the marsh where the old tower arose! The cattle fed slowly towards it in the afternoon, cooling their feet amongst the boggy sedge around it, then finally lying down to rest at the roots of the tall old trees which encircled its solid mound of turf. The grass there was old, short, and greener than elsewhere, concealing the foundations of an outer rampart, though here and there a grey stone jutted out; across the quaking bog, blackened with peat-holes, a firm path led along what had been a causeway to the bottom of the brown desolate hill sloping up behind. On another hillock hard by lay seemingly the traces of a few cottages, where simple, peaceful people might have lived; away from thence the ground was free for the single file of riders, coming cautiously over the narrow passage, to have scattered out, struck spurs, and galloped off to replenish their court-yard, which the lady at home had reminded them was empty. One realized the scene so vividly, as to look up for her coifed head and the faces of her damsels appearing on the upper battlement. The tall ruddy tower stood upon the summit of the mound, a wide crack in its broadest wall where the distant sky stared through, a loophole or two from story to story, a high window sprinkled across with leaves of a green weed, another opening black as night; inside, the vent of a chimney blackened by smoke, and a hollow stone basin full of withered leaves which the wind of years had scattered in it. The place was silently mournful; you looked up from a reverie of what had passed there, a whole scene of life seeming to vanish off in the moment with a spectral whisper, and you saw only the white clouds floating high over the ragged top of the wall above. One or two trees, dead with age, writhed ghastly and black upon the northern side; the rest, alive, green, throwing out their strong arms, made you think of actual witnesses to things they never could reveal. The great branch of one by the gateway stretched forth like a beam that had served many a time for Border justice, in the days when feudal masters held power of life and death; when the baron's gallows might have three posts, the lord's two, and the knight's but a single one. And a quarter of a mile off, over the rise of ground, peeped up the short black chimneys and thatched roofs of cottages in the "hinds'" hamlet, near the large slated house of the great farmer laird; all feudal there to that day, for the women "bondagers" of the farmer's *hinds* were perhaps hoeing in a field beyond. Those cottages, looking so peacefully quiet in their faint blue smoke, were built out of one wall of the tower; it was but the feudal order succeeding in its time, at this belated place, to the strife of more ancient barbarism. Amongst the rank sedges of the marsh which had been its warlike defence, perchance of yore a little

solitary lake by the hill-foot, there bloomed many a wild water-flower, the red marsh-rose, the purple moss-hyacinth and *fleur-de-lis*, white cat's-tail, water arrow-head, blue forget-me-not, and fragrant queen-of-the-meadow. Short willow-bushes fringed the bank, blue-berries and moss-berries were to be found along the foot of the hill; the whole place was full of Nature, whose freaks there wore the air of elfin-like rejoicing, as if she stole out of the ploughed land and cropped pasture, for refuge in it. What with birds and their eggs, too, it was a perfect manor to us boys; yet all the while, the still vicinity of that ruin, so august and knightly yet, sank into one's imagination the more it contrasted with our momentary enjoyments. When all of a sudden the rich golden glow of late sunshine smote its summit over the trees, bringing out the shadow, and lighting up each weather-mark in the stone, there was something solemn in it: the dark window gloomed out upon us, the high battlement looked down proudly, and we could not help gazing up in awe, and involuntarily speaking low. The tower seemed drawn out from the shadow of the brown hill, within which it stood cold and grey in the morning. The gleam stole down almost to its foot, gilded the grassy mound and a branch or two of the trees; for a minute it was all arrayed in light so rich, so bright, so exquisitely tender, that you would have thought Nature loved to give it a visit on her way; then the radiance crept up again till it only lingered on the highest stones, the overhanging piece of parapet, the sprigs of wall-flower, where it burned like the touch of a jewelled finger, as if in visible farewell. Beneath stood the strong dark masonry, the level marsh lay along in cool, rank green, rough with sedges; the last glimmer was lifted from off it, and appeared upon the top of the sombre hill, while the twilight floated down like a falling garment: on every side arose the Border uplands, some brown with moor, some grey, others ploughed red in furrows to the sky, or fringed with the spires of fir. The bittern and curlew began to call in the marsh, and suddenly the yellow space of sunset was sprinkled with the shower of rooks that came in one long string towards their cluster of nests in the old trees; some parting off to the round tall wood upon a neighbouring eminence, the rest circled once about the tower and then settled down cawing and croaking upon the branches, making the silent place echo with their noise.

At night, indeed, our favourite old tower was changed into the haunt of all that was supernatural and ghostly; for, according to the vulgar legend of the place, it was the abode of some strange unearthly being, called "The Green Lady." Whether this mysterious inhabitant had once been human, or was merely an embodiment of the natural spirit which popular emotion had inferred from the scene, there was a specific character in the very epithet that carried its force to young imaginations. Without that notion there would have been something wanting in our whole system of ideas; we no more doubted of the "Green Lady" than of the tower itself; and I have

since thought, although I never heard of a fair one so complexioned in connexion with any other spot, that it was no infelicitous name for that mute, wondrous lady who takes up her dwelling in the desolate hall of man, expelling all his gibbering ghosts, yet bringing thero a pathos of her own. Her thrilling eyes they were that glanced through the openings from one side of the sky to the other, her solitude that looked out of the inner gloom from a window; purple, blue, crimson and golden, were the lights which came about her place from phantom land, the elfin holders of her train while men pointed together at her ruined palace. But to single witnesses, in night and loneliness, she came out alone; she was no black horror, white spectre, or ghost with bloody mantle and stony gaze: her garment was green, her very look was growth, verdure, reconciliation to sad human history, and her eyes, bright as emerald, wore the meaning of the Past against every morning. The rustics of the place, belated as they crossed by the edge of the peat-moss, when the fox stole out of the fir-plantations above and the owl hooted from the tower, when the bittern boomed and a rook or two cawed faintly in his sleep, thought they had seen the "Green Lady," with her flowing robe held up, glide silently along the dusk of the hollow; and a whisper shot back to the other side as she seemed to enter the dim pine-woods, perhaps the rustling of innumerable leaves. She was going towards Gordon or Smailholm, or the "Rhymer's Tower," they fancied, and whoever she met would go mad to his dying day: it may be, who knows, she was passing to Abbotsford, to visit the minstrel there, after turning in to look on "holy Melrose" and fair Tweed, nothing fearing the sacred rood or the monk's cell. For so they say of minstrels, that the Spirit of Nature has turned their brain with her unutterable eyes! And we children always felt that in this superstition of the "Green Lady," however strongly credited, there was less of terror than of a quaint, "cery" veneration; an indistinctness was associated with her, that had probably induced the distinctive epithet, while she herself was the imaginative provision against any guilty human ghost that might otherwise have been in her place. Perchance the moss-troopers of Corsbie Tower had lived free at least of domestic crime, and there was a want of grounds for any ancient inmate to remain out of the grave, with ten times the vividness and the dread, as in some old shattered house of a more recent day, with its long passages and moonlit terracc. So the "Green Lady," who would have triumphed some time after all, had taken quiet possession for many a year. In her colour, though, I must confess the "Green Lady" had taken an unfair advantage, since any bush or tree might have seemed herself by moonlight or mist, or some unfortunate person might have mistaken her for a bush or tree, and gone crazy by mistake in the one case, or remained sane in the other; as one who can describe bushes and trees sometimes conceives himself muse-stricken and bound to rave, while a "mute inglorious Milton" may happen not to know his own faculty.

But above all, behind the ruin, high up in a narrow face of its red wall, there was an open door-way cut off from the rest of the tower and altogether inaccessible to us; although part of a rugged buttress below, and a few broken steps jutting out above, seemed always tantalizing us to the attempt. Not a streak of light mixed with the blackness ever gazing forth at this mysterious door, so that there a portion of the old stronghold must actually remain entire; the very stairs trodden by feet hundreds of years ago clung there to the stone, leading the imagination as it were step by step up to the threshold, and over it into the darkness, after leaping over the blank between. But to get over that blank corporeally was the point; one which we could not manage, even if we would have dared to go in. The door was that of a chamber, we did not doubt, and it might lead to others, still perfect, still perhaps containing fragments of antique furniture, of armour, or things yet more wonderful. Contrasting with the bare shelterless aspect of all besides, open as the tower was to sky and weather, this entrance into a covered privacy beyond reach of man, or in fact of the highest ladder thereabouts, had of itself a sufficiently impressive effect; and in later days I should have speculated as to what purpose that shadowy apartment served in the family of a chief of old, whether it was the stately dame, or the young maiden, or the shaven "moss-priest," or the friendly guest that used to occupy it, and look out from some upper loop-hole in it along the hollow. By popular consent, however, *that* was the very chamber of the "Green Lady" herself, the door through which she issued and returned without need of step or stair, and the place by which her awful presence was connected so incomprehensibly with this outward world. And as my companion and I lay upon the heather at the hill-foot opposite, gazing across at its dark mouth, many a curious dialogue did we hold as to what went on within, what marvels it might contain, who and what the strange supernatural tenant was. Each of us would invent his own hypothesis of her history and nature, striving above all to explain that most singular characteristic expressed by her name: with me, I remember, she was the lord of the tower's fair daughter, and the knight of "Greenknowe Tower," beyond the hill at Gordon, had been her lover; but her father had foully slain him and buried him secretly, so that every night she wandered out to find his grave by the greenness of the grass where he was hidden, or by the falling of the leaves in the wood, until her love and grief made her at last like the grass and the leaves herself before she died. For an old servant-maid of my father's used to sing two verses of a ballad, the rest of which she did not know, somewhat like these:—

"O green's the boughs in Huntly wood,
And green's the grass by Gordon east,
For o' the tane ye made his bier—
The tither haps' my true-love's breist!"

O Huntly wood and Gordon shaw,
It's gin' ye're greener where he's laid in—
Mak my heart's bluid like the sap o' yours,
Ye're kinder far than bluidy kin!"

It [was only my fancy, however, that connected them with the legend of the "Green Lady," so far as I know; and my rustic companion had a different story, more consistent with his notions. According to him, she had probably been a changeling carried away by the fairies in the great days of the tower, who had come back only when it was a ruin, and did not understand anything she saw, wandering about bewildered all night; but there was, no doubt, a rich treasure up in that dark chamber, which she was afraid to leave. One supposition we agreed nevertheless to scout, namely, that only her *dress* was green; no, her face, her hair, herself and everything about her, must of course be pure green, and her eyes must be more wonderfully and awfully green than anything upon earth. Had we doubted of her colour we should have disbelieved in her altogether.

But as more matter-of-fact times began to dawn upon us, the romance of the "Green Lady" lost its hold; the chief interest of the old tower became concentrated in that idea of a hidden treasure up in the inaccessible old chamber, which was a deep-seated one with every schoolboy that went to the rookery to get young crows, and did not know whether it had been explored or not. The golden dreams that succeeded to superstitious ones were not less fascinating, and supplied us with as many trains of speculation and coinages of the brain, while we lay upon the grass near at hand or far off, looking at the ruin and the clouds, or into the green wood. We had a cousin, a medical student, who came one summer from Edinburgh to stay with us; and little as he would have been affected by our other legends, or put faith in this, he considered it at least 'practical.' One afternoon we made an expedition to Corsbie Tower, where our cousin, who had supplied himself with a long pole and a hook at the end of it, succeeded after some difficulty in climbing up till he got into the door-way of our mysterious chamber. He then let down a rope-ladder which we had made, thus enabling my brother and me, with our friend the cow-herd, to ascend after him, and gain at last the long-desired object of our boyish curiosity. We then lighted a lantern, which revealed to us the cold bare walls, the vaulted roof, the floor thick-laid with dust and the droppings of owls, bats, and jackdaws, whose haunt it must have been for centuries. Two steps led up to a wider loop-hole just under the topmost battlement, through which a young rowan-tree had grown out, so as to raise its green leathery twigs into the upper air: we looked under them to the brown hill-top, and across the long fields and fir-woods as far as the smoking chimneys of our own home. We gazed out of the inner gloom from the empty door way into the bright summer air, and felt a thrill of emotion as if the very feelings of the ancient dead had entered into our hearts and issued from them again.

It was as if we *understood* for the first time their familiar associations, their daily purposes, a thousand things more unintelligible and ghostly than all we had dreamed of when looking up from the grass below; then the strange consciousness shot away with a whisper, like some august presence departing to the silent uplands, leaving us and the place as void as ruins ought to be. There was no inmate, no spirit, no treasure there; it was utter melancholy to see the palpable emptiness, to have driven the fancy from point to point, from bare hall to dark chamber, till it escaped at the highest loop-hole, and would leave that last refuge for ever vacant in our thoughts. For thus the cold glance of living reality streamed in upon the broken visions of youthful romance, bringing a time when they are no longer credible.

Twelve years after, a period doubled by the changes it had developed, I went back and stood by that old tower: the string of rooks came cawing home to the trees as before, out of the yellow sunset glow; it was all the same. But then I felt how securely imagination had translated it and all its associations to an ideal distance, so that there was an indestructible region within, more beautiful and significant by far. And often, in worldly days, from amidst the throng and hum of occupation, have we the power of going thither and conveying those we love, on wheels more swift and on wings more full than when upon earth we visit with steam car, with wheel, or sail, the lakes, the mountains, the towers, the woods of actual nature.—

"Twixt life and youth's blue land of wonder
Hath crept the long desert sand,—
But a fairy well springs midway yonder,
By a broad-leaved palm-tree fann'd.

If a pilgrim spirit hath drank the fountain,
And a palm-leaf into it fling,
Then bubbles the water from shore to mountain,
Ring swiftly following ring.

Each widening circle's necromancy
Wafts the palm-leaf larger in,
Like a bark where the rustling sail of fancy
Up the pilgrim's staff will win.

From foreground stern into æry distance
Spreads memory's pale expanse,
And a line of light from this dull existence
Strikes the shore of old romance.

Steps into the shallop a friendly chorus
Behind the o'ershadowing sail,
That breasts the moonshining air before us,
Driven on by a fragrant gale.

So wondrously mingle, to lake and shallop,
Green thought and long years ago,—
And every hand hath a holy scallop
To dip from their lyrical flow!

CHRONICLES OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

A VOLUME devoted to the history of the great motive power of modern society cannot be passed over as

(1) "*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.*" By John Francis, author of the "*History of the Bank of England, its Times and Tradition.*" 1849.

uninteresting or unimportant. In the "*Chronicles of the Stock Exchange*" are recorded many facts much stranger than fiction, and incidents which are calculated to suggest to the thoughtful mind the most salutary reflections. The events which Mr. Francis has so vividly narrated, are not less momentous, and are scarcely less exciting, than the history of political conflicts and foreign warfare. We are startled and confounded with authenticated instances of corruption in high places, and, as a natural sequence, of wide-spread national immorality. We read of gigantic fortunes reared upon the ruin of unlucky speculators; of human credulity, or gullibility, almost incredible; of dexterous knavery that has no parallel elsewhere; of disgraceful schemes which have beggared many and enriched a few; and of all the whimsical and sad vicissitudes which, during the last century and a half, have distinguished the careers of the worshippers and the worshipped in the temple of Mammon. We meet with many singular varieties and inconsistencies of character, and with many remarkable forms of human selfishness; and, it is right to add, with many examples of well-directed energy and unsullied probity, as well as of sordid cunning, profligacy, and fraud.

We are not among those who denounce every form and species of speculation as improper and immoral. Recent events have tended to cast suspicion and discredit upon the most legitimate undertakings. We do not wonder at it; the reaction perhaps is salutary and necessary. But deeply as we may deplore the reckless spirit of speculation which has caused so many broken hearts and impoverished homes, we agree with Mr. Francis that it is to Joint-stock Companies and the principle of association, that England is indebted for her greatest and her grandest undertakings.

"The bank of England, which has been called the bank of the world—the railways, which bear comfort and civilization to the remotest hamlets—the canals, which convey our commerce and irrigate our lands—our docks, which contain the wealth of the East and of the West—our Life Assurance Companies, which comfort many a desolate hearth and home, are the result of Joint-stock Companies. The evil is passing; but the good is permanent."

The tulip mania in Holland, which occurred in 1634, is referred to by Mr. Francis, as "the earliest instance of the fatal love of speculation, which is so ruinous to the character and credit of all who possess it." Despising their ordinary traffic, the principal cities of the Netherlands plunged into this wild speculation; the value of a bulb was frequently more than its weight in gold; "and tulips were as eagerly sought in 1634, as railway scrip in 1844."

"Contracts were made, and thousands of florins paid for tulips, which were never seen by broker, by buyer, or by seller. *For a time, as usual, all won and no one lost.* Poor persons became wealthy. High and low traded in flowers; sumptuous entertainments confirmed their bargains; notaries grew rich; and even the unimaginative Hollander fancied he saw a sure and certain prosperity before him."

At length a panic came, and confidence vanished.

"To parry the blow, the tulip merchants held public meetings, and made pompous speeches, in which they proved that their goods were worth as much as ever, and that a panic was absurd and unjust. The speeches produced great applause, but the bulb continued valueless; and, though actions for breach of contract were threatened, the law refused to take cognisance of gambling transactions."

Without wishing to make any invidious reflections, we think it will be admitted that the greater part of this description will apply as well to the gamblers in railway stock, as to the gamblers in tulips.

But before we proceed further, it will be convenient to turn to the principal topic discussed by Mr. Francis, —that of the origin and progress of the National Debt. The existence of this huge incumbrance has given rise to some party recrimination. It was the boast of the old Tories, that this debt was unknown in the days of the Stuarts, and that it came in with the house of Orange. On the contrary, it has been asserted by Mr. Macaulay,—and his remarks appear to us, on the whole, correct,—“that there can be no greater error than to imagine the device of meeting the exigencies of the State by loans, was imported into our island by William III. From a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English government to contract debts. What the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.” The rapidity with which the debt increased from the period of its establishment, is most marvellous. At the Revolution it amounted to 661,000*l.*; by 1710, it exceeded 50,000,000*l.* As it continued to augment, statesmen and philosophers indulged in the most gloomy predictions:—

“Hume wrote, ‘Either the nation must destroy public credit, or public credit must destroy the nation.’ Sir Robert Walpole said,—‘When the debt reaches 100,000,000*l.* the nation will be bankrupt.’ . . . Lord Bolingbroke declared the debt was sinking England into the gulf of inevitable bankruptcy.”

It has since increased to the astounding amount of upwards of 800,000,000*l.*; and though at different times many ingenious plans have been propounded, no effectual effort has yet been made to reduce it, or to provide for its ultimate extinguishment. In the meanwhile we have become used to the burden, and many persons are sanguine enough to speak of it as a source of national prosperity! But the subject is growing every day of grave importance to our own and our children's peace. Great as the resources of the country may be, no statesman at the helm of affairs can contemplate the national liabilities with complacency. We are no alarmists, but we feel the necessity of looking this question in the face.

“It is,” says Mr. Francis, “one great evil of the present age, that it persists in regarding the debt as perpetual. Immediately the expenditure is exceeded by the revenue, there is a demand for the reduction of taxation. We—a commercial people, brought up at the feet of Mr. Culloch, with the books of the national debt as a constant study, with the interest on the national debt as a constant remembrancer, persist in scoffing at any idea of decreasing the incumbrance; and when a

chancellor of the exchequer proposes a loan of eight millions, we growl and grumble, call it charitable, trust for better times, and read the opposition papers with renewed zest. There is no doubt that the resources of the nation are equal to far more than is now imposed; but it can only be done by an efficient revision of our taxation; and this will never be effected till the wolf is at the door. A war which greatly increased our yearly imposts would, with the present system, crush the artisan, paralyse the middle class, and scarcely leave the landed proprietor unscathed.”

It is but little use now to complain of the manner in which the debt was incurred:—

“The case is very similar to that of a land proprietor mortgaging his estate to defend it from a suit which endangers it. His posterity may regret, but they cannot complain; they know it is better to have the estate partially mortgaged than not to have an estate at all.”

The national debt having been created during the reign of William III., “jobbing in the English funds and East India stock succeeded.” The Hebrew and the Quaker appeared upon the mart, and measured their craft against each other. Substantial tradesmen became speculators in the funds. The “moneyed interest,” unknown till about 1692, was felt to be a power in the State.

The monetary magnate was frequently unscrupulous, and tricks and stratagems were employed to ensure success. Of this we have many examples.

Sir Henry Furness, a director of the Bank of England, was one of the earliest and most skillful jobbers upon record:—

“The news of the many battles fought at this period was received first by him, and the fall of Namur added to his profits, owing to his early intelligence. . . . But the temptation to deceive was too great even for this gentleman. He fabricated news; he insinuated false intelligence; he was the originator of some of those plans, which at a later period were managed with so much effect by Rothschild. If Sir Henry wished to buy, his brokers were ordered to look gloomy and mysterious, hint at important news, and after a time sell. His movements were closely watched; the contagion would spread; the speculators grow alarmed; prices be lowered four or five per cent.—for in those days the loss of a battle might be the loss of a crown, and Sir Henry Furness would reap the benefit by employing different brokers to purchase as much as possible at the reduced price.”

The number and importance of the jobbers continued to increase, and by 1715, they “must have reached,” says Mr. Francis, “a somewhat high position, as the same year one Quare, a Quaker, and celebrated watchmaker in ‘Change Alley, having successfully speculated in the shares and funds with which it abounded, was of sufficient importance to invite to the marriage feast of his daughter, Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, and the Princess of Wales, who with three hundred guests of distinction graced the wedding entertainment.”

We must also here copy Mr. Francis's picturesque description of the first stock-jobbing-hoax.

“The first political hoax on record occurred in the reign of Anne. Down the Queen's Road, riding at a furious rate, ordering turnpikes to be thrown open, and loudly proclaiming the sudden death of the queen, rode

a well-dressed man, sparing neither spur nor steed. From west to east, and from north to south, the news spread. Like wildfire it passed through the desolate fields where palaces now abound, till it reached the city. The train-bands desisted from their exercise, furled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed. The funds fell with a suddenness which marked the importance of the intelligence; and it was remarked that, while the Christian jobbers stood aloof, almost paralyzed with the information, Manasseh Lopez and the Jew interest bought eagerly at the reduced price. There is no positive information to fix the deception upon any one in particular, but suspicion was pointed at those who gained by the fraud so publicly perpetrated."

The South Sea bubble is ordinarily referred to as the most signal instance of human infatuation upon record. The success of the scheme was at first marvellous. At one period the stock rose as high as 1,000 per cent.; after which it sunk rapidly; "several eminent goldsmiths and bankers were forced to abscond; and every family in England felt the shock." A few anecdotes relating to this eventful period have been collected by Mr. Francis, which we transcribe to our pages:—

"The elder Scraggs gave Gay 1,000*l.* stock, and, as the poet had been a previous purchaser, his gain at one time amounted to 20,000*l.* He consulted Dr. Arbuthnot, who strongly advised him to sell out. The bard doubted, hesitated, and lost all. The doctor who gave such shrewd advice was too irresolute to act on his own opinion, and lost 2,000*l.*; but, with an enviable philosophy, comforted himself by saying, it would be only 2,000 more pairs of stairs to ascend.

"Thomas Hudson, a native of Leeds, came to London, and filled the situation of a government clerk. Having been left a large fortune, he retired to the country, where he lived until, tempted to adventure in the scheme, he embarked the whole of his fortune in it. After his loss he came to London, became insane, and Tom of Ten Thousand, as he called himself, wandered through the public streets, a piteous and pitiable object of charity.

"One tradesman, who invested his entire resources in the Stock, came to town to dispose of it, when it reached 1,000. On his arrival it had fallen to 900, and as he had decided to sell at 1,000, he determined to wait. The Stock continued to decline; the tradesman continued to hold; and became, as he deserved, a ruined man.

"Others were more fortunate. The fine mansion of Sir Gregory Page at Blackheath was built out of the profit made by his guardians; and two maiden sisters who sold the Stock at 970*l.* re-invested their money in navy-bills, at a discount of 25 per cent., which in a very short time were paid off at par.

"The wags of the day were not idle. A pretended office was opened in 'Change Alley to receive subscriptions for raising one million. The people flocked in, paid five shillings for every thousand they subscribed, fully believing they would make their fortunes. After a large sum had been subscribed, an advertisement was published, that the people might have their money without any deduction, as it was only a trial to see how many fools might be caught in one day."

Among the many remarkable men who were "tempted from their legitimate pursuits," to compete with the jobbers of the Stock Exchange, we meet with the name of Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, who died in 1724, leaving behind him a fortune of 500,000*l.*; in those days an almost fabulous

amount. Our readers will regret to learn that a large portion of this sum, a moiety of which has conferred such inestimable benefits on posterity, was literally wrung from the hard earnings of brave but improvident seamen.

"His principal dealings were in those tickets with which, from the time of the second Charles, the seamen had been remunerated. After years of great endurance, and of greater labour, the defenders of the land were paid with inconvertible paper; and the seamen, too often improvident, were compelled to part with their wages at any discount which the conscience of the usurer would offer. . . . In these tickets did Thomas Guy deal; and on the wrongs of these men was the vast superstructure of his fortune reared. But jobbing in them was as frequent in the high places of England, as in 'Change Alley. The seaman was poor and uninfluential, and the orders which were refused payment to him, were paid to the wealthy jobber, who parted with some of his plunder as a premium to the treasury, to disgorge the remainder."

To the hospital which bears his name, this noted jobber left no less than 240,000*l.*

In 1732 we are told that "Sir John Barnard endeavoured to draw the attention of the House of Commons to the dealings and doings of the Stock Exchange." Its fraudulent practices were denounced and exposed. "But it was to the *bargains for time* that public attention was principally pointed." During the time that the Bank books were each quarter closed, to prepare for the payments of the dividend, and when no transfer of stock could be made, it became a practice to buy and sell for the opening. This was a fruitful source of speculation. Purchases and sales of imaginary stock took place during this period, and Sir John Barnard endeavoured to cure the evil by legislative enactment. He succeeded in passing an Act which provided that no loss in bargains for time should be recoverable in the courts. The statute was, however, inoperative. "One hundred and sixteen years have passed," says Mr. Francis, "the Act is still in force, and speculative bargains have not only increased, but form the chief business of the Stock Exchange." In 1737 this patriotic senator brought forward a proposition to reduce the interest on the national debt from four to three per cent. But the moneyed interest successfully opposed the motion; though it was afterwards, (although received with a storm of indignation,) carried in 1750. But notwithstanding his many estimable qualities, the measure cost Sir John Barnard his popularity. "He grew," said Horace Walpole, "almost as unpopular as Byng." Few men, however, are more deserving of the respect of posterity. For six sessions, he represented in parliament the city of London; "his opinion on commercial subjects was greatly regarded; and in 1746 he had the honour of refusing the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"The blood of Sir John Barnard," adds Mr. Francis, "yet flows in the veins of some of the best houses in the commercial world, his son having married the daughter of a gentleman, known in contemporary history as 'the great banker, Sir Thomas Hankey.'"

For the business of the Stock Exchange, the

keen-witted Hebrews in the metropolis displayed from the first a peculiar aptitude; and the following is a characteristic portrait of one of the most distinguished members of that money-making race:—

"Sampson Gideon, the great Jew broker, as he was called in the city, and the founder of the house of Eardley, as he is known to genealogists, died in 1762. This name, as the financial friend of Sir Robert Walpole, the oracle and leader of 'Change Alley, and the determined opponent of Sir John Barnard, was as familiar to city circles in the last century as the names of Goldsmid and Rothschild are to the present. A shrewd, sarcastic man, possessing a rich vein of humour, the anecdotes preserved of him are unhappily few and far between. 'Never grant a life annuity to an old woman,' he would say; 'they wither, but they never die:' and if the proposed annuitant coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching the room door, Gideon would call out, 'Ay, ay, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!'

"The greatest hit Gideon ever made, was when the rebel army approached London; when the king was trembling; when the prime minister was undetermined, and stocks were sold at any price. Unhesitatingly he went to Jonathan's, bought all in the market, advanced every guinea he possessed, pledged his name and reputation for more, and held as much as the remainder of the members held together. When the Pretender retreated, and stocks rose, the Jew experienced the advantage of his foresight."

We are not called upon in the present article to discuss the morality of the practices which have been sanctioned by the usage of the Exchange. Viewed by the ordinary standard of right and wrong, some of them may appear questionable, and some altogether indefensible. But one of Mr. Francis's anecdotes may amuse our readers, as showing the opinion entertained of the honesty of stock-jobbers in certain quarters. In 1765, it is said, no fewer than four brokers were robbed of their pocket-books—containing large amounts of property—in one day:—

"The thief was taken; but, in place of expressing contrition, he gave a voluntary and unexpected opinion that *one man had as much right to rob as another*, and that he was only acting as an honorary magistrate in taking that of which they had cheated their neighbours."

The great Lord Chatham appears to have entertained an opinion respecting the jobbers in the money-market, very similar to that expressed by the pick-pocket. The following sentiments are, at any rate, highly characteristic of the great statesman whose name is held in such high reverence by every "true-born Englishman."

"Lord Chatham was not backward in expressing an opinion of those whom he designated 'the cannibals of 'Change Alley.' 'To me, my lords,' he once said, 'whether they be miserable jobbers of 'Change Alley, or the lofty Asiatic plunderers of Leadenhall Street, they are equally detestable.' The same strong feeling animated him when he was told that one of his measures had caused a decline in the Stocks. 'When the funds are falling, we may be sure the credit of the country is rising.'

"A finer spirit—and that spirit is the principle which has pervaded the whole public transactions of England—was evinced when the same nobleman was advised to retaliate on the Dutch merchants,—who had committed several outrageous frauds on the English,—by seizing their immense property in our funds. 'If the devil

himself had money there,' he replied, 'it must rest secure.' To his lordship and to the political assertion he made, that 'not a gun should be fired in Europe without England knowing why,' it was of the utmost importance that the integrity of the nation should be maintained."

Among the keenest votaries of Mammon, however, we rejoice, for the honour of human nature, to find some examples of disinterested virtue and self-denying charity. Conspicuous among the "magnates of the money-market," distinguished alike for commanding wealth and rare benevolence, we meet with the names of the brothers Abraham and Benjamin Goldsmid. We think we can discover in these amiable men, the type of the brothers Cheeryble, in Mr. Dickens's novel of Nicholas Nickleby. If we recollect aright, the brothers Cheeryble were said by the author to have been drawn from life; and we are willing to believe there may have been more than one such pair in the city of London. But the portrait of the Goldsmids bears, at any rate, a general resemblance to that of the beneficent brothers in the romance:—

"The daily papers," says Mr. Francis, "bore an almost daily testimony to their munificence. Naturally open-handed, the poor of all creeds found [in them] kindly benefactors. On one day the grandeur of an entertainment to royalty was recorded, and on the next a few words related a visit of mercy to a condemned cell."

Nor were the brothers less distinguished than the Cheerybles for affection to each other:—

"They had faced the storm of life in their earlier years. Fortune, which crowned their efforts, proved that prosperity had no power to divide them; and when, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, Benjamin Goldsmid destroyed himself, the survivor felt the loss so severely, that he never recovered the shock."

"But the death of Benjamin," adds Mr. Francis, "caused no abatement in the benevolence of Abraham Goldsmid. Many anecdotes, singularly illustrative of his kindly feeling, are still remembered. It is stated that on one occasion, noticing a great depression in the waiter who usually attended him where he dined, he inquired the cause, ascertained that it was pecuniary, gave the astonished man double the amount he required, and refused to listen to the thanks of the recipient. Another story is extant to the same purport. He became acquainted by accident with one of those simple and single-minded country curates, whose poverty was the disgrace, and whose piety was the glory, of the Church of England. This was the man for Abraham Goldsmid at once to appreciate and to benefit. He obtained all necessary particulars, and in a few weeks a letter was received which told the curate he had been allotted a share of a new loan. The letter was a mystery to the country clergyman, who placed it on one side, with a confused notion that a hoax was intended. He had not long to wait. The next day brought a second letter, and with it comfort and consolation in the shape of a large sum which had been realized on the allotment. These things are pleasant to record; and it is doubtful whether the cheque gave most pleasure to the wealthy Hebrew to write, or the country curate to receive."

The reception of all great inventions, and the fate of the inventors, have been often adverted to as instances of human shortsightedness and injustice. The projector finishes his days in a poor-house or a prison, while those who at first derided his plans

make splendid fortunes by carrying them into execution. According to Mr. Francis this has been the case in the instance of railroads. We hear and read of persons who have realized immense sums by their construction; more or less we all derive benefit from increased facilities of transit; but the name of Thomas Gray, the most determined and pertinacious advocate of English railway communication, is never mentioned. It is not denied that this individual was among the first to discern the advantages and utility of railroads:—

"From an early period," says Mr. Francis, "he formed the opinion that railways would become the principal mode of transit. It was his thought by day; it was his dream by night. He talked of it until his friends voted him an intolerable bore. He wrote of it until the reviewers deemed him mad." At length a railway was projected between Liverpool and Manchester, and succeeded; "but no reward was conferred on Thomas Gray. Other railways followed, and were successful; but no notice was taken of Thomas Gray. The great railway mania came; but Thomas Gray was nothing in the eyes of excited speculators, greedy of gain. An endeavour was made by some of the friends of Gray, to win for him the public sympathy; and the poor, old, broken-hearted man, when he respectfully begged for a situation on one of these railroads which he had so greatly forwarded, was refused!"

The "railway pioneer" died in poverty, whilst speculators and engineers who once ridiculed his ideas, reaped large gains by putting them in practice.

It is scarcely necessary now to refer to the opposition which the early promoters of railroads had to encounter; but many of the arguments, even at this short distance of time, appear so ludicrous that we cannot resist the temptation of reproducing a few from Mr. Francis's work:—

"The objections urged by the opponents of the railway were worthy their cause. It was contended by them that canal conveyance was quicker; that the smoke from the engines would injure the plantations of gentlemen's houses; and one witness, more imaginative than perceptive, described the locomotives as 'terrible things,' although, on further questioning, he admitted he had never seen one. It was boldly declared that a gale of wind would stop the progress of the carriage; that there would be no more practical advantage in a railway than in a canal; that Mr. Stephenson was totally devoid of common sense; that the plan was erroneous, impracticable, and unjust; and that the tendency of the railway would be to increase the price of carriage. It was declared to be based on fraud and folly; that balloons and rockets were as feasible; and that the whole line would be under water for two and three weeks in succession."

The years 1824 and 1825 were remarkable for the number and absurdity of the bubble speculations which they produced. Among the precious projects of these eventful years were companies for *making gold*, a railroad from Dover to Calais, loans to the Patagonians, and mining companies which boasted of "mountains, not mines" of metal. Perhaps, however, one of the most important and absurd of the schemes then afloat, was a certain "Equitable Loan Company," skilfully formed to impose upon the charitable, which is thus described:—

"The equitable loan company was another specimen

in paragraphs, calculated to excite the sympathy of the public, the directors denounced the profits of the pawnbroker, arraigned his evil practices, and delicately concluded by hinting that a company formed upon the most philanthropic principles, and paying 40 per cent, would soon be formed. The philanthropy might have been proclaimed for centuries, but 40 per cent. was irresistible. The Duke of York good-naturedly lent his name; members of parliament were bribed with shares; and when it was honestly said by one that 'the bill would never pass the house,' the triumphant reply given was, 'Oh! we have so many on the ministerial, and so many on the opposition side, and we are sure of the saints!' The shares, however, went to a discount; both opposition and ministerial members lost all interest in the nefarious doings of the pawnbrokers, and the philanthropy of the saints faded with the fading vision of 40 per cent."

We have already introduced our readers to several monetary potentates, but the greatest remains to be spoken of. Our portrait-gallery would be incomplete without a sketch of Nathan Meyer Rothschild,—the Cæsar or Napoleon of the Stock Exchange. Rothschild, it appears, was a native of Frankfort, but finding that city too small for his operations, he determined to quit it. Though utterly ignorant of the English language, he suddenly resolved to settle in Manchester.

"On Tuesday he told his father he would go to England, and on Thursday he started. With 20,000*l.* he commenced his career; and in a short time his capital was trebled. At Manchester he soon saw there were three profits to be made, in the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. It need hardly be added that his great mind had stomach for them all, and that, having secured the three, he sold goods cheaper than any one else."

Having laid the foundation of his fortune, he proceeded "from bargain to bargain, and from profit to profit." The times were favourable to his purpose. The governments of Europe were plunged in expensive wars; loans were negotiated; and the great capitalist reaped a rich harvest. "With the profits on a single loan he purchased an estate which cost 150,000*l.*" But whilst dealing with millions, it seems he was not unmindful of the pence:—

"Nothing," says Mr. Francis, "seemed too gigantic for his grasp; nothing too minute for his notice. His mind was as capable of contracting a loan for millions, as of calculating the lowest possible amount on which a clerk could subsist. Like too many great merchants whose profits were counted by thousands, he paid his assistants the smallest amount for which he could procure them."

His magnificent residence, gorgeous plate, fine furniture, and the number and rank of his worshippers, bore witness to his enormous wealth; but he was not happy. In the midst of all his splendour, he was appalled by frightful fears, and troubled with gloomy apprehension. He was in constant dread of assassination.

"Occasionally," says Mr. Francis, "his fears took a ludicrous form. Two tall, moustachioed men were once shown into his counting house. Mr. Rothschild bowed, the visitors bowed; and their hands wandered first in one pocket, and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire, they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought: a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and, in a paroxysm of fear,

he called for assistance, to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly. 'You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothchild,' said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb appointments of the mansion. 'Happy!—me happy!' was the reply. 'What! happy when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, "If you do not send me 500*l.*, I will blow your brains out?" Happy!—me happy!' And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side, is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject."

Of this distinguished man, the following portrait is added. Mr. Francis has played the part of an honest chronicler, and has not, to please the idolaters of wealth, smoothed down or concealed the disagreeable features in the character of the rich money lender:—

"He was a mark for the satirists of the day. His huge and somewhat slovenly appearance; the lounging attitude he assumed as he leaned against his pillar in the Royal Exchange; his rough and rugged speech; his foreign accent and idiom, made caricature mark him as its own; while even caricature lost all power over a subject which defied its utmost skill. His person was made an object of ridicule; but his form and features were from God: his mind and manners were fashioned by circumstances; his acts alone are public property; and by these we have a right to judge. No great benevolence lit up his path; no great charity is related of him. The press, ever ready to chronicle liberal deeds, was almost silent upon the point; and the fine feeling which marked the path of an Abraham Goldamid, and which brightens the career of many of the same creed, is unrecorded by the power which alone could give it publicity."

The manners of the Stock Exchange appear to have been as singular as its morals are questionable. We know not what may be its present usages; but it seems from Mr. Francis's volume, that its members occasionally indulge in a species of boisterous *fun* which would not be tolerated in any moderately civilized circles. If from curiosity or ignorance a stranger intrudes upon their orgies, his life and limbs are immediately in peril. "Fourteen hundred fives" is shouted on all sides, and the unlucky visitor is kicked and insulted till he has withdrawn himself from the dangerous domain. A gentleman who visited the place in 1828 has given a graphic account of the usage to which he was subjected. First a Jew staggered sideways against him. Then a brawny Scotchman, under pretence of assistance, pushed him back: and for a quarter of an hour these two worthies amused themselves with the visitor as a shuttlecock. Struggling to extricate himself, he aimed a blow at the Hebrew, which took effect. We must give the sequel in the narrator's own words:—

"The rash step which I had taken was likely to produce very formidable consequences. All present were highly exasperated. The war became more desperate than ever. Each individual seemed anxious to contribute to my destruction; and some of their number considerably called out,—

"*Spare his life, but break his limbs.*"

"My alarm was extreme; and I looked anxiously round for the means of escape.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to use the

gentleman in that sort of way,' squeaked a small imp-like person, affecting sympathy, and then trying to renew the sport.

"How would you like it yourself," cried another, 'if you were a stranger?' shaking his sandy locks with a knowing look, and knocking off my hat as he spoke.

"I made a desperate blow at this offender. It did not take effect, from the expedition with which he retreated, and I had prudence enough to reflect that it would be better to recover my hat than to pursue the enemy. Turning round, I saw my unfortunate beaver, or 'canister,' as it was called by the gentry who had it in their keeping, bounding backwards and forwards between the Caledonian and his clan, and the Jew and his tribe.

"Covered with perspiration, foaming with rage, and almost expiring from heat and exhaustion, I at last succeeded. I did not dare to renege it, but was forced to grasp it with both hands, in order to save what remained of it. I baffled several desperate snatches, one of which carried away the lining, and was now trying to keep the enemy at bay, afraid again to attack the host opposed to me, but not knowing how to retreat, when a person who had not previously made himself conspicuous, approached and interfered, 'Really, you had better go out,' at the same time pointing to a door I had not seen before."

We must now take leave of Mr. Francis's volume, and of the many interesting subjects of which it treats. Its last chapter is devoted to a history of Life Assurance, and the important benefits which have accrued from it are ably set forth. In connexion with Assurance Companies, however, attention is drawn to a gigantic imposture, which affords fresh proof, if proof were needed, of English credulity. In 1837, advertisements were inserted in many provincial papers, "drawing attention to the peculiar claims of 'the Independent West Middlesex Life and Fire Assurance Company.'" Capital, 1,000,000*l.* Among its directors appeared the names of Drummond and Perkins, and of course, "the uninitiated believed the one to be the great banker, and the other the rich brewer, bearing the same names." It offered to insure lives on smaller premiums than other offices, and to give larger annuities for smaller sums. But the whole was a delusion of the worst character; the successful project of a knot of swindlers, who were happily at last unmasked:—

"The deed of the company—for, strange to say, it had a deed—was signed by any one who chose; and the law stationer applied indiscriminately to all who came near him. Any one who asked for a situation was made a governor. A schoolmaster who requested a clerkship was made a director. An errand-man was employed as manager. A boy of sixteen was appointed to a seat at the board. One director had been tapman to a London tavern; another had been dismissed from his employ as a journeyman bellhanger; a third had been a gentleman's servant: all had orders to dress well, to place rings on their fingers, and adorn their persons with jewellery; fines being instituted if they omitted to wear the ornaments provided."

Something like this may have occurred more recently; but Mr. Francis has perhaps wisely abstained from commenting on the delusions of the last few years. The history of the great railway mania remains to be written; and may an historian be found for it as able and honest as the author of the "Chronicles of the Stock Exchange!"

LEWIS ARUNDEL,¹
OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IS CHIEFLY CULINARY, CONTAINING RECIPES FOR A
"GOOD PRESERVE," AND A "PRETTY PICKLE."

THE moon was shining brightly, though flitting clouds passed from time to time across its silvery disk, wrapping wood and hill and valley in momentary darkness, only to enhance their beauty when its pale cold rays once more fell uninterruptedly upon them, imparting to the scene the magic of a fairy twilight. Such, however, were scarcely Lewis's thoughts as, haunted by the appealing expression of Annie's soft eyes, he hastened to overtake his companions. The party proceeded in silence, following their guide, who was none other than the renegade Villiam, across one of the wildest portions of the park towards a young larch plantation, covering about forty acres of ground. This spot, named Tod's Hole Spinney, from certain fox carots that had existed in it till their occupant's partiality for dining on pheasants had led to their ejection, was considered, from its isolated situation, the thick growth of underwood, the fact of a running stream passing through it, and other propitious circumstances, the most amply stocked preserve on the property, and it was with a degree of annoyance proportioned to the enormity of the offence, that the General learned this was the place selected by the poachers for the scene of their depredations. As they approached the spot, the report of a gun was heard, followed by three or four others in rapid succession. General Grant, irritated beyond control by this audacity, immediately rode forward at a brisk trot. Lewis, bearing in mind Annie's injunction, grasped the crupper of the saddle firmly with his left hand, and with this slight assistance ran by the General's side, keeping pace with the horse. In this manner they had nearly reached the wood, when a man sprang from behind a bush, and would have seized the horse's bridle, had not Lewis interposed, saying, in a low voice, "Don't you know us Millar? it is General Grant, who when he heard the poachers were out, determined to come with me."

"I beg yer honour's pardon," returned the keeper, touching his hat, as he recognised his master. "I never expected to ha' seen you here to-night, to be sure."

"I am usually to be found where my duty calls me," returned the General stiffly. "These scoundrels seem to be out in force," he continued.

"Vell, I take it there's as many on 'em as ve shall know wot to do with," was the reply; "but I've got above a dozen men on the look hout, only in course they're scattered."

"And how do you propose to act?" inquired the General.

"I thort of taking a party into the wood, trying to captivate long Hardy, and one or two of the ring-

leaders, chaps as I've had my eye on for ever-so-long; then take ther game from the tothers, and seize their guns hif posserbul;—but the chief thing is to captivate that willain, Hardy; so I means to leave three or four men on ther look-hout, in case he manages to do us, and break cover."

"Your plan seems a good one," returned the General reflectively. "How many men do you propose to take into the wood with you?"

"Vell, there's half-a-dozen lads a laying down behind those bushes yonder, and there's two more jist inside that gap; then there's myself and Muster Arundel."

"Let the boy that guided us hold my horse,"—began General Grant.

"Hif I might advise," interrupted Millar, "yer honour would remain hin this wery place; and hif Hardy should get away from us—as he's likely enough, for he's as strong as a young steam ingine—he's a-most sure to break cover here; in vich case yer honour can ride him down, and hif he dares to show fight, give him a cut hover the scull with yer long sword there."

"You feel sure he will endeavour to effect his retreat on this side?" inquired the General, doubtfully.

"Sartain sure, I may say," cried Millar, confidently; then as his master turned to explain to Lord Bellefield, who had just come up, the plan of operations, he added in a low voice, so that Lewis only might hear,

"The old Master's pluckey enough for anything, but his legs ain't so young as they used to be, and he's rather touched in the vind, vich vont do for sich a walk as we've got before us."

At this moment more shots were heard in the wood, but apparently much nearer than the last; the poachers were evidently advancing in that direction.

"There is not a moment to be lost, Millar," exclaimed the General, eagerly. "I think as you say, I may be of more use here; some one *must* remain outside to cut off the retreat of these fellows if you should succeed in driving them out of the wood. Lord Bellefield will accompany your party;—where are the other watchers on this side stationed?"

"About fifty yards apart, along the ditch skirting the wood. If yer honour wants help, a note on this whistle will produce it." So saying, Millar handed him an ivory dog-whistle; then, signing to Villiam to proceed, and requesting Lord Bellefield and Lewis to follow him, the keeper conducted them along a narrow track leading into the wood.

"Do you really expect that Hardy will attempt to cross that part of the park, or was your assertion merely a white lie, framed to secure the General's safety?" asked Lewis, as he walked by the keeper's side.

"Vell, it won't altogether a lie," was the reply; "for if we don't nab the gentleman, that's the side he'll try for, as it's easiest for him to get away; but if I vonce has a fair bit at him, I don't mean to leave him a chance to get away. I shall not stand nice about hurting him neither, I can tell yer. He beat

(1) Continued from p. 44.

Sam Jones, one o' my hunder keepers, so savage that the poor feller worn't out of his blessed bed for two months. He deserves summat pretty strong for that."

"Mind you point him out to me, if you catch sight of him," rejoined Lewis; "I am most anxious to be introduced to this truculent gentleman."

"Yer can't mistake him hif yer once sets eyes on him," returned the keeper; "he's half a head taller than any of the rest of 'em, but I'll show him to yer."

As he spoke, they reached the spot where the six men were waiting, though, so well had they concealed themselves, that Lewis was close upon them ere he was aware of their vicinity.

"Now, my lads, are you all ready?" inquired their leader in a low voice; an answer in the affirmative was followed by the order,—

"Come on, then," when Lord Bellefield interposed by saying—"One moment! listen to me, my men; I offer five guineas reward to any of you who may secure Hardy—you understand me?"

"We'll try our best, my lord, and many thanks to your lordship," replied a strong athletic young fellow in the dress of an under keeper; and the others made a like acknowledgment. After a strict injunction from Millar to preserve silence, the party again moved forward, Lord Bellefield, Millar, and Lewis in front, and the others following two abreast. As soon as they had entered the wood, the two remaining men joined them, making altogether a company of eleven. As they advanced farther into the plantation, the boughs of the trees, becoming thicker and more closely interlaced, intercepted the moonlight, and rendered their onward progress a matter of some difficulty. The gamekeeper, however, knew every intricacy of the path, and could have found his way in the darkest night as easily as at noonday. After winding among the trees for some minutes, they came upon a little glade where the underwood had been partially cleared away, and a small quantity of barley stacked for the purpose of feeding the pheasants. At the entrance to this space thus cleared, the party halted, and Millar, creeping forward on his hands and knees, reached the stack. Sheltering himself behind this, he made his way to the opposite side, where he was lost to sight; re-appearing almost immediately, he cautiously rejoined his party, saying in a low whisper—"I expected how it would be; there is from twenty or thirty pheasants roosting on the trees beyond the stack there, and Hardy and his mates being aware on it, is a-making of their way through the bushes right ahead. I could hear 'em plain enough when I was at the stack yonder. Now, two on yer must come along o' me, creep to the stack and hide behind it as yer see me do, then wait till them blackguards has let fly at the pheasants, and afore they can load again ve three must jump forrard and try and take Hardy; in the mean time, you others must make yer way round through the bushes and take 'em in the rear, and help us if we wants helping."

"Which you will do most certainly," returned Lord Bellefield.—"I'll lead the party that remains."

"And I'll go with you, Millar," observed Lewis.

"And you, Sam," continued Millar, addressing the under keeper before alluded to. The man came forward, and placing himself by Lewis's side the three crept along till they had reached the stack, sheltered by which they again stood upright. Scarcely had they taken their places, when two guns, followed by four others, were discharged in rapid succession, and so close to them that the shot pattering amongst the underwood was distinctly audible, and one of the wounded pheasants dropped at Lewis's feet; while almost immediately afterwards a couple of men ran forward to collect the fallen game. The foremost of these was a fellow of Herculean proportions; as he stooped to pick up a pheasant, a ray of moonlight revealed his features, and Lewis immediately recognised his former antagonist the tall Chartist. At the same moment Millar whispered, "That's our man; go ahead!"

"Leave him to me," returned Lewis eagerly; and bending forward, with a bound like that of a tiger, he sprang upon him.

The poacher was taken so completely by surprise (his back being turned towards his assailant), that Lewis, encircling him with a grasp of iron, was enabled to pinion his arms to his sides. Like a wild bull caught in the toils, his struggles to free himself were tremendous; but Lewis, now in the full vigour of his strength, was an adversary not easily to be shaken off; and despite his unrivalled powers, the poacher failed to extricate his arms. Shouting, therefore, to his companion for assistance, he desired him, with an oath, to shoot the — keeper; but that individual was unable to comply with his comrade's benevolent suggestion, by reason of certain well directed hits wherewith Sam Jones the under keeper was producing a marked alteration in the general outline of his features. In the mean time Millar, drawing forth a piece of cord, began coolly to tie Hardy's wrists together, disregarding a series of ferocious kicks with which he greeted him. At this moment the other poachers, to the number of some half-dozen, attracted by the sound of blows, reached the scene of action, but the party led by Lord Bellefield were equally on the alert, and the fight became general. And now the capture of the poacher Hardy appeared certain; exhausted by his unavailing struggles to free himself from Lewis's encircling arms, he could offer no effectual resistance to Millar, who continued most methodically to bind his wrists, in no way diverted from his purpose by the storm of blows which raged around him, many of which fell on his unprotected person,—when suddenly the report of a pistol rang sharply above the other sounds of the combat, and an acute stinging pain darted through Lewis's left shoulder, causing him such agony for the moment, that he involuntarily relaxed his grasp. Hardy was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity thus offered;—flinging off the young tutor with so much violence that he would have fallen had not one of the gamekeeper's assistants caught him and prevented it, he wrenched his hands from Millar's grasp, and raising them still bound together as they

were, struck the keeper such a severe blow on the side of the head, that he reeled and fell; then, seeing that his companions, overpowered by numbers and disheartened by his supposed capture, were giving way on all sides, he turned, and dashing into the bushes, disappeared, not so quickly, however, but that Lewis, who had never taken his eyes off him for a moment, perceived the movement.

Grasping his stick, which he had contrived to retain during the struggle, firmly with his right hand, he lost no time in following the fugitive, and guided by the crashing of the bushes, kept close on his traces till they reached the boundary hedge;—breaking his way through this obstacle with the strength and fury of some wild animal, the poacher sprang across the ditch into the open park beyond. Seeing that he had a desperate man to deal with, and fearing that although the first severe pain had abated, and little more than a sensation of numbness remained, his left arm might prove in some degree incapacitated by the wound he had received, Lewis paused a moment to reconnoitre, ere he followed him. To his great delight, he perceived he had reached the hedge along the side of which the watchers were stationed, near the spot where General Grant had taken up his position. Hardy, unconscious how closely he was followed, stopped also a moment while he endeavoured to set free his wrists; but so securely had Millar bound them, that although by a violent exertion of strength he contrived to render the cord slacker, he was unable wholly to succeed in his object. Fearing, however, that the cord would not hold out much longer, and unwilling to lose the only advantage gained by his previous struggle, Lewis determined once more to endeavour to seize him. Shouting, therefore, to give notice to the watchers, where their assistance was likely to be required, he sprang across the ditch and advanced towards his antagonist. At first the poacher appeared inclined to stand his ground; but seeing his opponent was armed with a stout stick, and recollecting his own defenceless condition, he resolved to trust rather to his unrivalled fleetness, and turning away with an exclamation of disappointed rage, again betook himself to flight. This portion of the park was clear of trees or any other cover, for a space of more than half-a-mile square, beyond which lay another larger wood; if Hardy could contrive to reach this, his escape would become a matter of certainty. The ground, which had once formed part of an ancient Roman camp, lay in terraces, and this circumstance gave Hardy, who knew every inch of the country by heart, a slight advantage. In speed they were very equally matched; for although Lewis, from his youth and light active make, was, perhaps, really the fleetest, Hardy was in better training. When they first started, the poacher was about ten yards ahead, and they had reached nearly half the centre of the space between the two woods ere Lewis had diminished that distance materially. Hitherto they had been running up-hill, and the poacher's superior condition (as a jockey would

term it) enabled him to continue his rapid course without the pace telling as much as it did on his pursuer; but now the ground began to descend, and Lewis, having saved himself for a short distance to recover breath, put forth his whole powers, and despite the utmost exertions the poacher was capable of making, gained upon him so fast that it was evident that in a few more strides he must overtake him. But Hardy's usual good luck appeared not even yet to have deserted him, for at the very moment when it seemed certain Lewis must come up with him, a cloud obscured the moon, and the poacher, taking advantage of this accident to double on his pursuer, contrived to make such good use of his knowledge of the ground, that when the bright moonlight again enabled Lewis to discern his retreating figure, he perceived, to his extreme chagrin and disappointment, that the fugitive would gain the wood, and doubtless effect his escape, before he could again overtake him. It was, then, with no small satisfaction that just as he was about to give up the chase as hopeless, he caught sight of a man on horseback galloping in a direction which must effectually cut off the poacher's retreat. Another moment sufficed to show him that the rider, in whom he immediately recognised General Grant, had perceived the fugitive, and intended to prevent his escape. Lewis accordingly strained every nerve to reach the spot in time to render assistance, more particularly as he remarked that Hardy had by some means contrived to set his hands at liberty. In spite of his utmost exertions, however, it was evident that the encounter would take place before he could arrive; and remembering his promise to Annie, it was with mingled feelings of anxiety for her father's safety and self-reproach for having quitted him, that he prepared to witness the struggle. As soon as the General perceived the state of affairs, he waved his hand as a sign to Lewis; then, drawing his sabre, stood up in his stirrups, and rode gallantly at the poacher, shouting to him at the same time to stop and yield himself prisoner. Hardy paid no attention to the summons, continuing to run on till he felt the horse's breath hot upon his neck; then, as General Grant, after again calling on him to "surrender, or he would cut him down," prepared to put his threat into execution, he dodged aside to avoid the blow, and springing suddenly upon the rider, dashed the sword from his hand, and seizing him by the throat endeavoured to drag him off his horse. The old man, though taken by surprise, clung firmly to his saddle, and spurring his horse, tried to shake off his assailant; but his strength unfortunately was not equal to his courage, and the poacher, snatching at the rein, backed the horse till it reared almost erect and flung its rider forcibly to the ground. Apparently bent on revenge, Hardy, still retaining his grasp on the bridle, led the horse over the body of the fallen man, with the brutal intention of trampling him to death. But the generous instinct of the animal served to frustrate his evil purpose; as, though he led it twice directly across its prostrate master, the horse raised its feet

and carefully avoided treading on him. Striking the animal ferociously on the head with his clenched fist, he next attempted to back it in the same direction, but the frightened animal sprang aside and plunged so violently that he was unable to effect his design. He was still striving to do so, when Lewis, breathless with the speed at which he had run, reached the spot. Instantly leaping over the fallen man, stick in hand, he struck Hardy so severe a blow on the wrist that he was forced to quit his hold on the bridle, and the scared horse broke away and galloped off, snorting with terror. The poacher, infuriated by the pain of the blow, forgot all prudential considerations; and heedless of the approach of three of the watchers, who, attracted by the noise of the struggle, were rapidly hastening towards the spot, he rushed upon Lewis, and disregarding a heavy blow with which the young tutor greeted him, flung his arms round him and endeavoured to dash him to the ground. Fortunately for Lewis, he was not ignorant of the manly exercise of wrestling, and his proficiency in the art stood him in good stead at this moment; for, despite his gigantic strength, Hardy could not succeed in throwing him. In vain did he lift him from the ground; with whatever violence he replaced him, he still fell upon his legs; in vain did he compress him in his powerful arms, till Lewis felt as if every rib were giving way—the only effect of his exertions was to exhaust his own strength; till at length, taking advantage of an incautious movement of his adversary, the young tutor contrived to pass his leg behind that of the poacher, and thus trip him up. His victory was, however, nearly proving fatal to him; for, in falling, the ruffian clutched him by the throat and dragged him down with him. Nor, although Lewis being uppermost was enabled to raise himself on one knee, and return the compliment by inserting his hand within the folds of his adversary's neckcloth, could he force him to relinquish his grasp. Fortunately, help was at hand; and just as Lewis began to feel that it was becoming serious, and that if the pressure on his throat continued much longer he should be strangled outright, the three assistants came up; two of them immediately flung themselves upon the poacher, while the third dragged Lewis, who was rapidly getting exhausted, from the deadly embrace of his prostrate foe. Having with some difficulty succeeded in so doing, the man laid him at full length on the grass, and leaving him to recover as best he might, turned to assist his companions to secure Hardy. This was now a comparatively easy task, for his final struggle with Lewis had exhausted even the poacher's strength, and after a futile attempt to rise and shake off his captors, he ceased to resist, and submitted in sullen silence, while his arms were secured with the General's sword-belt. This operation concluded, the man who had rescued Lewis returned to him, and found him sufficiently recovered to sit up.

"Have you looked to the General? is he uninjured?" was his first question.

"I'm afeard he's terrible hurt, if he ain't killed

outright; leastways he's onsensibil; and one of his arms seems crushed like," was the consolatory reply.

"Oh that I had come up a minute sooner!" exclaimed Lewis, in a tone of bitter self-reproach.

"You had been a dead man if yer had, Sir," was the reply; "if that willian there had had hold of your throat half a minute longer, you'd have been as stiff as a leg of mutton by this time."

"Better that I had perished than that this should have occurred," murmured Lewis; then turning to the man he continued, "Lend me your arm; I can walk now;" and rising with difficulty, he advanced towards the spot where General Grant lay. He was perfectly insensible; his hat had fallen off, and his grey hair, exposed to the night dews, imparted, as the moonlight streamed on it, a ghastly expression to his features; while his right arm was bent under him in an unnatural position, which left no doubt that it must be broken, probably in more places than one. Lewis knelt down beside him, and raising his uninjured hand, placed his finger on the wrist.

"I can feel his pulse beat distinctly," he observed, after a moment's pause; "he is not dead, nor dying,—indeed, except the injury to his arm, I hope he may not be seriously hurt,—no time must be lost in carrying him to the house and procuring a surgeon."

"Somebody ought to go to Broadhurst, to let'm know what's happened, and get us some help. We've more than we can manage here, you see," urged the assistant; "it will take two on us to purwent that blackguard Hardy from getting away—he won't lose no chance, you may depend."

"I'll stay with General Grant if you'll run to the house," returned Lewis feebly.

"Your arm's a bleeding, Sir; did that willian stab you?" inquired the assistant.

"No; I was hurt in the wood," was the reply.

"Do you think you could ride, Sir?" continued the man; "cos if you could I'd try and catch the horse,—he's a grazin very quiet yonder,—and then you could go to the house, start off one of the grooms to fetch a doctor, send some of the people down here to help us, get yer own wound dressed, and break the news to the family better than such a chap as me."

This observation was a true one; and Lewis felt that it was so; therefore, although he dreaded the task, and would rather have again encountered the dangers he had just escaped, than witnessed Annie Grant's dismay and sorrow when she should find her dark anticipations realized, he agreed to the arrangement; and as the man succeeded in catching the horse almost immediately, he mounted with some difficulty, and rode off at speed, though the rapid motion increased the pain of his wound till it became almost insupportable. He reached Broadhurst in less than ten minutes, never drawing bit till he entered the stable-yard; although he turned so faint and dizzy on the way, that more than once he was nearly falling from the saddle. His first act was to despatch a mounted groom to procure a surgeon; he next sent off four of the men-servants with a

hurdle converted into an extemporary litter, giving them exact directions where to find their master, and waiting to see that they started without loss of time; he then attempted to dismount, but was unable to do so without assistance; having paused a few moments till the faintness had again gone off, he entered the house by the servants' entrance, and calling the butler aside, desired him to summon Mr. Leicester as quietly as possible; then, sinking into a chair and resting his head on his hands, he awaited his arrival with ill-concealed anxiety; dreading lest some incautious person should abruptly inform Annie of her father's accident.

CHAPTER XXX.

LEWIS MAKES A DISCOVERY, AND GETS INTO A "STATE OF MIND."

THE end of the room at which Lewis had seated himself lay in shadow, so that Leicester, who shortly made his appearance wrapped in a dressing-gown, could merely distinguish the outline of his figure.

"Why, Arundel," he began, "is anything the matter? Here has Wilson been and roused me out of my first sleep, with a face like that of the party who 'drew Priam's curtains i' the dead o' night.' Where's Governor Grant, and how is it that you're home first?"

"It's no joking matter, Mr. Leicester," returned Lewis, faintly, and without raising his head. "The pouchers have given us more trouble than we expected, and in attempting to capture Hardy, the general has been thrown from his horse. His right arm is broken in two places, and when I came away he was still insensible."

From the position in which Lewis sat (his elbows resting on a table, and his forehead supported by his hands), he was unable to perceive anything that might be going on in the apartment, consequently he had continued his speech, ignorant that a third person had joined them. Annie (for she it was who, pale as some midnight ghost, had glided noiselessly into the room) laid her hand on Leicester's arm to prevent his calling attention to her presence, while eager and trembling she listened to Lewis's account of her father's accident; and overcome for the moment by these evil tidings, she remained speechless, leaning against a chair for support. Lewis, surprised at Leicester's silence, raised his head languidly, and the first object that met his eyes was Annie's sinking figure. With an exclamation of dismay, he attempted to start up, but he was becoming so weak from loss of blood, that he failed to accomplish his purpose. Roused by the action, Annie recovered herself, and as a new idea struck her, she asked,—

"Where, then, is poor papa? Have they brought him home? I must go to him instantly!"

"He is not yet arrived, Miss Grant," returned Lewis, in a low voice, that trembled with conflicting emotions; "his own servants are carrying him, and a surgeon will be here instantly. I——" he paused

abruptly, for Annie, drawing herself up, advanced towards him, and with flashing eyes exclaimed,—

"Is this then the way in which you have fulfilled your promise, Mr. Arundel? I trusted so implicitly to your assurance that you would watch over him and protect him; and now you have not only failed him in the moment of danger, but deserted him in his necessity, and secured your own safety by coming home to break my heart with these evil tidings. Oh, I am ashamed of you—grieved—disappointed!"

"Hush, my dear Annie," observed Leicester, soothingly. "Arundel might not be able to prevent this accident—you are too hasty."

"No! no!" returned Lewis, in a low broken voice, "I deserve her reproaches. I ought never to have quitted him, and yet I did so, believing that I left him in perfect safety. I could not bear to stand inactive, when other men were about to face danger, and coolness and address were required;—besides, I had pledged myself to assist in capturing this poacher." He paused, then added, "I have been to blame, Miss Grant, but I am not quite the poltron you imagine me. I did, indeed, leave your father, that I might accompany the attacking party into the wood, but I strained every nerve to come up with Hardy before General Grant encountered him; and although that was impossible, I arrived in time to prevent him from forcing the horse to trample the life out of the fallen man, and, wounded as I was, I engaged with and captured, at the risk of my own life, the ruffian who had injured your father; nor should I have been here now, but that it was necessary for some one to procure assistance, and summon a surgeon, and I rode here at speed to my own injury, that I might leave a more efficient man with the General."

As he ceased speaking, the butler entered the room, bearing in his hand a lamp, and for the first time the light fell upon Lewis's figure. Leicester, as he beheld him, uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror, which his appearance was well calculated to call forth. His face was deadly pale, save a red line across the forehead, where some bramble had torn the skin; his dark hair, heavy with the night dew, hung in wild disorder around his temples; and his clothes, stained with mud, bore traces of the severity of the struggle in which he had been engaged; the sleeve of his left arm, which still rested on the table, was soaked with gore, while the momentary excitement which had animated him as he spoke, had given way to a return of the faintness produced by the loss of blood, which was by this time very considerable. As this ghastly figure met her sight, Annie uttered a slight shriek—then a sense of the cruel injustice of her own reproaches banished every other consideration, and springing towards him, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, Mr. Arundel, what can we do for you? how shocked, how grieved I am!—will you, can you forgive me?"

Lewis smiled and attempted to reply, but the words died away upon his lips, and, completely overcome by faintness, he would have fallen from the chair had

not Leicester supported him. Fortunately, at this moment the surgeon arrived, and Annie quitting the apartment, Lewis's sleeve was cut open, his wound temporarily bound up, and his temples bathed with some stimulating essence which dispelled his faintness, before the surgeon's services were required for General Grant. The latter gentleman had recovered consciousness ere he reached Broadhurst, and though suffering acute pain from his broken arm, appeared cool and collected. His first question had been "whether Hardy had escaped," and he seemed to revive from the moment he was informed of his capture. His next inquiry was, who had taken him, and on learning it was Lewis, he was much pleased, muttering, "Brave lad, brave lad, pity he's not in the army." He recognised Annie and spoke kindly to her, gave orders for the safe custody of Hardy, demanded of the surgeon who examined his arm whether he wished to amputate it, as he felt quite equal to the operation, and in short, under circumstances which would have overpowered any man of less firmness of character, behaved like a gentleman and a brave old soldier, as he was. Fortunately the surgeons (for a second, attracted by the rumour of an accident, as vultures are if a camel dies in the desert, had come to test the truth of the old proverb that two heads are better than one) succeeded in setting the arm, pronounced amputation unnecessary, and, after careful examination, gave it as their opinion that, with the exception of a few contusions of little consequence, the general had sustained no further injury. Having come to this satisfactory conclusion, they found time again to direct their attention to Lewis. After much whispered consultation, and considerable exchange of learned winks and profound nods, they informed him that he had been wounded by a shot from a pistol, (which, by the way, he could have told them,) and that they had very little doubt that the ball remained in the wound, in which case it would be necessary to extract it;—to this Lewis replied, "The sooner, the better." Accordingly, they proceeded to put him to great agony by probing the wound to find the ball, after which they hurt him still more in extracting it, performing both operations with such easy cheerfulness of manner and utter disregard of the patient's feelings, that a bystander would have imagined they were carving cold shoulder of mutton rather than the same joint of live humanity. But surgeons, like fathers, have flinty hearts, unmacadamized by the smallest grain of pity for the wretched victims of their uncomfortable skill; their idea of the "Whole Duty of Man" being that he should afford them "an interesting case" when living, and become a "good subject" for them, when he has ceased to be one to the Queen. After the ball was extracted, Lewis requested it might be handed to him; it was small, and from its peculiar shape, he perceived that it must have been discharged from a pistol with a rifle barrel.

"If you will allow me," he said, "I shall keep this bit of lead as a memorial of this evening's entertainment."

"Oh certainly," replied the most cheerful surgeon, "by all means; if it had but gone an eighth of an inch farther," he added, rubbing his hands joyously, "only an eighth of an inch, it would have injured the spinal cord, and you would have been—droll how these things occur sometimes—you'd have been paralysed for life."

Lewis shuddered, and wished devoutly he were for the time being Caliph Haroun Alraschid, in which case the facetious surgeon would have added a practical acquaintance with the effects of the bastinado on the sole of the human foot, to his other medical knowledge.

"I don't think," resumed the doctor, meditatively, "I don't think you need apprehend any very unpleasant result, as far as I can as yet see into the case. Of course," he continued, with hilarity, "erysipelas might supervene, but that is seldom fatal, unless it affects the brain; and I should hope the great effusion of blood will prevent that in the present instance. You feel very weak, don't you?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative, and his tormentor continued:

"Well, you need not be uneasy on that score; I don't apprehend a return of syncope, but if you should feel an unnatural deficiency of vital heat, or perceive any symptoms of approaching collapse, I would advise your ringing the bell, and I'll be with you instantly. Scalpel's obliged to be off; he's got a very interesting broken leg—compound fracture—waiting for him down at the village, besides some dozen agreeable minor casualties, the result of to-night's work. Keep up your spirits, and go to sleep—your shoulder is easier now?"

"It feels as if the blade of a red-hot sword were being constantly plunged into it," returned Lewis, crossly.

"Delighted to hear it," replied Dr. Bistoury, rubbing his hands; "just what I could have wished; nothing inert there! I would recommend your bearing it (which word he pronounced be-a-a-ring,) quietly, and rely upon my looking in the first thing to-morrow." So saying he rubbed his hands, chuckled and departed.

In spite of his wound, which continued very painful, Lewis contrived to get a few hours' sleep, and awoke so much refreshed, that he resisted all attempts to keep him in bed, and though stiff and weak to an excessive degree, made his way to the study and cheated Walter out of the holiday he had expected; a loss which he scarcely regretted in his joy at finding that the wicked poachers had not seriously injured his dear Mr. Arundel. And then Annie could not be happy till she had caught Charles Leicester and made him accompany her on a penitential visit to Lewis, to tell him how grieved she was at the recollection of her injustice to him;—it seemed so dreadfully ungrateful when in fact he had just saved her father's life:—and she looked so pretty and good and pure in her penitence, that Lewis began to think women were brighter and higher beings than his philosophy had

dreamed of, and for the first time it occurred to him that he had been guilty of an unpardonable absurdity in despising the whole race of woman-kind because he happened to have been jilted by a little coquettish, half-educated German girl; and he forgave Annie so fully in his heart, that with his lips he could scarcely stammer out half-a-dozen unmeaning words to tell her so.

Leicester asked him in the course of the conversation whether he had any idea which of the gang of poachers had fired the pistol, adding that two others had been taken besides Hardy. Lewis paused for a moment ere he replied, "That his back had been turned towards the man who shot him, and that it was too serious a charge to bring against any one without more certain knowledge than he possessed on the subject;" and having said this, he immediately changed the conversation.

As soon as Annie and her cousin withdrew, Millar the gamekeeper made his appearance, full of congratulations on Lewis's gallant conduct, and sympathy in regard to his wound.

"I can't imagine ritch o' ther warmints could have had a pistol; it worn't neither o' ther two as we captivated, for I sarched 'em myself, and never a blessed harticle had they got about 'em, except ther usual amount o' bacca and coppers lin ther breeches' pockets."

"Did you have any more fighting after I left you to follow Hardy?" asked Lewis.

"Vell, we did 'ave one more sharpish turn," was the reply; "when the blackguards sec me down, they made a rush to recover the sack with the game, and almost succeeded, only Sam Jones pulled me out of the crowd and set me on my legs again, and I was so mad a-thinking that Hardy had got clear away that I layed about me like one possessed, they do tell me; so we not only recovered the game, but bagged two o' ther chaps themselves. By ther bye," he continued, "Sam Jones come here with me; he wants to see yer when I've done with yer; he says he's picked up somethin' o' yourn, but he won't say what—he's a close chap when he likes, is Sam; howsomever, I suppose he expects you'll tip him a bob or so, for it was he as ketched yer, when Hardy first flung yer off; you've paid him for it sweetly, and no mistake; he'd got a lovely black hye and his right wrist was swelled as big as two ven we marched him hof to H— jail this morning. And now I'll vish yer good artemnoon, Mr. Arundel, and send Sam hup, if you're agreeable."

Lewis, with a smile at the equivocal nature of the phrase, signified his agreeability, and the keeper took his departure;—in another minute the sound of heavy footsteps announced the approach of Sam, who having obeyed Lewis's injunction to "come in," vindicated his title to the attribute of "closeness" by carefully shutting the door, and applying first his ear and then his eye to the key-hole, ere he could divest his cautious mind of a dread of eaves-droppers. He then crossed the room on tip-toe, partly from a sense of the grave nature of his mysterious errand, partly from respect to the carpet, the richness of which oppressed him

heavily during the whole of his visit, restricting him to the use of one leg only, the greater portion of the time.

"You have found something of mine, Millar tells me," began Lewis, finding that ghost-like his visitor appeared to consider it a point of etiquette not to speak first.

"You're very kind, Mr. Arundel," returned his visitor, who, catching sight at the moment, of the gilt frame of an oil painting which hung over the chimney, and believing it firmly to be pure gold, became so overpowered between that and the carpet, that he scarcely dared trust himself to speak in such an aristocratic atmosphere. "I'm much obliged to you, sir; yes, I have found something, sir, but I don't know disactly as it's altogether yourn."

"What is it, my good fellow?" inquired Lewis, half amused and half bored by the man's bashfulness.

A consolatory mistrust of the sterling value of the picture-frame had, by this time, begun to insinuate itself into Sam's mind, and reassured in some degree by the doubt, he continued,

"I beg pardon, sir, but I hopes you don't feel so bad as might be expected, where you was shot last night?"

Lewis thanked him for his inquiry, and said he believed the wound was going on favourably.

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it, which is a mercy to be thankful for," returned this sympathising visitor; then, leaning forward so as to approach his lips to Lewis's ear, he continued in a loud whisper,

"Have ye any idea who it was as fired the shot?"

Lewis started, and colouring slightly, fixed his eyes on the man's face as he inquired abruptly,

"Have you?"

Forgetting his veneration for the carpet in the excitement of the conversation, the suspicious under-keeper walked to the door, and again tested the key-hole, ere he ventured to answer the question; then approaching Lewis, he thrust his hand into a private pocket in his shooting-jacket, and drawing thence something carefully wrapped in a handkerchief, he presented it to the young tutor, saying,

"That's what I've been and found, sir; I picked it up in the wood not twenty yards from the place where you stood when you was shot, Mr. Arundel."

Lewis hastily unrolled the handkerchief, and drew from its folds a small pocket-pistol; on the stock, which was richly inlaid, was a silver escutcheon with a coat of arms engraved upon it; from marks about the nipple, it had evidently been lately discharged, and on examination it proved to have a rifle barrel. Lewis's brow grew dark.

"It is then as I suspected," he muttered; pausing, however, as a new idea seemed to strike him. "It might be unintentional," he continued, "the mere result of accident,—I must not jump too hastily to such a conclusion;" then addressing the under-keeper, he inquired,

"Have you any idea to whom this pistol belongs?"

"Pr'aps I may have," was the cautious reply,

"but there's some things it's best not to know—a man might get himself into trouble by being too knowing, you see, Mr. Arundel."

"Listen to me, my good friend," returned Lewis, fixing his piercing glance on the man's face; "it is evident you more than suspect who is the owner of this pistol, and you probably are aware by whom, and under what circumstances, it was last night discharged. Now, if through a selfish dread of consequences you wish to keep this knowledge to yourself, why come here, and show me the pistol? If, on the contrary, you wish to enhance the value of your information in order to make a more profitable bargain with me, you are only wasting time. I am naturally anxious to know who wounded me, and whether the deed was accidental, or intentional; therefore you have but to name your price, and if I can afford it, I will give it you. I say this because I can conceive no other reason for your shilly-shallying."

During this speech, the unfortunate Sam Jones, shifted uneasily from leg to leg, dropped his cap, stooped to pick it up again, bit his under lip with shame and indecision, and at last exclaimed,

"Bless'd if I can stand this hany longer! out it must come, and if I loses my sitation through it, I suppose there's other places to be got; they can't say nuffin against my character, that's one comfort. It ain't your money I wants, Mr. Arundel, sir; I'm able and willin' to earn my own livin'; but I've got a good place here, and don't wish to offend nobody; still right is right, and knowing what I knows, my conscience wouldn't let me rest till I'd come and told you—only I thort if you would ha' guessed it of yourself like, nothing needn't ha' come out about me in the matter."

"I understand," returned Lewis, with a contemptuous curl of the lip; "I will take care not to commit you in any way; so speak out."

"Well, if you remember, sir, I went with you and Millar up to the barley-stack last night, and when you grabbed hold of Hardy he sung out to the chap as was with him to come and help him, so I thort the best thing for me was to pitch into him, and prevent his doing so. Well, I hadn't much trouble with him, for he was a shocking poor boxer, and as soon as I'd polished him off, I turned to lend you a hand; just at that minute I see the moon a-shining upon something bright, and looking further, I perceived the figure of a man crouching close to the stack, with a cocked pistol in his hand. When fust I see him the pistol was pointed at Hardy, but suddenly he changed his aim, and fired straight at you; as he let fly, the moonlight fell upon his face, and if ever a man looked like a devil, he did then."

"And it was—?" asked Lewis, cagerly.

"Lord Bellefield!" was the reply; "there's none of 'em wears hair on their top lip except the young lord, so it ain't easy to mistake him, ye see."

"Are you quite sure he changed the direction of the pistol? Might not the shot have been intended for Hardy?"

"I'll take my oath it worn't, Mr. Arundel; he pointed it straight at your breast, and if Hardy hadn't given a sudden wrench at the minute, and dragged you out of the line of fire, you'd have been a dead man long before this."

Seeing that Lewis continued silent, the keeper resumed,—

"As soon as you was hit, you let go, and Hardy threw you off. I caught you, expecting it was all up with you, but I still kept my eye on his lordship, for I was curious to know how he'd act. When he saw you fall, he smiled, and then he looked more like a devil than he had done before. As Hardy was a-cutting away, he passed close to Lord Bellefield, and struck against his shoulder, accidentally—and his lordship in a rage flung the discharged pistol after him, and it would ha' fetched him down too if it had'n't a-hit against a branch; however, I marked where it fell pretty nigh, and as soon as it was light this morning I went and found it. There's his lordship's arms upon it, same as them on his phealon."

Completely overpowered and amazed at this recital, Lewis, desiring to be alone with his own thoughts, obtained from Sam Jones a promise of the strictest secrecy in regard to the affair, and having liberally rewarded him for his discreet behaviour, dismissed him. He then, concealing the pistol in his pocket, withdrew to the privacy of his own apartment, and locking the door, sat down to collect his ideas. At first he could scarcely realize the fact with which he had become acquainted. True, he had suspected that it was from Lord Bellefield's hand that he had received his wound, for he had previously observed the butt of a pistol protruding from a pocket in his lordship's great-coat, his attention being particularly called to the fact by the eagerness with which its owner immediately hastened to conceal it more effectually; still, he had believed that he had been wounded by an accident, and that the shot had been fired with the intention of disabling Hardy, in whose capture Lord Bellefield appeared, for some mysterious reason, to be deeply interested. The account he had just received proved that this was evidently not the case, and Lewis could only conjecture, that at the moment Lord Bellefield was about to shoot Hardy, some fiend had suggested to him the opportunity of an easy revenge on the man he hated, and that, in an impulse of ungovernable malice, he had altered the direction of the pistol.

Rising and opening his dressing-case, Lewis took from a secret drawer the ball which had been extracted from his shoulder, and drawing the pistol out of his pocket, tried it; it fitted the barrel to a nicety. Replacing it he muttered, "There is then no doubt;" he paused, but immediately resumed, "'Tis well; he has now filled up the measure of his guilt; the time is come to balance the account." His intention at that moment was to seek out Lord Bellefield, upbraid him with his treachery, threaten to expose him, and demand as a right, that he should afford him satisfaction, forcing him, by some means, to meet him on the following morning.

But even when carried away by passion, Lewis was not utterly forgetful of the feelings of others, and his friendship for Leicester and for Annie, consideration for the General in his present situation, and the interest he took in Walter, rose up before him, and he exclaimed,

"No, it is impossible; a thousand reasons forbid it while I remain under this roof; I must break off all intercourse with this family, before I seek my just revenge. Well, the day of retribution is postponed, then, perhaps for years; but it will come at last, I know; I feel that it will. That man is a part of my destiny. With what pertinacity he hates me! He fears me too; he has done so ever since that affair of the glove; he read in my eyes that I had resolved on—on what? what will all this lead to? Am I at heart a murderer?" He sat down, for he was very weak, and trembled so violently from the intensity of his feelings, that his knees refused to support him.

"No!" he continued, "it is an act of justice. This man insulted me—I bore it patiently; at least, I did not actively resent it: he repeated his injurious conduct, he heaped insult on insult—I warned him; he knew what he was doing; he saw the fiend he was arousing in me, but he persevered—even yet I strove to forgive him; yes, for the sake of his brother's kindness to me, for the sake of the fair girl who is betrothed to him, I had almost resolved to forego my right to punish him. Then he seeks my life, the cowardly assassin! and in so doing he has sealed his own doom."—He rose and paced sternly up and down the apartment. "Frere would say," he resumed, "Frere would say that I ought to forgive him yet; but he would be wrong: he would quote the Scriptures that we should forgive a brother 'till seventy times seven.' Yes, if he turn and repent; repented sins only are forgiven either in heaven or on earth. Does this man repent? let him tell me so, and I will give him my hand in friendship; but if he glories in his wickedness?—why then the old Hebrew law stands good, 'An eye for an eye.' He owes me a life already, and if I offer him fair combat, I give him a chance to which in strict justice he has no right; but I am no mean assassin;—and now to return his pistol, and inform his lordship that I am aware of the full extent of my obligations to him."

So saying, he drew pen and ink towards him, and hastily wrote as follows:

"Mr. Arundel presents his compliments to Lord Bellefield, and begs to return the pistol with which he did him the honour to attempt his life in the wood last night. Mr. Arundel reserves the pleasure of returning the shot till some future opportunity."

He then rolled up the note, and inserting it in the barrel of the pistol, formed the whole into a small parcel, which he carefully sealed, and, ringing for Lord Bellefield's valet, desired him to lay it on his master's dressing-table before he prepared for dinner.

Reader, when your eye falls upon this page, which lays bare the heart of one whom we would fain depict, not as a mere picturesque brain-creation of impossible virtues and startling faults, but an erring mortal like

ourselves, swayed by the same passions, subject to the same influences for good or for evil—when you perceive how this one wrong feeling, permitted to take root in his mind, grew and flourished, till it so warped his frank generous nature, that the fiend of sophistry, quoting scripture to his purpose, could blind his sense of right with such shallow reasoning as the foregoing,—resolve, if a single revengeful feeling lurk serpent-like in your bosom, to cast it from you at whatever sacrifice, lest when you pray "Our Father" which is in heaven to "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," you unawares pronounce your own condemnation.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MR. SIDNEY HERBERT'S EMIGRATION SCHEME.

BY J. M. W.

"To know the art of alms is greater than to be crowned with the diadem of kings."—*St. Chrysostom.*

DURING the last few years the attention of the higher classes in this country, especially of noble and fashionable ladies, has been turned to the condition of the distressed needlewomen of the metropolis. Charitable funds and associations of various kinds have been formed for their benefit. Bazaars, and balls, and public dinners have been got up on their behalf, in various parts of the united kingdom. Eloquent, sensible, and clever articles have been written in every sort of newspaper and magazine, giving abundant testimony to the fact, that they are a hard-working, long-suffering, degraded, and half-starving class; that it is with great difficulty they can keep body and soul together; that sometimes, as not a few coroners' inquests prove, the hopeless, utterly prostrate soul refuses to keep company with the emaciated body any longer, and we read the awful verdict, "*Death by Starvation*." a verdict, that ought to set all benevolent men and women in a civilized, Christian country thinking, with some degree of vigour, upon the possibility of preventing its recurrence. Sometimes, too, after the most pathetic humourist of our own times has made the heart-strings thrill almost to agony with his "*Song of the Shirt*," and we dare not think how all this sadness, and desolation, and physical suffering will end, we have to chant within ourselves that solemn dirge:—

"One more, unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd,—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world."

"Anywhere!" indeed. And some, too, gentle and kind-hearted, who sit secure within the environment of a home; with food and warmth and clothing, with something like good moral education; some who can talk easily and wisely of rights and duties; who

speaking with reasonable severity of the wrong-doing and its evil results, but cannot calculate (for they have not the necessary experience) the crushing, maddening, God-and-heaven-forgetting effects of the woe endured by such an one before she went "to her death;"—these, when they hear that solemn dirge, shrink, and cry "Anywhere! anywhere! out of the reach of those sounds. They are too dreadful!" Not so, fair ladies! By your leave, it must not be so. You must listen, that you may learn to know, and knowing, you may study with all earnestness and diligence how to alleviate some of this suffering among the poor, and friendless, and uneducated of your own sex. This is, be assured of it, part of the work God sent you on earth to do. Anything that will help you to the accomplishment of these social duties, concerns you intimately. First of all, there must be the hearty recognition, in thought, word, and deed, of the claims of these suffering thousands, (among many others, neither to be over-looked nor forgotten,) upon the active benevolence of the more fortunate classes of the community. Englishmen have been forward lately in the work of seeking out misery and its causes. Englishwomen, under their guidance, can do very much towards diminishing the existing evil, especially as it affects their own sex; and to our female readers we earnestly recommend a careful consideration of Mr. Sidney Herbert's scheme for female emigration.

Many remarkable letters on the state of the labouring classes in England have been published in the Morning Chronicle during the last half-year. These letters have been full of the most painful details; and from these it has appeared to many benevolent-minded persons, that one of the most afflicted and hopeless of these classes, if not the most afflicted and most hopeless of them, throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, is that of the needlewomen of the large towns, and especially of London. These persons, at least many of them, sent large sums of money to the Chronicle office, for the relief of those cases in the Correspondent's Reports, which seemed to them to cry out the loudest upon the world for help. These facts being duly noted by Mr. Sidney Herbert, (deeply meditating such things,) he addressed a letter to the editor of the Chronicle, on the 4th of December last, in which he gives a rapid general outline of a plan for the permanent benefit of this unhappy class. This letter, the particulars of which we are about to consider, is written in such a noble, right-minded, benevolent spirit, that it could scarcely fail to sink deeply into the hearts and stir the brains of all feeling and thinking men and women who read it. The men and the women of his own caste have shown a ready sympathy with him. They have subscribed liberally, generously, to the fund for the execution of his scheme; the Queen and Prince Albert have headed the subscription lists with a donation of five hundred pounds; and during the past two months, many in the land, royal, noble, gentle, and simple, have been moved by this letter, to a sacred pity for the sufferings of these thousands, whose woe is to a

great extent voiceless, for they cannot speak for themselves. Let us hear some of the things Mr. S. Herbert says for them. And observe, these things require no fine writing, no rhetorical flourishes; the plain truth, without any dressing up, is sufficient. Take it as we find it in the letter:—

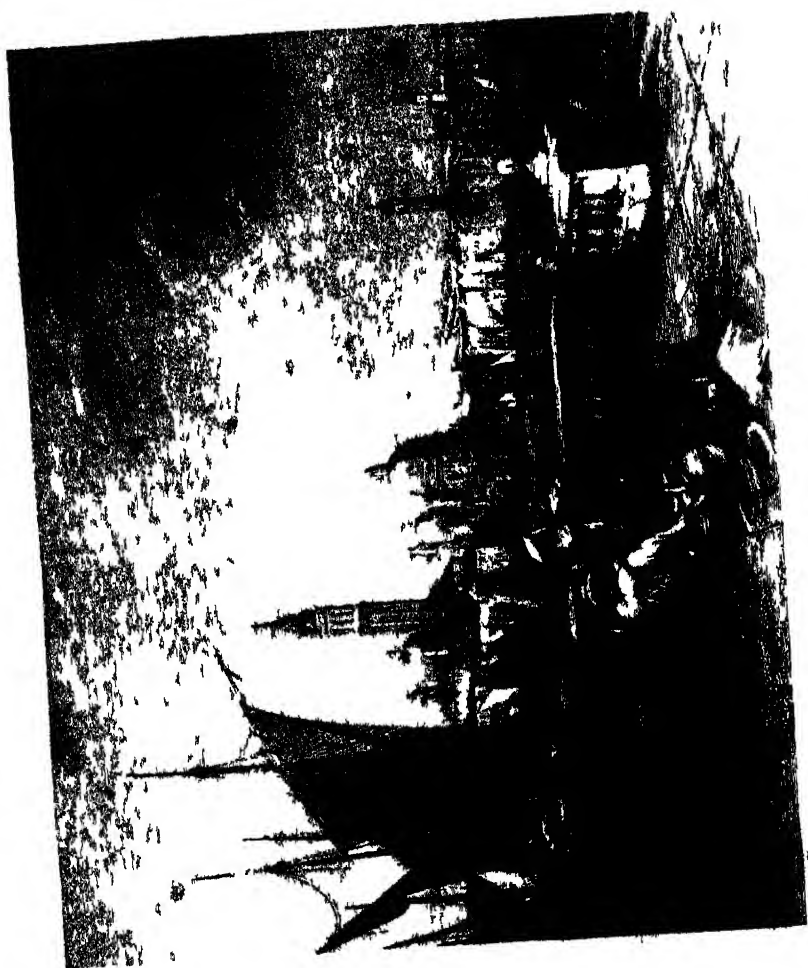
"Theirs is the most helpless sex, the most intense poverty, the most fearful degradation. Make every allowance for the natural exaggeration of sufferers relating to their own wrongs, and for the involuntary exaggeration of a benevolent man listening with horror to the detail of those sufferings—strip your correspondent's letters of all but the bare recital of facts—omit all his description of the sufferers themselves—forget, if possible, their own shame-stricken and despairing recitals—and what a picture is left! 33,500 women engaged in this one trade, of whom 28,500 are under twenty years of age; and, of these, a large portion living or attempting to live on sums varying from 4½d. to 2½d. a day."

After showing that temporary alms in such a case can be of little use,—nay, many benevolent and wise persons believe them to be radically pernicious,—Mr. S. Herbert proceeds to inquire into the causes of this great distress. "'The cause,' says every one, 'is the mania for cheap goods, which drives down profits and wages to the starvation point.'" But the mere desire for cheap goods would not be sufficient to ensure its gratification; and there must be other causes at work to make prices low. Mr. S. Herbert is probably right to a great extent, when he says that "the truth is, our wealth and our population have both out-grown the narrow area of our country. We want more room. We have too much capital and too many people." This may not be the whole truth, but it is great part of it. The following passages we believe to be as true as any human truth can be; and we would urge the facts therein set down on the careful attention of the reader.

"But in no trade does the competition of labour with labour exist to the same extent as in all kinds of apparel-making; and for this reason the labour is generally done by women. But the number of women in Great Britain greatly exceeds the number of men. In 1821 the females out-numbered the males, in round numbers, by 117,000; in 1831 by 213,000; in 1841 by 320,000; and at this moment, so great has been the male emigration in the last nine years, that there cannot be less than 500,000 more females than males in Great Britain. Now, women have far fewer trades in which they can engage than men. Their choice is very limited, and, as their field of employment is narrower, so it is, proportionably, far more crowded. This needle-working, which is one of the largest, is the most overcrowded of all trades; in none, therefore, has the reduction in the price of labour and the cost of the article produced been so great."

In fact, this trade of needle-work is adopted by many thousands as the last resource of honest industry when all other means of earning money fail. But it is by no means confined to the lowest and most ignorant;—educated women, penniless gentlewomen, not a few, keep themselves and those belonging to them from starvation, by the finer sorts of needle-work.

"Leave this crowd of women here, and they will destroy one another,—more and more poverty, more and more infamy,—body and soul both destroyed. Why



not give them the means of escape? In the southern hemisphere is a vast continent, which is as much a part of the British Empire as Wales. It has been peopled partly by forced, partly by voluntary, emigration. In the first case the disproportion of the sexes (the reverse of course of that which we see in England) is enormous. Philanthropists have been shocked at the results upon society there. But even in the case of voluntary emigration, the greater hardihood and spirit of adventure of the male sex have naturally brought out a greater number of male emigrants. In 1847 there were in South Australia only 13,622 females to 17,531 males, including children, the disproportion among adults being of course greater. In New South Wales, in 1847, of the adult population 83,572 were males, and only 41,509 were females. In Van Diemen's Land the same disproportion exists.

"A redress of this inequality is the crying want of society there; just as the redress of the opposite inequality in this country is the necessity here."

It is the redress of this inequality that Mr. S. Herbert purposes to bring about, by a wisely ordered scheme of emigration. He does not "intend to deal with a few only," he proposes that "we should offer to those who still have health and years before them, and above all, who still have *character*," the means of escape from the degradation of body and soul in the old country, to a new land where they can live in comfort, honour, and usefulness. No one can deny that such a consummation is devoutly to be wished; nor will any one at all conversant with the *difficulties* of doing good, doubt for one moment that to execute this scheme as Mr. S. Herbert and all far-seeing philanthropists would wish to have it executed, is by no means an easy task. If to do good were as easy as to wish to do it, we should speedily have a very much improved social state. But all persons who desire to become public benefactors, must be prepared for opposition; and Mr. S. Herbert has already had many difficulties started about this, to all appearance, extremely desirable plan;—difficulties, many of them, grave enough. As Sir Roger de Coverley's truism declares, "much may be said upon both sides;" but we think most may be said upon Mr. S. Herbert's side. In order to say our little say on his side, we think it best to give a fair hearing to the chief objections raised against the scheme, and answer them briefly as well as we are able.

It is asserted that the distress of the British needlewomen is exaggerated; and that other classes of the community stand as much in need of public charity as they. This word *exaggeration*, is very unsatisfactory and vague. It is scarcely possible to *exaggerate* what is acknowledged on all hands to be *extreme*. Other classes of the community stand as much in need of public charity on a large scale. Perhaps so; but would the charity, as in the case of the poor needlewomen, walk abroad armed with two swords for the destruction of evil? Should we get a double amount of evil destroyed in the case of any other distressed class? Could we get thousands of *women*, young, with "health and character," able and willing to work, and snatching them from starvation and ruin here, send them over to a land where such human beings are wanted

as much as they are *not* wanted here? Certainly not. From no other of the very poorest classes could you obtain a sufficient number of women of good character to supply the want of females in Australia. We say nothing of the right which all charitable people have to select the objects of their charity; because we believe that right involves the duty of selecting carefully the most deserving, in every sense of that word.

It is asserted that the drafting off of so many thousand starving women to Australia, will not materially alleviate the existing evil here; that other thousands will arrive to fill up the vacancies in suffering and crime. Taking that statement at its full value, it amounts to this,—that the thousands thus drafted off *are* saved from suffering and crime; and that the colonies receive an immense benefit in consequence; these are two actual good things achieved. The other thousands who, it is feared, will come up to London to supply the places of those sent away, will not leave comfortable homes to starve and become vicious here. It is those who are worse off elsewhere who will come to London; therefore the departure of several thousand female emigrants from the metropolis, will not make matters worse for those they leave behind, to become London needlewomen. We have not space to detail them now, but there are many chances in favour of the condition of needlewomen all over England being materially improved in consequence of this Emigration Scheme. At all events, those who go will be benefited, and so will the place they go to; this is, of course, supposing the scheme to be well worked out.

It is asserted that the distress of this and of other classes is the result of bad legislation, free trade, &c., and that certain alterations in the laws would set matters right, without any charitable schemes for emigration. Taking it for granted that this is true, (which we more than doubt,) it must be remembered that the evil exists, and that it takes a long time to obtain new laws. While the grass grows, the steed starves. It would be well in those who see clearly that all this misery is the product of bad legislation, to come forward most eagerly with their charitable assistance in the cause of these victims, not of great general laws, and the inevitable circumstances of social progress, but of special bad government. They of all people ought to be the most enthusiastic in the cause of those whom they believe to be oppressed.

Some people say that the distressed needlewomen of a large city like London are not the class of women wanted by the colonies; that physically and morally their state is bad.

This objection is one that deserves very serious attention. No charitable association will be justified in sending to a flourishing colony ship-loads of women who will be found useless or worse than useless when they get there. London women of the poorest classes have certainly some disadvantage as candidates for emigration,—but they have also some advantages. In the first place, their intelligence, quickness, aptness, is as

ten to one compared with that of the lower class of women in rural districts. They are, even in their half-starved state, more awake, more alive; and this mental vigour, as we all know, supplies the deficiency of bone and muscle very well. A London needlewoman or servant of all work, when industrious and of good character, gets through twice as much hard work in a day, as most young countrywomen of twice her size and bodily strength. These two qualities, activity and intelligence, next to a fair moral character and good health, are of the greatest importance to a female emigrant of any class, and especially of the lowest. Of course, good training is highly desirable; but activity and intelligence, stimulated by hope, and the will to work in a fair field for industry, will supply its place tolerably. Stupidity, the grossest ignorance, and habits of vice, should incapacitate young women for election to these Emigrant bands. There are reasons for believing that the London women who work hard for their bread, are more intelligent and better informed generally than the same classes scattered over the country; and we leave our readers to judge from the statistics of crime in England, whether the inferior classes of women in the agricultural districts are really much more moral than those in London. Thus much we would say for the poor London needlewomen.

But, we believe that well-trained young women from the country, endowed with a fair share of spirit, enterprise, and intelligence, and having good moral and religious principles, would be more welcome to our colonies. These, not yet reduced to want, and willing to help themselves, might be helped by the new Female Emigration Association, to a land where they would be placed permanently above want. They might be able to get the cost of their passage paid by their own friends at the low rate of 15*l.* each; and thus another and a superior class of poor female emigrants might be sent out by this Association. It seems clear, that more than one class of female emigrants must be formed.

It is also asserted that the difficulties in the way of managing the whole scheme are insuperable. They are certainly great, but not greater, we believe, than Mr. Sidney Herbert and his adherents in this business are prepared to grapple with, and have a reasonable hope of overcoming. The first difficulty is to get funds adequate to the performance of the work. A very great sum will be required before the whole can be achieved; but the money already contributed will be sufficient to begin with. This sum properly managed will give the scheme a fair trial, and if it prove to be as beneficial as we believe and hope it will, it would be an insult to the British nation to doubt that the money requisite to carry out the scheme will be wanting. We are a greedily commercial and a Mammon-worshipping community; we fear to mention how much could be got out of British pockets for a token of regard and profound respect to Mr. Hudson. But we have our good and generous points too; blinded by gold-dust as our eyes are, and absorbed in a Profit and Loss philosophy of the

counting-house as the national mind is, we are a magnificently charitable people. We cannot doubt that an extensive and soundly beneficial scheme of charity will meet with the support it deserves. We need not fear that Mr. S. Herbert's plan will fail for want of funds.

The *modus operandi* presents the most serious difficulties. The fittest persons must be found to select the emigrants; and they must select the fittest persons for emigrants. The transport by so long a sea-voyage is by no means an easy thing to manage with economy and with a due regard to health, comfort, and perfect propriety of conduct. This last difficulty has been adverted to in a letter to the Times, by its able correspondent S. G. O., whose opinion on emigration matters, as upon many other large social questions, justly commands public attention. There may be a thousand fears to contend with among the very persons intended to be benefited. Some of them may be inclined to say, "No! No!—Let me die of starvation here; but do not send me so far away." Again, all the official persons employed to do the work must be honourable, trustworthy, energetic, and sensible. Last of all, a favourable reception must be secured to the emigrants in their new home. The colonists, generally, must be brought to look favourably upon the scheme; and that can only be done by considering their interests as much as those of this country, or of the persons intended to be benefited. No good can come out of any form of selfishness; and it would be selfish not to do to our Colonies what we in similar circumstances would require to be done to us. Mr. Sidney Herbert has the proper hopeful spirit, which is one of the surest earnest of success. He says,

"Neither will machinery be wanting. The clergy who, in these poverty stricken parishes, (London ones,) themselves unsupported by wealth, are nobly fighting the battle of the Cross; the excellent societies which are labouring for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor; individuals also—men like Lord Ashley, whose energetic benevolence sent him years ago through the courts and alleys which your correspondent has now revisited—all these would give invaluable assistance in administering the fund, and in selecting candidates for emigration.

"Communications may be opened with the colonies, with the view to the reception of the emigrants on their arrival. 'Homes' may be established similar to the one founded at Adelaide, by Mrs. Chisholm, whose name is widely and honourably known in connexion with emigration. This will secure to the emigrants protection and guidance, and facilities for placing themselves respectably.

Let us give "honour to whom honour is due;" first, to the man who has taken the lead in this beneficent undertaking; and next, to those who have given him their support and assistance. These are, or were, at the beginning, chiefly members of the aristocracy. There is a peculiar grace and fitness in the origin of this charity. It was not forced upon the notice of the higher classes by political fears, or by the clamours of the sufferers; it originated with themselves; it was a spontaneous condescending to

persons of low estate, and shows that the common talk of the insensibility of the rich to the sufferings of the poor is not so true as some folks would have us to believe. We are heartily glad to see the aristocracy of this country take the initiative in any great works for the benefit of the lower classes. In these, as in other important social movements, they are well qualified, as their ancestors were of old, to animate and direct the middle ranks, and to give a higher tone to their exertions. It is a good thing also that the ignorant, the poor, and the low-born, should learn that those who tell them their greatest enemies are the high-born and educated classes, tell them what is false.

In conclusion, let us again recommend to our readers, especially to our female readers, a proper study of this matter; and if they find it worthy of their support, let them give that support, by all the means in their power. How easy it would be for two or three ladies to subscribe the necessary sum for sending out one emigrant; and there are few ladies, either in London or the country, who do not know several young women in every way deserving such kind help, and who would be of the greatest value in a new country, while if left to the natural course of things here they are likely to be ground down by poverty or almost forced into vice.

We believe there are many ladies among the middle ranks who will be thankful for such an object of interest and exertion as the furtherance of Mr. Sidney Herbert's Scheme for the Emigration of Distressed Needlewomen.

HISTORICAL SIGHT-SEEING.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Few things are more amusing than the droll equivokes perpetrated by the local curatii of historical and ecclesiastical antiquities, especially those in unfrequented districts, who derive their information from the oral records of that venerable gossip Tradition. The mistakes of ignorant persons, who, after learning the contents of a printed guide-book by rote, get bewildered in their lesson, are common-place absurdities, like the cross readings of the columns of a newspaper, too dull to provoke a smile. Such people might just as well be wrong as right, for they know nothing of what they are repeating, and go on as mechanically with their story as an organ grinder turns the handle of the machine which produces an unsatisfactory imitation of certain sounds miscalled music.

The village chronicler, on the contrary, who has been imbued from childhood with oral records connected with the local antiquities of his own little world, speaks of them with love and veneration; and what he says, however illiterately expressed, captivates the attention of his auditors, because it has the charm of originality and genuine feeling. He often gives apocryphal or exaggerated versions of historical events, but he does it not in subtlety but simplicity,

having no intention to deceive. He tells the tale as 'twas told to him by aged members of a bygone generation who had received the tradition from their forefathers. His erroneous statements are not wilful falsehoods, but literal mistakes; his exaggerations proceed from a faculty peculiarly active in the brains of uneducated yet imaginative persons, which phrenologists have called "marvellousness," one of the elements of poetry, and the source of all the mythological fables in which the early history of every country is shrouded. A pedant is offended at his anachronisms, but a humourist enjoys blunders which have the ludicrous effect of comedy, while the philosophic student of human nature is enabled to trace the source of popular error, and to form an estimate of the moral and intellectual perceptions of the narrator.

A first visit to the Tower of London is always a memorable epoch in the life of a reader of history or even a lover of historical romance; there is so much to excite the imagination and awaken thrilling memories of the past in the very nomenclature of its local features, the Bowyer's tower, the Traitor's gate, the Bloody-tower, the Portcullis, that from the moment one enters within the precincts of the grim royal fortress, one appears to have stepped back full four centuries, and to have become a contemporary of the Plantagenet or Tudor sovereigns. I cannot, however, recall without a smile, how completely the romance of my first visit to the Tower of London was dispelled by the droll proceedings of the warder, whose office it was to explain the mysteries of the ancient armouries. This adventure occurred in the year 1834, before the present improved regulations had been carried into effect, and while the old system of error and extortion was in full force. I was one of a large party, of whom the majority were, like English people in general, in great haste to hurry over the ground at railroad speed, in order to see something of less interest afterwards. Now it happened that the proper official was absent from his post, and could not be found for more than half-an-hour. In the mean time our accomplished friend, the master of the jewel house, took pity on our impatience, and kindly consented to act as our cicerone.

When we had proceeded nearly to the upper end of the horse armoury, the warder, a Waterloo veteran, arrayed in the gorgeous and picturesque costume of a beefeater, made his appearance, and claimed his privilege of showing the ancient armouries, apologizing at the same time for having made the party wait. "But," said he, "to tell you the plain truth, my new dress had just come in; and as I found I should have the honour of waiting on so many ladies. I thought I could not show my respect for them better than by putting it on, and that is not a thing that can be done in a minute," continued he, eyeing all his decorations admiringly as he spoke.

His excuse for the delay being received with a general smile, he requested us to walk back to the door that he might commence his explanations.

"Cannot you proceed from the point where we now are?" cried three or four of the party. He shook his head.

"All in *ro-to-tation*, ladies, if you please—all in *ro-to-tation*," replied he, impressively, motioning us to retrace our steps. "I could not possibly begin here—it's out of all reason to expect it."

"What difference does it make," asked one of the party, "where you begin?"

"No difference to you, ma'am, I dare say," replied the poor warder, in a confidential "aside;" "but all the difference in the world to me; for unless I begin at the proper place, turning to the right as we go in at the door, I shall never be able to get through the business at all; and mayhap I may be telling you that good Queen Bess is William and Mary, or King Henry III. John of Gaunt. It all depends on *ro-to-tation* whether one says right or wrong."

In justice to our Waterloo hero, I am bound to add, that, notwithstanding the pleasant distraction of his thoughts from the glories of our Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, to the glories of his brave new scarlet and purple gaberdine of the veritable Tudor fashion, he went through his chapter of kings better than might have been expected from his preface, save that he increased the number of Henry VIII.'s queens to ten, and accused him of beheading six of them, and turning all the others out-of-doors in very light array. "Ladies," added he, pointing with great solemnity to the ferocious looking effigy of bluff King Hal, "you see he has a cruel eye. Howsomever that there wicked old fellow invented our bee-feater-dress for us; and it was partly his own fashion, too; for, you see he has got just such a ruff about his own neck as this new one of mine, only that it isn't quite so clean. But as to these here red and white roses," pointing to the garland which encircled his own glossy black velvet hat, and of which our historical curator appeared justly proud, "old Harry the Eighth had not anything to do; for it was the wedding favour of his father and mother, as I understand, what made up the quarrels of York and Lancaster by getting married; and in the right of it, too. The white roses are for York—that was the woman; and the red for Lancaster—he was the man—King Henry VII.—there he is. Well, he was nothing in the world, to begin with, but a poor Welshman. Mayhap some of you ladies have heard the song—'Taffy was a Welshman: Taffy was a thief!' but he had the good luck to find the crown of England hanging on a bush.—Mr. Swift takes better care of it now a-days; but then, you know, he keeps it for the right owner, which crooked King Dick was not, as I told you just now."

After this specimen of the information which was afforded, *cum privilegio*, in the days of our fourth William to the visitors of the White-tower, in return for the enormous fees which were extorted from the public under the old system, a few droll cross readings from the mnemonic tablets of the unlettered daughter of the parish clerk of one of our Suffolk churches, ninety-nine miles from the metropolis, will

scarcely appear incredible. The gentle reader will not, I trust, object to shift the scene, and accompany me on a pleasant midsummer ramble to one of the few historic sites in my native county of Suffolk, as yet untrodden by the foot of the modern tourist.

One lovely afternoon in June, some twenty years ago, my sisters and my myself set forth with a grave antiquarian cousin, of the discreet age of sixty-three, on a pedestrian pilgrimage. Our object was to explore the ruins of the Holyrood chapel at Blytheburgh, and make a thorough investigation of the antiquities of the magnificent old church, which, although it has suffered much from the outrages of the iconoclasts of the Roundhead Parliament, and the yet more fatal progress of decay, from the neglect and apathy of the last century, is still entire, and one of the noblest specimens of the ornamented English style of architecture in Suffolk. This stately structure is seated on a gentle eminence, above the river Blythe, in the village of Blytheburgh, once a flourishing place, now reduced to a few scattered cabins. It is supposed to have been built by a company of freemasons, on the site of one of our earliest Anglo-Saxon churches, the burial-place of the brave and unfortunate Ina, or Annas, king of the East Angles, who, after defending his kingdom for nearly as long a period as that of the siege of Troy against the hostile attacks of the warlike King of Mercia, Penda the pagan, was, in the year 655, defeated and slain, with his son, Ferminus, in a bloody battle, which was fought on the adjacent heath of Bulechamp.

The tombs of these royal East Anglian princes are still pointed out in the present edifice, although there is reason to believe that their bones were subsequently removed to the abbey at Bury.

The distance we had to traverse being upwards of three miles, we took the nearest path, and perhaps the pleasantest, through our own paddocks and plantation, and, crossing our neighbour's fields, reached a lane which led us by a picturesque bit of broken ground forming a steep little hill, embowered with fantastic trees and hawthorn hedgerows, from which the woodbine and brier roses flung their wild garlands almost across our path, into the new road from Blytheburgh to Southwold. We crossed a broad cut from the Blythe by Wolsey bridge, so called in memory of Cardinal Wolsey, who, when no greater than the butcher's son of Ipswich, local tradition tells us narrowly escaped drowning, in a rash attempt to ford the muddy waters of the Blythe about a furlong higher, and out of gratitude for his deliverance made a vow if ever he became a rich man to build a bridge there, for the safety of other travellers.

Being reminded of his promise after he became Henry the Eighth's prime minister, he caused the first bridge, which bore his name, to be erected. This votive bridge was unfortunately demolished about a hundred years ago, and replaced by the present modern structure, when the late Sir John Roues made the sluice.

After crossing Wolsey bridge, our road was shaded

on one side by the rich woods of Henham, and to the left we had an expanse of salt marshes, bounded by the German ocean, with Southwold Walberswick and the remains of the ancient city of Dunwich in the distance.

"(Oft gazing on thy craggy brow,
We muse on glories gone;
Fair Dunwich, thou art lowly now,
Deserted, drear, and lone.

Unlike when ruled by Saxon powers,
Thou sat'st in ancient pride,
With fanes, and palaces, and towers,
Reflected in the tide.

The stately city greets no more
The home returning bark;
Sad relic of her splendours o'er,
One crumbling spire we mark."

As one of the earliest seats of the Christian Church in England, where St. Felix the Burgundian missionary first planted the cross, and often preaching, with unbounded success, the civilizing truths of the Gospel, in the heathen district of East Anglia, fixed his metropolitan episcopal see in the year 630, Dunwich must ever be regarded as a spot of the deepest interest, even in the midst of the desolation which now surrounds that ancient metropolis of our East Anglian kings. Dunwich could once boast of fifty-two churches and religious houses, a mint, brazen gates, and impregnable walls with defences which were so formidable in the twelfth century, that when Robert earl of Leicester, and his rebel host, who took part with the young king Henry against his royal father Henry II, and intended to have possessed himself of Dunwich, "came near and beheld the strength thereof, it was," says the ancient MS. record, "terror and fear unto him to behold it, and so retired both he and his people."

Dunwich was however destined to fall, but not by human power: of her it might truly be said, "Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

Her strong defences have been laid low; her port, her quays, and crowded marts of merchandise, her churches, palaces, and populous streets, have all been swept away by the devouring waves of the German ocean, and her name is scarcely mentioned by any one but antiquarians or the mariners of our perilous eastern coast. Leaving old Dunwich to the left and the fair woods of Henham behind, we descended into the marshy valley of that doleful looking stream strangely misnamed the Blythe, which we crossed by an ill-built narrow bridge, and proceeded to the dwelling of the parish clerk. He was not at home, but his daughter, a garrulous spinster of sixty, volunteered to act as his substitute; assuring us, in that pathetic intonation for which our East Anglian peasantry are noted, that "she would do quite as well if not better than *father*, who was getting kind of *duzzy*, being turned of his eighty, and apt to forget his self, specially in time of *service*. It's a sore pity," added she, "that our master," meaning the clergyman, "won't

let me clerk for him, as I knows the whole of it by heart. Howsomever I'll do my possibles for you young ladies, and that 'ere old gentleman, to make you all sensible about our church affairs, if you'll only be pleased to attend to me;"—with these words she detached a huge key, at least half a foot long, from the hook behind the cupboard door, and led the way to the church. To make the most of her time, she obliged us with as much of her own biography as she could detail while we were traversing her little garden, and crossing the stile into the churchyard, where, before she would admit us into the sacred edifice, she took us to see an object of much greater interest to herself, the grave of her first, last, and only love, "who died forty years ago," she said, "the very day their *sib-right*," the ancient provincial synonyme for banns, "was out-asked; and this," continued she, "was the beginning of my misfortunes, for since then I have had all the afflictions the flesh of man is heir to laid on me, for I am lame, deaf, and dumb."

"Surely not dumb, my good woman," interrupted our antiquarian cousin, who had been a little impatient of her volubility.

"Why not exactly speechless, Sir," rejoined she, "but almost as bad; 'cause you see, Sir, when I gets into a muddle with people breaking into my discourse, I always takes to stammering."

"Well then, be so good as to admit us into the church before your tongue gets out of order with talking so much about your own concerns," said he, smiling.

"Sir, I defy you," she fiercely retorted; "I always minds my own business, and have tongue enough for the whole parish."

"So it appears," was the dry rejoinder.

"I would scorn to be talked down by any man in England," retorted mistress Phæbe Penn, for so, to avoid inconvenient personality, I will call the dumb deaconess of Blytheburgh.

The antiquarian bachelor perceived the expediency of allowing his female antagonist to have the last word, which, like one of the bellicose parties in a duel firing his pistol in the air, had the effect of putting an end to the combat. Mrs. Phæbe had the church key in her hand, so that, if not invested with the supposed infallibility of a successor of St. Peter, she possessed, at least, the power of admitting or excluding us according to her own discretion. Moved however by her hope of reaping a small pecuniary benefit as a compensation for her trouble, as well as the certainty of enjoying the opportunity of holding forth *ad libitum* on her own ground, she was only too happy to request us to enter.

The pause of silent admiration in which on our first entrance we contemplated the solemn grandeur of this stately relic of a departed age, was too quickly invaded by our garrulous conductor, who snatching the church broom from behind the door, pointed with it to the double row of decapitated angels, which spread their wings from the arches of the central aisle across the lofty roof, and exclaimed, "There, Sir, what

do you think of that? This is all the doings of them wicked Romans." "The Romans!" exclaimed my antiquarian cousin in amaze, "you are dreaming, my good woman."

"And ain't, Sir," replied Mrs. Phœbe briskly; "do you pretend to know more about father's church than I do what sweeps it out every Saturday afternoon, and scrubs it out on my own blessed knees the week afore Easter, besides waiting on the people what whitewashes it?"

"My good woman, this church was not built in the time of the Romans. They came over, you know, with Julius Cæsar."

"Yes, that they did, like a set of locusts, under that wicked pope you speaks of, who turned his mad bulls upon all the good Christians who hadn't the mark of his beasts," cried Mrs. Phœbe with great vivacity; "and they do say he was the man of sin that did all this mischief."

Our Suffolk peasantry invariably term the members of the Church of Rome, Romans; and if by any chance mention is made of the invasion of this island by Julius Cæsar, they fancy, like Mrs. Phœbe, that he was one of the most terrible of persecuting popes, and a great ally of bloody Queen Mary. Romanism is indeed so completely obsolete on the eastern coast of Suffolk, that, unless its memory were occasionally revived and enmity excited on the subject by a warning voice from the pulpit, its very existence would be forgotten. Mrs. Phœbe had heard in various sermons "that a superstitious veneration for the images of saints and angels was among the abuses practised by the Roman Catholic founders of our ancient ecclesiastical structures; and also, that they had done a great deal of mischief in the Church of God." Now the words "veneration" and "founders" not being included in the very limited mental vocabulary of either the unlettered clerk of Blytheburgh or his daughter, they did not form a very clear comprehension of the precise meaning of those denunciations; but came to the conclusion that the mischievous propensities of "them wicked Romans," had been more especially manifested by mutilating the venerable ornaments and imagery of Blytheburgh church.

Then she took up her lamentation for the destruction of the beautiful Scripture pictures, which she assured us "had once been painted, in all the colours of the rainbow, on the glass windows, before the time of the Romans, who had broken them all out of envy, because children liked to go to church to look at them, and they kept a sort of poor folks from going to sleep, when the sermon was too fine for them to understand."

As a verification of her assertion touching the existence of such illuminations, she pointed out, here and there, a small pictured-pane, in the higher compartments of the windows, which had escaped the vigilance of Master Will Dowsing and his coadjutors, in the work of destruction to which they were licensed by the Roundhead Parliament in the year 1643.

When Mistress Phœbe, who, as the parish clerk's daughter, and the weekly sweeper and cleanser of the

church, regarded herself as one of the guardian angels of the holy fane, had exhausted her maledictions against the parties to whom she attributed the mutilation of the imagery and painted glass, our antiquarian cousin diverted her eloquence to another subject, by inquiring "if there were not an ancient king supposed to have been buried in Blytheburgh Church."

"Yes, Sir, that there was," replied she, eagerly; "please to step this way, with the ladies, and you shall see his tomb; not that his bones are there now,—them wicked Romans *commed* and carted them away when they smashed our windows, and did all the rest of the mischief, in breaking down all the carved work thereof, with axes and hammers, as king David's Psalms say about them."

"And what became of his bones?" we inquired, willing to hear Mrs. Phœbe's version of the translation of the royal Saxon's remains.

"Why, ladies, people do say, and father says he heard it read out of a printed book, that they buried them and his son-in-law's bones too, under the gallows at Tyburn. True as I am alive, though you are all laughing, young ladies, it was no joke to do such a thing as that. I declare it was a *bommabel* shame. Howsomever, here be the empty grave."

"And who killed this poor old king you are talking of?" inquired our cousin, who began to enter into the mirth which Mrs. Phœbe's blunders created.

"It was a very wicked pagan, who called *hissself* king Crummell, what cut off this good king's head, and then got the upper hand of every thing, and laid a tax on malt on purpose to put a stop to we poor people brewing good beer for ourselves, for he was no better than an old broken-down brewer, as I have heard."

Here, then, was another instance of the confusion produced in the mind of an illiterate person by the associations connected with a string of historical names and events, which she had acquired by hearsay.

The name of Cromwell has always been abhorrent to the great body of the people of England; and with reason. Several years of misery were entailed on the poor by the rapacity of Thomas Cromwell, after his diplomatic talents had elevated him from the blacksmith's forge to the office of prime minister to Henry VIII. Popular error has undoubtedly transferred to Oliver Cromwell the reproach of some of the evil deeds of Thomas Cromwell, especially the wanton mischief which was perpetrated by the agents of that personage when vicar-general, to our noble ecclesiastical structures. Mrs. Phœbe Fenn did more; for she confounded him with the ancient enemy of Blytheburgh, Penda the pagan, whose name she had forgotten. "But no matter for that," she said, when our good cousin endeavoured to set her right. "That 'ere Penda lived too long ago for people to know or care anything about his doings. She was sure it was that Crummell who had done all the mischief to the king, the church, and the poor, and none other, and that she would maintain."

A genuine descendant of the stout East Anglian Saxons, who had so obstinately defended their hearths

and altars against the superior force and abler tactics of the warlike Mercian invaders, it was all lost labour to argue with Mrs. Phoebe; she had the hereditary organ of combativeness, and what she said, that she would maintain against all opposers. She fancied withal, not that we wanted to set her right on the subject of her Cromwellian blunders, but that we were disposed to justify his evil deeds.

"But my good woman," expostulated my antiquarian cousin,—who, though as much amused as we were at her confusion of persons, could not refrain from correcting her discrepancies in dates,—“you are not aware that Penda the pagan flourished a thousand years ago, whereas Cromwell has not been dead two hundred years.”

"Sir," replied she emphatically, "my grandfather, who lived to be ninety years old, said his grandfather could remember him, and he have often told us, that we had peace and plenty before Crummell's time, and we have never had good times since, for he was the first that ever taxed the poor."

"It was never well seen in England, when men of low degree bare rule," was the pithy complaint of the disaffected multitude, who, goaded by their miseries, directed an insurrectionary movement against the domestic oppression of a previous Cromwell—the Cromwell of the 16th century. Assuredly the people had little cause to change their opinion when under the iron despotism of the brewer of Huntingdon. A glance at the Statute Book of the Commonwealth and Protectorate would do much to correct the delusion of those who fondly imagine revolutions either increase the comforts or improve the happiness of the industrious classes.

The imposition of a rigorous excise on articles of general consumption, which was first instituted by Cromwell, fell peculiarly heavy on the industrious classes. Of these the malt tax continues to be regarded as a serious grievance. The sovereigns of this country, if occasionally at issue with peers and senators, have always been kindly disposed towards that important portion of their subjects whom we emphatically call, the people. It ought for the honour of royalty to be remembered, that not one of our monarchs prior to the days of the selfish democracy strangely misnamed the Commonwealth, ever thought of imposing a tax on the necessities of life. It was a quondam brewer who was the cause of depriving the honest men who sow and mow the barley, of the solace of the national beverage it produces,—a deprivation for which nothing else can compensate our peasants.

THE MERRY DAYS OF ENGLAND.¹

There were merry days in England,
In cottage and in hall,
When Sir John Barleycorn was free
And paid no tax at all;
When Sir John Barleycorn was free
We'd neither want nor woe;
For he fill'd each manly heart with glee,
And cheer'd both high and low.

We'd have merry days in England,
In spite of care and toil,
If Sir John Barleycorn were free
For the men who till the soil;
When Sir John Barleycorn was free
Our peasants were content,
Nor envied men of high degree,
Their wealth and proud descent.

There'll be merry days in England,
For the farmer and his man,
When Sir John Barleycorn is free
To fill the earthen can;
When Sir John Barleycorn is free
All British hearts may glow,
Save those who deal in poison'd loe,
For the malt's pure juice shall flow.

After we had concluded our observations on Blytheburgh church, and closed our conference with Mrs. Phoebe in a satisfactory and profitable manner to her, we proceeded to the picturesque ruins of the Holyrood chapel, seated just below the churchyard, where we observed that the structure, though the walls were very thick, was rapidly wasting away, having been originally built of worn-out materials, consisting of fossil remains, the *débris* of the antediluvian world. We seated ourselves near a row of ivy-mantled arches, on the trunk of a recently felled tree, and having reposed ourselves for a while, to enjoy the beauty of the evening, began to regret that we had omitted to bring that useful adjunct to a pedestrian pilgrimage—a scrip with refreshments, when we saw three sleek cows issuing from a shed in the corner of the green, attended by a flaxen-headed urchin, shouldering a three-legged stool, and marshalling his charge towards a gate leading into the adjoining marsh with his official staff, singing his directions in a monotonous Suffolk *ranz de vaches*, of which the refrain was "Co-om a—co-om a—co-o-o-m a-a-h, wool ye!" which the cows perfectly understood to mean "Come hither—come hither—come hither, will ye?"

We approached, and inquired if his mistress would sell us some milk.

He suspended his chant, opened a pair of round blue eyes, and replied, in a discouraging tone of surprise:—

"Why, our mistress make cheese!"

This implied that she had no milk to spare out of her small dairy.

"Perhaps she will oblige us by selling a little milk, as we are thirsty, and have walked a long way," suggested I.

"Do," replied the boy, making use of that genuine East-Anglian idiom, which is an abbreviation of "if she do,"—"she 'on't be able to make a proper cheese to-morrow;—Brindy is dry, you know. However, you can ask her, if you like. She is now coming out of the net-house" (neat or cow-house).

"George, why don't you make your manners to them ladies?" said a mild, primitive-looking old woman, who now advanced, with her milk-pail on her arm. George tugged the rough flaxen ringlet that sported over the tip of his nose, and ducked his droll round head in obedience to the admonition. One glance at the kind benevolent face of his mistress

(1) This song has been arranged to an original and very spirited melody by Blewitt, published under the inappropriate title of "Sir John Barleycorn," by T. Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard.

convinced us that she would not deny our request, which was communicated in the following laconic terms by George :—

"They 'out to buy some o' to-night's milk, they say."

"You are kindly welcome, ladies, to all you please to drink," she replied. "I will step in, cleanse it, and put it into a *gotch*" (Suffolk for a red jug).

She returned with a little tray, covered with a snowy napkin, a new brown loaf, a pat of delicious butter, some plates and knives, and two china mugs, into which she poured the milk, and handed to us. What a delicious meal we made in that pleasant spot, rendered more agreeable by the frank hospitality of the kind widow! She was shocked at the offer of money. "No," she said; "her cows made her comfortable, and she could afford to give a pint of milk and a slice of bread and butter, she hoped, to her neighbours, without being any the poorer." She was the widow of a small farmer, and rented enough land to keep three cows, some pigs, and poultry, and was assisted in her work by a little girl whom she trained up to make a good dairy-maid, and the boy George, whom she was endeavouring to civilize, and render a useful member of the village world, beyond which her thoughts had never strayed.

The mania for large farms has nearly eradicated some of the best, the most worthy, and useful members of the community. There are very few persons who have it in their power now-a-days to bestow a cup of milk on weary pilgrims with the frank kindness of our good Blytheburgh widow.

THE "FOURTEENTH."

PASSING one day through the Rue de Lancry, in Paris, my attention was attracted by a large brass plate affixed to the door of one of the houses. It bore the following inscription :—

"AMBROISE FORTIN, FOURTEENTH."

A mysterious profession it seemed to be. "Fourteenth!" I repeated to myself; "what can it mean?" And I walked past the house several times musing on the puzzling inscription, until my curiosity became so ungovernable, that I made up my mind to knock at the door, and seek an introduction to M. Ambroise Fortin.

Once, in the town of Orleans, I had been almost equally mystified by another door-plate bearing the words,—

"JOSEPH SALMON, HONORARY FIREMAN."

But on inquiring I learned, that this title is granted to those firemen who have served a certain number of years, or been invalidated by severe wounds. The "honorary fireman" is entitled to several privileges and immunities, and appears in uniform with his fellow-veterans on all occasions of public ceremony.

But on no hypothesis of this kind could "Four-

teenth" be explained; so when the servant, in obedience to my summons, opened the door, no better formula of inquiry occurred to me, than simply to repeat the words interrogatively :—

"MONSIEUR AMBROISE FORTIN, FOURTEENTH?"

"He is at home from six o'clock in the evening till eight," replied the man.

"Is he always Fourteenth?" I asked coolly.

"Oh! certainly, Monsieur, always," said the servant, in the tone of a person who repels some injurious doubt.

That evening at six o'clock, I returned to the house in the Rue de Lancry. The servant conducted me into an apartment scantily furnished, but adorned with three fine engravings, one representing the Feast of Belshazzar, another Camacho's wedding, and the third, the Prodigal Son at a banquet, ere he wandered forth to feed with swine. A side door opened, and I saw enter a very fine young man, elegantly dressed. He was in the act of drawing on a pair of pale kid gloves. Bowing gracefully, he said,

"I am ready, Monsieur, let us set out, let us go to dinner."

I looked at the engravings, and I obeyed almost mechanically, carried away in spite of myself by the fashionable coolness of his tone and manner. As soon as we were outside the door, M. Fortin said, "The weather is beautiful; if we are not going far, we may as well walk. Where are we to dine?"

"At the Café de Paris," said I, at random.

"So much the better," was the reply; "I detest a city ordinary."

I hoped that some explanation would follow, but it did not; and, somehow, I did not like to ask for it directly. I therefore contented myself with humming the opera air, "What may this mystery be?"

As we walked along, M. Fortin asked no questions; he spoke of the tax on dogs, of the scarcity of fish since the opening of the Havre railroad; of a late importation of Cape crabs, at the flower market; of M. d'Aliger's will; of a new painting by Couture; of Dumas' or Balzac's last novel; in short, he discussed all the topics of the day, and that in a very lively, gay, and pleasing manner. I was just beginning to think that the mysterious Fourteenth would turn out to be a newspaper reporter, when we entered the Café de Paris.

"Monsieur," said I, "allow me to congratulate you on your Parisian erudition; you really speak like a walking journal!"

"Ah!" replied he, "in our profession we must know a little of every thing. One could not be a Fourteenth on any other terms."

Entering the first saloon, I selected a table laid with two covers, and asked him to sit down. M. Fortin looked at me with surprise, and said,

"Where will the other guests sit?"

"There are none that I know of but ourselves," replied I, taking my place.

"Only two!" exclaimed he, drawing back, "then there must be some mistake, and I cannot comprehend the object of your invitation."

"The object of every invitation, Monsieur Fortin—the object of eating your dinner."

He condescended to smile, and seated himself opposite to me. The mystery had really become too oppressive, and I boldly sought an explanation, which, in the natural course of things, did not seem likely to arise.

"How," said he, laying down his knife and fork, "did you come to me without knowing my profession? And yet it has begun to make some noise in the fashionable world."

"Well! Monsieur, I can only say that this noise has not reached my ears."

"You are not then acquainted with the invention of the Fourteenth?"

"No, Monsieur Fortin."

"The Fourteenth," said he, solemnly, "supplies a desideratum in our social state. A statistical examination proves that in Paris invitations to dinner are every day given with so little forethought, that in five hundred houses on an average, guests to the fatal number of *thirteen* find themselves assembled at six o'clock. What is to be done? Something must be conceded to the prejudices of women; for, let their superstitious fears be once awakened, and adieu to the hilarity of the evening. Well! the Fourteenth is there; always ready to break the ominous number. A knock comes to my door, and I follow whither I am led, without question or delay. For success in this profession, it is necessary, however, that the Fourteenth should be talkative and amusing, a judge both of wine and wit, ready to take the first and to give the second. At present in Paris there are but five Fourteenths; yet I feel certain our numbers will increase rapidly."

After this satisfactory explanation, M. Fortin and I enjoyed as pleasant an evening as though we had really been *fourteen*. At parting I made him promise that he would often share and enliven my bachelor's dinner, in his own independent personality, and not as a mere supplementary unit.

A NIGHT AND DAY IN VENICE.

THE author of "Childe Harold" has finely described the feelings with which he first beheld Venice:—

"I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart
Rising like water columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me."

All travellers of any poetical sensibility are similarly affected. Beckford tells us that his heart beat quick when, crossing the mountains, he first saw the dim plains expanding towards the city of his fancy, and breathed the luxury of the soft Italian clime. Mrs. Jameson exclaims, "I feel, while I gaze around me,

as if I had seen Venice in my dreams—as if it were itself the vision of a dream. We have been here two days, and I have not yet recovered from my first surprise. All is yet enchantment, all is novel, extraordinary, affecting, from the many associations and remembrances excited in the mind. Pleasure and wonder are tinged with a melancholy interest, and while the imagination is excited, the spirits are depressed." These enthusiastic expressions must not be taken as the common-place affectation of sentiment at a hackneyed scene which we feel called upon to praise. They are real and genuine, and such as the sight of the same objects must call forth in any one at all gifted to appreciate them.

This glorious city *in the sea*, as it is, or rather *was* called by Rogers, is now joined to the mainland by an embankment stretching across the shallow lagunes; and where the silent gondola once kept up the communication, the train now thunders across the watery level—useful, indeed, but sadly searing away much of the poetry and romance that hung over Venice, from its unique singularity of site. I thank my stars that I saw Venice before the universal establishment of the reign of steam. No moonlight was ever brighter than that which shone upon the banks of the Brenta as the carriage rolled on from Padua towards the Adriatic. The villas in the Palladian taste, with their antiquated style of gardens, their groves decorated with statues and vases, succeeded each other like the fantastic scenes of the theatre. The distant hills were softly seen through the haze of night, some in shadow, others whitened by the moon. The duldest imagination must have called up the magical creations of Shakspeare, for here was the very scene and hour of his well-known description of the garden at Belmont. The lovely Portia, and her noble lover, with all the characters of his delicious drama, seemed real and living; for, as Leigh Hunt finely says, "the mind hardly separates truth from fiction in thinking of such objects, nor does it wish to do so. Fiction is truth in another shape, and gives as close embraces. What we glow at, and shed tears over, is as real as love and pity."

The sea breeze blew up fresh and salt as we neared the Adriatic gulf, and saw before us the white buildings of the small port, where we were to embark for Venice. There was a crowd of gondolas in readiness; and with a feeling half strange and half familiar we leapt into one of these far-famed barks. Byron has described them to the very letter, as—

"Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe;
Where none can make out what you say or do."

This mixture of familiarity and strangeness, of which most travellers are conscious in viewing Venice and everything about her, carries with it a peculiar charm. For who has not seen innumerable paintings and engravings of every object of interest within her confines?—the pictures by Canaletti, of St. Mark's Place, and the Rialto, and canal scenes by the thousand, all true and exact to a touch, even to the very greenish colour and ripple of the water; besides the

more brilliant, but less faithful, works of Prout, and the fantastic and gorgeous idealities of Turner; (which, in spite of the authority of the "Oxford Graduate," we must maintain, beautiful as they are, to be about as unlike the actual Venice as possible.) Who knows not the beautiful lines of Byron and of Rogers? Who has not read, moreover, the inimitable sketches of Beckford, and many a graphic description of this unique city? Prepared with all this, there is much that seems to us familiar. We recognise at a glance the prominent objects as old acquaintances; and infinitely delightful it is thus to find them go so far beyond rather than fall short of our anticipations! But how much is there for which no previous picture or description can prepare the mind! The *ensemble*, the grouping of these different parts, is something altogether new; they assume a different aspect, and produce a more vivid impression, when seen combined or contrasted with one another. All this is in store for those who are privileged to witness the actual scene.

To return to my narrative. I waited impatiently for the moment when the embarkation of our party should be completed, and the gondolier push out into the open sea. The salt breeze was fresh and invigorating, but scarcely did more than stir the surface of the shallow lagoon and break it into a ripple, against which the sharp prow of the gondola, as it was propelled by the plashing oar of the gondolier, broke drowsily, casting aside a long trail silvered by the glittering moonbeams. There was a strange magic in our movement, as we glided almost noiselessly across the lagoon. A slight haze rested upon the farther extremity of the waters, and straining my eyes impatiently, I could just discern the towers of Venice rising dimly here and there, touched by the light of the moon. As we approached, they gradually came out bolder and brighter, and we were able vaguely to make out the general outline of the city, as it rose, like a vision, from the sleeping waters. With a feeling quite indescribable I found myself gliding into this city of a dream, without gate or barrier—by an avenue of that same salt water, the expanse of which we had just traversed. Pushing the gondola into the mouth of the Grand Canal, we were at once in Venice. And never shall I forget the glorious night on which I first threaded its long winding avenues of palaces and churches.

It was past the hour when even the latest revelers are abroad, and the still waters of the canal were unbroken by any sound but the monotonous plash of our oars. The moonlight "slept" upon one range of the piles which line its margin, and the effect of the light upon the infinitely varied and often fantastic buildings,—the magnificent Palladian palaces of Sansovino, and the Moresco-Gothic façades of others, appearing in long and spectral succession as we slowly advanced along the canal,—was beautiful beyond all power of description. At length we reached the bridge of the Rialto; and shot under the deep shadow of its broad and singular

arch, with a feeling almost of awe. Branching off from the Grand Canal, appeared at intervals the openings of the thousand narrower ones which circulate in endless mazes through the city. The perspective down some of these watery avenues was inimitable, and suggestive of many a romantic adventure. They are sunk between lofty marble piles, the doors of which open at once upon the waters of the canal, which slumber in the blackest shadow; the small bridges which span them here and there, with the angle of some storied palace, catching the moonbeams, glittered in the most dazzling contrast. Not far above the Rialto, we passed the Mocenigo palace, formerly occupied by Lord Byron, basking in the light of the moon, which faintly gleamed over the vast and dilapidated pile of the Palazzo Foscari, nearly opposite; a magnificent specimen of the Moresco-Gothic, but presenting an appearance so strangely desolate and ominously mournful, that the mind, even before informed of the sad histories that belong to it, involuntarily associates it with something dark and tragical—a circumstance which might not improbably have suggested to Lord Byron to write the tragedy in which he has immortalized the woes of the unhappy family. Not far from hence, our gondola, leaving the main avenue, shot into a narrow canal, between two ranges of palace walls, dark and silent beyond anything we can imagine in the heart of a city, and after some turnings and windings, arrived at the water-steps of our hotel.

On stepping forth next morning, a few steps brought me into the celebrated Piazza San Marco; a large square surrounded with buildings, which, together with the adjacent Piazzetta, is the only *terra firma* of any extent in this marine city.

Beckford may well observe that "a more noble assemblage was never presented by architecture." At one extremity is the church of St. Mark, and the three other sides are occupied by majestic ranges of buildings, the most conspicuous being the stately façade of the "Procuratie Nuove," which forms one side of the square, and presents an uninterrupted series of arcades below and columnar designs above. At one angle, near St. Mark's Church, rises the lofty Campanile, which towers abrupt from the pavement of the great square to a stupendous height, overlooking the whole maze of canals and islands comprised in Venice. "The design," says Beckford, "is barbarous; yet in spite of these defects, it strikes one with awe."

From the summit of this Campanile, where the "starry Galileo" used to hold commerce with the heavens, and to which Byron would sometimes ascend to catch the fresh sea-breeze and enjoy the prospect, is a most magnificent view over Venice and its environs. Here one looks down upon the Piazza, with the "busy fry" of its restless population, and the fantastic oriental dome of St. Mark's, and upon the Grand Canal, bordered with Palladian churches, and animated by its crowd of fitting gondolas. The insulated position of this "glorious city in the sea" is

understood at a glance ; but it is only here and there that one catches sight of any of the innumerable canals which circulate like veins among the tall piles of palaces, and towers, and churches, by which they are concealed from above. The islands in the vicinity—to which the Romans fled from the main land, to avoid the rapine of Attila—once so beautiful, but now so dreary, peep up at intervals amidst the blue lagunes. Italy is beheld on one hand, the Adriatic expands on the other, and the channel leading to it, by which the war-galleys of the famous Republic issued forth to conquest or returned in triumph ; the Alps of Friuli close in the glorious view. Descending from this aerial post we enter St. Mark's Church, one of the most venerable and curious monuments of Christendom ; exhibiting a mixture of the Greek and Saracenic styles. Its portals are deep and curiously enriched, and it is surmounted by some singularly shaped domes, which, contrasted with the regular forms of the square and tower, have an almost magical effect. "Venice," as another traveller well remarks, "is the proper region of the fantastic ;" and the singularity of its architecture, with its tinge of orientalism, seems to place it on the confines of Europe and Asia, and call up a whole catalogue of romantic histories of the crusading and middle ages. The shops and coffee-houses under the arcades of this immense piazza, are the haunts of all sorts of loungers ; and here the stately, dreamy Turk, the gay and more volatile Greek, mingle with the curious dresses of the Adriatic provincials, and costumes and physiognomies from all parts of Europe. St. Mark's Place has been the scene of almost every stirring event connected with Venetian history. "I envied," says Beckford, "the good fortune of Petrarch, who describes, in one of his letters, a tournament held in this princely opening. Many are the festivals," he continues, "which have been here celebrated. When Henry III. left Poland to mount the throne of France, he passed through Venice, and found the Senate waiting to receive him in their famous square ; which, by means of an awning stretched from the balustrades of opposite palaces, was metamorphosed into a vast saloon, sparkling with artificial stars, and spread with the superb carpets of the East. What a magnificent idea ! The ancient Romans, in the zenith of power and luxury, never conceived a greater."

On entering the portals of St. Mark's, we fully appreciate all the peculiarities of the Byzantine architecture ; its numerous and costly shrines and swelling domes, enriched with a surface of gold, in which seem to float whole legions of saints and angels, as in a halo of glory. Talk as we will of the barbarity of taste of the Lower Empire, there is something infinitely poetic in the interior of this celebrated fane, which boasts the spoils of Constantinople, many of its choicest curiosities having been carried thence by the Latins when they wrested the city from the Greek Emperors ; of which exploit there is a curious ancient painting in the Ducal Palace. Emerging from the rich and solemn gloom of this venerable edifice, we catch sight of the Grand Canal, with its multiform

life and movement, beyond a perspective of the Moresco-Gothic arches of the Ducal Palace on the one hand, and a Palladian range of arches on the other ; and, when at length we reach the marble steps, and look out over the broad expanse of the Canal, here opening into a sea-port, the scene is one that can never pass from the recollection of the spectator. The fresh green sea, "ebbing and flowing," dashes freely against the marble steps. The picturesque red-and-white façade of the Ducal Palace ranges majestically along the bluish green water, on which crowds of black gondolas are passing to and fro. On the opposite side of the canal are the splendid church of the Palladio, the noble portal of the Custom House, and a crowd of other objects, from one to the other of which the eye wanders in a sort of fascination, unable to embrace all the details, or to drink in the full effect of the whole. It is, besides, all stamped with history and poetry, and every object thus carries with it a twofold magic to the eye and memory.

Entering the court of the Ducal Palace, which offers the same mingling of Oriental and European architecture, we reach the foot of a magnificent flight of steps, leading to the interior of the building. The colossal statues of Mars and Neptune guard the entrance above, and confer upon the ascending marble staircase the appellation of "The Giants' Steps." Within are cloisters and corridors, conducting into the state apartments, which astonish us by their immense extent and their faded magnificence. The compartments of the heavily enriched ceilings are covered with the works of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese ; and along the walls are ranged a series of historical pictures, representing the exploits of different doges. The place of the portrait of Marino Faliero is covered with black ; a circumstance which, as Byron informs us, particularly affected him, and, doubtless, set his imagination at work to produce a drama on the history of this unfortunate prince.

From these splendid and stately rooms, the scene of the ancient glories of the republic, we pass into the narrow cells in which prisoners of state were formerly confined ; these communicated, by the covered stone "Bridge of Sighs," which spans a narrow canal, with the deeper dungeons of the Fondamenti Nuove. Here we have thus, as Byron describes it, "a palace and a prison on each hand." These submarine dungeons have now ceased to echo to the groan of the tortured captive, under the old Inquisitorial tyranny of the "Council of Ten." This had ceased to exist in Byron's time ; but Beckford, who travelled half a century earlier, found all these horrors yet in existence. "This is the tribunal," he exclaims, "which holds the wealthy nobility in continual awe ; before which they appear with trembling and terror, and whose summons they dare not disobey. Sometimes, by way of clemency, it condemns its victims to perpetual imprisonment in close stifling cells between the leads and beams of the palace ; or, unwilling to spill the blood of a fellow-citizen, generously sinks them into dungeons, deep under the canals which wash its

foundations; so that, above and below, its majesty is contaminated by the abodes of punishment. What other sovereign could endure the idea of having his immediate residence polluted with tears—or revel in his halls, conscious that many of his species were consuming their hours in lamentations above his head, and that a few beams separated him from the scene of their tortures? However gaily disposed, could one dance with pleasure on a pavement beneath which lie damp and gloomy caverns, whose inhabitants waste away by painful degrees, and feel themselves whole years a-dying? Impressed by these terrible ideas, I could not regard the palace without horror, and wished for the strength of a thousand antediluvians, to level it with the sea, *lay open the secret recesses of punishment*, and admit free gales and sunshine into every den." The latter clauses of this indignant wish have happily been fulfilled, but the palace yet stands a gorgeous but gloomy monument of the dark and dreadful scenes which have stained the pages of Venetian history.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

POISONED WATER.

IN 1849, Louis Philippe, and his family, narrowly escaped death by being poisoned with the water conveyed in leaden pipes to the palace of Claremont, in Surrey, at which the ex-royal family of France were then sojourning. Dr. Thomson, of Stratford-upon-Avon, analyzed a pint of this poisoned water, and found it to contain one-tenth of a grain of sulphuret of lead. In other respects, the water was good and pure. It will be recollected that the Princess Charlotte died at Claremont in 1817, under circumstances not hitherto satisfactorily explained; and Dr. Thomson appends to his analysis this "historic doubt:" how long the insidious source of disease and suffering has existed, and who and how many of those who have inhabited this royal residence have been the victims of it, are questions of deep interest, and calculated to awaken suspicions with reference to one whose memory is associated with the name of Claremont, and the immediate cause of whose premature death neither the symptoms preceding it, nor the *post mortem* appearances, seemed sufficiently to account for.

"THE HARVEST MOON."

Persons who maintain this moon always to appear in harvest, display profound ignorance of the fixed and unalterable laws on which the phenomenon depends; for the time of harvest frequently commences in Kent before the corn is in the ear in Dumfriesshire; and, under such circumstances, we should have, at the least, two moons within the circumscribed limits of the British Isles. The settled rule is this:—in northern latitudes, the harvest moon is the full moon at or near the time of the autumnal equinox; and in consequence of her orbit being nearly parallel to the horizon, there is but a slight variation

in her times of rising for several consecutive nights; and as this particular rising can only happen when the moon is in Pisces or Aries, the sun must necessarily be either in Virgo or Libra, and these signs answer to the months of September and October.

TO SPLIT PAPER.

Procure two rollers or cylinders of glass or amber, resin, or metallic amalgam; strongly excite them by the well known means, so as to produce the attraction of cohesion, and then with pressure pass the paper between the rollers. One half will adhere to the under roller, and the other to the upper roller, and the split will be perfect. Then cease the excitation, and remove each part.—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

[POLISH CALCULATING MACHINE.

Some years since, Stern, a Polish Jew, invented a machine, of which he had a model, by which he worked out the first four books of arithmetic, and the rule of three; extracted the square roots, showing the fractions completely reduced, and gave all the logarithmic calculations. With a key, the figures of a problem were set, and afterwards, by turning a small crank, in a few seconds, or if the proposition was long and complicated, in one or two minutes, the product was obtained, which would have been arduous to an accomplished arithmetician.

PETROLEUM LIGHT.

A brilliant light may be produced from a kind of petroleum. From 130 to 150 gallons of this substance are daily collected at Ridding in Derbyshire. By distillation, it yields five per cent. of paraffine, (mineral tallow,) and eighty per cent. of mineral oil. This oil is worth about 4s. per gallon, and when burnt in a common Argand lamp, gives the light of seven candles, at the cost of three-eighths of a penny per hour.

LAND-SHELLS OF THE PACIFIC.

One of the great results shown by the naturalists of the United States Exploring Expedition is, that the land-shells of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean are entirely different in different islands, each island appearing to have a species of shell peculiar to its own formation. These shells could not have been derived from the continent, but must have originated in the respective islands where they are found.

SINGING SHELLS.

Mr. Taylor, when at Bathcaldia, in Ceylon, on going at night on a lake near the fort, was struck by a loud musical noise proceeding from the bottom of the water. It was caused by multitudes of some animal inhabiting shells—at least the natives call them "singing shells." The sounds are like those of an accordeon, or Æolian harp, guitar, &c., vibrating notes, and pitched in different keys. A snail, abundant in Corfu, if irritated by a touch with a piece of straw, will emit a distinctly audible sound in a querulous tone, and this it frequently repeats if freshly touched.

Reviews.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

LET none of our readers infer from the heading of this article that we have forgotten the character of our Magazine, and are bent on trespassing ourselves, and inviting them to follow us, into the ground occupied by the numberless theological periodicals of the day. We hasten to assure them, that we entertain no such intentions; but, instead thereof, are simply desirous of expressing our welcome to the first part of a work that promises to be most excellent; and of showing why we regard this subject as one that deserves warm and serious attention; and this particular treatise, in its plan, and in its performance, (as far as one number enables us to judge,) worthy of its subject.

We are not unwilling to distinguish this Journal from some of its contemporaries, that, infected by the cant of the day, pretend to have climbed to heights of wisdom, whence they look down with sublime calmness on all that the best of men have held to be most sacred, and speak of that which is ineffably holy with a philosophic indifference that would provoke our derision, did we not perceive the baneful effects of such unbecoming familiarity upon those who speak, and upon those who hear and believe, too. This biography seems to us to be an admirable medicament for this disease of the times. Any graphic sketch of such a life as that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles might convict many that have been caught by the fine-sounding words used by our would-be Philosophers,—our *Philosophers* (bare of wisdom, not *lovers* of it), as they should rather be called;—it might convict them of the want of wisdom they have shown in being so deluded, by the mere genuineness of the beauty and grandeur it depicted, and lead them to better teachers. From the perusal—or study, rather—of such a life of St. Paul as this before us, however,—one that undertakes to set us, as far as illustration of every kind can avail, in the midst of the very scenes and times in which the Apostle lived and laboured; and to picture him, not merely as history and tradition have represented him to us, but also, as his own still living words portray him,—we can but anticipate the happiest results.

Our authors open their first chapter thus:—

"The life of a great man, in a great period of the world's history, is a subject to command the attention of every thoughtful mind. Alexander on his Eastern expedition, spreading the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean Sea,—Julius Cæsar contending against the Gauls, and subduing the barbarism of Western Europe to the order and discipline of Roman government,—Charlemagne compressing the separating atoms of the feudal world, and reviving for a time the image of imperial unity,—Columbus sailing westward over the Atlantic, to discover a new world, which might receive the arts and religion of the old,—Napoleon on his rapid campaigns, shattering the ancient system of European states, and leaving a chasm between our present and the past;—these are

the colossal figures of history, which stamp with the impress of their personal greatness the centuries in which they lived.

"The interest with which we look upon such men is natural and inevitable, even when we are deeply conscious that, in their character and their work, evil was mixed up in large proportions with the good, and when we find it difficult to discover the providential design which drew the features of their respective epochs. But this natural feeling rises into something higher if we can be assured that the period we contemplate was designedly prepared for great results, that the work we admire was a work of unmixed good, and the man whose actions we follow was an instrument specially prepared by the hands of God. Such a period was that in which the civilized world was united under the first Roman emperors; such a work was the first preaching of the Gospel; and such a man was Paul of Tarsus."

All this is most true; but it is not the only view that we may take of this subject. "The history of the world is the biography of great men;" but these "great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company." Without any effort, we grow like the characters we admire. Old age yields to the influence of this plastic force with hardly less pliancy than youth itself. And misplaced admiration of mere "remarkable" men, to the neglect of the great men that

"—have been among us; hands that penn'd

And tongues that utter'd wisdom—better none,"—has dwarfed whole generations. Wordsworth's magnificent invocation of Milton, and sorrowful complaint over England, had never been uttered, had we remembered

"The late Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others, who call'd Milton, friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour: what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness"

It would be a great thing could we inspire those who are now just springing up into manhood with the belief of what Longfellow has sung in his "*Psalm of Life*:"—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

But it would be even a greater thing if these,—the hope of the coming age, the true "movement party" of humanity at large,—should, out of this timely publication, learn to look upon Paul, the tent-maker, the apostle, as one of the very first of the world's true heroes. And such he was, if ever there was a hero, a great man at all. His whole soul taken up with one great purpose—a purpose so great that it expanded his soul as it filled it, and occupied it ever more completely as it expanded,—he lived only for that, passing over, as all unworthy of his regard, what did not bear upon the end he had set before him, but neglecting nothing, however trivial, that could help him to attain that end, and seeing before him only "bonds and afflictions," could say, as much by his conduct as by his

(1) "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A. and Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A. Part I. Longmans.

words, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

There is one great advantage in the admiration of a great man of this stamp, which we must not pass by unnoticed. He may serve as a veritable example for men of every age, and of any station. The hero in war, in science, in discovery, invention, letters, or in poesy, can assist but very few to fill up their own place in the world with greatness of heart, and must always, in some degree, inspire those that reverence them with admiration of the means by which each achieved greatness, rather than of the greatness itself. But it is not so with the hero of practical goodness. Every word he speaks, every ray of light he sheds abroad, is heard and is seen by all; and instead of painting the scenery around some other path to glory, with all the splendours of finished fame, makes the commonest duties—nay, mere household drudgery,—appear the very steps by which the purest heights of fame, and the most exalted rewards, may be gained as surely, almost more surely, than they may by those steep and slippery tracks, along which so few have strength and earnestness enough to run in safety; and yet can impart to those called to these rare and difficult undertakings, the clear-seeing and strong-minded resolve, that is the best augury and most certain pledge of success.

Admiration for true greatness may thus prove a source of daily solace and might to any and to all that are toiling in the obscure walks of life; and invest any and every pursuit, that is not in itself unworthy of man, with all the attractiveness and charm that is commonly regarded as pertaining to the few occupations, the din of which, or the splendour of which, makes itself seen and heard of the whole world.

But we must add a few words respecting the aspect of great men, so eloquently described in the passage we have quoted from the work before us. Those "colossal figures," whose undying glory has made them "landmarks in the world's history," are the *exponents* of the ages in which they lived. Not that they were the creatures of their times; much rather might they be regarded as the creators of what are for us the prominent features of them. But in the general plan and outline which we, each for himself, form of the history of the world, such names as these stand out as the representatives of their epochs; and we read in what these men were and accomplished, the part taken by each epoch in the growth and advancement of the entire race. Yet no one can glance merely at the long muster-roll of the heroes of this world's Walhalla, without seeing great differences of rank and eminence, arising chiefly out of the different significance of the names. One represents a passing phase in the history of some one state; another, a long-enduring empire: one stands for a bold protest against some tyrannical wrong against the hearts or lives of men; another, as the founder of a system of

thought or of law, that for centuries determined the destinies of mankind: one is inserted because he achieved the deliverance of his country, by the unaided might of his own right-hand; another, because, as an almost universal conqueror, he swept away an old and effete age, and heralded the advent of a new and nobler era. Now, these differences must, of necessity, affect those who admire their greatness, and are filled with no ignoble longing after it. The significance of the name of the hero we have chosen must tell upon the character which we may work out, through our love for him.

It is therefore not a small matter to have chosen well in this respect. And now we challenge one of the highest places in worth and honour for the apostle Paul. He arose at a period when "the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman appeared to divide the world between them." Our authors well say; "The outward condition of Jerusalem itself, at this epoch, might be taken as a type of the civilized world." And after alluding to various observable particulars in which these three elements were brought into closest proximity in the capital of Judæa, they proceed:—

"The condition of the world in general at that period wears a similar appearance to a Christian's eye. He sees the Greek and Roman elements brought into remarkable union with the older and more sacred element of Judaism. He sees in the Hebrew nation a divinely-laid foundation for the superstructure of the Church, and in the dispersion of the Jews a soil made ready in filling places for the seed of the Gospel. He sees in the spread of the language and commerce of the Greeks, and in the high perfection of their poetry and philosophy, appropriate means for the rapid communication of Christian ideas, and for bringing them into close connexion with the best thoughts of unassisted humanity. And he sees in the union of so many incoherent provinces under the law and government of Rome, a strong framework which might keep together, for a sufficient period, those masses of social life which the Gospel was intended to pervade. The City of God is built at the confluence of three civilizations."

In a most wonderful way did the Apostle also represent "the confluence of three civilizations," even in the most exterior and circumstantial particulars; for whilst he was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," he was also, by birth, a free Roman citizen, and a native of the Greek city of Tarsus. We shall not develop this; for it is not so much retrospectively, as prospectively, that we assign so high a rank to St. Paul; and not at all on the ground of mere accidents and circumstances, but of what he was most profoundly, and in which he may be taken as a teacher and a leader.

There can be no question on the part of any one, that the "preaching of the Gospel" effected a real revolution in the earth. Nor can there be any doubt that men in general have apprehended that "Gospel" under very different forms, and in very different degrees of clearness and power, in different ages. Yet, notwithstanding all differences, the "Gospel" has been the ground-tone of all the harmonies, and discords too, of the civilized world, from the time of its first and successful promulgation. Now, he that should

embody the Gospel clearly [in his own life, would necessarily be, to a degree, a representative of the root and foundation of all the movement and progress of civilized man since our era; and just in proportion as his apprehension of the Gospel should rise in clearness, and his living embodiment of it approach the majestic beauty of the Great Example, so would he be, in a higher degree, and in a fuller measure, a representative of Christianized mankind. And the position we claim for the apostle Paul is the very highest, in this respect, that we can conceive open for a mere man to fill. Ceaseless contemplation of his life has made men despair of finding another to place beside it as a peer and a companion, amongst the followers in all ages of his Lord;—men who denied the divinity of his message have revered the divinity of the man; and ceaseless study of his writings has developed, by the aid of philology (poor and ineffectual instrument as it seems) alone, ever deeper meaning, ever holier and loftier scope;—and men who have treated the history of Jesus as a myth, have borrowed from St. Paul's letters proofs and illustrations of their own boasted philosophy. But, indeed, on such a subject as this there is no proof that can completely satisfy excepting *actual trial*. And we predict, without fear of a single gainsayer, that if any one of those we address would fearlessly and nobly dare this, that he would find, after years of patient and humble endeavour, when his own knowledge of these things could be doubted neither by himself nor by any other, that the Apostle stood yet in almost unapproachable grandeur of Christian beauty, in wholly inexhaustible riches of heavenly wisdom and truth.

And thus it is that we rejoice at the appearance of this work, and commend it most heartily to our readers. Respecting its plan, we can only say, that it seems to us to be most carefully constructed. A new and somewhat paraphrastic translation of the Apostle's letters will do much to exhibit all the most secret and beautiful traits of his character; a review of all the various features of the world as it then was, will prepare us for appreciating the boldness of the man who dared determine on such a course as his; and a similar review of the different circumstances that surrounded his apostolic journeys, and enhanced the difficulties of his sacred mission, will aid us in feeling what undaunted courage and unshrinking earnestness sustained him to the end. Maps, charts, wood-engravings of coins, sculptures, and of every thing that can elucidate the state of the then world, are promised and given copiously. And in addition to these attractions of scholarship and literature, we have accurate sketches, taken on the spot, which have been so admirably engraved, that we hardly feel the need of colour to enable us to realize the scenes of a climate so different from our own. In typography and general appearance it is all that the most fastidious could desire, and would be amply worth its price to any one who desires to spend the money he has to spare for books wisely and well.

As this is but the introduction of a first part to our

readers, we postpone much that we desire to add till the publication of subsequent parts shall demand further notice of us. And very gladly shall we return to the subject.

Meanwhile, we make one remark upon a reason advanced in the preface for producing a new translation of our Apostle's letters, simply for the sake of awakening some thought respecting a subject of greatest interest and concern, that lies rather apart from the common track of men's thinkings.

Our authors say—"The authorized version was meant to be a standard of authority and ultimate appeal in controversy." And again, in a note—"Had any other course been adopted, every sect would have had its own Bible." Now, we will not yield to any in admiration of the elegance and force, nor in appreciation of the general literal faithfulness of the English authorized version; but we wholly demur to the proposition of making a translation a "*standard of authority and ultimate appeal in controversy*." This would be to stultify biblical scholarship,—to reject, with some appearance of contempt, the original, which has been so wonderfully preserved to us; and lamely to imitate the unwisest proceeding of the Council of Trent, which made their Vulgate the "*ultimate appeal*," and for that purpose declared it *inspired*. And then, as to each sect having its own Bible, so far from seeing any evil in this, we believe it would have led to a more general and more careful study of the original; it would have taken away from infidels their favourite and feeble argument against the Bible, drawn from the diversity of sects quoting as authoritative one and the same volume; and it would wholly have prevented that superstitious regard for our translation, which, in cases we well know, is hardly exceeded by that manifested for the Koran by the negroes of Western Africa.

MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND.¹

WE esteem ourselves fortunate in having made the acquaintance of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. A more amiable old maiden lady it has not been our lot to meet with (in a book) for a long time; much as old maiden ladies in books have been given, of late years, to do the amiable, and outshine the resplendent virtue of "the young and lovely" heroines.

Mrs. Margaret Maitland is an old maid of a somewhat new kind in a novel; she does not seem to the reader like an allegorical personification of all the virtues; but she comes before him as a virtuous *person*, without anything mythical or allegorical about her. The reader believes in her existence while he reads; because she has actually been *created upon the paper*. The creative art, in a small way, is clearly visible here. We have a picture so natural, that an unpractised spectator would exclaim, "Here is very little talent in this. It is a faithful copy; almost a fac-simile of nature." The truth being that it is a

(1) "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside, written by herself." 3 vols. Post 8vo. Henry Colburn.

careful composition, not a copy from nature at all; but a work composed in Nature's own spirit; with a reverent regard to her external laws and modes of working. We do not say that there may not be, here and there, a minute trifle which infinitesimal criticism might point out as inaccurate, in the work, like a strap wanting to the saddle in a fine equestrian statue, or a blade of grass turned the wrong way in some highly prized landscape-painting. Such things do not affect the reality, the living personality of Mrs. Maitland. Being a *person*, therefore, she speaks to us *viva voce*, as it were, and not like the dead letter. Quaint, primitive and lowland Scotch is the language in which she addresses the reader; a language which is part of herself; and which the tasteful reader would not change for the most elegant English; since it is clear enough that Mrs. Maitland would not be what she is without it. Whatever forms it may be found necessary to do away with in society, forms of speech cannot be destroyed without serious, if not vital injury to the thought they clothe. Now the dialect in which great part of this book is written, being unfamiliar to the general reader, may cause a charge of affectation to be brought against it. Unjustly, we think. It is true that the authoress could have written in ordinary English, (she gives proof of that in various parts of the book where Mrs. Maitland herself is not the relater of the tale,) but it was part of the authoress's plan to make Mrs. Maitland speak for herself; and Mrs. Maitland of Sunnyside could by no effort of the imagination be made to speak pure English with propriety. Setting the fitness of things aside, altogether, we think the plain, nervous, expressive language of this book has two great charms: it is perfectly intelligible to any intelligent reader, and it has a pleasing freshness and novelty. Also, it has good Saxon elements in it; and is an antidote to the Gallicisms and Teuton-Hellenicisms of the modern English, and can do us no harm, but some good, to read once in a way. Take as a specimen the following first mentioning of herself by the supposed narrator:

"I mind well when I was in years little above a bairn, of lying on the grass in a park near the Manse (for my father had a globe of fine land, the like of which, I have heard, was hardly in the parish), looking at the white clouds sailing upon the sky, and thinking no mortal could be happier if I might but have abode there; but it aye so happened that my seam was lying waiting for me in the Manse parlour, or the unlearned lesson compelled me to go in; and when in the summer nights I had a while to myself, there ever came in something to hinder me of my pleasure; for, either the sky was overcast, or the grass was damp, or my brother Claud drew me into more stirring plays,—it being little in the nature of a blythe boy to bide quiet, and look at the sky. That I could speak of him so! that is a man with grey hair upon his head, and a father in the kirk; but the years steal by us fast, and folk forget."

These passages in the life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland relate rather to the history of her brother's children and her pupil Grace than to her own. But while occupied with other people and their affairs, she fully reveals her own character, and gives intimations

of "passages" in her former life, (love passages, suffering, or "tribulations" as she terms her sorrows, and the victory of a religious spirit over the fiery trials of the heart,) which the reader would fain know something more of. It is clear that so chastened a spirit, at once so contented and so thoroughly acquainted, not only with "all forms, modes, shows of grief," but with the essence and the latent causes of the deadly thing, must have paid the high price of experience for her knowledge. This price is sometimes ruinous; but not to one like Mrs. Maitland, who has the countless riches of faith in a heavenly Father, and the golden joys of the unseen world to fall back upon when she becomes bankrupt in the happiness of this world. A loving heart, with such a secret store, will not rest without finding objects on which it may expend its capacity of conferring happiness; and it is with those whom she has drawn around her with the bonds of love, and to whom she ministers, that Mrs. Margaret Maitland seeks to make the reader most familiar.

Her father is the clergyman of Pasturelands, "a pleasant country place," in Scotland, (locality not specified.) He was a man of "bye ordinary mildness" and fitness for his position. Her mother was a help-met for him, though of delicate health. Margaret and her elder brother, Claud, are well nurtured in the doctrines of the Presbyterian church, and are gracious, God-fearing children.

"My brother Claud and me were the only ones left out of a flock, and while the folk said that I bare our Mother's outward resemblance, it was an undoubted thing that Claud had the features of her mind. There was a mildness in my father's voice that might have moved the most hardened, when he spoke to them, in the words of the tender-hearted Apostle John, of Him that was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us. But when Claud lifted his head in the pulpit, and preached his first sermon on the grand text, 'Who is He that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' there was a glance from below his brow that shot into your heart. I had near said it was a proud day for us, that day that Claud preached his first sermon; and truly it is not to be denied that carnal pride is ill to mortify; but without doubt it was a day of gratitude and thanksgiving.

"Many had been the prayers, and much the anxiety in the Manse, when he went forth from amongst us, a simple boy, to stand by himself, and meet the temptations of that great and wicked city Edinburgh, the very distant sound of which is enough to put folk in mind of the roar of him that goeth about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour. I mind how my mother and me used to look at him when he came home in the spring, for fear there should be any change; and I will never forget how my godly father wrestled in supplication, that the Almighty would be a wall of fire about the lad, keeping him from evil: but that day (I wonder if Claud minds it as I do!) our anxiety was calmed with a measure of sure confidence, and of trust in Him that had brought us hitherto, and kepted us in his way.

"My mother was sitting in the corner of the pew, feared to look up at first; my father sat at the door with his face (I ever thought him like the beloved Apostle, but never more than on that day) turned stedfast to the pulpit, and I cowered in between them, whiles taking a glance round the kirk to see how folk attended, and whiles venturing to look up to where my one brother stood in his youthful prime, and preaching the everlasting

word to the folk that had known him all his days. It might be called sinful pride. I know not, but they would have had strange hearts that said so, after hearing as I did my father's thanksgiving at our evening exercise, and seeing my mother lift up her white face (for she was spent with troubles), and take into her own hand the hand of her one son, and say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Truly it was a blessed night, that, to us—the happiest that had been in the Manse of Pasturelands for many a day!"

The character of this brother Claud, who "goes out" with the Free-church party, (to which party Mrs. Margaret herself seems a warm adherent,) is not elaborately drawn, but it is sketched with such delicacy and decision of touch, that one feels it must be very true to nature. Of herself Mrs. Maitland says:—

"The beginning of my own life I need not to dwell on particularly. When I was twelve years old, I finished a sampler which had no equal in the parish, nor nearhand it, the which I have now framed in a frame made for it by James Rule, the joiner of Burrowstoun. And before that I mind not anything past the common, seeing that I had just learned my lesson and sewed my seam like other bairns, though it is Claud's word (and doubtless it behoves folks to believe the minister) that my gifts at that time lay more in the way of the idleness of play than any serious avocation. I mind also that I was set to learn Latin at that season of my life, to encourage Claud, but I am not able to say that I ever had any natural inclination to win into the sepulchre of that dead language, in consequence whereof I never got far on. When I was sixteen, I was sent, for a while, into Edinburgh, to board with a Miss Serymgeour, a discreet gentlewoman, who kept a genteel school for young ladies to learn divers things that were thought needful in those days, and also how to behave myself in polite society. Doubtless there are aye changes in manners as well as in folk, and I have never had much stroke with strangers. Nevertheless, I am bound to say, that I aye found the breeding of the Manse at Pasturelands to serve me better than what I got in the school at Edinburgh."

Simple as our friend Mrs. Margaret seems, she shows no small knowledge of human nature, and of the world and its ways. There is occasionally a quiet, very permissible sort of Christian satire in her manner of relating facts and commenting on them. There is a cunning stroke of the story-teller's art in the following, by which the reader's curiosity is excited, and his attention fixed upon the passages *not* related.

"Truly if I was going into all that came to pass in the next four or five years of my life, I might soon fill up a printed book; and though I have now gotten into years, and folks may think me past feeling old stounds, yet there are some of these by-gone days that I am not able to write about. Doubtless there are great blessings in the season of youth, but also there are sore tribulations; and seeing it was never my will to set my sorrow in the eye of any mortal but my own self, it is not like that I should write it down here, to be read by folk who never heard tell of me before. The hand of Providence is aye kind, howsoever it may whiles smite. That season was by when the first of our great family afflictions came upon us—that was the taking up of my father into his Master's house."

A year or two before this event, Claud had been ordained his father's assistant and successor, therefore the widow and her daughter do not yet remove from the Manse. "It might be about a year after that," says the faithful chronicler, "that we began to dis-

cover that Claud's pony had a particular gift' of trotting to Bourtree, and, indeed, when it was brought out to the Manse door, would scarcely ever (for it was a most sensible beast,) turn its head to any other airt. And also by and by we found out that Claud himself looked down into the seat of the Bourtree family on the Sabbath days, in an uncommon manner, and that Mary Elder, instead of looking straight up at the minister during the time of the sermon, as she should have done, hung down her head and played with her Bible." Sufficient signs these to the discerning eyes of a mother and sister! So before very long we have Claud married to Mary Elder, and Margaret with her mother and their maid Jenny flitting to Sunnyside, a pleasant cottage close to the little town of Burrowstoun, and a few miles from the Manse of Pasturelands. For three or four years the home at Sunnyside is peaceful and happy, for the mother and daughter were of one mind, "and there is no fellowship that can be in the flesh, like the fellowship of a mother and her only daughter." After that time the mother died, and Miss Maitland is left alone. Then an old Edinburgh schoolfellow of hers, one of those excellent, active-minded busybodies, who are always exerting themselves in other people's affairs, (let us do them the justice to say, that they do more good than evil in the world, though they are not agreeable members of society;)—one of these strong-minded, business-like women thinks it will be better for Miss Maitland to occupy herself with the charge either of an insane lady or a little girl. Miss Maitland submits without any altercation to take charge of a little girl, (indeed she feels that such an employment will sweeten her life,) but she, strongly urged by Jenny, refuses to have anything to do with the "daft body." Almost immediately after Miss Maitland's consent to take charge of the child, little Grace arrives. Her name too, is Maitland, but she is not related to Mrs. Margaret. The latter knows nothing about the child, except that she has no mother, and is said to be an herress. The domestication of Grace at Sunnyside is a great increase of happiness to both mistress and maid, as well as to the child herself, who has been unkindly treated by her father's sister, and is at first proud and somewhat intractable, offending the pious Miss Maitland by assertions that she "hates her aunt," and that her father is "a very bad man." Little Grace is left to the sole guardianship of her new friend for nine or ten years, and is brought up in constant intercourse with Claud and Mary, the children of the brother at Pasturelands. There is nothing remarkable about the young people. Grace is "qucenly," Mary very pretty, and Claud an amiable, handsome, and well-conducted young man. They are all attached to each other, and, of course, Claud and Grace are in love without knowing it. Mrs. Margaret has done her best to make her "dear bairn" as accomplished as circumstances at Sunnyside will permit, and Grace has talent, and improves all her opportunities. At length, Mrs. Lennox, Grace's aunt, sends for her, without previous warning, and Jenny

and her mistress are again left alone. There is no complicated plot to unravel, as the reader is led to expect from the peculiar position of Grace; indeed, expectations are sadly disappointed as regards the story. The wickedness of Mrs. Lennox and her brother promise something tragic, but there seems to be no power of passionate or dramatic writing in the good old lady of Sunnyside; and though there is scope for it in the outline of Grace's story, it ends in smoke, and there is, properly speaking, no story at all. The circumstances are highly improbable, and no attempt is made to account for them. We are also left in the dark as to the future career of Grace's nearest relatives, after she has been rescued from them by Mr. Monteith, who is the lover of Mrs. Margaret's youth, and by a chance not accounted for, is Grace's guardian in the lifetime of her own father. Grace is very unhappy in her aunt's house, and finds her only comfort in writing to her dear friends at Sunnyside and Pasturelands, and they also write frequently to her. Mrs. Lennox keeps her niece as much as possible in retirement, as her object is to keep the fact of her being an heiress concealed. It seems as if some foul play were meditated against the girl. She, however, miserable as she is in her solitude at her aunt's fashionable house, writes thus to Mary:

"Well, I find I have nothing to tell, and so betake myself to answer your questions. What do I do?—(hy-the-bye, that is by no means elegantly expressed; you should have said "How do you employ yourself")—What do I read? What do I think about?—I shall take them in their regular order.

"In the first place,—What do I do? Wondrous little, sister Mary, to be a creature endowed with certain capabilities, and made more for use than ornament, the only employment tolerated here being better adapted to creatures made for ornament and not for use. Netting of purses, embroidery, resplendent in all the colours of the rainbow, silken and woollen; the only restriction to one's taste and ingenuity in the manufacture thereof being, that it shall be absolutely of no service to any mortal.

"In these, if it so pleased me, I might consume day after day, but unhappily it does *not* please me, and so, in answer to your first question, I am compelled reluctantly to admit (tell it not in Sunnyside, my dear Mary, lest my aunt be utterly shocked!) that I—read novels!

"Furthermore, that the novels are sad rubbish, many of them,—fashionable, flippant, insipid chronicles often of some circle of great people, whose country-seats lie near each other; who duly go to town for the season, and duly return when the season is over; intersperse which with one or two fallings in love, one or two disappointments, gossiping and scandal without measure, and a few moral essays broken into bits, and scattered here and there through the three volumes, and you have them in their full proportions before you.

"Moreover, many of these books are written by women, yet they are often perfectly unwomanly—especially when they become what Claud would call subjective, and profess to reveal the inmost hearts of these sorely tried love-sick heroines of theirs. I can imagine how you would in your own words think shame to speak to me, as the young ladies in those books speak to their friends. I will tell you one story of this vehement kind:—

"There are two young ladies—a model girl, one—the other a high-spirited, beautiful, uncontrollable person of the Die Vernon class; they are friends, but unawares both devoted to the same fortunate gentleman. After

various adventures on both sides, the climax comes, by which they discover their rivalry, and thereupon follows a fight. The model girl, whose attachment is returned, is content to give him up and be broken-hearted—the vehement girl, whose attachment is not returned, holds by him fast, and the unhappy lover, engaged to both, vibrates painfully between the two; the *dénouement*, however, is accomplished by a device not of the newest. The model girl saves her rival's life, the heart of the beautiful uncontrollable melts, and the curtain falls on her vehement dancing at the wedding-ball. What think you of it? yet that is one of the best of all; and there are floods of smaller romancers who tell the same story not so well. And these trials they call the discipline—the battle of life. Do you not think very embroidery would be greatly more profitable than this unhealthy occupation?

"As to what I read, Mary, in the sense in which we at Sunnyside understood reading, the earnest affection with which we used to travel over the well-known brown volumes on the study shelves, or in my aunt's old oaken book-case,—the process has become extinct for me, and I answer this your second question as I answered your first—I read novels!

"And, "what do I think about?" I dare not begin to tell you, lest I should never end—only it is by no means good to be left to converse uninterruptedly with one's own thoughts, day after day; it breeds melancholy and all manner of evils.

"By-the-bye, I have picked up an uncouth German book and an old dictionary, and have found the greatest possible relief in working at that—but that should have come under my first head. Beg our father to send me a Hebrew lexicon, sister Mary, and see if I am not more learned when I return to Sunnyside than Claud himself.

"See how my dark cloud has dispersed into the air! But for all that, I think of home sadly enough sometimes, as of a place I shall never see again—and yearn for it. Sometimes, as holy Samuel Rutherford did of old, I fancy, when he thought the swallows that built their nests in the eaves of the old kirk at Anworth, were blessed birds."

A young lady who thinks and feels thus was not likely to have her spirit broken by small unkindnesses or great ones from people whom she despised. She seems to feel no regret for the wickedness of her profligate swindling father, nor does the memory of his bad actions oppress her soul. In this respect she behaves very much as if she had not been brought up by the godly Mrs. Margaret. In the meantime her friend Mary has her "tribulations" too, though they certainly are not very heavy or very enduring. Her trouble is this. She is beloved by a lively amiable young man, Mr. Allan Elphinstone of Lilliesleaf, a rich landed proprietor, and the son of her aunt, Mrs. Margaret's friend, Mrs. Elphinstone. This lady wishes her son to make a higher match, and Mary, though she loves him, is too proud to give him encouragement. After this, too, comes the greater trouble of suspecting that he is not worthy to be loved. He proves that he is light-minded, easily led by dissipated companions; in short, that he wants *ballast* in his character. Mary will not marry a man whose religious and moral principles are not sound, and she sacrifices her affections for conscience sake. This, however, is only for a time; and we find Mr. Elphinstone accepted as a lover and a husband, without any reasonable proof of reformation, as far as we can see—just as it would be in real life under such circumstances. Mr. Elphinstone is

a person of the best disposition in the world, only very weak. In a sudden fit of active benevolence he sets about reforming a bad village on his estate. Many good things, apropos of sudden reforms, are said by Mrs. Margaret in the course of the regeneration of Cruive End. A hint in the following extract we would like to enter into the notebook of many active ladies and benevolent gentlemen.

"And are you not going to pull down the houses, Mr. Elphinstone?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Mr. Allan, "but not now. My mother was planning a village for me, but that everlasting Lady Mary heard of it, and so it is shipwrecked. They want to have Swiss cottages! If you would only help me with my plan, Miss Mary, we might make a decent thing of it yet. Will you let me bring down my mother's sketch to-morrow?"

"I cannot draw," said Mary quietly, "and I have seen far too little to be of any use; but just now you are not going into the people's houses, Mr. Elphinstone! They say charitable people do that, and lecture them if they are not clean. Now, perhaps that is right—I don't know; but their houses are their own as well as ours—I do not feel comfortable about it."

"I do not feel comfortable about it either, Miss Mary," said Mr. Allan, "I'm glad we agree in that at least. I do not feel at liberty to pry into the domestic concerns of these people, even though I wish to do them good. So I propose that we refer our difficulty to my most wise and excellent counsellor at your right hand, to whom the honour of originating the scheme belongs, and not to me."

"Indeed! Mr. Allan," said I, "that has aye been a difficulty with me too. I am not one of the folk who could go into a cot-house, and preach to the mistress of it—may be a distressed woman toiling among a big small family—about having bright plates on her shelf, and scoured things hanging on her wall, like what are in the houses bairns have for toys. And my thought, Mr. Allan, concerning Cruive End, was that you might do something to get them to turn to honest work, (foridleset seldom heeds about being clean,) and chiefly that you might endeavour to bring the Word to bear upon that benighted and dark place, that which is an effectual cleanser of both hearts and houses, and never fails to work a change—that was my thought of it."

The shrewd sagacious remarks of Mrs. Maitland upon the new modes of educating the Cruive End folks are worth attention. Grace's story is very lamely told, by letter, as we have intimated above; and just when the reader is beginning to forget her altogether, she turns up again at Sunnyside, as unexpectedly as she went away.

"So I sat there and sewed, as I was saying, most part of the afternoon, till just when I was thinking of crying upon Jenny to bring her the tea, I heard some kind of a conveyance stop at the gate, and then somebody came to the door. I was feared that it might be Mrs. Elphinstone, so I just sat still and listened, and lo! at the very end of Jenny's croon, there arose a perfect babel of noises, so that I thought not but Jenny had lost the pickle of ordinary sense she had in common times. So with that I went cannily to the window and looked out, and I had only time to notice that it was a post-chaise that had driven to the door, when somebody came fleeing into the room, and I was straightway gripped on either side. I know not what came over my eyes."

"Mary!" said I, "bairn, is this you?"

"But there was one also on my other hand. Bless me, it was my dear bairn Grace!"

"I could not say a word. The two young things were

there. I had only a perception of that, and by and bye they set me in my chair with their arms, poor bairns, meeting round about me; and it was hearing a sob from one of them—I mind not whether it was Grace or Mary, that brought me to myself again."

"And the joy of the two was just like to overwhelm me—in especial Mary's—for the bairn Grace, though she had gotten a womanly look that made me wonder, just lifted in her stool, and sat down at my feet, the way she had done when she was a little bairn, and drew my hand over her shoulder, and seemed as if she would have been content to sit that way for hours, and was not caring for speech; but Mary was mostly out of herself. It seemed to me that she could not bide still nor be silent a moment. And no mortal can tell the joy and the trembling that were together within my spirit."

"Grace, my dear bairn," said I, "how is it that you have gotten home! My mind is troubled within me for all my joyfulness. Have you come away in a secret manner? Tell me, like a good bairn."

"Grace looked up into my face with eyes like sunshine and the blithest smile I ever saw."

"No, aunt," she said, "I have not run away."

"But, Grace," said I, "it's no right to tantalise me in this manner. I can scarce believe my own very eyesight, and till you have told me, I cannot be sure in my spirit that the Lord has indeed brought my own bairn back to me."

"There is no fear, aunt," cried out my niece Mary. "Grace is quite safe, though everybody in Borrowstown was a Lennox. Grace, begin at the beginning, and tell my aunt the whole story."

"Grace laughed."

"Aunt, I have come home, my whole great self—clothed with the mightiness of Oakenshaw—and only encumbered with a guardian, who has committed his guardianship into your most kind and gentle hands."

"To me?" said I; "was it your father?"

"No, aunt," said Grace, lifting up her head in her old stately way. "A charge that had been in his hands, would do but little honour to you. It was not my father."

"Whisht bairn!" said I, "it is your part to honour him, whatever other folk may do."

"But the story, Grace, the story!" cried out Mary.

"Are you not weary of hearing it, Mary?" said Grace. "Aunt, Mary is the most unsympathetic of girls. All yesterday and all to-day has she been rejoicing over a young lady, to whose kindness I owe my freedom—my well-beloved cousin, Harriet Lennox."

"Bairns—bairns!" said I, "is it your purpose and intent to bewilder me altogether? What has that to do with Grace coming home?"

"Will I bring the tea, mem?" said Jenny, opening the door and looking in with a blythe face. "Miss Grace is sair changed I reckon if she doesna like her tea; and the strange young woman that's ben the house says that neither Miss Grace nor Miss Mary have tasted a thing since seven o'clock in the morning, but a bit nip of nonsense biscuit, and the like o' that is out o' the question for young folk."

"Yes, Jenny," said Grace, "by all means bring the tea. Mary and I were a great deal too pleasantly occupied on the road, to think of such vulgar things as eating and drinking. My aunt says 'Yes,' Jenny, bring the tea."

With the return of Grace to Sunnyside ends the tribulations of "the bairns," for Grace soon makes Mary know her own mind about Mr. Elphinstone, and it is not very long before she herself comes to an understanding with Claud, and we have two marriages. Claud's marriage is a fortunate one, in a worldly sense, because he has given up his living for conscience sake, in the Free-church secession, but his congregation held with him. Mrs. Margaret is a

staunch Free-church woman, and is, we think, rather pleased that her brother suffers a sort of petty martyrdom in the cause, yielding up his living at Pasturelands, and coming to live with her at Sunnyside. Matters are, however, set right again after a time, and he goes back to the old Manse. She herself seems to be living in a very happy honoured old age, dividing her time among her "dear bairns," and her quiet cot of Sunnyside.

In conclusion, we have these few words to say. There is a thoroughly healthy tone about this unassuming work, which we should be glad to see spread abroad. It is open to the charge of being unexciting, wanting incident, wit, passion, and brilliancy of style and imagination. We admit this charge; we also think it defective as a *story*. As it professes only to be selected passages from a life, why should there be among them "passages which lead to nothing?" like that about Mr. Dunbar, for instance. It is easy to write thus, but it is inartistic, and we think Mrs. Margaret shows herself capable of artistic work in the first volume of this book; the two last are inferior, and often the reader finds the interest flag. Still, in spite of all its faults, we like this better than some better books; we like the authoress's mind; it is religious without cant, sensible without hardness, and clear without shallowness. The old age is a fiction, we are convinced. Mrs. Margaret may not have seen thirty yet.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.¹

WE have ill-treated the Cape colonists. We have sent them convicts, instead of settlers, and their angry resistance has compelled us to recall the obnoxious emigrants. We have given them too much government and too few wives. Pretty towns, snug villages, quite English in appearance, and even pleasant villas with shrubberies, gardens, and parks there are, in plenty; but an abundance of women there is not, so that all those cheerful abodes look desolate; for we hold the maxim of the poet, that

"The world is but a wintry place,
Save, woman, where thou art!"

and accordingly, we see much reason in the present movement for transporting a multitude of marriageable damsels to people the distant provinces of our empire. The patient toilers, slaves of the needle, who now pine in misery on a wretched daily dole, will look very well, when they come to be colonial wives and mothers, gladdening the desert towns, and hamlets, and solitary farms of our remote possessions, the Cape among the rest. There, as we have said, all places wear a desolate aspect. When we say *all*, as Sir Arthur Hoadmaddod would express it, we mean *many*; and therefore, to illustrate the nature of the country, with its aboriginal and foreign population, we may follow our gallant author through some of his amusing experiences, especially as they are enlivened by the account

of personal incidents, adventures, perils, escapes, and romantic journeys.

When the troubles of 1846 rendered necessary the employment of several officers on special service, for the purpose of directing the energies of the irregular troops employed against the Kaffirs, Lieutenant Colonel Napier was despatched on the 10th of August to take part in this duty. Within fifty days his vessel floated at anchor under the shadow of that colossal rock above whose head tradition was wont to picture an eternal storm. Since Portugal, jealous of the sea-Cybele's rank among the nations, sent Diaz to contend with the Venetian argosies for the commerce of the East, the Cape has been the scene of continual strife between white and black races, each hating the other, and by a system of mutual retaliation perpetuating the shedding of blood. Our author arrived during the excitement of one of these periods of strife, and immediate preparations were made for his transport, with stores, ammunition and treasures, to the Eastern province. Before, however, commencing his personal narrative, he presents us with a volume of Cape history, which is interesting in itself, although we strongly deprecate the practice, now too common, of mingling history and travel in one work. The relation of his adventures will be popular, and deserves to be so, but it forms a book for a season, and not for a time, whilst the chronicle of events maintains a permanent value, and the work before us will, in the course of a few years, be as a tree, one half decayed, or as a corpse, linked to a living body. Into the details of history, we do not propose to enter; but placing ourselves in company with the Colonel, at Port Elizabeth, we shall follow in his train, as far as space will permit.

Twenty gigantic wagons, each drawn by twelve or sixteen oxen, drew up in single file on the morning of the eighth of October, extending over a space of ground nearly a mile in length. Drivers cracking their whips, oxen lowing, and every one swearing,—the train was not put in motion until mid-day, as tumult and confusion never accelerate. When, however, the wheels creaked round, the whips cracked, and the teams moved forward, it was not long before the unwieldy caravan was tracing the winding wagon-path across an undulating, grassy, monotonous plain, escorted by a body of Malays and a few soldiers, whilst seven field officers gave grandeur and dignity to the cortege, though grotesquely accoutred, and strangely adorned. However, in spite of their uncouth appearance, the travellers made a merry progress over lands once forest-covered, but now converted into magnificent pasture ground, until reaching the banks of a small glassy lake framed amid green knolls and low swelling hills, they halted, but finding the tempting water to be salt as brine, again proceeded as far as the banks of the Zwart Kops river, where a camp was formed. The stream rolled, a deep dark turbulent flood, through a rich green valley. On the level banks were scattered the now teamless wagons, which with their white canvass roofs, are compared to

(1) "Excursions in Southern Africa. Including, a History of the Cape Colony, an Account of the Native Tribes, &c." By Lieut.-Col. E. Elers Napier. Two vols. Shoberl. 1849.

huge gondolas stranded in a verdant valley. The whole formed an irregular village of moving tents, and all around the horses and oxen were secured, whilst the travellers dispersed themselves in search of game and the picturesque, through the beautiful variety of the valley. A short rest was succeeded by the loud cracking of whips as the signal for renewed motion. At this well-known sound the obedient oxen might be seen slowly returning from the green pastures round, and the convoy gradually moved off the ground. Then "amidst the discordant sounds of deafening Hottentot cries, the successive teams were rapidly urged down the steep bank of the ford, and thence into the bed of the river.

"We watched wagon after wagon, as they toiled across the stream; now jolting over large rocks—now sinking up to their axles into a cavity or quicksand; sometimes the entire convoy was brought to a complete stand-still; and the whole progressing so slowly, that I began to speculate on the chance of their all reaching the shore ere night cast its dark shadows around."

However the ford was traversed, and the caravan plunged amid gloomy defiles, glens, and valleys, woody hollows, and lovely expanses of bush, glittering with brilliant flowers, twined with gay creepers, and emitting a rich perfume; and at length emerging upon an elevated tract, they saw once more in the distance, the hoary rock that frowns over Table Bay, and then turning the gaze westward, looked on the dim blue mountains, and the brown forests, now fading in the deepening light of sunset,—that spread away in the interior. Thus ended the first day's journey in the wagons.

Bivouacs, fresh starts, many amicable encounters with wandering families; numerous tales of former horrid incidents; petty discomforts, disasters, and disappointments; new landscapes, and ever varying beauties of scenery, broke the monotony of the journey as far as Graham's Town—very well planned, but very badly built, with streets more formidable than Tipperary bogs, and approaches over mountains of rubbish; the town lies in the centre of a basin-shaped hollow, surrounded by open grassy levels, verdant and abundant, and formerly covered with cultivation, life and beauty; but, when our author was there, dotted with blackened ruins, wasted gardens, and naked orchards. Kaffir irruptions had made the place a scene of frequent desolation, the marauders venturing even in sight of Graham's Town with sword and brand, murdering, plundering and burning, with insatiable ferocity.

"This Arcadian landscape,—beautiful even amid its abandoned ruins, was often the scene of my solitary rambles. On one occasion, after visiting a deserted cottage, the rustic porch of which had been overshadowed by rose-trees, jessamines, and geraniums, now in neglected luxuriance, trailing on the ground, and wasting their fragrance on the desert air, I was surprised, whilst wandering through what had once been the adjoining orchards and gardens, to stumble suddenly on a little boy, who, seated under a shady fig-tree, whilst employed in tending a few lean oxen, was busily engaged in extracting from its prickly covering the fruit of the cactus, apparently gathered from a small hedge of that

plant bordering the enclosure in which he was tending his cattle.

"The child's appearance, with his round chubby face, blue eyes, and long flaxen locks, was so truly English, and offered so strong a contrast to the tropical vegetation of the surrounding African solitude—shrouded as he was by masses of the cactus, the aloe, of gaunt and skeleton euphorbia—that I stood for some time, musing in silent contemplation of the scene, before he was aware of my presence.

"At last, raising his eyes, he beheld me, but without evincing emotions either of interest or alarm. 'My lad,' said I, 'what are you doing all alone in this wilderness?' 'I'm herding them oxen, sir.' 'Who do they belong to?' 'To my grandmother.' 'Where does she live?' for the Kaffirs appear to have destroyed all the cottages around.' 'Up the Kloof, yonder. The Kaffirs came and set fire to our house, and killed father; but we had nowhere else to go, so grandmother and I went back there again.' 'And where is your mother?' 'She died broken-hearted after they killed father.' 'Are you quite alone with your grandmother?' 'Yes.' 'But suppose the Kaffirs come again some night, what do you think they would do?' 'I suppose they would kill us.' 'Are you not afraid?' 'No: that would be of no use.'"

Here is a picture of colonial bliss; but peace is now restored, and it may be hoped that a more effectual protection has been extended to the settlers. During the period referred to, however, the whole region was marked at intervals by these records of destruction, and Colonel Napier was speculating on the chances of a new attack, when he received orders to proceed forthwith to Waterloo Bay, and the next morning, at an early hour, was galloping in company with several officers through the wild scenery of the Valley of the Blue Crags, towards head-quarters. Arriving at the camp, a tent-covered island amid an ocean of filth, carcasses and confusion, he encountered an old fellow in a pea-jacket and "a shocking bad hat," whom he took for some store-keeper, not particular about his appearance. Inquiring doubtless in a peremptory military tone where the General could be found, our author was started by the reply, "Why, I am the General, though perhaps not very like one just now. However you must come and dine with me,"—which was done, and matters of business were arranged over friendly glasses, in spite of the pertness of a young civilian in black coat and white cravat, who excited our author's wrath by his confident remarks in affairs of policy about which grey-headed men were doubtful. We can sympathise with the gallant Scotchman, since of all things, conceit is our aversion!

Speedily however we transport ourselves from the General's dining-table at Waterloo Bay to the camp of the first division of the army in Kaffir-land, "on the banks of Chume water," where Colonel Napier, in command of his troops, was very nearly guilty of woman-slaughter. Mistaking some Kaffir ladies, wrapped in hairy garments, for wild beasts, he was about to pull a trigger, when the figures rose, and he saw his error, an incident of which he makes use to bring in an offensive and uncalled for allusion to the memory of Mr. Pringle, whose African poems possess, let us tell him, both power and originality, and our author's reference to him, as a "poetic adventurer, and

a broken down schoolmaster," does no credit to his gentlemanly feelings. We are sorry to notice such faults in a work at once so well written and so full of interest as the present; but this is not the only instance in which the friendliness of a kind critic would have advised Colonel Napier to erase a passage. But we quickly enter among wilder and more exciting scenes, and find our author rambling from the camp, during the interval of repose that preceded active operations.

"Wandering on at random, I suddenly came on a Kaffir, as naked as he was born, seated on his kaross with a bundle of spears by his side, and in the act of lighting a fire. I advanced without hesitation, and addressed him with the Dutch salutation of 'Morrow,' (Good morning,) which they all understand, and seating myself on a stone opposite to him, began to watch his proceedings. Having made a good blazing fire, he next took from a bag made of the skin of the wild cat, a large lump of raw meat, and, cutting it into strips, put it on the embers. At this stage of the proceedings he was joined by two other savages, and they immediately commenced operations on the meat, whilst still nearly raw, or at most scarcely warmed through. Like the Bedouin tribes of the Syrian Desert, they despise the use of both knife and fork. A long strip of meat was first cleared of ashes with the blade of an assegai, and after being laid hold of with the teeth, the assegai was again employed, to sever a morsel of a convenient size, which being duly masticated, was swallowed without farther preliminary, until the whole had disappeared. After the termination of this raw-meat feast, my refined acquaintances threw their sheepskin karosses over their shoulders, and quietly departed."

Of this description of a barbarian meal, the author takes advantage to digress a little on the character of the Kaffir, whom, with more vehemence than truth, he condemns as without any redeeming qualities, "rapacious, cowardly and cruel,—besides being the greatest beggar, the greatest thief, and the greatest liar in the world."

Anticipating an active campaign, the soldier's eye rested with ill-disguised dissatisfaction on the signs of returning peace. Groups of peaceful Kaffirs with their women and children assembled in the neighbourhood of the camp. The enemy's chiefs entered into negotiations; but avoided concluding any convention. They demurred, and hesitated, and delayed, prolonging truces, renewing promises, and offers of peace; but finally hostilities were resumed with fresh bitterness and vigour, and Colonel Napier was placed at the head of a troop sent to reinforce the main body intended to act energetically against the Kaffirs. He gladly undertook the command, longing to be in action with the barbarian enemy. There is an affectation of ferocity about his writing, which ill-becomes a British officer; and if all of his family shared his feelings, there would be little credit in being allied by blood to all the Napiers.

"As for the rest,

'Tis powder and ball suits these savages best;
You may cant about mission and civilization,
My plan is to shoot or enslave the whole nation."

But luckily enough the power does not accompany the will of these martial heroes. Still while the war was raging, and conflicts were inevitable, it was well

for the national honour that these men, of bull-dog bravery, fought there. The enemy was by no means despicable, and the British force was far from overwhelming; but the skill and courage of our officers and troops levelled all obstacles, whether of nature or art. In one instance when Colonel Somerset's division was encamped in a pleasant spot, between the Keiskhama and Fish River Bush, Lieutenant Bisset, observing a few savages skulking in the neighbourhood, rode out to reconnoitre. Turning about on the slope of a hill, he was about to retrace his way leisurely to the camp, when a body of six hundred Kaffirs appeared below. They had halted evidently with the object of making a secret night attack; but the Lieutenant, with determined courage, galloped towards them, and whilst they gazed in momentary wonder at the single horseman so suddenly appearing, rode wildly by, turned the corner of a hill, and meeting Colonel Somerset at the head of his division, gave notice that the enemy was at hand. He received the news with joy, and lifting his cap from his head, cheered loudly, and gave the word, "Major Gibsons, return carbines, draw swords, and charge."

"This brief 'Charge, Chester, charge!' of the gallant veteran, was nobly responded to by his hearers," says our author, who proceeds to paint the picture of a horrid slaughter, dilating on the manner in which the dragoon sabres gashed the backs of the savages, and how the Fingoe allies waded deep in blood, while

"A party of our weary horsemen had dismounted on the margin of a muddy pond, near a small patch of brushwood; after both men and horses had quenched their burning thirst, the former threw themselves on the grass, still, however, holding by the reins their panting steeds, whilst worn out and listless, they looked on at the movements of some Fingoes, busily engaged in their bloody search. The latter approached a small thicket near which the party was at rest. A burgher who had not dismounted, was then watering his steed at the shallow pool. As the Fingoes approached, the naked form of an athletic Kaffir suddenly sprang from the adjoining covert, and pitched the unguarded cavalier headlong into the pond; next, vaulting into the empty saddle, he urged away the horse at the top of his speed. So unexpectedly was the bold feat performed, that the savage had well nigh effected his escape ere our people had recovered their surprise. A man of the Cape corps, however, regaining his wits just in the nick of time, started on his feet, and covered the Kaffir with his rifle, whilst he was still within musket range. The latter, to expose himself as little as possible, had thrown forward his body on the horse's neck, defeating thus his own object by inadvertently presenting a fair and conspicuous mark for the rifleman's shot," which passed through his body and came out at his collarbone, thus stopping his progress and saving the burgher's horse.

Proceeding towards Fort Peddic, the detachment was met by several dark-skinned ambassadors, or spies, from the enemy's camp, who professed to come with conciliatory purpose; but Colonel Somerset knew them well, and took care they should not return to their tribes before all danger of their craft was at an end. By the way, merely as a suggestion, our gallant author proposes, in case of another war, a system of kidnapping, which strikes us as bold and

ingenious, if not exactly proper and practicable; for, as he says truly, men are at a great loss without the wives; but not with so much veracity, that the Kaffir brides would rejoice to be detained from their husbands. For ourselves, we imagine the women are fond of their helpmates, and would possess a poor idea of English civilization, did it encourage kidnapping, after the fashion of Colonel Napier, whose greatest enemies appear to be savages, missionaries, and young civilians in black coats and white cravats. His hatred of the Kaffirs is accounted for by their ferocity, of the missionaries by their meddling manners, and of the civilians by their conceited dandyism; shortly afterwards the General fell within the circle of his wrath, for owing to some arrangements connected with the command of the troops, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Elers Napier felt himself aggrieved, and resolved, since he could not do as he wished, to do nothing at all.

"After a good breakfast, and a thorough cleansing, I went to the General, and respectfully represented that I considered myself hardly used, in having, without any notification to that effect, had my own people taken from me, and placed under the command of another officer; I next begged to be allowed to join the second division, and assume that charge; but on meeting with a refusal, I instantly tendered my resignation of the superintendence of the native allies attached to this part of the force, which was, however, not accepted; and I retired in none the best of humours, from an interview during which his excellency had not even the civility to ask me to be seated, nor to discontinue the operation of writing, in which he was at the time engaged."

Seriously, we consider the author was uncourtously treated; and though inclined to be jocular on his misfortunes, must remark that so far as his qualifications as an officer are concerned his services were valuable and meritorious. As his resignation was not accepted, he was soon again in active service; and although a temporary suspension of hostilities took place between the British force and the Kaffir chief Sandilla, it became evident that the design of this crafty enemy was to protract negotiation until the summer, when the arid soil would afford no forage for the horses, when the water pools would be dried up, and the march of the British force be a road of suffering, privation and disaster. Macaom, an inferior chief, surrendered with his family, some bundles of assegais, a few useless firelocks, a small number of poor half-fed cattle, and some raw-boned ponies. In the meanwhile Sandilla remained in the proximity of the camp, temporizing and negotiating, until the General's patience was exhausted, and he vowed he would suffer no more delay; when the savage took his departure, and vast colonial herds disappeared to join their captive friends, on the far distant pastures beyond the waters of the Kye. Thither it was determined to send a column in pursuit; and one evening whilst the officers were at mess, and the wine was freely flowing, the bugles struck up the Roast Beef of Old England, and a sergeant entering announced that hostilities had recommenced, and that two strong columns were to be in marching order by

two o'clock in the morning. The troops were hastily mustered, and put in motion. Progressing without noise, but with great rapidity, they followed the course of the Chume for several miles, and at length came suddenly, at dawn of the next day, upon a large kraal, where hundreds of stolen oxen were luxuriating on fresh green grass. A swift sudden attack; sharp rapid firing; wild confusion, and a plentiful flow of blood ensued; whilst our author had a most critical adventure with a brawny Kaffir, whom he managed to stab through the back; but after accomplishing the achievement, nearly lost his life on a run-away horse. As it was, the whole of the enemy were defeated and scattered, the cattle recaptured, and the village sacked; whilst the poor Kaffir women sat passively at their doors, witnessing the slaughter of their relations and friends, and the ransacking of their homes, without a sigh or a tear. Fifteen hundred oxen formed the prize of that day's adventure.

We now leave for awhile Colonel Napier's narrative, and take up that of another officer, who made a military excursion beyond the Kye. He was encamped near the bank of the river, in charge of six thousand oxen, with a strong line of sentries outside to guard against the Kaffirs, and inside against the bullocks.

"At dark I was seated with two or three other officers laughing at our misfortunes, and admiring the picturesque appearance of our bivouac. We were close to the men's fires, which illumined a thick bush, near which we were stretched at length, or sitting tailor-fashion. A soldier was lying asleep near the root of a tree, his face lit by the sun's rays, arms and accoutrements hanging in the branches, intermingled with sundry tempting morsels of beef; we looked more like savages than British soldiers, with long beards and unwashed faces; for here even water had grown very scarce, owing to the men being too exhausted to fetch it. Well, we were lying thus, enjoying the spectacle of a leg of veal hanging near the fire, under the idea that it would be a dainty treat, such as we had seldom known—when pop—pop—pop! and then bullets began to whistle through the trees. An answer was soon made by the Fingoes, and a regular fusillade commenced. Some officer ordered the men to stand to their arms, and I ordered them to lie close and kick out the fires. In one minute all was confusion. Our picturesque group was broken up, my leg of veal was knocked over, and all was darkness."

The bivouac was resumed quietly, although the Kaffirs continued to pelt a few shots into the camp; but the soldiers were accustomed to such interruptions, and heeded them little. Their situation was one of extreme difficulty. Their only food was beef more tough than leather; a biscuit would have sold for five shillings, and a spoonful of sugar, tea, or coffee, would have fetched a Californian price. Of a cigar not even the most visionary epicure dreamed. By crossing the river they could reach a sort of commissariat, but the swollen waters rolled down with such velocity and power, that the ford was impracticable. After many days, however, the oxen were driven into the stream, and gradually the whole of the soldiers and cattle crossed. But who can tell, says the officer, the joy of eating after twelve days' starvation! A

box of raisins was found, and the delighted epicures sat down with glistening eyes to a mouldy plum pudding, of the mile-stone sort, but of colossal size, and were so attentive to its merits that a slight storm of bullets passed over their heads perfectly unnoticed. Having seen the soldiers thus comfortably installed, we leave them and return to Colonel Napier's narrative.

A strange suspicion of traffic in stolen cattle attached to the African auxiliaries, and our author having an idea of some mysterious bivouac of thieves in the Winterberg mountains, started with an escort to discover their secret hiding-place. The result of his expedition was the discovery of a concealed kraal, where the swarthy allies of the British were detected sound asleep, surrounded by multitudes of horses and cattle. They were placed under guard, and marched off to render an account of the misdeed, while the writer proceeded on an excursion through the lesser range, where entering a small pretty valley, well covered with vegetation, and shielded from winds and storms, he saw a number of people busy in the construction of little houses, about six feet in height and diameter, composed of bent twigs covered with plaster, or raw ox-hides, having only a single opening for the ingress of its inmates, with light and air, and the emission of smoke. Looking into one of these simple abodes, he found about a dozen uncouth human beings collected round a fire, over which a vast pot was suspended, full of some simmering stew, whose odours tempted no further inquiry. Reluctant to enter one of these rude dwellings, the wanderer spent the night on an inflated air mattress, out in the open air; but was glad next morning, when half perished with cold, to accept the hospitality of a number of the thievish, beggarly, utterly wicked and lying Kaffir race. One of their damsels, who sat by his side close to the blazing fire, was busily engaged in decorating with beads a curious article of native dress. The gallant author was polite to the maiden, and promised her a roll of tobacco if she would finish and present him with the piece of apparel. She despatched the work, but begged for an English sixpence in lieu of the tempting weed.

At Fort Beaufort, whither Colonel Napier proceeded after his excursion through the mountains, whose wild magnificent scenery is described with little enthusiasm by his pen, he met two officers who had visited the far interior. There they had had accounts corroborative of the tradition that a vast inland sea, or lake, rolls its wide-heaving, glittering waters beyond the tracks trodden by the foot of European discovery. Here also he heard many marvellous stories of Mr. Cumming, the great Sant' Seu, or lion slayer, who was said to have bearded a lion in his den, to wander about in Adam's own costume, and perform all manner of exploits, in all manner of ways, against all manner of mighty wild beasts. Shortly afterwards he met the man himself, and questioning him on the truth of Rumour's tales, was told that the story of his sleeping in the lion's den, with the body of the

brute as a pillow, was mere fancy, but that those gentlemen frequently prowled about the sleeping couch during his midnight bivouacs.

"From experience," he said, "I found that the easiest and perhaps safest way of destroying lions was to do so from a hole deep enough to conceal a man's body; and when I shot a large animal, such as a rhinoceros or a buffalo, near a pool of water or a brook, I often had recourse to the device. The hole was dug very near the carcass, and at nightfall, I would ensconce myself therein, to wait till the animals which had come to drink had thoroughly gorged themselves; when they were, generally speaking, easily knocked over from my place of concealment. I have, however, sometimes been so thoroughly fagged on taking up my position as to have fallen asleep, and been awakened by angry discussions, occurring over the mangled remains of the slain. On one occasion, when thus disturbed from my slumbers, I found myself surrounded by five enormous lions, one of which took it into his head to look down over the ledge of the hole which concealed me; but a discharge right in the face caused him to pay with his life the penalty of such impertinent curiosity; and this, perhaps, may be the origin of the story about my nap in the lion's den."

Cumming has journeyed into the interior many hundred miles further than any other white man, and during one expedition alone shot forty-three large elephants, sixty hippopotami, with numbers of the rhinoceros, which, indeed, with buffaloes, camelleopards, elands, gemsboks, rams, antelopes, water bucks, and an immense variety of other large and beautiful animals, were in such abundance, that he rarely expended ammunition on them, except to procure a specimen for his collection—already large enough to form a shipload. We are vaguely promised the publication of his journal; it will be a most singular book of adventure, as this traveller has wandered for years among wild and novel scenes, strange tribes of people, and regions never before seen by the eye of the white man.

One more extract from Colonel Napier's curious and entertaining narrative, and we take leave of his book.

"You will laugh at the manner in which I ushered in the new year. I had pitched my tent as a sleeping quarter close to the cottage in which I used to take refuge during the grilling heat and glare of the day. A lovely moon shone as I was going to rest, and the beauty of the night had even attracted out of the neighbouring huts groups of Fingoes who, in common with the other natives of this part of the world, being extremely partial to the gentle planet, were now singing and dancing in the moonlight. Like Abraham I sat at the door of my tent enjoying the scene, looking at the blue Chume hills, the dense wooded masses at their base, and at the winding Kat River, which like a silver thread glistened through the dark foliage. What a contrast to the scene at home was presented by my little South African encampment, my own tall marquee, and the servants' baggage tent, all glistening in the moonbeams, with several horses picketed around, and the little dark parolle tent occupied by a hungry dog, the only sentinel now on guard!

"Such is a faint picture of the surrounding scene when I retired to sleep, 'perchance to dream;' but my dreams were not to last long, for I was shortly awakened by the most rattling peals of thunder over head, as if all Heaven's artillery had been brought into the field,

followed by rain such as one may remember in a Madras monsoon, and nowhere else. Presently one tent-peg gave way, from the ropes and canvass becoming tightened, then another."

Fearing the downfall of the tent about his ears, the dreamer awakened, having vainly endeavoured to command the services of his attendants, sallied out and loosened the ropes himself, while the old year was knelled out by peals of rolling thunder—a point in the narrative which we may select to lay down the volumes, well pleased upon the whole with their valuable and entertaining contents, but sorry that our author should occasionally allow his language to run into "eccentricities" which are far from agreeable, since they detract from the merit of the work, while they diminish our pleasure in its perusal.

ORIGINAL BALLADS BY LIVING AUTHORS.¹

It is a bold undertaking in these days, when the Ballad Poetry of England, rescued from the "stilted decrepitude" into which it had lapsed during the last century, has announced its *renaissance* in the trumpettones of Macaulay, and the silvery sighing of Alfred Tennyson's magic lyre—it is an enterprise requiring no inconsiderable degree of moral courage, to lay before the Argus-eyed public, a volume of Original Ballads, by Living Authors. No sooner, however, does the slightest indication of a "good opening" appear in the forum of Paternoster Row, than some literary Curtius canters forth, pen in rest, prepared to spur Pegasus into the gulf. Macaulay has of late devoted all the powers of his fertile imagination to invent new facts in the History of England, and Tennyson we can conceive to be watching, with mute astonishment, the realization of his Princess, in that modern manufactory for blue-stockings, the "Queen's College for Young Ladies." At all events, the "Poetry for the Million" has latterly been sung by such very small birds, that the Million have scarcely troubled themselves to listen to it. In this dearth of sweet sounds, Mr. Thompson has come forward to "give the world assurance" that the songs of Bards may yet emanate from living minstrels, and that even these degenerate days, in which steam has superseded chivalry, and railroad journeys have replaced crusades, can afford themes for ballads of a higher order than that sweetly sentimental style of production, of which, "Yes, I have dared to love thee," or Punch's imitation thereof, "Say, wilt thou sew my buttons on?" are average examples. The editor's more particular design in the present volume, may be best conveyed by the following extract from his preface. After glancing at the good service done by Bishop Percy to poetical archæology, by the publication of his "Relics," and showing how the names of Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Cunningham, Tennyson, Macaulay, or, to look to the "Vaterland," how those of Bürger, Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller have added their deathless lustre to the modern ballad, he goes on to say,—

"Still the general idea of a Ballad, as entertained at the present day, seems to exclude recent subjects; at least, to a great extent. As ballad poetry is the natural product of early times, it seems to have been allowed some natural, if not necessary, connexion with them. Yet surely such a view is altogether erroneous. The very essence of the Ballad is broad, effective painting of scene, sentiment, or narrative; and these are of no time or region. It is a species of poetry which originates direct from Nature, and therefore is not more appropriate in the days of palfreys and pages, than in those of locomotives and conductors. Wherever Nature is, there the Ballad may be. The present volume is given to the public in illustration of this view. A number of kind friends, to whom the Editor desires to offer his most grateful acknowledgments, have taken an interest in exemplifying this position; and ballads of the most varied character, historical, narrative, imaginative, descriptive, ranging from fabulous antiquity to contemporary history, are the result.

And a very interesting and agreeable result do we pronounce it; nor do we fear that any of our readers who may secure to themselves pleasure and profit by perusing this volume, will incline to dispute our position. That the Editor is himself possessed of poetic talent of a very high order, might be safely deduced from the judgment and good taste he has displayed in this selection, and is amply corroborated by his own admirable contributions.

Amongst the contributors we read the names of the Rev. G. Croly, E. A. Freeman, Esq., the Ven. Archdeacon Churton, the Rev. R. W. Huntley, the Rev. J. M. Neale, &c. &c., each of whom in his different style has displayed a thorough acquaintance with the true spirit of ballad poetry, and added one or more valuable specimens to that branch of our country's literature. The authoress of the Maiden Aunt (S.M.) has contributed a very striking ballad, in the moral of which we most heartily concur. Certain ghostly incidents of Indian life on the wild prairie, have been pleasingly versified by F. R.; nor, while casting our glance on the "Night side of Nature," (with which chronicles of the spirit-realm, this volume contains passages that might vie in alarming sensitive nerves, on which account we warn timid readers against perusing it after night-fall,) must we omit to notice a ballad by Annabel C— prefaced by a suggestive motto from Hood's Haunted House. A dreamy spell hangs about the opening verses of this contribution, which inspires a vague sense of dread, far more effective than any positive horrors could have produced. In the ballad of "Wulfstan" by this lady we also recognise great merit. The tale is a striking one, and it is simply and touchingly told. We cannot conclude our remarks on this agreeable volume better than by introducing one more specimen to the notice of our readers. "The Martyrdom of the Archbishop of Paris, June 25, 1848," entitles its author, the Rev. J. M. Neale, to hold foremost rank among the ballad poets of the age:—

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS,
JUNE 25, 1848.

"A DAY of clouds and darkness! a day of wrath and woe!
The war of elements above, the strife of men below!

(1) "Original Ballads by Living Authors." Edited by the Rev. Henry Thompson, M.A. Cantab. J. Masters, London, 1850.

Through the air ring shouts and outcry,—through the streets a red tide pours,
 To the booming of the cannon the ancient city roars;
 For wilder than the tempest is human passion's strife,
 And deadlier than the elements the waste of human life:
 No breathing time for pity;—'tis the long stern tug of might:
 The war of poor against the rich, and both against the right.
 Each street and lane the artillery sweeps, the rifle enfilades,
 With stone and car, with beam and spar, they pile the barricades;
 And women-fiends with blood-speck'd arms, fierce eye, and frenzied mien,
 Cry "Up the Red Republic!" and "Up the Guillotine!"
 Now forth and on them, Garde Mobile! stout heart, firm hand, quick eye!
 No mercy know, no quarter show; to pity is to die!
 To the last worst fate of cities,—the murder and the rape,
 'Tis yours to give one answer, the cutlass and the grape:
 Where'er the strife is hottest, on, first and foremost, there!
 On to the Quai du Palais! on to the Rue d'Enfer!
 Where'er on high the blood-red flag and the Marseillaise may be,
 Beneath must come the tricolor, and '*Mourir pour la Patrie!*'
 There is tearing up the pavement, there are shrieks of them that bleed,
 There is firing from the windows, there is spurring of the steed:
 There is stepping into places of the fallen in the rank,
 There is breaking down the house wall to take the foe in flank;
 There is lust, and hate, and murder; they have fill'd Rebellion's cup,
 And to the God of vengeance the city's cry goes up!
 And more and more, on, on, they pour; there's the battery's thicker flame,
 And the quicker ring of musketry, and the rifle's deadlier aim;
 Go, hurry to the Assembly, for the bravest chiefs are there,
 Bedeau, and Brea, and Cavaignac, and Lamoricière:
 And in and out the frequent scout goes hastening as he may:
 'At the Rue d'Antoine the Garde Mobile have the better of the day.'
 'Some succour to the Port au Bled, they scarce can hold their own.'
 'Help, help! or all is over at the Barrière du Trône.'
 And out and forth, east, west, and north, the hurrying chiefs advance,
 To combat with the combatants, and to die, if needs, for France.
 Who come toward the barricade with steady steps and slow,
 With prayers, and tears, and wishes to aid them as they go?
 Among the arm'd, no armour the little cohort boasts,
 Their leader is their Prelate, their trust the Lord of Hosts!
 And the brave Archbishop tells them, in voice most sweet and deep,
 How the Good Shepherd layeth down his life to save the sheep;
 How some short years of grief and tears were no great price to give,
 That peace might come from discord and bid these rebels live;
 Rebels so precious in His eyes, that He, whose word is fate,
 Alone could make, alone redeem, alone regenerate!
 One moment's lull of firing,—and near and nearer goes That candidate for martyrdom to the midmost of his foes,

And on he went with love unspent toward the rifled line,
 As calm in faith, in sight of death, as in his church's shrine;
 And the war closed deadlier round him, and more savage rose the cheer,
 And the bullets whistled past him,—but still he knew no fear:
 And calmer grew his visage, and brighter grew his eye:
 He could not save his people—for his people he could die:
 And, following in the holy steps of Him that harrow'd hell,
 By death crush'd death, by falling, upraised the men that fell.
 They bear him from his passion, for the prize of peace is won;
 His warfare is accomplish'd, his godlike errand run:
 They kneel before his litter in the midst of hottest strife;
 They ask his prayers, the uttermost, who gave for them his life.
 So offering up his sacrifice to God with free accord,
 The city's martyr Bishop went home to see his Lord!
 Now God be praised that even yet His promise doth not fail!
 The gates of hell can never more against His Church prevail:
 When human ties are slacken'd, and earthly kingdoms rock,
 And thrones and sceptres crumble like potsherds in the shock:
 There's that, unearthly, though on earth, that ne'er shall be o'erthrown:
 Laud to the King of martyrs for the victory of His own!"

The illustrations to "Original Ballads" are for the most part exceedingly good, and the whole getting up of the work reflects the highest credit on its publisher.

"The Juvenile Calendar and Zodiac of Flowers." By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. Profusely Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. Price 5s.

"The Illustrated Year-Book of Wonders, Events, and Discoveries." Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co. Price 5s.

Here are two books adapted for presents, both cheap and excellent in their way. The first, addressed more especially to children, is distinguished by a graceful blending of fact and fancy in its letter-press, and corresponding affluence of delicate invention in its illustrations. The plants, birds, and herbs of each month, its festivals, customs, and noted days are enumerated, and with these accurate notices are mingled short stories suggested by them, very pleasing and original in conception, refined in execution, and pervaded by a delicate morality. In the cuts Mr. Doyle has eminently displayed the characteristics of his peculiar style. One would suppose that he had been admitted to the court of Titania, so ethereal are his sprites and fairies, disporting themselves amidst a luxuriant network of flowers, and grasses, and birds, and beetles, and mushrooms. A rare spirit of invention and exquisite delicacy of execution are manifested in these exuberant phantasies. The elegance of the typography and "getting up" leave nothing to be desired in this very beautiful little book.

"The Illustrated Year-Book," with far less elegance of typography and illustration, is full of what will be more acceptable to many—the actual doings of

the past year, with its "wonders, discoveries, and adventures." The author passes in review the selfish gold-hunting of California, and the disinterested benevolence of Ragged Schools—describes the progress of the Britannia Tube-Bridge, one of the greatest marvels of our age,—and gives a lively picture of the splendours of Constantinople. The Coal Mine on Fire, and the Expedition of Sir John Franklin to the Polar Regions, make a striking contrast. The Queen's Visit to Ireland is a lively paper, and the article on Layard's Discoveries at Nineveh as comprehensive as its length allows. The War in the Punjab, the French Expedition to Rome, and a review of the rapid Progress of Emigration, complete a most interesting selection of topics, treated at once with clearness and succinctness, and described in graphic but not exaggerated language. The idea and execution are alike excellent.

"The Art Journal." A Monthly Journal, price 2s. 6d. To those who live in the metropolis it would be almost superfluous to say that the "Art Journal" is among the most surprising publications of our day. In mere quantity of matter it far exceeds any other, but the *quality* is that by which it is chiefly distinguished. Its engravings and wood-cuts are among the very highest specimens of art. The former consist chiefly of large copies of the magnificent series of master-pieces of the English school, presented to the nation by the late Mr. Vernon, and which the Editor of this publication alone had express permission to engrave. Of these engravings, all are more than respectable, most are excellent, and some among the very highest efforts of the English burin. The number of woodcuts given in each part is indeed surprising. The text embraces an immense variety of topics, and though, of course, addressed principally to those who have already acquired some knowledge of art, there is much of interest for the general reader. Mrs. Hall's "Visits to Remarkable Places," are of this class; also, the "Autobiographical Sketches of different Painters." Such a publication as this must have an immense influence in refining the national taste, every department being conducted with an elegance and costliness of style which does equal credit to the accomplished editor and to the enterprising publisher; and yet the price places it within everybody's reach.

"The Squire Papers," &c. Mr. Carlyle, in his recently published *third* edition of "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," has appended to the second volume "the Squire Papers," which first came before the world about two years since in "Fraser's Magazine." For the benefit of those who purchased the former editions, they have also been published separately in a thin volume, uniform with them. Many of our readers were probably among the multitude who were sorely mystified by Mr. Carlyle's account of the Squire Papers, and by the very genuine-looking thirty-five letters from Cromwell's own hand which appeared in Fraser. The account was, no doubt, extraordinary enough to warrant a very careful scru-

tiny into the internal evidence for the truth of the thing, no other evidence being accessible. Nor is it very astonishing that a great many rather sharp-seeing people looked upon the thing as unworthy of credit, and believed the letters to be forgeries. But none of Mr. Carlyle's personal friends, and very few of those best calculated to pronounce judgment in the matter, had any doubt as to the genuine nature of the letters and the truth of Mr. Carlyle's statement of the way in which they came into his possession—strange and unprecedented as it was. We have now in this new edition of the "Squire Papers" a very characteristic preface, in which Mr. Carlyle says, "Scepticism, learned doubt, in regard to these 'Squire Papers,' I understand, is still the prevailing sentiment; and also that silence, and the reflection how small an interest, if any whatever, is involved in the matter, are the only means of removing doubt, and of leading us to the *least* miraculous explanation, whatever that may be. To myself, I confess, the phenomenon is, what it has always been, entirely inexplicable,—a miracle equal to any in *Bollandus* or *Capgraves*,—unless these Squire Papers are substantially genuine: and if their history on that hypothesis is very dim and strange, on the other hypothesis they refuse, for me at least, to have any conceivable history at all. Antiquarian philologies, &c. such as appeared in the late universal grand Squire controversy, never to be revived, had, naturally, no effect in changing one's opinion, and could have none. I have since had a visit—two visits—from the gentleman himself; have conversed with him twice, at large, upon the letters, the burnt journal, and all manner of adjacent topics; and certainly, whatever other notion I might form of him, the notion that he either would or could have himself produced a forgery of Cromwell letters, or been the instrument (for any consideration, much more for none,) of another producing it, was flatly inconceivable once for all. Nay, to hint at it, I think, would not be altogether safe for able editors within wind of this gentleman! So stands it as it has always stood, with myself, in regard to this small question."—Mr. Carlyle concludes his present remarks on the "Papers" by expressing a hope "that the public thinking of them (in silence, if I might advise) exactly what it finds most thinkable, will please to excuse me from further function in the matter; my duty in respect of them being now, to the last fraction of it, done; my knowledge of them being wholly communicated; and my care about them remaining, what it always was, close neighbour to nothing."

This Appendix contains besides the Squire Papers two things which will be of considerable utility to the student of the History of the Great Rebellion (or First Great Reform Movement); viz.—an alphabetical List of the Names of the Members of the Long Parliament, and Lists of the Eastern-Association Committees. The list of the Long Parliament was constructed by Mr. Carlyle for his own use while writing his book—"Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,"—The Committee Lists of the Eastern Association are taken,

we are informed, from *Husband's second Collection of all the Public Orders, Ordinances &c. of Parliament, from March 1642-3 to December 1646.*

"A Class Book of English Poetry." By Daniel Scrymgeour. This is a work of some merit, and will, we have little doubt, become a regular school book. It consists of an Introductory Essay on the rise and progress of English Poetry, and of selections from the principal British poets from Chaucer to the present time, with short biographical notices. The Compiler seems to have considerable feeling for his subject and a knowledge of the ways and means best calculated to set the pupil thinking upon the art of building "the lofty rhyme."—His selections are generally good; but not always; there is a want of breadth, of taste, and maturity of judgment in some of the selections, and in the notes and biographical notices. We are afraid posterity will not concur in his opinions concerning the later Poets, especially the living ones; some whom he mentions among them, will not, we imagine, be found worthy the name of Poet fifty years hence. Besides several faults of taste and judgment throughout, there are inaccuracies which, in a book of this kind, cannot be overlooked. We have not space to note down the chief of these; let the following suffice as a specimen. In his preface the Compiler says that he has thought it "preferable to modernise the orthography of the earlier writers, except when old forms are required by the versification." It is certainly desirable to do so in a book for school-boys; but on what principle does he *spell* and *accentuate* the following lines which occur in his first extract from the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales?—

"Whanné that April with his *showers* sote."

and

"And *small* foulés maken melody."

why not (on his own principle) *showers*, and *smallé*? The rhythm absolutely requires this, and no good edition of Chaucer can authorize the other. There are many faults of this kind; and as the proper accentuation is professed to be set down for the benefit of the student, they are the less excusable.

"From Advent to Advent." By Mrs. Burbury. It is scarcely more than twelve months since we were called upon to speak in very high terms of a former work by this lady. The book before us is admirable, not alone for its really valuable and important instruction, but for the beautiful spirit of piety and christian love in which it is written. The weekly conversations with the children are gems, and show the authoress's deep knowledge of the temptations, trials, and tenderness of the childish heart. To all parents and teachers who have the welfare of their pupils at heart, we earnestly recommend it. It is a treasury of knowledge each one should possess, a guide to mothers in leading their children to loving and holy lives, and at the same time a family history so amusing that the great difficulty will be, not to induce young people to read it, but having once commenced, to lay it down.

"Scenes where the Tempter has Triumphed." By

the author of "The Gaol Chaplain." 8vo. The object of this publication is to prove that there is no such thing as successful villany. This the author fails in doing, but he succeeds in presenting the world with a volume by no means devoid of merit. The criminal cases which he relates to prove the short-lived success of crime, are curious and extremely interesting, without making the reader in love with the criminals.

GLEANINGS.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.

LET no man doubt the omnipotence of nature, doubt the majesty of man's soul; let no lonely unfriended son of genius despair. Let him not despair, if he have the will—the right will; then the power also has not been denied him. It is but the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens; the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet it rises to be an oak; on the wild soil it nourishes itself, it defies the tempests, and lives for a thousand years.

Carlyle's Essays, Art. *Heyne*, for *Rev.* 1828.

THE TWO GATES OF HEAVEN.

Dieu a mis sur la terre deux portes qui mènent au ciel: il les a placées aux deux extrémités de la vie; l'une à l'entrée, l'autre à la sortie. La première est celle de l'innocence, la dernière est celle de repentir.—*Saint Pierre*. (From Southey's *Common Place Book*, 1st lines.)

SOLITUDE.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but *solitude* is the school of genius.—*Gibbon*.

If a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary.—*Pope*.

Speech is morning to the mind;

It spreads the beauteous images abroad,

Which else lie fur'd and clouded in the soul.

N. Lee (Duke of Guise).

LEGAL OPINION.

The book of deposing King Richard II. and the coming in of Henry IV., supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her learned council, "Whether there were any treason contained in it?" Mr. Bacon, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, Madam, for *treason* I cannot deliver opinion that there is any; but very much *felony*." The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, "How, and wherein?" Mr. Bacon answered, "Because he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."—*Bacon*.

Far better 'tis

To bless the sun than reason why he shines.

Forde.

SLANDER.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slander; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.—*Pope*.

DEBORAH'S DIARY,

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

Bunhill Fields,
Feb. 17, 1865.

* * * * * something genial and soothing beyond ordinarie in y^e warmth and fitfulle lighte of y^e fire, made us delaye, I know not how long, to trim the evening lamp, and sitt in bemused idlennesse about the hearth; Mary revolving her thumbs and staring at y^e embers; Anne quite in y^e shadowe, with her arms behind her head agaynst y^e wall; father in his tall arm-charm, quite uprighte, as his fashion is when very thoughtfull, I on the cushion at his feet, with mine head on's knce and mine eyes on his shadowe on the wall, which, as it happened, shewed in colossal proportions, while ours were like pigmies. Alle at once he exclaims, "We all seem very comfortable—I think we shoulde reward ourselves with some egg-flip!"

And then offered us pnce for our thoughts. Anne would not tell hers; Mary owned she had been trying to account for y^e deficiencie of a groat in her housekeeping purse, and I confest to such a medley, that father sayd I deserved Anne's penny in addition to mine own, for my strength of mind in submitting such a farrago of nonsense to y^e ridicule of my friends.

Soe then I bade for his thoughts, and he sayd he had beene questioning the cricket on the hearth, upon the extinction of the fairies; and I askt, Did anie believe in 'em now? and he made answer, Oh, yes, he had known a serving wench in Oxon, deponc she had beene nipped and haled by 'em; and, of crickets, he sayd he had manie times scene an old wife in Buckinghamshire, who was soe pestered by one, that she cried, "I can't heare myself talk! I'd as lief heare nought as heare thee;" soe poured a kettle of boiling water into y^e cranny wherein the harmlesse creature lay, and scalded it to death; and, the next day, became as deaf as a stone, and remained soe ever after, a monument of God's displeasure, at her destroying one of the most innocent of his creatures.

After this, he woulde toll us of this and that worn-out superstition, as o' the friar's lantern, and of Loblie-by-the-fire, untill Mary, who affects not y^e unreaal, went off to make the flip. Anne presentlie exclaimed, "Father! when you sayd—

'The shepherds on the lawn
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row,
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;

whom meant you by Pan? Sure, you would not call our Lord by the name of a heathen deity?"

"Well, child," returns father, "you know he calls Himself a Shepherd, and was in truth what Pan was onlie supposed to be, the God of shepherds; albeit, Lavaterus, in his treatise *De Lemuribus*, doth indeed tell us, that by Pan some understoode noe other than the great Sathanas, whose kingdom being overturned at Christ's coming, his inferior demons expelled and

his oracles silenced, he in some sort was himself overthrown. And the story goes, that about y^e time of our Lord's passion, certayn persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certayn islands, did heare a voice calling aloud, *Thamus, Thamus*, which was the name of the ship's pilot, who, making answer to y^e unseene appellant, was bidden, when he came to Palodas, to tell that the great god Pan was dead; which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodas, there suddainlie was such a calm of wind that the ship stooode still in y^e sea, he was constrainned to cry aloud that Pan was dead; wherewithall, there were hearde such piteous shrieks and cries of invisible beings, echoing from haunted spring and dale, as ne'er smote human ears before nor since: nymphs and wood-gods, or they that had passed for such, breaking up house and retreating to their own place. I warrant you, there was trouble among the Sylvan people that day—Satyrs hirsute and cloven-footed Fauns.

". . . . Many a time and oft have Charles Diodati and I discust fond legends, such as this, over our winter hearth; with our chesnuts blackening and crackling on the hob, and our o'er-ripe pears sputtering in the fire, while the wind raved without among the creaking elms. . . ."

Father still hammering on old times, and his owne young days, I beganne to frame unto myself an image of what he might have then beene: piecing it out by help of his picture on the wall, but coulde get no cleare apprehension of my mother, she dying soe untimelic. Askd him, was she beautifulle? He sayth, Oh yes, and clouded over o' the suddain; then went over her height, size, and colour, etc.; dwelt on y^e generalls of personal beauty, how it shadowed forth the mind, was desirable or dangerous, etc.

On dispersing for the night, he noted, somewhat hurt, Anne's abrupt departure without kissing his hand, and sayd, "Is she sulky, or unwell?"

In our chamber, found her already half undrest a reading of her Bible; sayd, "Father took your briefe good-nighte amisse." She made answer shortlie, "Well, what neede to marvell? he cannot put his arm about me without being reminded how mis-shapen I am."

Poor Nan! we had been speaking of faire proportions, and had thoughtlessly cut her to y^e quick; yet father *knoweth*, though he cannot *see*, that her face is as that of an angel.

About one o' the clock, was roused (though Anne continued sleeping soundly) by hearing father give his three signal-taps agaynst the wall. Half drest, and with bare feet thrust into slippers, I hastily ran in to him; he cried, "Deb, for the love of heaven get pen and paper to sett something down." I replied, "Lord, father, you gave me quite a turn; I thought you were ill," and sett to my task, marvellous ill-conditioned, expecting some crotchet had taken him concerning his will.

'Stead of which, out comes a volley of poetry he had lain a brewing till his brain was like to burst, and soe I in my thin night cotes must needs jot it all down

for feare it s^d ooze away before morning. Sure, I thought he never would get to the end, and really feared at first he was crazing a little, but indeede all poets doe when y^e vein is on 'em. At length, with a sigh of relief, he says, "That will doe—good-night, little maid." I could not help saying, "'Twas a lucky thing for you, father, that step-mother was from home;" he laught, drew me to him, kissed me, and sayd, Why, your face is quite cold—are your feet unslipped?"

"Unstockinged," I replied.

"I am quite concerned I knew it not sooner," he rejoyned, in an accent of such kindnesse, that all my vexation melted away, and I e'en protested I did not mind it a bit.

"Since it is soe," quoth he, "I shall y^e less mind having recourse to you agayn; onlie I must insist on your taking care to wrap yourself up more warmly, since you need not feare my being ill."

I bit my lip, and onlie saying good-night, stole off to my warm bed.

Returning from morning prayers with Anne this forenoon, I found Mary mending a pen with the utmost imperturbabilitie, and father with a heat-spot on his cheek, which betrayed some inquietation. Being presentlie alone with him, "Mary is irretrievably heavy," sighs he, "she would let the finest thought escape one while she is blowing her nose or brushing up the cinders. I am confident she has beene writing nonsense even now—Do run through it for me, Deb, and lett me heare what it is."

I went on, enough to his satisfaction, till coming to

"Bring to their sweetness no sobriety,"

"Sobriety?" interrupted he, "satiety, satiety! the blockhead! and that I should live to call a woman soe; sobriety indeede! poor Mary, her wits must have been wool-gathering. 'Bring to their sweetness noe sobriety!' What meaning coulde she possibly affix to such folly?"

"Sure, father," said I, "here's enough that she coulde affix no meaning to, nor I neither, without your condescending to explain it—cycle, empicycle, nocturnal rhomb."

"Well, well," returned he, beginning to smile, "'twas unlikely she shoulde be with such discourse delighted. Not capable, alas, poor Mary's ear, of what is high. And yet, thy mother, child, woulde have stretched up towards truths, though beyond her reach, yet, to the inquiring mind offering rich repast. And now write satiety for sobriety, if you love me."

While erasing the obnoxious word, I cried, "Dear father, pray answer me one question—what is a rhomb?"

"A Rhomb, child?" repeated he, laughing, "why, a parallelogram or quadrangular figure, consisting of parallel lines, with two acute and two obtuse angles, and formed by two equal and righte cones, joyned together at their base! There, are you anie wiser now? No, little maid, 'tis best for such as you

Not with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which

God bath bid dwell far off all anxious cares
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them, with wandering thoughts and notions vain."

I wish to heaven our step-mother were back, albeit we are soe comfortable without her. Mary, taking the maids at unawares last night, found a strange man in the kitchen. Words ensued; he slunk off like a culprit, which lookt not well, while Betty Fisher, brazening it out, woulde have it first that he was her cousin, then her brother, and ended by vowing to be revenged on Mary when she lookt not for it. I would have had Mary speak to father, but she will not. Perhaps soe best; Polly is in the sulks to daye, as well as Betty, saying, "As well live in a Nunnerie."

When the horse is stolen, shut the stable door. Mary locked the lower doors and brought up y^e keys herselfe, yestereven at duske. Anon dropped in Doctor Paget, Mr. Skinner, and uncle Dick, soe that we had quite a merrie party. Dr. Paget sayd how that another case of y^e plague had occurred in Long-Acre; howbeit, this onlie makes three, soe that we trust it will not spread, though 'twoulde be unadvised to goe needleslie into y^e infected quarter. Uncle Dick would fayn take us girls down to Oxon, but father sayd he could not spare us while mother was at Stoke; and that there was noe prevalent distemper, this bracing weather, in our parish. Then felle a mazing; and uncle Dick, who loves a jest, outs with a large brown apple from's pocket, and holds it aneath father's nose. Sayth father, rousing, "How far phausy goes! thy voyce, Dick, carried me back to old dayes, and affected, I think, even my nose; for I could protest I snelled a Sheepscode apple." And, feeling himselfe touched by its cold skin, laught merrilie, and ate it with a relish; saying, noe sorte ever seemed unto him soe goode—he had received manie a hamper of 'em about Christmasse. After a time, alle but he and I went up, and out on y^e leads, to see the comet; and we two sitting quite still, and father, doubtlesse, supposed to be alone, I saw a great round-shouldered mannish shadowe glide acrossse y^e passage, and hearde y^e front-door latch click. Darted forthe, but too late, and then into y^e kitchen; with some warmth chid Betty for soe soone agayn disobeying orders, and threatened to tell my mamma. She cryed pertlie, "Law, Miss Deb, I wish to goodness your mamma was here to heare you, for I'd sooner have one mistress than three. A shadowe, indeede! I'm surc you saw no substance—very like, 'twas a spirit; or, liker still, onlie the cat. Here, puss, puss," . . . and soe into y^e passage, as though to look for what she was sure not to find. I had noe patience with her; but, returning to father, askt him if he had not hearde y^e latch click? He sayd No; and, indeede, I think, had been dozing; soe then sate still and be-thoughte me what 'twere best to doe. Three brains are too little agaynst one that is resolved to cheat. 'Tis noe goode complayning to a man; he will not see, even though unafflicted like father, who cannot. Men's minds run on greater things, and soe they are

fretted at domestic appeals, and generally give judgment y^e wrong way. Thus we founde it before, poor motherlesse girls, to our cost; and I reallie believe it was more in kindnesse for us than himself, that father listened to y^e doctor's overtures in behalfe of Miss Minahull; for what companion is soe illiterate a woman to him? But he believed her gentle, hearde that she was a goode housewife, and apprehended she woulde be kind to us . . . Alas the daye! What tears we three shed in our chamber that night! and wished, too late, we had ne'er referred to him a grievance, nor let him know we had a burthen. Soone we founde King Log had been succeeded by King Stork; soone made common cause, tried our strength and founde it wanting, and soone submitted to our new yoke and tried to make the best of it.

Yes, that is y^e onlie course, we alle feel it; onlie, as ill luck will have it, we do not always feel it simultaneously. Anne, mayhap, has one of her dogged humours; Mary and I see how much better 'twould be, did she overcome it, or shut herself up till in better temper. Mary is crabbed and exacting; Anne and I cannot put her strait. Well for us when we succeed just soe far as to keep it from the notice of father. Thus we rub on; I wonder if we ever shall pull all together?

Like unto a wise master-builder, who ordereth the disposition of each stone till the whole building is fitly compacted together, so doth father build up his noble poem, which groweth under our hands. Three nights have I, without complaynt, lost my rest while writing at his bedside; this hath made me yawnish in the day time, or, as mother will have it, lazy. However, I bethink me of Damo, daughter of Pythagoras.

Mother came home yesterday, and Betty, the picture of neatnesse, tooke goode heede to be the first to welcome her, with officious smiles, and prayses of her looks. For my part, I thoughte it fullsome, but knew her motives better than mother, who took it alle in goode part. Indeece, noe one woulde give this girl credit for soe false a heart; she is pretty, modest looking, and for a while before my father's marriage, was as great a favourite with Mary as now with my mother; flattered her y^e same, and tempted her to idle gossiping and confidences. She was slow to believe herself cheated; and when 'twas as cleare as day, could not convince father of it.

On Mary's mentioning this morning (unadvisedlie, I think,) the kitchen visitor, mother made short answer, "Tilly-vally! bad mistresses make bad maids; there will be noe such doings now, I warrant. . . I am sure, my dear," appealing to father, "you think well in the main of Betty?" "Yes," says he smiling, "I think well of both my Betties." "At any rate," persists Mary, "the man could not be at once her cousin and brother." "Why no," replies father, "therein she worsened her story, by saying too much, as Dorothea did, when she pretended to have heard of the knight of La Mancha's fame, when she landed at Ossuna; which even a madman as he was, knew to be noe sea-

port. It requires more skill than the general possesse, to lie with a circumstance."

"Had a Valentine this morning, though onlie from Ned Phillips, whom mother is angry with, for filling my head betimes with such nonsense. Howbeit, I am close on sixteen.

Mary was out of patience with father yesterday, who, after keeping her a full hour at Thucydides, sayd, "Well, now we will refresh ourselves with a canto of Ariosto," which was as much a sealed book to her as t'other. Howbeit, this morning he sayd, "Child, I have noted your wearinesse in reading the dead languages to me; would to God I needed not to be beholden to any, whether bound to me by blood and affection or not, for the food that is as needfull to me as my daily bread. Nevertheless, that I be not further wearisome unto thee, I have engaged a young Quaker, named Elwood, to relieve thee of this portion of thy task, soe that thou mayest have the more leisure to enjoy the glad sunshine and fair sights I never more shall see."

Mary turned red, and dropt a quiet tear; but alas, he knew it not.

"One part of my children's burthen, indeed," he continued, "I cannot, for obvious reasons, relieve them of—they must still be my secretaries, for in them alone can I confide. Soe now to your healthfull exercises and fitting recreations, dear maids, and heaven's blessing goe with you!"

We kissed his hand and went, but our walk was not merry.

(To be continued.)

PIRATES OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

BETWEEN Australia and the mainland of India lies an island region that bears the palm of beauty from all other quarters of the world. It is alone in its splendour and its wealth. Green isles, without number, rise above calm and brilliant waters, in all diversity of outline, hue, and aspect, now separated by broad and sweeping seas, now clustered in brotherhood, and only divided by narrow winding channels. Coasts clothed with rich fertility, and studded with towns and hamlets, meet everywhere the navigator's view. Lofty mountains, dim and blue, rear themselves into the air; immense valleys and sloping pasture-lands stretch on all sides, and the primeval forest grows on plains and hills, where the traveller's foot has never left its impress. Beautiful rivers flow through these green and abundant lands, where grains and fruits and flowers flourish in a profusion only known in Eastern soils. Every diversity of magnificence, every rich material of commerce, and every form of beauty is there to be seen, for in all the world no more splendid region exists than the home of the Indian Islanders, in the remote and glowing East.

Commerce has sought them as the crown of its ambition, poetry has chosen them as the seat of its

wildest fable, and ambition has selected them for the theatre of daring and bloody struggles. All nations that have grown wealthy through trade have flourished on the spoils of the exhaustless East, and fancy could revel in no more glittering scenes than those that abound among the wild Indian waters, while the conqueror's sword never reaped a richer harvest than from the plunder of the Spice Islands. It is not marvellous, therefore, that in all ages, and by all powers, the supremacy of the further East should have been contended for and prized as the rarest privilege of trade. Accordingly, from the period of the Portuguese discovery until the present day, contest has never ceased between the rival nations that have once seized a share in the dominion of the Indian Islands. That struggle has been carried on through different courses. While the rivals were rich, powerful, vigorous, and reckless, they fought by land and sea for the empire of the Archipelago; when their resources of courage, energy and wealth were weakened, they concluded treaties of peace—mere hypocritical conventions—and laboured in the same spirit through intrigues, conspiracies, and diplomatic notes. In course of time, patience and peace became wearisome, and new wars broke out, until, at the present day, it appears probable, after a long succession of such events, that more than one civilized power is sharpening the sword for a fresh conflict. Of course this frequent interruption of tranquillity has retarded trade and civilization at the same time; but there has been another and a more formidable enemy to commerce, an enemy which has from the remotest period preyed upon its vitals, and was threatening to destroy it altogether, when Sir James Brooke appeared upon the scene, and, assisted by his government, took up arms in the defence of trade, in the interest of humanity, and with the purpose of giving security to the peaceful and innocent tribes of the Archipelago.

That great enemy was the piratical system. A glance at it will show its extent, its power, its great and elaborate organization, its evils, and the imperative duty which attached to us, to root up and destroy it. It grew with the growth of time, and became so formidable, that trade, in many quarters of the Archipelago, was swept off the seas; whole tribes of peaceful people were compelled to adopt it in self-defence, and it was rising to such rapid elevation, that even some European powers became unequal to a conflict with it. The pirates of the Archipelago were not petty sea thieves, that roved the waters in solitary barks, and seized on the lonely unarmed trader, or plundered the fisherman's hut on the shore. They dwelt in large fortified towns; they peopled whole islands and provinces; they swarmed along the coasts, and issued from their strongholds in huge fleets, laying waste the maritime districts, burning cities and villages, carrying off the wealth of whole communities, capturing fleets of merchant prahus, taking innumerable heads, and seizing slaves without number. Some were governed by kings, and exercised sovereignty over large provinces; whilst others there

were who dwelt in diminutive hamlets, equipped a few small boats, and carried on their petty operations by stealth. Between these extremes of the system were many other classes, occupying different elevations of power, and committing ravages in proportion to their capability. Among the most formidable of the pirate communities are the Illannuns of Magindanao.

They inhabit the shores of a great lake, situated near a bay on the western coast of that island. This is divided from the sea by a narrow strip of land, densely clothed with mangrove jungle, with groups of tall trees planted at intervals near the water. Among the branches of these are erected small wooden watch-houses, where sentinels are stationed on the look-out for a prize or an enemy, whose appearance they telegraph to the buccancers below. The mangrove grows down to the brink of the waves, and through its dense masses openings have been made, which are concealed from the eye by piles of bushes. Here ingeniously contrived escapes are constructed, over which the freebooting prahu, when chased by a superior force, is impelled by a simultaneous stroke of all the oars, and then ropes being suddenly attached, is hauled over wooden ways, rendered slippery by a peculiar greasy substance, and launched in the hidden lake. This feat has been frequently accomplished. On one occasion, a Spanish cruiser found on the beach of a barren island a wreck, and some Dyak sailors, who said they had been plundered of all they possessed, and only escaped slavery by the appearance of the European sail, when the Illannun prahu which had attacked them, suddenly made off in the direction of the Great Bay.

The Spaniard resolved to pursue the pirate, and soon saw him bearing rapidly away, with his broad sail extended, and his sixty oars in motion, steering towards Illannun. All the canvass was spread, and a swift pursuit commenced. The buccancer evidently lost ground, and the Spaniard was congratulating himself on the prospect of a prize, when lo and behold! the prahu, traversing the waters of the bay, ran headlong towards the shore; the jungle opened to receive her, and she vanished among the bushes. Of course, the Catholic crew, not accustomed to the piracy of those seas, wrote the affair down as a miracle; but the next moment, a storm of round shot and grape, bursting from concealed batteries among the mangroves, convinced them that some enemy of a most practical nature was ensconced behind; so the captain put his vessel about, and made off, not doubting what sort of ordnance the devil can use.

No traveller has ever seen the economy of the Illannun City of the Lake; but from the accounts of prisoners who have escaped, it appears a place of most extraordinary aspect. In the centre of the vast sheet of water, the vessels of war are moored in formidable ranks, with their lofty double decks, their strange contrivances for sailing, and their bulwarks bristling with small guns. When required for service, the prahus are equipped and stored, and when the fighting men in their scarlet attire have taken their

stand on the upper deck, are rowed to the shore of the lake, and dragged upwards on the tramway, over which, impelled by numerous hands, they glide into the sea. Around the margin of the water are arranged the old vessels, which are unfit for war, and these form the habitations of that part of the community which rests at home while the others are abroad in quest of plunder. The Illannuns possess considerable wealth, and enjoy much comfort in their secluded abode. They extend their depredations through the length and breadth of the Archipelago, robbing, murdering, capturing ships and slaves, and, not even confining their attacks to native craft, frequently assault the European flag, and sometimes with success.

Next in power and atrocity to these are the Balanini, inhabiting the island whence they derive their name, which is merely a ring of land enclosing a lake, screened from observation, like the Bay of Illannun, by dense growths of mangrove. Instead of artificial escapes, however, these pirates use a narrow channel, so bristled with stakes, that only one vessel can pass at a time, and that only when steered by a pilot so intimately acquainted with the passage, as to keep the keel exactly in the centre. Thus the Spanish cruisers almost always fail to effect an entrance; and even did they by chance succeed, batteries, mounting more than a hundred guns, which point directly on the spot, would probably sink them without difficulty. At certain seasons, however, the whole of the men fit to carry arms, embark in their war prahus, and depart on a plundering cruise, leaving the defence of their stronghold to nature, accident, old men, women, and cripples. On one occasion, when Balanini was thus deserted, two Spanish vessels actually passed the channel, and entered the lagoon; but the heroes felt their ardour damped by the aspect of the pirate city on the lake, and effected nothing but—a precipitate retreat.

The Sarchas and Sakarans—ferocious buccancers of Borneo, whom some sympathetic gentlemen persist in styling simple and innocent—with other tribes and races, of whom an enumeration would exceed our limits, swell the numbers of the vast pirate population of the Indian Archipelago. Some dwell in enormous buildings on the banks of rivers, where they spend one portion of the year in retirement, living in luxury on the fruits of plunder, and then leaving their haunts to pillage and massacre wherever the weakness or wealth of the trader is sufficient to tempt or encourage their attacks. Others live in clustered huts amid the jungle on the beach; others inhabit small, remote islands; and others, building large towns at the mouths of rivers, defied, until recently, every force brought against them. They placed whole coasts in a state of complete blockade; they intercepted the merchant on the high seas; and many branches of commerce were completely destroyed by their ravages. To detail, however, all the features of the system, would require more space than we can now bestow on the subject, and to describe it imperfectly would be of little use. Perhaps, therefore, the reader will be in-

terested by a few anecdotes, incidents and adventures, illustrating the simple innocence of the pirates in the Indian Archipelago. Some of these have already been told in other quarters, but some we derive from private sources. They may be related at random.

Raja Raga, a distinguished pirate chief, was accosted, some years ago, to devastate the coast of Java, and once attacked a large English brig, with two Europeans and thirty Javans on board, and captured it. Emboldened by this success, he sailed towards Celebes, and, when within one day's sea-journey of Macassar, saw a huge square-rigged vessel slowly steering away. She appeared some leviathan merchantman. Not a sign of martial purpose appeared; not a gun, not even a swivel could be seen, and she seemed desirous of escaping to Singapore. Elated by the prospect of so grand a prize, Raja Raga loaded all his cannons and small arms, ordered his crew to make ready, and steered close beneath the shadow of the strange ship. A shower of balls was poured in, and the pirate prepared to board. But the next moment a sight presented itself at which his heart must have sickened. Along the whole length of the disguised man-of-war a double line of ports slowly opened, and the muzzles of her ponderous guns protruded with fearful significance. A tremendous volley burst from the side of the English vessel, and she sailed on her way alone,—for the pirate prahu was at the bottom of the sea, leaving only on the surface a few fragments of wreck, and two or three of her crew, who were picked up by some humane fisherman. This is a commentary on the assertion made by certain statesmen, that the freebooters never attack square-rigged ships. They do attack them; and vessels sailing under Dutch, Spanish, American—ay, and English flags, have been the prizes of their boldness.

Most readers have heard of the sea-gipsies of the Indian Archipelago. Their innocent and primitive life has been the fertile theme of fable. In their little white-sailed barques they used to skim over the placid waters of narrow and sheltered seas, subsisting on fish, fruits, roots, and grains, and passing their time in merry voyages through those sunny waters, with songs and music, making sweet melody in every spot they visited. But they have now been almost wholly scattered or destroyed. The pirates, attacking their defenceless fleets, have slaughtered the men, and borne the women and children into slavery; so that now only a few solitary families—and those degraded from their original innocence—maintain the memory of the gipsy race. The tribes of the Archipelago have preserved many of their adventures in the unwritten records of tradition. There was once, they say, a chief of the sea-gipsies, who sailed from place to place with more than a hundred boats. One night this fleet anchored in a pleasant creek, overhung with a drapery of foliage, and lit up by the moon, where the barques were arranged in regular order to pass the night. Fires were kindled on deck, and soon the whole scene was illumined by their flames; while the gipsies, after preparing and partaking of a simple

meal, sat down to sing and play on their rude instruments of music. So the time was spent until midnight, when most of them, wearied by the fatigues of the day, had gradually withdrawn from the convivial groups, and sought rest in the arms of sleep. At length only two young men were left sitting by the fire, and these, being sleepless, descended on the land, and sought among the jungle for fruits, as the moonlight fell brilliantly on the whole landscape. Suddenly a wild shrill cry sounded along the shore; hundreds of dark forms were seen tumultuously hurrying down the surrounding slopes, and a multitude of large, cumbrous prahus bore up to the entrance of the creek; while gongs, rattawas, and drums maintained a hoarse concert of martial tones, to animate the warriors to their task. These were the pirates of Mambakut, who had left their river on a kidnapping cruise, and fallen in with the gipsies, directed by the light of the fires, and the sounds of merriment. The startled sleepers sprang from their slumbers, rushed to seize their arms, but fell by scores before they knew the nature and number of their enemies. But the young men on shore joined fiercely in the fray, which lasted until dawn, when the gipsies were all captured, slaughtered, or so maimed that they were helpless. Then the pirates embarked with their captives, gave the *coup de grace* to those who were dangerously wounded, and went rejoicing on their way. The two young men, however, escaped, and joined a fleet of Bugis merchants, near Kylie, in Celebes. Assisted by some of the Koti traders, they pursued the buccanering fleet, came up with it at the entrance of the river Mambakut, in Borneo, and fought a battle, in which they remained victors. But the gipsy chief, with his tribe scattered, his wife killed, and most of his friends dead, abandoned the simple life which his forefathers had led for years, and, not long after, was himself in command of a buccanering squadron, revenging on the peaceful traders of the Archipelago the wrongs he had suffered from the pirates of the Mambakut. This relation illustrates the corrupting influence of the freebooting system on the populations of the Archipelago. It is a fact placed beyond doubt by experience, that numerous tribes, formerly addicted to the pacific pursuits of commerce, have taken to piracy, when, unable to trade in peace, they have found themselves without other means of subsistence. Several chiefs of large communities have declared that they preferred traffic to plunder; but that the only way to be secure from pillage was to unite in the brotherhood of robbers.

The atrocities committed by the Sarebas and Sakaran pirates are equal in ferocity, if not in extent, to those of any class among the Indian pirates. Any traveller that sails up the Kaluka river in Borneo may observe the speaking evidence of their harmless innocence. The river rolls its broad current between banks once beautiful and fertile, now red with blood, and black with ashes. Wasted fields alternate along its course with forests of the sago palm, while gardens and plantations lie in neglected luxuriance, without a

soul to tend them; at intervals, the charred skeleton ruins of burnt towns mark the scenes of former prosperity. The shores of this stream were once peopled by peaceful and industrious tribes, who annually collected the produce of their soils, floated it down over the waters to the sea, and delivered it there to the charge of the traders bound for Singapore. These transported it to that settlement, and there exchanging it for articles of English or Indian manufacture, bore back to the tribes of the Kaluka the well-earned price of their industry. But the Sarebas and Sakaran pirates, witnessing the flourishing condition of those communities, attacked them by sea and land, and enforced a heavy tribute. This was frequently repeated during a long period, until at length the Kaluka people, robbed of their gains, and dispirited by frequent pillage, abandoned their lands, and fled ere the next visit of the freebooters, who satiated their ferocity by the destruction of all the towns, villages, and plantations. The sago and cocoa groves were left, but their riches decay with every season, as none dare come to collect the fruit. At this day, therefore, the banks of the river present the melancholy spectacle of an abandoned region, once fertile, and the home of a happy population, now desolated by the irruptions of "meek and harmless natives." Probably the Kaluka tribes have at length themselves turned pirates.

One profitable branch of the pirate traffic illustrates a singular feature in the civilization of those regions. The Chinese emigrate in great numbers from the Celestial Empire, and settle among the Indian Islands, especially at Singapore, where their national talent for cheating is offered a wide scope. They erect for themselves comfortable habitations, and amass large fortunes. At first they usually came with the idea of returning to their own country, but gradually settled down as colonists in their snug homes, with their money-bags and opium pipes. But with a Chinaman at Singapore, as with all other men in any other part of the world, a good house, a full purse, and a pleasant pipe, cannot compensate for one deprivation—a wife. So, at least, these settlers thought, and revolved in their minds how the loss was to be supplied. We all know the rigorous laws of China on this subject. No woman is allowed, under any circumstances, to emigrate; and the edicts of the barbarian despot are sufficiently rigorously enforced, so that a case of elopement is unheard of. The merchants, indeed, say that should such an event occur, the friends of the frisky lady, if they were not put to death, would be compelled to pay an amount of what is ingeniously called hush-money, that would ruin a rich man. Consequently the damsels of China, though they elope from their parents,—and sometimes from their husbands,—among themselves, never quit the soil of their birth, and the Singapore colonists must look elsewhere for wives. But the ready wit of a Celestial, assisted by the elastic conscience of a Malay, has obviated the difficulty. The respectable Chinese merchants of Singapore entered into a

convention with the pirates to take annually so many score of youthful maidens, at a fixed price, to be educated as their future wives. The kidnapping of these children, therefore, is carried on to a great extent along the coasts of the larger islands, and among the little groups near the Anambas and Natunas. The damsels of the Indian Isles are also in request at Sulu, at the courts of all the petty chiefs, and, probably, in the Dutch towns. When, therefore, a pirate-fleet puts to sea from any island, one of the chief purposes of its equipment is the capture of slaves. With some communities, indeed,—the Illannuns among them,—it is a rule to take only prisoners, gold, silver, gums, spices, and such other costly merchandise as is easy to transport and difficult to identify. With those of Borneo, however, when the recent operations took place, our countrymen discovered in some of the towns English anchors, guns, barrels of powder,—some marked with the broad arrow, as government property,—with an immense quantity of other cumbrous and heavy stores, evidently the plunder of European ships. A little girl, probably English or German, has been found and placed in charge of a missionary at Sarawak. She is too young to tell her tale, but doubtless it is singular and strange. Perhaps her parents have been murdered; perhaps they still sorrow for her loss, and hope for her recovery. Where they are, and how long the child may have been a forced rover with pirates, is a mystery.

The description of a pirate cruise may illustrate the formidable features of the system, and we give it as collected from the information supplied by recent writers on the spot. We may suppose a large fleet, similar to that lately destroyed by Sir James Brooke, to be collected on the coast of Borneo. Messages are despatched to the chiefs of the allied tribes to prepare their prahus, their arms, and their warriors. The large vessels are usually kept in creeks, near the mouths of rivers, under the guardianship of a town or village, embosomed amid masses of jungle and forest, and defended by booms and stakes. The dwellers on the most distant banks of the streams are summoned by messengers. They muster their forces, and embark in canoes. Should their course lead them past any powerful communities inimical to them, they case their paddles in soft bark, and, putting themselves in motion at sunset, drop down the river by night. No dip, no word, no other sound breaks the stillness. One by one the little boats are impelled along, swiftly but noiselessly. Avoiding the open waters, they creep under the shadow of the woody banks, and at break of dawn screen themselves in the jungle. Monkeys, wild hogs, and serpents, form during these few days their simple food, and are killed with poisoned darts blown through *sumpitans*, or hollow reeds. Occasionally even these supplies fail, and, as there is no room in the canoes for provisions, want is severely felt. Among the pirates of the Koti river, the chiefs have been known on such emergencies to cut off the head of a man, hang it up among the

trophies of the tribe, and eat his flesh. If by the way a small hamlet is discovered at a safe distance from any powerful settlement, it is attacked by night, wrapped in flames, and desolated by these fierce but stealthy marauders.

Reaching the point of rendezvous, the freebooters throw off concealment, rush on board the prahus, sound their martial instruments, hoist flags, and fire guns in anticipation of triumph. Then the squadron is unmoored, and, one after the other, the prahus put to sea, proceeding to join the great fleet at some appointed place of rendezvous. Thus a formidable armada is collected, which takes its departure, and seldom separates until scenes of death and devastation have taken place, on which none can dwell without a shudder. For us, indeed, in the security of our island, amid peace, civilization, and Christianity, this piracy has its features of terror. Perhaps many of those who view this sketch may dwell in lonely places, where they are sometimes visited by fear of the midnight burglar. Sitting in the silent house at night, they may think of dangers from robbery and murder. Perhaps a rustle, a creak, a footstep may break the stillness, and the blackened face of some huge villain may peer in at a door or window. On such occasions they know their own thoughts better than we can describe them; and if so, what a miserable state of existence must be that of the simple tribe of fishermen, in constant dread of pirates! The hamlet stands on the shore, peaceful, defenceless, and exposed to all attacks. The villagers are harmless, innocent, industrious. They do wrong to none, and deserve no injury from others. But when the day dawns they know not whether the sun may not set on a smoking pile of ruins; and when the evening closes whether it may not rise on a little wilderness, where the blackened remnants of their dwellings, dead bodies of men, women, and children, the humble wealth of the tribe strewn about, betoken the visit of a pirate fleet, while those who have escaped the massacre have been hurried into hopeless slavery.

From such dangers Sir James Brooke, aided by our brave countrymen in the naval service, is seeking to deliver the innocent tribes of the Archipelago, and, while he has their thousand blessings on his head, he will despise the slanders of a few jealous enemies. The opinion of the English nation is with him, and this, with the grateful attachment of the peaceful islanders, will be his support against the attacks of a handful of pseudo-humanitarians, ignorant, as they are of the real facts of the case.

The fleet sails out to sea. It presents a splendid spectacle. Perhaps a hundred and forty war prahus of large size and powerfully armed, with more than two thousand men on board, are arrayed and equipped for plunder. The vessels are of various builds, some with lofty decks, crowded with warriors in bright scarlet attire, profusely accoutred with flashing arms; some broad, cumbrous sea-carriages; some, graceful, tapering vessels, adorned at the lofty pointed prows with plumes, as it were, of the palmetto palm-leaf; while the buccaneers themselves, variously clad with a diversity

of weapons, throng the decks. Below, ranged in banks, as in the galleys of classic times, on Salamis, the oarsmen ply their labour, and impel the barques along. The fleet sails for its first destination. If this be a town or village—generally built on the shores of a bay—on the coast, the vessels are ranged along the outer waters, while a few are detached to the attack. If the enemy be weak, the assault is made by day, when the pirates crowd to the shore, land, surround the place, fling brands among the houses, and killing the old, the weak, the maimed, and the useless, with all who resist, make captives of the rest. These are bound and taken on board. In case of an overwhelming attack from an English vessel, or rival pirate, or a powerful trading chief, they slaughter the women thus taken, cutting off their heads, and gashing them from shoulder to heel with ferocious cruelty. This occurred in the late conflict. The piratical Malay is so bloodthirsty, that in the last hour of his life he will satiate his horrid appetite on a defenceless victim in revenge for the punishment inflicted by a superior enemy. Injured lambs!

Perhaps the next object of the expedition will be the communities on the bank of some river like the Kaluka. Then the pirate fleet, extending itself in a long line, boldly dashes along; the first prahu enters the stream with flags displayed, music sounding, and shouts echoing back from the banks. Sometimes a fleet of equal power is encountered by the way, when a friendly barter in the profits of plunder takes place. One after the other the vessels push up the stream; a brilliant, lengthened, strange array, leaving on both sides tracks of plunder, collecting heads for trophies, and merchandise for booty. On the return voyage, any village that may have escaped is ransacked, and when the freebooters again emerge on the sea, the river rolls through a melancholy waste, deserted, blood-stained, and desolate. A new infliction has fallen on the peaceful tribes; a new triumph is added to the bloody records of pirate history; and the civilized friends of the system have new facts to add to their accounts of the simple innocence of the Borneo buccaners.

But it is the night attack that is most fearful. A body of pirates, landing after sunset, on the shores of some thinly peopled province, conceal themselves until all the population has sunk in slumber. The night in those regions is beautiful beyond fancy. The stars are large and lustrous; the moon's broad, bright face, silvers the wood and the water with her smiles, and the soft winds, sighing among the forests, lull all nature to sleep. Some doomed village lies in the repose of a sequestered glade, in the depth of a shady wilderness. The tribe, having enjoyed the evening repast, with the song, the music and the dances which are hereditary with those savages, as wisdom is with our peers, is scattered in groups in the long building, elevated on posts, which forms the dwelling of the whole community. The Dyak has retired to the comfort of the hollow tree, suspended against the wall, that serves as his couch. Covered

over with a fine mat, he sleeps, and dreams of Sabayan—the happy hunting-ground of the Indian Islander. The fire, which is never allowed to expire, smoulders, and emits only a dull red glow that lightens through the dusky room. Now and then a form rises from one of the coffin-shaped receptacles along the wall, and a Dyak comes forth to blow up the embers and warm himself.

Meanwhile, the scene without is still more wild and strange. Encircling the village, but concealed in the gloom of the jungle, the pirate host has spread itself around, strongly guarding every path, and preparing to celebrate with the din of triumph the fiery and bloody sacrifice. Now they lie silent and motionless grasping their arms, and awaiting the signal of assault. The village has relapsed into utter stillness. Nothing but the low whisper of the wind, and the ripple of the neighbouring river, can be heard. Then one crafty robber, drawing the ready-kindled brand from its concealment behind a bush, crawls with stealthy steps towards the building, and dexterously throws the lighted billet on the roof of thick Atap thatch—combustible as straw. Others follow his example, and soon, from several portions of the structure, rise small light flames, that creep upwards and spread with a low hissing sound, until, communicating with the timbers and the walls, they join each other, and the whole edifice bursts into a blaze that shines far and wide over the forest, with a roar that calls up its inmates—too late for safety. The pirates now, with yells and shouts, rush forward, and as the startled wretches leap madly from the raised platform on which the dwelling is elevated, seize or cut them down without mercy or remorse. There is little struggle. The buccaners enjoy an easy triumph, and before dawn the village is level with the earth; its site is a black spot, strewn with the headless and mangled dead; the captives are in the pirate-prahu, and the pirates themselves are again on their bloody track, to earn new trophies and new wealth, by new atrocities and new destruction of life. Thus are the peaceful islanders immolated at the shrine of that gigantic system whose savage votaries may find something to plead in excuse, in the truth, that they are encouraged by writers and orators in civilized and Christian lands. In picturing the outline of these scenes, whose minute details are too horrid to describe, we merely sketch incidents as common in Borneo, as highway robberies were once on Hounslow Heath.

In those portions subject to Sir James Brooke, the system has been ended, and the peaceful tribes bless him for it; but in other districts it continues with little abated vigour, while the pirate-powers lately defeated have sent ambassadors to promise that they will never again equip piratical fleets: a sufficient answer to those gentlemen who have had the temerity to describe them as innocent and simple traders. They should have instructed their *protégés* to plead, Not guilty, since the accused, conscious of injured and maligned innocence, seldom acknowledge their crimes, profess repentance, and vow amendment.

Our readers have probably already heard the account of the destruction of Palo, a village of houses erected on posts forty feet in height. The Kanowit people—allies of the Sarebas and Sakaran pirates—required the inhabitants to join them in a plundering cruise. They refused, and in revenge, the freebooters marched by night to their dwellings, crept along the ground under shelter of huge shields, hacked away the lofty wooden pillars, and retiring just as the buildings tottered to their fall, enjoyed a massacre of the maimed and helpless, who lay struggling among the ruins. All they could capture alive and uninjured, they carried away as slaves.

To acquire an idea of the imperial manner in which the pirates carry on their depredations, it may be mentioned, that in 1834 the Illannuns descended on an island near the Straits of Rhio, and swept off the whole population to a man; while, ten years later, Sheriff Hausman, a noted buccaneer, equipped a fleet of two hundred war-prahus, and committed such havoc that whole coasts were deserted by their peaceful populations, and scores of merchant vessels were prevented from carrying on their usual trade. The injury thus done to commerce is beyond calculation, and until the recent active operations the system, so far from declining, was in a rapid growth. In 1843, indeed, the Dutch war-ships off the Java shores were repeatedly attacked and worsted, while the armed vessel stationed at Ternate is hailed with mock compliments by the sarcastic rovers, who make every demonstration of contempt as they sail by. English vessels disappear, and are never heard of. Their crews vanish, and no record of them is ever found, unless, as in recent cases, on the attack of some pirate town, an anchor, a cask, a bale of merchandise, a parcel of woman's apparel, or, as already noticed, a fair-skinned child, with blue eyes and bright locks, is found, as the memento of some fearful disaster.

Doubtless, the whole country is well acquainted with the details of the recent conflict, but from a private letter from an eyewitness, which was published in the *United Service Magazine*, it will be noticed that the pirates actually fired the first shot, and maintained their furious and incessant volleys for five or six hours. That they failed in committing slaughter was, therefore, the fault of their bad gunnery, not the result of their harmless innocence. But we need not insist on these points. Our readers, we feel assured, have no connexion with that small cabal of pseudo-philanthropists whose sympathies are all for the thousands of bloodthirsty Malays, Illannuns, and Balanini pirates that prey on the millions of peaceful, trade-loving natives.

Every work, by every author, published within many years, corroborates the view we take, and while so many authorities combine to show the necessity for destroying this system, the British public will not be deluded by the misrepresentations of ignorant economists, who take part with the shedders of blood against the harmless and the peaceful. But the natives by myriads bless England for her assistance. Peace

and prosperity follow the operations of our countrymen, and the gratitude of those races will be their ample reward. "The Dyak knows—the whole world knows, that the white man is a friend of the Dyak," is an expression which has passed into a proverb, a household word, by a thousand happy hearths, once in constant danger of desolation by pirates, now secure under the shadow of British power. Therefore, we repeat, in spite of the enmity of a *clique* of ignorant babblers, let Sir James Brooke pursue the course he has commenced, and while his name is blessed by millions of the Indian Islanders, he will find it no less respected by the sensible, the unprejudiced, and the humane English public.

GARLANDS AND THEIR USES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

THE adoption of flowers as ornaments is, probably, as old as the history of Paradise, where they first blossomed, and where we could imagine Eve, with the sinless love of beauty which prompts the same action in innocent childhood, weaving them in her hair, beside her shadow, glassed in some still pool of that river that went out of Eden to water it. In later days, their ever-rejoicing looks made them the natural accompaniments of triumph and gladness, while their innocence and fragrance rendered them, with as beautiful a propriety, the peace-offerings of welcome and good-will. Of all these uses we have evidences old as Scripture history; and it was doubtless from the ancient Hebrews that the Persians borrowed their fondness for floral adornment, just as the Greeks, with their quick sense of the beautiful, carried the taste (a fair spoil for war!) home to the Athenian cities, whence it diffused itself to Rome, and, in the course of time, became transplanted wherever her conquering cohorts or her colonies appeared. The poetical exclamation of Solomon, so highly Anacreontic, without its context,—“Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered, and let no flower of the spring pass by us!”—alludes to the custom of wearing garlands as distinctly as does Horace in his charming ode, where, affecting to scorn the grandeur of a Persian feast, and the effeminacy of flowery chaplets, he confesses to displaying a wreath of myrtle at his bachelor-board. Not less illustrative of their charmed uses in those early days is that graphic passage in the apocryphal Book of Judith, which describes the terrified inhabitants of Ascalon and the sea-coast, when the armies of the Assyrian swept the plain of Damascus, in the “time of wheat harvest,” with fire and sword, sending out ambassadors to Holofernes, captain of the king's host, and receiving him with *garlands* instead of a flag of truce;—precisely the picture which Forbes gives us, in his “Oriental Memoir,” of the reception of travellers in the hospitable province of Guzeret, where the stranger is not only offered all the simple necessaries of Eastern life, but the women and children come forth to meet him at the entrance of the

village, and present him with *wreaths of flowers*. How curiously corroborative of the fidelity of Biblical description, and the slow change of customs in the East! for Holofernes received his garlands in the fifth age of the world, and Forbes his experiences but a few short years back.

Theophrastus, who wrote a great deal about flowers, has left a list of those used by the Greeks in their decorations, which gives, almost verbatim, the inventory of an English cottage garden, wanting its lavender, pinks, rockets, and carnations. They had their roses, violets, gilly-flowers, and white lilies, with larkspur, hyacinths, Iris and Narcissus,—“an odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,” but few in number. With these the banquet was adorned, the bride dressed, and the corse laid in the grave; for we read, that when the family of Pericles were one by one perishing of the plague, he, who had hitherto supported his bereavement with uncommon fortitude, gave way at the funeral of his *last child*; and, while placing (according to the custom of the country) a garland of flowers on the head of the corpse, broke forth into loud lamentations and a torrent of tears. Who does not feel the pathos of this incident, and imagine the anguish of the desolated father, crowning his last-born for the grave? In Italy, they still weave the pale blue blossoms of the periwinkle, which has there the sorrowful name of the *death-flower*, into wreaths for their dead infants,—a custom, probably, as old as the palmy days of Rome, when the passion for floral decorations was at its height, and laws became necessary to restrain it.

It is a curious fact in the history of flowers, that a parallel circumstance has occurred in modern times; and that, during the prevalence of the tulip mania in Holland, sumptuary restrictions had to be resorted to to prevent persons ruining themselves in their absurd competition to possess them. Amongst the Greeks and Romans the manufacturing of natural wreaths must have been as distinct an occupation as the making of artificial ones with us, and a far more generally encouraged one, since a garland was not then a matter of taste, but of fashion, and each circumstance required its own. How exquisite must have been the taste of these *artistes* we may infer from the description of a few of their wreaths, and the circumstance that painters occasionally copied them as models. What a delicate image, for instance, is that of a Greek bride!—white lilies interwoven with ears of corn—how chastely elegant, and how propitious! White lilies—in after times dedicated to the Virgin—were at this period sacred to Venus; while the corn in the ear must have implied the same symbolical meaning as the priest scattering its grains over the head of the bride. Our autumn wreaths of corn-poppy and barley, or bearded wheat, without the “*bluets*” and ox-daisies, which are sometimes added to them, are identical with those used at the sacred rites of Ceres; and, strange to say, the ceremony and the wreaths are not yet wholly exploded, but survive—remnants of Gothic usages, gathered from old

Rome—in some of the most secluded German valleys. Only two years since a friend, describing the bringing home of harvest at Ingelfingen, a village of Württemberg, writes thus:—“To-day the first of the rye was brought home; and I wish you could have seen the pretty ceremony in consequence. The clergyman, schoolmasters, and children (the girls all dressed in white, with garlands of corn flowers on their heads,) met the van on the bridge outside the gate, and entered the town singing—and you cannot imagine anything more touchingly imposing, than the appearance of the procession as it emerged from under the old archway into the open sunshine; the oxen, with festoons of flowers binding their horns—and the wain oscillating under its golden freight, and wreathed with autumn chaplets—while two young girls, who had been helping to reap, walked behind, with their hair bound with wreaths, each carrying a sheaf in her hand. They came to a stand still in the middle of the street, and sang a hymn under our windows; and when the waggon reached the granary, all the people turned into the church to give thanks for the first fruits of the abundant harvest.”

Can anything be more simply beautiful than the images in this written picture? A procession of Ceres in the eighteenth century *christianized*, if I may so express it. The pastor leading the solemnity, like a priest of old—the white-robed children—the waving sheaves—the oxen (those scriptural helps to husbandry) with strings of flowers on their patient brows—the garlands themselves—offerings from the breast of *Tellus* to the God of all creation! It is like a bit of antique bas-relief unburied from the gardens of old Rome. There was at Corinth a religious festival, in honour of what divinity I quite forget, at which the boys who preceded the goddess—the Pagan types of Catholic Acolytes—wore white vestures, and garlands of blue hyacinths on their heads. At funeral ceremonies, wreaths of yellow daffodils were used. They were sacred (for every flower was dedicated to the gods) to Proserpine, and were significant of sleep. Shakspeare with classical propriety, makes it one of the scattered garlands she “let fall from Dis’s waggon.” And it served the purpose of a floral chloroform with old herbalists, numbing the sinews, and causing drowsiness.

One wonders, when reading of the profusion in which flowers were used, where they could all have come from. The environs of cities in those days, but of Rome especially,—where, as luxury increased, the demand for them became excessive—must have been a recurring scene of rosaries and gardens—fields upon fields of hyacinths, acres upon acres of white lilies, with groves of evergreens, and meadows of asphodelus, and those “eyes of heaven,” as the Egyptians called the Iris—equalling, if not excelling, the flowery plains in the vicinity of Haarlem. Every ceremony, religious, civic, or festal, had its garland; while love, then as now, spoke the language of flowers, and made some local *Glycera* its interpreter. Wherever

(1) The mistress of the painter Pausias, celebrated for her taste and ingenuity, in making flower wreaths.

festivities or rejoicings were held, garlands were hung upon the gates, the walls of banqueting rooms were adorned with them, and by their presence at the feast they refined the gross pleasures of the table. Certain odours were said to refresh the spirits and facilitate the functions of the brain,—hints that were not lost upon the *wits* of a party when making choice of their garlands,—while the *gourmands* (and that such existed in Rome, out of the imperial circle, who can doubt?) knew well where to find those that had the quality of arousing a fainting appetite. The morbid man might, perhaps, come crowned with the fringy green leaves and white-rayed flowers of artemisia or mugwort, which, Pliny tells us, preserved those who wore it from hurtful medicine and evil beasts, but that they should not be merry;—while the lover of temperance might counteract the strategy of the bacchanalians, by twining his roses with an ivy wreath, between which plant and wine there existed, according to Cato, a very great antipathy. Rosemary was supposed to be a strengthener of the memory; and testy, disputatious old gentlemen, possibly prepared themselves by adopting it; while the *esquites* chose their wreaths according to their complexions, and revelled through the whole catalogue of floral colours.

As luxury is, in point of fact, the opposite of content—never satisfied with what nature freely offers, but valuing things chiefly for the difficulty and high price at which they are attained,—the Romans prized flowers most, as vegetables are prized at Covent Garden, when out of season; and we hear of Nero expending the almost incredible sum of 30,000*l.* on roses for a single supper. It was an occasional caprice of this delicate monster, to have a shower of them poured over him while he feasted,—a piece of *recherche* extravagance, which throws Cleopatra's banquet chamber, strewed to the depth of a cubit with their petals, quite in the shade; but Helioabalus surpassed them both; and, not contented with the flowery carpet of the Egyptian queen, or the fragrant bath of the imperial player, caused an apartment to be half filled with them, and amused himself by smothering his courtiers amongst them. Horace speaks of beds of roses; which accounts for the Sybarite's complaint of the crumpled leaf; and Cicero reproaches Verres for having made the tour of Sicily in a litter, seated on roses, and festooned with flowers. Amongst the ancient Jews, houses were decked at Easter with wreaths of roses; and "feasts of roses,"—the probable type of the Roman Floralia, vestiges of which survive with us wherever village children still bear about the May-day garland,—were amongst the most gorgeous of the Persian festivals. The constant presence of these flowers at the banquets of the Romans eventually rendered the rose symbolical of secrecy; because it was a law of social honour, that whatever was said beneath these festive chaplets went not beyond the walls they decorated. A rose was anciently sculptured over the doors of the sacristy in Catholic churches; and hence came the term "*sub rosa*." As the beauty and odour of this flower in Pagan times, caused it to be dedicated to Venus, it

afterwards reverted to the Virgin, and in ecclesiastical architecture we find an ornament composed of the wild single species "*rosa eglantaria*," such as appears in the borderings of the Cathedral de Notre Dame of Amiens, especially dedicated to the blessed *Marie*, whose chapels are ever redolent of rosy offerings, and her image generally adorned with them. In almost every country flowers have formed the fitting ornaments of brides; and lilies, with spotless corollas, and golden tongues—white roses—the fragrant jasmine, and the orange blossom, have been the favourite materials for them.

A vervain hat is sometimes presented to brides in Germany, where the belief in the influences of this plant, if not virtually felt, exists in shadows. There the peasants still gather it, and hang it in the sheds, to protect their cattle from witchcraft,—a notion not yet quite extinguished in the remoter parts of England, any more than in Ireland and the Highlands. No one who sees this simply elegant little plant by the wayside, with its dark green branching stems, and slender spikes of purplish or blue-grey blossom, can at all comprehend the source of its mysterious powers. Amongst the Romans it formed an important item in religious decorations; their priests wore wreaths of it, the altars were garlanded with it, and the very brooms with which the ashes of sacrifice were removed, were composed of the sacred plant,—practices undoubtedly borrowed from the Egyptians, from whom the Druids had previously introduced the superstitious use of it into Britain. By them it was only gathered at certain hours, with the magic ceremony of a sword-drawn circle; and a libation of broken honeycomb and new milk was poured upon the earth, as an atonement for depriving it of so sacred a deposit. Its official virtues, doubtless heightened by the faint halo of superstition still clinging to it, gave it a high place in the estimation of the old simplers; and not a hundred years since, it was used as an amulet by persons suffering from scrofula, and worn with a yard of white satin ribbon about the neck.

The use of flowers at funerals is as wide spread, and, in all probability, of as ancient an origin, as their presence at bridal. Traces of the custom are found everywhere throughout Europe, and remnants of it still exist in isolated villages of this country and in different parts of Ireland and Wales. I remember to have seen the funeral of a child in Essex, where the bearers, six young girls, clad in white, had each a bouquet of flowers in her hand, and others were laid upon the little coffin; and in Ireland our flower garden was always put under contribution to furnish forth the funeral tables, on the occurrence of a poor neighbour's wake. Spearmint, tansy, southernwood, rosemary, and rue, seem favourite plants on such occasions; probably from a belief in the sympathy of strong odours which were supposed to draw others to themselves, and in this way they might be looked upon as disinfectants. But in Wales we could almost imagine that rosemary retained the same significance it had in Shakspeare's time, and meant "remembrance;" it is

handed round to the different guests at a funeral, and they wear it to the grave, where it is thrown in. Ophelia is a sweet illustration of the practice of "virgin crants¹ and maiden strewments," and the frequent allusions to these pathetic ceremonies show that they must have been customary at this period in England. Juliet's bridal flowers served for her buried corse; those that should have decked the seemingly dead Imogene—beautiful as the poet's conception of herself—perfume and paint his everlasting pages. Perhaps the most tragic use to which garlands have been put is at the burning of Brahma women, who wear their hair bound with them, and dispense them to the spectators at their funeral pile. The custom of decking churches with greenery and flowers must be of immense antiquity with us; it must have come direct from the Romans, who engrafted many of their Pagan ceremonials on the Christian ritual. Every festival in former days, had its peculiar floral decoration, and such charges are quite common in churchwardens' accounts previous to the Reformation, since which time, except in isolated cases, it has resolved itself into the annual display of evergreens at Christmas. These natural offerings appear not to have been confined to any age or creed; the same season that finds the Christian churches decked with the scarlet berries and varnished leaves of the holly, sees bouquets of Narcissus and the branches of the cükianthus hanging in the temples of the Chinese gods, in honour of the new year. The helianthus that shone in the fields of Peru, like earth-born images of the luminary they worshipped, was modelled in gold, and glittered on the breasts and foreheads of the virgins who assisted in the temples of the Sun. The Mexicans also employed flowers in the worship of their gods, and the Greeks and Romans, as we have already said, not only dedicated them to theirs, but used them on all occasions of religious ceremony, adorning even the victims for sacrifices with flowery wreaths.

I might multiply such instances *ad libitum*; but enough has been said to awaken in our readers those associations that throw the charm of poetry about the simplest subjects, (for our commonest flowers are the most classical,) and refine the humblest garden that ever peasant formed "for the hospital of two beehives, and the feasting of a few Pythagorean herb-eaters," into the dignity of a floral epic.

NIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

BY JOHN NEALE.

'Tis night,—deep, moonless night; the peasant's cot,
Which, through the day, loud rang with boisterous mirth
Or rude complaint, stands silent mid the gloom,
As if it held in death's unbroken sleep its ruddy horde.

Dim gleams upon the horizon's utmost verge
The distant city's splendours, idly shed upon its
slumbering halls,
While crime and woe, labour and luxury, together hush'd,
Give to its wearied streets a brief repose.

(1) Garlands.

Faint sounds the tinkle of the wagon's bells,
As sluggishly it winds its nightly way
Far o'er the outstretch'd plain, and through the grove
Whispers the night-breeze; and the rustling leaves
And rippling streamlet lull the drowsy ear;
Till, high o'er all, at solemn interval,
The lone owl pours its shrill, unearthly wail,
And wakes the muser from his reverie.
'Tis night,—deep, moonless night; but, high above,
Like to a sapphire cup up-turn'd, and showering down
Unnumber'd brilliants from its ample bowl,
A cloudless sky, with all its glories, bursts upon the
view.

Oh! what an unexhausted field is here
For mind's best efforts! Seekest thou a task
To test thy hard-earn'd lore? Go, mark their constel-
lations,
Tell their size, their motions, and their distance and
their laws.

Or would'st thou poise imagination's wing?
Fix thy strain'd eye upon that tiny spark
Which trembles in the deep, remotest blue,
Then mount from earth to reach it;—track thy course,
First parting from thy parent sod, and shaking off
Its life-inspiring zone,—scan the abyss,
Deep, dark, and voiceless, that must gloom around
Thy long, long way,—till now the wish'd-for goal,
With milder, stender, broader lustre, beams,
And a new world's untried, untrodden soil,
Bears the strange pressure of a mortal's foot.

Now rest awhile,—but for a longer flight;
For see, new worlds again beyond the point
Thy daring reach'd; succeed again, and still
Fresh toils await thee, till thy flagging wing
Droops in the ocean of infinity.

And what a glorious book of wisdom here unfurls
Its dazzling pages! Dost thou chafe and fret
Amid the little eddies of life's stream?
And dost thou hold thy troubles all-important?
Look thou here,—and it will calm the mimic tempest
down,

And make thee smile, in pity or in scorn,
At all that can disturb a worldling's rest.

Or art thou proud, and does thy bloated heart
Think aught exists deserving thy contempt?
Look here again; an atom, whirling round
Through boundless space, is to thy puny form
A world, so vast, that thou and all thy race,
And all their boasted works, together heap'd,
Were on its circled outline unperceived.

Or hast thou dared, in thought, or word, or deed,
To raise the rebel's standard 'gainst that Power
Which, still thou wilt confess, created all?
Look at their countless host, and let thy tongue
Seek hopelessly a fitting phrase to speak
The deep contrition of thy humbled soul.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP.

SMYRNA is the paradise of Mediterranean midship-
men, and there are few visitors who do not retain a
most pleasurable recollection of its gay and hospitable
European inhabitants; who, by frequent intermar-
riages, have come to be like one great family, whose
various members vie with one another in showing the
most cordial attention to the stranger. Here, too,
the traveller in coming from Europe, first feels that
he is in the East—the land of his dreams: the
voluptuous air of soft Ionia—the novel vegetation—
the palm, loveliest of trees, gently waving in the
perfumed air—the clustering fig and pomegranate—

the camel, symbol of the desert, here seen for the first time,—all strike upon his senses with an intoxication of novelty impossible to describe.

But Smyrna has graver associations than these: nowhere comes home more solemnly the warning, "that in the midst of life we are in death." It were, as Dr. Cavo observes, "an ill-natured" (shall we say rather, impious) "interpretation of the actions of Divine Providence, to attribute the calamities that have befallen this city to the displeasure of Heaven,—yet, as described by a contemporary of St. Polycarp, "by plague, fire, and earthquakes, Smyrna, before one of the glories and ornaments of Asia, was turned into rubbish and ashes, its stately houses overturned, its temples ruined." Such, even to the present day, seems to be the inalienable inheritance of this gay and thoughtless city, for nowhere is their recurrence more frequent.

It was after one of the most serious of these more recent visitations, when the plague had swept off its thousands, and a tremendous fire raging unchecked among the wooden houses and narrow streets, had turned whole quarters of the city into heaps of blackened ashes, that I walked with two of the American missionaries to see the Stadium—hallowed as the place of martyrdom of the venerable Polycarp. Our footsteps echoed among the burnt and blackened walls of silent streets, with their abandoned homes, prostrate mosques, and dried-up fountains, wrecks of the recent conflagration, which had raged as far as rage it could, up to the very fort of the lofty hill crowned by the ruins of the castle, and separated from the city by a girdle of gloomy cemeteries.

Here have been deposited the mortal remains of countless generations of the departed Greek and Roman, Saracen and Turk—the spoiler from the wild steppes of Inner Asia, and the European merchant from the western mart: here, too, had been but recently conveyed by thousands the victims of the plague; the ground yet heaved with its foul and fearful burden. One shrunk with loathing and with dread from the scarce-covered graves, among which the furtive lizard, and the lean and savage dog, were seen to glide and burrow in their loathsome and peculiar haunt. A forest of cypresses, of gigantic growth—that gloomy tree,

———"Whose branch and leaf
Seem stamp'd with an eternal grief,"

shrouded with their dense dark shadows the myriads of whitened sepulchres and turban-headed tombstones; some gilt and fresh—memorials of yesterday's sorrow; others broken and yawning, with inscriptions, faded as the memory of those to whom they were erected. These tall and mystic cones, like funeral plumes, stood silent in the sultry heat of noon, or were but momentarily swept into a low and solemn rustle by the fitful breeze in its passage from the mountains across the slumbering waters of the gulf.

Through this gloomy approach we reached the foot of the bare, brown mountain, and slowly ascended it to the castle. Saracenic walls, long dismantled, straggle

picturesquely about the crest of the eminence; fragments of Greek, and Roman, and Byzantine date, built into them, tell of successive revolutions; while the half savage Turcoman shepherd finds a good fold for his sheep and goats in the ruinous vaults, and takes his siesta, surrounded by his flock, and watched by his dog, in the grateful shadow of its hoary walls. We were standing here to recover our breath after the ascent, when my companions pointing to a hollow in the mountain, but a short distance below, exclaimed, "That is the spot; it was there that Polycarp suffered!" We now descended to it.

The Stadium, or Amphitheatre, hollowed out in the hill side, on a site which catches every breeze that blows, commands a wide and glorious prospect over Smyrna and its far-stretching gulf. Here were wont to assemble the thoughtless multitude of Asiatic idlers—how vacant and how silent is it now! Its sides and hollow are covered thick with turf as the surrounding hill, through which peeps here and there a marble seat, or yawn the orifices of the dens in which the wild beasts were confined. The saying of the poet as to places signalized by human crime or suffering is fully realized:

"That at the coming of the milder day
Their monuments shall all be overgrown."

A few sheep are pastured about the grassy slope, or clustered under the shadow of a lonely cypress, which serves as a landmark to vessels sailing up the gulf.

But, to the story which has invested the spot with such undying interest. This has been told very beautifully, and at some length, in a circular epistle addressed by the church over which Polycarp had so long presided, to that of Philadelphia, or, more properly, perhaps, as an encyclical epistle to all the diocese; a document, so authentic, and withal, moving, that Scaliger declared, that in all the history of the Church he had never met with anything that so transported him, for that in reading it he seemed to be no longer himself.

It was in the reign of Marcus Antoninus, A.D. 167, that the persecution grew hot at Smyrna, and many having already sealed their confession with their blood, the general outcry was, "Away with the impious" (or *atheists*, as the vulgar regarded them), "let Polycarp be sought for." The good man was not disturbed at this, but was yet prevailed on by the love of his people to retire to a neighbouring village, where he continued day and night in prayer for the Church Universal, under her perilous and trying circumstances. Here, at length, he was discovered by those sent after him, whom, on their approach, he saluted with a very cheerful and gentle countenance, ordering a table to be spread for them; so that they wondered to behold so venerable a person, of so great age, and so grave and composed a presence: and wondered what needed all this stir to hunt and take this poor old man.

After a parting, and a solemn prayer, he set out with his conductors, and on the road towards the city met Herod, with his father Nicetes, the former being

Irenarch, or one charged with the maintenance of the public peace, who took up Polycarp into his chariot, seeking to undermine his constancy by representing how trivial a thing it was to sacrifice a few grains of incense to the emperor. Doubtless the duty of putting in force the edicts against the Christians, must often have been painful to men of humane minds. Sometimes, as Gibbon tells us, they were alarmed at the multitude of the confessors, towards whom they used every art of persuasion to induce them to perform some act, of at least an external conformity, which would release them from their painful office. But all persuasion failed to induce Polycarp to comply with their suggestion, upon which they thrust him out of the chariot with insult and violence, so that he was injured by the fall.

"Whereat, nothing daunted," continues the story, "he cheerfully hastened to the place of execution, under the conduct of his guard, whither, when they were come, and a confused noise and tumult was arisen, a voice came from heaven (heard by many, but none seen who spake it), saying, 'Polycarp, be strong, and quit thyself like a man.' The proconsul, before whom he was now brought, sought to persuade him to recant. 'Regard,' said he, 'thy great age; swear by the genius of Cæsar; repent, and say with us, "Take away the impious."' The holy martyr, looking about the Stadium, and severely regarding the idolatrous crowd, looked up to heaven and prayed, 'Take away the impious.' The proposal to blaspheme Christ, with which he was next assailed, was treated with a noble scorn, and drew from the venerable man this generous and touching confession,— 'Fourscore and six years I have served him, and he never did me any harm; how then shall I thus blaspheme my King and my Saviour?' Importuned to swear by the genius of Cæsar, he replied, 'Since you are so vainly ambitious, that I should swear by the emperor's genius, as you call it, as if you knew not who I am; hear my confession; I am a Christian!' To the threats of being thrown to the wild beasts, or of torture at the stake, the intrepid reply was, 'But why delayest thou? Bring forth whatever thou hast a mind to.' So pleasant and cheerful was his confidence, that the proconsul was himself astonished, and having exhausted the arts of persuasion, commanded the decisive proclamation to be made, 'Polycarp has confessed himself a Christian!' The cry was echoed by fearful shouts from the assembled crowd of thoughtless Asiatics and more bitter Jews. 'This is the great doctor of Asia, and the father of the Christians; this is the destroyer of our gods, who teaches men not to sacrifice, or worship the deities.' That blind and blood-thirsty rabble, gorged already with the horrid spectacles of the amphitheatre, now clamorously requested of Philip, the presiding asiarch, that Polycarp should be thrown to the lions, which, being overruled by him, as contrary to the order of the shows, they demanded that he should be burnt alive.

"The thing was no sooner said than done, each one

with incredible speed fetching wood and fagots. The Jews were particularly active in the service. The fire being prepared, Polycarp untied his girdle, laid aside his garments, and began to put off his shoes; the Christians ambitiously striving to be admitted to do them for him, and a happy man he that could first touch his body.

"The officers came, according to custom, to nail him to the stake; which he desired them to omit, assuring them, that He who gave him strength to endure the fire, would enable him without nailing to stand immovable in the hottest flames. So, clasping his hands, which were bound behind him, he poured out his parting soul to heaven in prayer. And now the ministers of execution blew up the fire, which increasing to a mighty flame, behold, a wonder (seen, say my authors, by us, who were reserved, that we might declare it to others); the flames disposing themselves into the resemblance of an arch, like the sails of a ship, swelled with the wind, gently circled the body of the martyr, who stood all the while in the midst, like gold or silver purified in the furnace; his body sending forth a delightful fragrant, which like frankincense, or other costly spices, presented itself to our senses." And if our colder reason hesitate to afford implicit credence to this and other marvellous circumstances attendant upon this solemn scene, let us regard with sympathising reverence, rather than with contemptuous pity, that lively faith, and that excited imagination of the first Christians, which represented to them the powers of the other world, as ever present for their support and consolation; and which led them unconsciously to regard a natural occurrence as no less than a miraculous interposition. The miracle, at all events, was unperceived, or unheeded by the spectators, who, finding that the flames were slow in doing their work, urged on a spearman to pierce the martyr with a sword, on which "so vast a quantity of blood flowed from his wound, as extinguished the fire; together with which, a dove was seen to fly from his wounds, supposed to be his soul in visible form;" though these details, indeed, are considered as a subsequent addition to the original narrative. The Christians would have taken away the body, but this intention was defeated by the malice of the Jews, who persuaded the officer to have it consumed to ashes; reverently gathered up by the Christians as a choice and inestimable treasure, and afterwards interred. And they, moreover, resolved to meet and celebrate the birthday of his martyrdom, both to do honour to the memory of the departed, and to prepare and encourage others to give the like testimony to the faith, in which resolution originated those *Memorie Martyrum*, or solemn commemorations of the martyrs, which were generally kept in the primitive church. Thus died this apostolical man, anno Christi 167, in about the hundredth year of his age; for those eighty and six years to which he alluded as having served Christ most probably commenced with his baptism. He had besides seen and conversed familiarly with the apostle John.

"The pang is vanish'd, and the martyr crown'd."

My companions, though it was not of course the first time they had visited the spot, seemed absorbed in the solemn reflections connected with it. They paced the grass-grown area in silence, and I could well imagine that they breathed to Him who of old sustained the illustrious martyr in his fiery trials, a secret prayer, that some measure of the same spirit might be accorded to themselves, under their own discouragements and hindrances. It was impossible not to be struck with the amazing revolution that had been wrought since the time when this half obliterated amphitheatre witnessed the triumphant confession of the martyr. At that time, paganism, if already indeed undermined—derided by the philosopher—the hollow profession of the great—the dreary and comfortless creed of the vulgar, was yet triumphantly established by the terrible power of the Roman empire, which threatened to extinguish in fire and blood the struggling and persecuted religion of the Cross. But after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, behold the change!—the descendants of a then barbarous and remote set of islanders,

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,"

and still more strange—the citizens of a region of the globe then undreamed of—missionaries, too, of that very religion which was here so terribly tried and so gloriously triumphant, standing on the same spot, see the last vestiges of that ancient paganism fast mouldering away—its creed forgotten—its cruel and bloody games abolished, and its monumental relics become the obscure theme of the antiquary, while Christianity, with consolation and mercy in its train, has spread, and will continue to extend, its beneficent triumphs over a world unknown to the ancients.

MUSIC IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION.

[THE following interesting essay is the substance of a lecture delivered by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D. at Exeter Hall; which the lecturer has kindly permitted us to publish. Its practical value, especially to the young, has particularly struck us.]

Music is, in its structure, as profound as any other science; both music and acoustics have a great sympathy with Euclid and geometry; a good mathematician only can thoroughly understand their principles. Yet there is much in music which any ordinary mind can understand, and more which a good ear can appreciate. Much may be attained by a few hours' study, and more still by a few months' practice. A man, however, may be a good singer or performer, and yet not a good musician. The eye is the recipient of the impressions of the beautiful, and the ear the chamber of the impress of music; one is a *camera lucida*, and the other a music hall. Light reveals to the eye the tints of the flower, the brilliancy of the stars, the splendours of the sky, and the beauties of the landscape; the air carries on its wings the tones, and

vibrations, and harmonies of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Pleasures that really elevate are cheap—those that injure and debase are expensive. The flowers that beautify the earth with colour, and delight the passer-by with fragrance, are everywhere; the poison-berry and the deadly nightshade are found only in the untrodden swamps, where you have no business going. The greatest joys are on the highway. If I gaze on a landscape, I know that various parts of it belong to different owners; but its most beautiful part the beggar at the road-side owns as much as they, and can enjoy it as much as they enjoy it. So of music: any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy; the voice of Jenny Lind and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw on—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This air or atmosphere—this compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and in the forest; and they, like invisible, but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls on the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp-strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests, send forth grand and incessant harmonies,—now anthems, and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky; and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God. Sometimes deep calls unto deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and Builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.

It is remarkable that almost all the sounds of nature—the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the noise of the waves—are all in the minor key, plaintive, sad. This is creation itself, giving proof of the apostle's assertion, "All creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." She feels that the curse is on her, cold and heavy on her heart, and, longing for deliverance, she gives utterance to her ceaseless, deep, and heart-rending *Miserere*; and she will continue to do so, until her Lord bid her assume the major key, and Himself give the key note; and then, spheres above, and floods below, and the mighty redeemed hearts and re-tuned voices, will raise everlasting Hallelujahs. Sin has thrown all Creation's choir out of tune; we hear only occasional snatches of her grand powers, reminding us of the time when all

was "very good." The great Minstrel is the same—the instrument only is out of tune. But there is music, not only in the lower, but also in the higher scale of creation. Everybody is more or less of a musician, though he knows it not. We laugh, and speak, and cry, and ask in music. A laugh is produced by repeating in quick succession two sounds, which differ from each other by a single whole tone; a cry, arising from pain or grief, is the utterance of two sounds, differing from each other half a tone; a yawn runs down a whole octave before it ceases; a cough may be expressed by musical intervals; a question cannot be asked without the change of tone which musicians call a fifth, a sixth, or an eighth. This is the music of nature, and there is not a man who speaks five minutes without gliding through the whole gamut; only, in speaking, the tones not being protracted, glide imperceptibly into each other. In short, every sound of the human lip is loaded with music. One man's voice will pronounce your name, however plebeian, so musically and beautifully, that it will sound grander than a duke's or an earl's; and another man will pronounce your name so unmusically and harshly, that, let it be the Duke of Wellington's, it will sound as common as John Smith or John Anderson. I have gone into a shop, to purchase an article; a lady has served me, and recommended something else, in so musical a voice that the sovereigns, shillings, and sixpences in my pocket have become choristers—contralto, tenor, and bass—and I have found myself an unexpected purchaser of unexpected bargains. Many speak of preachers, whether musical or not. I have heard some start on C, three sharps, or B flat, and chant the sermon, the audience asleep, and the preacher only awake. Yet, some of the most eloquent preachers have had very unmusical voices, as Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, and others. Dr. McNeile, if you hear him speak, and not read, has a magnificent voice; but for depth, compass, power, richness, and delicacy of intonation, perhaps the grandest was Edward Irving's. My hair has almost stood on end, on hearing him repeat the 137th Psalm, in the old Scotch version; and a celebrated actor declared, that the richest musical treat in London was to go and hear Edward Irving repeat the Lord's Prayer.

All sounds of nature are, to my ear, singularly suggestive. I never hear a thrush or a blackbird, without thinking of the Grampian Hills or Dee-side, till "Auld Lang Syne" comes up in limpid freshness. The owl, hooting from the hollow of an old tree, reminds me of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, or a fat monk, chanting a midnight mass, in exchange for a mid-day meal. The lark, rising on untiring pinion, and making the air ring with its sweet minstrelsy, ever singing, and ever soaring upward and upward, to the brilliant sun and blue sky, reminds me of the Protestant Christian, who visits the earth only to rest upon it, and again to rise upward with renewed vigour. Creation, Providence, and Redemption are, to my mind, rich in grand harmonies. All human life

has seemed to me, as to Longfellow, a vast and mysterious cathedral, amid whose solitary aisles, and under whose sublime roof, mystic tones and melodies perpetually roll. The mood we are in gives meaning to the sound. I hear, at times, from its chantry, a funeral psalm, or psalm of life, that has called up the pale faces of the dead; at other times, mysterious sounds, from the past and future, as from belfries outside the cathedral; and again, a mournful, melancholy, watery peal of bells, as is heard sometimes at sea, from cities far off below the horizon. Walk out on some wild common, on a still frosty night; the deep and overwhelming silence is almost audible; from the measureless heights and depths of air, there comes to us a rich under-tone, half sound, half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in Nature's processes of reproduction and decay; the very sounds, as it were, of the lapse and rushing of the sands of life in the great hour-glass of time. So a poet speaks:—

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloister'd boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, and stretch'd upon the sod,
Amid the silence reverently ponder
The ways of God."

Another of your own poets says:—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal sounds.
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot bear it."

Music is universally appreciated, and scarcely less so felt. The English plough-boy sings as he drives his team, happily ignorant whether protection or free-trade is the best; the Scotch highlander makes the glens and grey moors resound with his beautiful song; the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Carpathians lighten their labour by music; the muleteer of Spain cares little who is on the throne or behind it, if he can only have his early carol; the vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn, even beside the fire of the burning mountain; the fisherman of Naples has his boat-song, to which his rocking boat beats time on that beautiful sea; and the gondolier of Venice still keeps up his midnight serenade. One of our poets hath said—

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, espousals;

The notions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

He is sure to be a long-hour employer. Who has not heard of the all but magic power of Tyrolese song? What terrible excitement has "The Marseillaise" produced in the street of Paris? The old soldier feels young, when he hears the sound of the bugle, or the roll of old England's conquering drum. I have seen an old war-horse in a coal-waggon rear and prance, as ready for the charge, on hearing the note of a trumpet. And what Briton would not feel thankful to God, and happy in his privileges, on hearing what is still, and I pray may long be, the National Anthem, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN?"

Music was part of the preparatory Pythagorean discipline. Aristides says,—“Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction.” Miranda says,—“Music produces like effects on the mind, as medicine on the body.” Plato says,—“Music to the mind is as air to the body.” Homer says,—“Achilles was taught music in order to moderate his passions.” Aulus Gellius,—“Sciatica is cured by music.” Milton says,—“If wise men are not such, music has a great power over disposition and manners to make them gentle.” Chrysostom,—“God has joined music with worship, that we might, with cheerfulness and readiness of mind, express his praise in sacred hymns.” Bishop Horne remarks,—“The heart may be weaned from everything base and mean, and elevated to everything excellent and praiseworthy, by sacred music.” Martin Luther was deeply affected by music. One day two of Luther's friends, on visiting him, found him in deep despondency, and prostrate on the floor. They struck up one of the solemn and beautiful tunes which the Reformer loved—his melancholy fled—he rose and joined his friends in the tune, adding, “The devil hates good music.” The great Reformer was also a strenuous advocate for making music a prominent part in the education of the young, and in 1544, together with George Kham, prepared a hymn book, with music, for schools. Carlstadt objected to harmony on very *non-sequitur* grounds—“one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and, therefore, only one melody.” Luther's reply was, “By parity of reasoning, Carlstadt ought to have but one eye, one ear, one hand, one foot, and one coat.” Luther's celebrated hymn, “*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*” (“A strong tower is our God”), was written in the castle of Coburg, during Diet, at Augsburg, in 1530, when he alleviated his despondency by music. Writing to a friend who was oppressed with melancholy, he said, “Up! strike up a song to my Lord on the organ—the *Te Deum* or the *Benedictus*; sing away, as David and Elisha did. If the devil come again, say, ‘Out, devil! I must sing to my Lord!’ Sing a good tune or two, and learn to defy the devil.” No one can assert that Luther was less abundant in labours, because so fond of music. The highest evidence of the power and excellency of the hymns and music of Luther, is the fact that the Roman Catholics adopted

them. The people would sing them; and, therefore, the priests introduced them into Romish Churches. A Carmelite friar observed, “Luther's hymns helped his cause astonishingly—they spread among all classes of the people, and were sung not only in the Churches and Schools, but also in the houses and work-shops, in the streets and market-places, in lanes and fields.” I do long to see the wretched rants, that are but too popular, banished from church and chapel, and these grave and heavenly compositions occupying their place; and one object of this lecture is to lead you to hunt all rants out of Christendom, and bring in and popularise the noble compositions, chants, and tunes of the ancient masters. In listening to the music of the great masters, what rapturous flights of sound! what pathetic chimes! what expressions of agony and woe! in short, what an embodiment of all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathised with, and furnished with a voice, and an eloquent tongue, in these grand creations of human genius! How the chorus strikes on the ear in crashes of thunder at one moment, out of which instantly starts a solitary trumpet, like the trumpet of doom. Again the chorus swells and dies like the wind of summer; anon we listen to intricate and mystic passages of music, which wave to and fro like the swinging of branches of trees in the storm; then again cease as if a hush had occurred in the hurricane, and some solitary sweet voice, like Jenny Lind's, darts off like a bird out of the trees, and floats upon the air, and sings in ecstasy a wild sweet solo in the warm sunshine. Poetry, painting, and music, are three great interpreters of nature, each disclosing some hidden beauty, some inner excellency, some long-concealed hieroglyphic; but of the three, music is the mightiest, the purest, truest, heavenliest. Painting is nature smiling, resting, moving, beautiful; poetry is nature speaking, whispering, laughing, crying, “day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge.” Music is nature rendering forth those deep and abyssmal feelings which the first two are unable to express,—nature singing what poetry says and painting seems—the three witnesses to the loss of a beauty, and glory, and perfection that are gone, but prophets, and earnest, and insinuations of a glory, and beauty, and perfection that are promised; not the devil's property, and so to be left in his possession, but God's fallen chiefs yet to be redeemed and reinstated in their place as reflectors of His glory, the trumpets of His praise.

I think the human voice the noblest of all instruments. Organs were not used in the Christian Church till a very late period. In the Eastern Church organs were never approved, and were introduced into the Western Church amid great opposition. My idea of an organ is very simple, and I think very true. I have no sympathy whatever with the ultra-puritanic views of some on this side of the Tweed, or the covenanting prejudice of others north of the Tweed. So strong was the feeling, not half a century ago, in the Church of Scotland, that, on a clergyman introducing an organ, the aged females that sat round the pulpit could scarcely

be kept down, on its first sound; and the clamour in the parish grew so terrible, that they were obliged to remove it; and the poor clergyman, on leaving the parish for a more peaceable one at a distance, was represented in prints in the shop windows, in his canonicals, with a barrel organ on his back, and his right hand turning the handle, and playing the well-known tune—"I'll gang no more," &c. Yet the human voice is nobler than the organ. A violoncello or a violin is a nobler instrument than the organ. On the organ, the same key is both the flat of one note and the sharp of another—the transitions are clumsy and abrupt—but the violin not only distinguishes each note and half note from another by different fingers, but can render the quarter or eighth of a tone with unutterable beauty, and pass from one to another with a delicacy altogether unattainable by organ or piano. You have excommunicated the violin and consecrated the organ, and, like many other Papal canonizations and curses, on very unsatisfactory grounds. The organ is a good auxiliary, to lead congregational singing, but like a crutch, when too long used, it prevents walking without it. The human voice is a wonderful organ. Intellect is visible on the brow, the heart is seen looking through the eye, the soul reveals itself in the voice. Man's soul is audible, not visible; as God gave an apocalypse of old, not in the blazing fire, nor in the bursting earthquake, but in the "still small voice." The sound of the voice alone betrays the flowing of the inner and inexhaustible fountains of the soul otherwise inappreciable to man. Mercury may have made the lyre, Apollo the flute, Jubal the harp and the organ; but God made the human voice, and the instrument shares in the perfection of the Maker.

But I am speaking of music rather than musical instruments. Music is in harmony with all other sciences. The painter must borrow its language; in order to describe his painting, he speaks of tone and harmony. The poet's rhymes and cadences are all musical. Eloquence is the master-minstrel, playing on those responsive musical strings—the feelings, fears, and hopes of the human heart. There is an analogy between music and geometry. There is a likeness—a family likeness—between York Minster and Handel's Oratorio—the one represents to the eye, and the other to the ear, a divine thought. The cathedral is the dead stone shaped and fitted to its place, and so vivified by the genius of the architect that the very stone shoots up, and blossoms, and shines, and sparkles in the splendours of rising and setting suns, as if circled with a perpetual aureole of beauty and light; the oratorio is the cathedral of the ear, in which the dull air is seized by the master-minstrel, and reverberating from the string, or rushing through the pipe, or gushing from the human voice, embodies and unfolds all great and glorious thoughts. Even a great poet cannot speak of war without bringing in music to illustrate it:—

"This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startling the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-angel touches those swift keys;
What loud lament and dismal *Miserere*,
Will mingle with your awful symphonies.

I hear, e'en now, the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the dreadful groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling minstrelsy, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man! with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And fairest of celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wreath bestow'd on camps and sports

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And, like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear, once more, the voice of Christ say, 'Peace,

'Peace,' and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

Music has a wonderfully soothing influence; purer than painting, more ethereal than poetry, and the least sensuous of any, it exercises greatest power over the human mind. Are you, young men, worn out with the toils of the day, and anxious to drown the lingering echoes of the roar of the wheels and machinery of mammon? Learn to play the violin. Amusement or relaxation you must have; try this, it will exert on you all the power, and none of the poison, of opium. It has also an inspiring power. If you feel dull, sleepy, and exhausted, a lively tune on the violin will rouse your nerves, and restore them to harmony. Don't have recourse to wine or alcohol; these will aggravate, not cure: try music; it is essentially teetotal, and yet inspiring. We all know the effect produced on the 42d Highlanders at Waterloo, when beginning to waver, by the sound of the pipes. Is the mind haunted with evil thoughts? As Christian young men, you know the sovereign and infallible prescription, but in its place music has a wonderfully expressive power. David played before Saul, and the evil spirit forsook him. Luther, in despondency, used to seize his flute, and revive his spirit, remarking, "The devil hates good music." Are you married? Does your wife lose her temper?—and she would be an angel if she never did—let her take the piano, and you your violin, and try some fine old melody—"John Anderson my Joe," if you can think of no other. Do I address a Scotchman?—and where are Scotchmen not found?—do not "Auld lang syne," "Roslin Castle," and still more, the sacred, venerable, and ancient melodies of your national Zion, make you forget shops, ledgers, gas-lights, troublesome customers, and conjure up before the mind's eye—

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood!"

And have you not, in the enthusiasm of the moment, exclaimed—

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart has not within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he has turn'd,
From wandering on some foreign strand?" &c.

I recollect lines sung to me by my mother when scarcely four years old. A mother's first words at home are a son's last and deepest recollections on earth. There is not a nobler or holier relationship on earth than that of mother and son, and that son who has no veneration for a mother's memory, and gives no obedience to a mother's last advice, is a discord in harmony, and ought either to repent or abjure the relationship in which he stands. Music is essentially Protestant. The Pope has spared no money in order to Romanise it; but music is not the property of the Pope, or the possession of the devil, or the monopoly of either, but the creature of God, and meant to be, and yet destined to be, the utterer of His praise. Unison is Popery; harmony is Protestantism. Music has its origin in religion, and to religion it must render the tribute of its energies; and such is the glory of Scripture, that no other book can furnish themes equal to the demands of musical genius. Sacred music was heard at the creation, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Adam thus addressed Eve:—

"How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator!"

Adam and Eve, as sketched by Milton, delighted in song; they sang many a beautiful duet, and knew not what discord was, till sin entered, and death by sin. The music of the spheres is intimated by David when he says, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." The children of Israel, on their escape from the reach of Pharaoh, sang, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." David was a great musical reformer. The blessed Saviour, on the eve of his crucifixion, joined with the Twelve in singing a hymn. Paul and Silas in prison sang praises to God. The primitive Christians, as noticed by the heathen, sang hymns. Here is divine precedent—holy sanction—and as long as the music suits the words and subserves the thought, it cannot be too excellent. On a building you may lay out too much money, in an age when many churches, rather than a few magnificent ones, are needed—but you cannot lay out too much money in the purchase of music. Twenty shillings will buy the very choicest specimens. It is the peculiar excellence of music, that it is not an ornament added

to praise, but an auxiliary to its manifestation. Music is not for impression—an influence from without, but for expression of inspiration that is within. A soul full of joy instinctively sings. It is remarkable that in every portrait of a future state of joy and felicity, sacred architecture and painting are scarcely alluded to; but in all the disclosures of the glories of the blessed, music, and song, and praise, and thanksgiving, take a prominent place.

I desire now to obviate, or rather anticipate, a few objections to sacred music, as well as try to guard against its abuse. No musical attractions, however excellent, must draw you to join in a worship that is idolatrous, or to unite with company ungodly and profane. This is important; it is the disregard of this that has made pious minds hesitate to recommend the study of music. Pure in its place, it becomes pernicious when thus perverted. At this moment the Jesuits, driven by late revolutions from the Continent, are watching with lynx eyes for any and every plank on which to float into power; and one of the means they are usurping is music in Popish worship. Numbers of Jesuits have become teachers of music ostensibly,—teachers of Popery really. You must resist the devil in whatever shape he comes—whether building grand cathedrals, or writing sublime oratorios,—whether with trowel or with trumpet. The great plan for preventing a musical taste from identifying itself with idolatry, or with the opera, is to point out the need and source of a new heart. Yet it may not be useless to invite Christians—not, indeed, to enter into competitorship with Rome, but to give a little more attention and patronage to this exercise, retaining simplicity, and yet reaching forth to greater excellence. But I do not wish to encourage a mere musical exhibition before the congregation, nor do I identify my advocacy of sacred music with any one way of advancing it. Many spiritual and devoted men entertain strong objections to oratorios, as ordinarily performed. My remarks are not to be interpreted as either laudatory or condemnatory of them. I must say, however, I cannot endure the idea that the sufferings of the Saviour should be turned into a mere musical gratification, and still less the idea that a mere worldly man, fresh from the boards of the opera, should be the performer in such an exhibition. Not less do I dislike to hear an audience shout *encore* after some deep and piercing delineation and expression of sorrow, as if its music were all its charms, and the words used merely to make room for the music. This is to make use of God for our music, and not to make use of it for the sake of God. But are these things inseparable from music? It has been urged that the study of music leads to dissipation—that musical men are not of the most temperate or domestic habits. If it be so, it is deeply to be deplored. But surely there is no essential connexion between music and wine. Apollo and Bacchus are not Siamese twins—wine-glasses and quavers and semibreves are not sisters, nor even second cousins. In the natural world,

music and temperance are plainly sisters. The black-bird, thrush, canary,¹ and nightingale—all exquisitely musical, drink nothing but water, and smoke nothing but fresh air. A grove or wood in spring, echoes with feathered musicians, each a teetotaler—temperate without a pledge, and ever singing, and never dry. I do believe that if music has, in any instance, fallen into bad hands, it is very much the fault of those who are satisfied with music in the worship of God anything but worthy of the sublime themes of Christianity. Why should the psalmody of our congregations be a penance to a musical ear? The Gospel does not call on us to stop the musical ear or blind the tasteful eye, but to enlist the sympathies of both in favour of the grand and sublime service of Christianity. If Protestants will practically despise music, the devil, intimately acquainted with its powers, will seize and secure it for the playhouse: and the Pope, no less acquainted with its attractions, will engage it for the mass-house; and, dissonated from its primeval fellowship with the worship of God, it will become the ally of idolatry, or banqueting, and revelry, and bacchanalian excess. The desecration of purest things is always greatest: an angel falling becomes a fiend—music perverted becomes a ministry to sin and Satan.

SYDNEY SMITH AND HIS WRITINGS.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE Reverend Sydney Smith may be properly numbered among the wisest, best, and wittiest men of his generation. His genial and generous spirit has passed away, and left a void which we may never live to see filled. His name has become a kind of synonyme for piercing, good-humoured satire. Apart from the amusement he has afforded us, he has many claims on our gratitude and regard. He was one of those who raised the tone of our modern periodical literature, and who knew how to discuss political questions in a large and liberal and tolerating spirit. Even those who dissent from his views have not refrained from expressing their admiration of his graceful style, polished wit, and abundant humour. In private life he was idolized; and the reputation which he acquired in the social circle, exceeded even that obtained by his writings. His witticisms have been carefully treasured up, and his many "good things" still pass current throughout society. The professed diner-out retails his jokes with satisfaction and success, and enlivens with them many a dull and tedious meeting. Few men, in fact, have played a pleasanter part in the world, or left behind them a more agreeable reputation.

It may, perhaps, be urged, that all his writings and sayings were not strictly consistent with his clerical character. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that he has left behind him pure and chastened models of Christian eloquence, in which he has proved himself no mean champion of our common faith. Few of those who, in later years, have seen

his figure in the pulpit of the metropolitan cathedral, will forget his benevolent, unostentatious mien:—

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place."

Those who have heard him preach will remember the winning and earnest tone in which he read from the *very legible* manuscript before him—for his sermons were latterly written in something like large text-hand—and it is possible that his image may have long lingered in their minds as the ideal of an old-fashioned English pastor.

In the present article, however, we have to discuss the character of Sydney Smith neither as a theologian nor politician, but strictly as a man of letters. A new and cheap edition of his collected works has recently appeared,¹ and we embrace the opportunity suggested by its publication to say a few words on the literary character of so distinguished a writer. The time is yet very far distant when his productions will cease to be read and studied. His pure, neat English style, his sly humour, and honest and fearless tone, will find admirers in generations beyond the present; and many regrets will perhaps hereafter be expressed that he dissipated his talents upon subjects of temporary or of trivial interest, instead of employing them on works of a more enduring and lastingly important character. As a reviewer he is beyond all praise. Abhorring from the bottom of his soul all trickery, falsehood and pretence, he resolutely exposed and attacked them wherever they were to be found. The weapon which he was wont to wield, and which he wielded with such signal success, was that of ridicule—keen, polished, cutting humour, which rendered each delinquent he singled out ludicrous as well as contemptible. He always managed to have the laugh on his side, and to make his opponents appear ridiculous. But his wit was eminently tempered by discretion. He excited little personal animosity; and, on the whole, he bore his faculties most meekly. He never descended to personality, or to wanton insult. The talent which he possessed was feared and felt; but it was never abused, as we have too often seen it by more unscrupulous men. Like our great satirical poet, he may well have felt elated by the successful exercise of such powers; and indeed he might have literally echoed the well-known lines:—

"Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me!
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.
Oh sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
Rev'rent I touch thee, but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall."²

The *Edinburgh Review*, with which his name is inseparably connected, was the forerunner of a brilliant race of periodicals. But it is possible, that those

(1) "The Works of the Reverend Sydney Smith." A new Edition. London: 1850. 8vo.

(2) Pope.

who were present at its birth little dreamed of its auspicious career. Sydney Smith was its originator, as well as earliest editor; and in the preface to his collected works, he has thus humorously and graphically detailed the circumstances which introduced him to the honours and cares of authorship.

"When first I went into the Church," he says, "I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. . . . Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising a supreme power over the northern division of the island.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed Editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was:—

'Tenui musam meditamus avena.'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

"But this was too near the truth to be admitted; and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal."

After Mr. Sydney Smith's retirement from the editorship of the Review, it was committed to the superintendence of Mr. Jeffrey, but he continued for many years to contribute to it. However, in the year 1827 the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, with a noble disregard of political differences, presented him to the canonry of Bristol Cathedral; and, as a dignitary of the Church, he felt it his duty from that time to cease from anonymous writing.

All Sydney Smith's articles are distinguished by their supreme good sense:—

"Good sense which only is the gift of heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven."

He is always clear, perspicuous, and rational. He was not, indeed, altogether free from prejudices. He had a rooted suspicion of every species of enthusiasm, and a contemptuous dislike for all enthusiasts, (whom he usually regarded as schemers or madmen,) which sometimes warped his judgment, and rendered him, in particular instances, unfair and unjust. But on the ordinary topics of life he discoursed with admirable temper, force, and effect; going straight to his object, and holding on his course with a clearness of view and an earnestness of purpose which we cannot sufficiently commend.

We have but to turn to the articles in this edition severally entitled, "Too much Latin and Greek," and

(1) Our readers will appreciate this very literal translation; "*авана*" signifying both the "rustic pipe," and the grain which, according to Dr. Johnson, "in England is given to horses and in Scotland supports the people."

"Female Education," in order to appreciate his thorough good sense, and eminently practical turn of mind. In the first of these he criticises the exclusive attention paid in some of our public schools to the Greek and Latin languages, and classical literature.

At the time that this article was written, the practice of cramming young men and boys with the learned languages prevailed in all its integrity. The modern languages and abstract sciences were universally neglected, and the result is thus ably depicted:—

"The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are, the detection of an anapaest in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Crauzius had passed over and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? Would he ever dream that such men as Adam Smith and Lavoisier were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, Bentley and Heyne? We are inclined to think, that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that which was expressed by Dr. George about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in *mu*."

The absurdity of such a system is, however, now generally admitted, and since this article appeared, many steps in the right direction have been taken to change or modify it.

But we will now turn to the other subject,—that of female education: a subject on which there still exists a large amount of popular misapprehension and prejudice. It is still assumed that women are intellectually feebler than the other sex. It is still considered foolish and improper to trouble them with any useful or solid information. It has been even urged, with narrow-minded selfishness, that a high degree of intellectual culture is incompatible with the performance of their domestic duties.

"There is a very general notion," says Sydney Smith, "that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of all domestic economy; and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet. These and all such opinions are referable to one great and common cause of error;—that man does everything, and that nature does nothing. . . . Can anything, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation?"

But it has been supposed that the comparative ignorance of women renders them more agreeable and interesting companions for the other sex,—that if they were competently instructed, there would be danger of their becoming rivals instead of friends.

"It would appear," says Sydney Smith again, "from the tenor of such objections, that ignorance had been the great civilizer of the world. Women are delicate and refined only because they are ignorant; they manage their household, only because they are ignorant; they attend to their children, only because they know no better. Now, we must really confess, we have all our lives been so ignorant, as not to know the value of ignorance. We have always attributed the modesty, and the refined manners of women, to their being well taught in moral and religious duty,—to the hazardous situation in which they are placed,—to that perpetual vigilance which it is their duty to exercise over thought, word, and action,—and to that cultivation of the mild virtues, which those who cultivate the stern and magnanimous virtues expect at their hands."

A retiring modesty is justly appreciated as the most graceful feature of the female character: but we do not expect her, however well-informed, to make a parade of her knowledge. Affectation of learning, whether in man or woman, is detestable, and is more usually observable in the pretender than in the scholar. It may not be so well for ladies to be talked of as prodigies—for "nothing is so honourable to a woman as not to be spoken of at all." But after all, adds Sydney Smith, "we really think those ladies who are talked of only as Mrs. Marcot, Mrs. Somerville, and Miss Martineau are talked of, may bear their misfortunes with a very great degree of christian patience." But the most lamentable fact to be adverted to with regard to English female education, is that so much time and money should be wasted upon frivolous and useless accomplishments. The reverend reviewer has a few sensible sentences on this point, which our readers may not be sorry to see extracted:—

"The object now is, to make women artists,—to give them an excellence in drawing, music, painting, and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupations of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence, need not be ashamed. Now, one great evil of all this is, that it does not last. If the whole of life were an Olympic game—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end,—this might do; but it is in truth merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. No mother, no woman who has past over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments. These are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and the manners of eighteen: she has no wish to retain them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them by *diameter and derision*. The system of female education, as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness, that they hardly want it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance. No woman of understanding and reflection can possibly conceive she is doing justice to her children by such kind of education. The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures—habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy,—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible: and the compensation which is offered for the omission of all this, is a shortlived blaze,—a little temporary effect, which has no other consequence; than to deprive the remainder of life of all taste

and relish. There may be women who have a taste for the fine arts, and who evince a decided talent for drawing, or for music. In that case, there can be no objection to the cultivation of these arts; but the error is, to make such things the grand and universal object,—to insist upon it that every woman is to sing, and draw, and dance, with nature, or against nature,—to bind her apprentice to some accomplishment, and if she cannot succeed in oil or water-colours, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box-making, to real and solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding."

But we must now proceed to give some examples of Sydney Smith's talents as a humourist. In most of the articles which he contributed to the Edinburgh Review there was a vein of sly humour, of a perfectly original character, and which at once marked their authorship. We need not go far for specimens. In the first paragraph of the first article reprinted in the collected edition of his works, in a review of Dr. Parr's Spital sermon, we find the following:—

"Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig, must have observed, that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even Episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *μεγα θάυμα* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the Doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world."

We meet with an admirable homily on the virtue of brevity in a review of the "Characters of the late Charles James Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis." It is in Sydney Smith's best style.

"There is an event recorded in the Bible, which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth, that many centuries ago the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence, a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the two-fold division of the antediluvian and the postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labour. Now, to forget this event,—to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion,—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colours for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass."

His humorous summary of the most striking features in the natural history of Australia—"the *fifth or pickpocket* quarter of the globe," as he is elsewhere pleased to call it—is also worthy of quotation.

"Such is the climate of Botany Bay; and, in this remote part of the earth, Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world,) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus, to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot, with the legs of a sea-gull; a skate with the head of a shark; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen;—together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight."

The admirable good sense for which Sydney Smith was remarkable is also occasionally conveyed in a most amusing strain. His illustrations are always apt: they are selected and expressed with the greatest care, and rarely fail to tell. We will give an example:—

"It is a strong presumption," he says, "that a man is wrong, when all his friends, whose habits naturally lead them to coincide with him, *think him wrong*. If a man were to indulge in taking medicine till the apothecary, the druggist, and the physician, all called upon him to abandon his philocathartic propensities—if he were to gratify his convivial habits till the landlord demurred and the waiter shook his head—we should naturally imagine that advice so wholly disinterested was not given before it was wanted, and that it merited some little attention and respect."

From the same article from which we have taken the preceding, we will venture on another quotation. It is the description of a Curate; and few men possibly have ever felt a deeper sympathy for the working clergy of the Establishment than our witty divine. Who can fail to appreciate such a sketch as the following?

"A curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate!!! How any man of Purple, Palaces, and Preferment, can let himself loose against this poor working man of God, we are at a loss to conceive,—a learned man in a hovel, with sermons and saucepans, lexicons and bacon, Hebrew books and ragged children—good and patient—a comforter and a preacher—the first and purest pauper in the hamlet, and yet showing, that, in the midst of his worldly misery, he has the heart of a gentleman, and the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor."

There is another description of a country clergyman, perhaps scarcely decorous, but highly characteristic, in his Third letter to Archdeacon Singleton. In humorous contrast to the picture of a model clergyman, he draws the portrait of "an average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured; neither learned nor ignorant, *striding over the stiles to church*, with a second-rate wife, dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter!" What a picture! We have not chosen to quote the whole passage; but our readers will see that in

humorous description, and in the selection of odd, original, and forcible epithets, Sydney Smith has scarcely an equal in the whole range of our literature.

When an opponent committed a blunder, few men knew better how to expose and take advantage of it than the reverend reviewer. An amusing instance occurred in the case of Dr. John Styles, who published some strictures on two critiques in the Edinburgh Review, on the subject of Methodism and Missions, and in which he had committed a curious blunder, of which the reviewer, in a subsequent article, took a merciless advantage. The mistake was certainly a gross one, and the opportunity for *badinage* was too tempting to be neglected:—

"In speaking," says the reviewer, "of the cruelties which their religion entails upon the Hindoos, Mr. Styles is peculiarly severe upon us for not being more shocked at their piercing their limbs with *kimes*. This is rather an unfair mode of alarming his readers with the idea of some unknown instrument. He represents himself as having paid considerable attention to the manners and customs of the Hindoos; and, therefore, the peculiar stress he lays upon this instrument is naturally calculated to produce, in the minds of the humane, a great degree of mysterious terror. A drawing of the *kime* was imperiously called for; and the want of it is a subtle evasion, for which Mr. Styles is fairly accountable. As he has been silent on this subject, it is for us to explain the plan and nature of this terrible and unknown piece of mechanism. A *kime*, then, is neither more nor less than a false print in the Edinburgh Review for a *knife*; and from this blunder of the printer has Mr. Styles manufactured this Dædalean instrument of torture, called a *kime*! We were at first nearly persuaded by his arguments against *kimes*;—we grew frightened;—we stated to ourselves the horror of not sending missionaries to a nation which used *kimes*;—we were struck with the nice and accurate information of the Tabernacle upon this important subject: but we looked in the errata, and found Mr. Styles to be always Mr. Styles—always cut off from every hope of mercy, and remaining for ever himself."

The powerful pen of Sydney Smith was employed upon many topics of philanthropic usefulness. As far back as the year 1819, he drew attention to the condition of yet unpitied chimney-sweeps—the poor climbing boys,—some of whom were annually suffocated in narrow flues. He quoted at large from parliamentary reports the horrible details of their ill-treatment, and powerfully appealed to the public sympathy on their behalf. A few years hence, it will be difficult to believe the relations of the cruelties to which this suffering class was exposed. One very frequent incident is thus graphically narrated in the reviewer's brilliant style:—

"We come now to burning little chimney-sweepers. A large party are invited to dinner—a great display is to be made;—and about an hour before dinner, there is an alarm that the kitchen chimney is on fire! It is impossible to put off the distinguished personages who are expected. It gets very late for the soup and fish; the cook is frantic—all eyes are turned upon the sable consolation of the master chimney-sweeper—and up into the midst of the burning chimney is sent one of the miserable little infants of the bruh! There is a positive prohibition of this practice, and an enactment of penalties in one of the Acts of Parliament which respect chimney-sweepers. But what matter Acts of Parliament, when the pleasures of genteel people are

concerned? Or what is a toasted child, compared to the agonies of the mistress of the house with a deranged dinner?"

The subject of prison discipline, and the theory of punishment, the Game and the Poor Laws, were among the topics which engaged the attention of the reverend reviewer; and on these important questions, his opinions will be generally found correct and sound. Of the practices he reprehended many have been abandoned, and some of the improvements he suggested have been adopted. He forcibly exposed every species of legal injustice or inhumanity. He called the attention of the public to the cruelty and absurdity of the law which denied to prisoners on trial for their lives, for felony or murder, the privilege of being heard by counsel. In a solemn issue of life and death, the advocate of the accused was merely permitted to cross-examine the witnesses; but not to address the jury: and this, at a time when so many offences of a secondary character were punished with the loss of life! It is difficult to realize to ourselves the afflicting scenes that must have occurred under such a system. The intolerable harshness of the law must have been apparent to any man of common sense. But, unfortunately, those who are engaged in the administration of justice are proverbially slow to discover defects in a system which they are accustomed to speak of as the perfection of human wisdom. Yet, many enlightened judges—and some still on the bench—must have had to encounter such an incident as the following; for let our readers recollect, it is not many years since it might have occurred:—"It is a most affecting moment," says the reviewer, "in a court of justice, when the evidence has all been heard, and the judge asks the prisoner what he has to say in his defence. The prisoner, who has (by great exertions, perhaps of his friends) saved up money enough to procure counsel, says to the judge 'that he leaves his defence to his counsel!' We have often blushed for English humanity, to hear the reply: 'Your counsel cannot speak for you; you must speak for yourself;' and this is the reply given to a poor girl of eighteen—to a foreigner—to a deaf man—to a stammerer—to the sick—to the feeble—to the old—to the most abject and ignorant of human beings." To render the absurdity greater, in cases of trifling misdemeanour the accused was allowed the full privilege of counsel. This piece of transparent folly and injustice was thus forcibly exposed by Sydney Smith:—"What would be the discipline of that hospital," he says, "where medical assistance was allowed in all trifling complaints, and withheld in every case of real danger? where Bailey and Halford were lavished upon stomach-aches, and refused in typhus fever? where the dying patient beheld the greatest skill employed upon trifling evils of others, and was told, because his was a case of life and death, that the cook or the nurse was to be his physician?" It is difficult, however, to break through established customs, even when they are proved to be cruel and absurd. The worst of follies will find defenders prepared to support them with the worst of arguments. A member upon his legs

in the House of Commons is induced to give utterance to some absurdity, which, though scarcely needing refutation, is a godsend to the writer of the review or leading article. It is thus that Sydney Smith disposes of one defence put forward in that assembly:—

"A most absurd argument was advanced in the honourable House, that the practice of employing counsel would be such an expense to the prisoner!—just as if any thing was so expensive as being hanged! What a fine topic for the ordinary! 'You are going' (says that exquisite divine) 'to be hanged to-morrow, it is true, but consider what a sum you have saved! Mr. Scarlett or Mr. Brougham might certainly have presented arguments to the jury, which would have insured your acquittal; but do you forget that gentlemen of their eminence must be recompensed by large fees, and that, if your life had been saved, you would actually have been out of pocket above 20*l*.? You will now die with the consciousness of having obeyed the dictates of a wise economy; and with a grateful reverence for the laws of your country, which prevents you from running into such unbounded expense—so let us now go to prayers.'"

The writings of Sydney Smith are distinguished, in fact, by a *superabundance* of humour. We pick up dry morsels in unexpected places; we meet with sly witticisms at the end of serious paragraphs. Our attention is arrested in nearly every page by some quaint simile, odd remark, or apt expression. In the review of Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, will be found the description of a sloth. "The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them, but from force or accident. . . . He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—*like a young clergyman, distantly related to a bishop.*" A little further on, we read of the land tortoise, that it has two enemies—man, and the boa-constrictor. Its shell protects it against all other foes. "Man, however," says the reviewer, "takes him home, and roasts him—and the boa-constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and *consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate.*" In reviewing Bentham's *Book of Fallacies*, he speaks of the "necessity of a *middleman* between Mr. Bentham and the public. Mr. Bentham is long; Mr. Bentham is occasionally involved and obscure; Mr. Bentham invents new and alarming expressions; Mr. Bentham loves division and subdivision." Under these circumstances, he adds, the great mass of readers "will choose rather to become acquainted with Mr. Bentham through the medium of reviews—*after that eminent philosopher has been washed, trimmed, shaved, and forced into clean linen.*" But we need not multiply examples. We have had many writers of brilliant occasional articles, but never one more remarkable for sparkling, pointed wit, and terse, epigrammatic expression.

Four sermons are included in this miscellaneous collection of Sydney Smith's writings. They are replete with noble thoughts, and penned with great care; but the reader will perhaps feel that they are too neat and studied. Sentences, polished with such extreme nicety, are not expected from the preacher's lips. It should be remembered, however, that they

were all written for especial occasions; and that it was the author's plan and principle to correct and revise everything he published, with the most diligent attention. The first of these four sermons was preached in York Cathedral, on the 28th of March, 1824, before the judges of assize, and was published under the title of "The judge that smites contrary to the law." From this excellent discourse we will make one short extract, which will serve for a specimen of the preacher's style, and proves, to our mind, that he was equal to the highest flights of eloquence. The whole sermon seems to have been admirably adapted to the place, the occasion, and the audience; and the following passage is a real gem:—

"The whole tone and tenor of public morals is affected by the state of supreme Justice; it extinguishes revenge, it communicates a spirit of purity and uprightness to inferior magistrates; it makes the great good by taking away impunity; it banishes fraud, obliquity, and solicitation, and teaches men that the law is their right. Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion; safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train: it is the brightest emanation of the Gospel, it is the greatest attribute of God; it is that centre round which human motives and passions turn: and Justice, sitting on high, sees Genius and Power, and Wealth and Birth, revolving round her throne; and teaches their paths and marks out their orbits, and warns with a loud voice, and rules with a strong arm, and carries order and discipline into a world, which but for her would only be a wild waste of passions. Look what we are, and what just laws have done for us:—a land of piety and charity;—a land of churches, and hospitals, and altars;—a nation of good Samaritans;—a people of universal compassion. All lands, all seas, have heard we are brave. We have just sheathed that sword which defended the world; we have just laid down that buckler which covered the nations of the earth. God blesses the soil with fertility; English looms labour for every climate. All the waters of the globe are covered with English ships. We are softened by fine arts, civilized by human literature, instructed by deep science; and every people, as they break their feudal chains, look to the founders and fathers of freedom for examples which may animate, and rules which may guide."

We have not yet done with Sydney Smith's felicitous expressions. The selections which we have made from his reviews bear witness to his varied powers; but some of his recent writings were, perhaps, still more exquisite. In his letter on the character of Sir James Mackintosh there is a noble simile, the grandeur and beauty of which we have never seen surpassed. "I have seen him," he says, "in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launched into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence." The description of a ballot mob, from his pamphlet on the Ballot, may be cited as a specimen of his humorous vein in later years.

"The noise and jollity of a ballot mob must be such as the very devils would look on with delight. A set of deceitful wretches wearing the wrong colours, abusing their friends, pelting the man for whom they voted, drinking their enemies' punch, knocking down persons with whom they entirely agreed, and roaring out eternal duration to principles they abhorred. A scene of wholesale bacchanalian fraud, a *posse comitatus* of liars, which

would disgust any man with a free government, and make him sigh for the monocracy of Constantinople."

But perhaps the richest productions of the witty divine's declining years were his letters upon American repudiation. Never were any productions received by the public with greater relish. The wit was thoroughly appreciated by every unlucky holder of Pennsylvanian bonds, and the ludicrous invective was felt to be fully deserved. The letters, in fact, were the indignant echoes of the national voice—the genuine expression of our English sense of wholesale swindling and stupendous fraud. When they made their appearance in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, they were received with shouts of delight. There had never been a more palpable hit. The following paragraph, among others, is inimitable:—

"Figure to yourself a Pennsylvanian receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them, and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamp, Crafty Canal, and Rogues' Railway, and other dishonest works. 'This swamp we gained (says the patriotic borrower) by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830; we pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year.' All this may seem very smart to the Americans; but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers should not retain me a single moment after the act of repudiation. *I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers.* I would fly to Newgate for greater purity of thought, and seek in the prisons of England for better rules of life."

And in another letter he says:—

"I see now in my mind's eye a whole army on the plains of Pennsylvania in battle array, immense corps of insolvent light infantry, regiments of heavy horse debtors, battalions of repudiators, brigades of bankrupts, with *Vivre sans payer, ou mourir*, on their banners, and *ere alieno* on their trumpets: all these desperate debtors would fight to the death for their country, and probably drive into the sea their invading creditors."

The conclusion is too characteristic to be omitted:—"And now," he says, "having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at forty per cent. discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforth in buying up Abyssinian bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three-and-a-half per cent. funds."

These letters, which were published in November, 1843, were almost his last printed productions. They proved that his faculties never rusted from want of exercise, and that his brilliant wit remained to the last as forcible in its character and undiminished in its lustre. His fate was, on the whole, a happy one. He closed his long life in the enjoyment of that affluent ease for which many a gifted writer has sighed—and sighed in vain. Surrounded by admiring friends, and with a decent command of the comforts and luxuries of life, the witty Canon of St. Paul's found his last years glide smoothly by, and had, in addition, the satisfaction of looking back upon a long life not ill-spent, and of reaping the fame which attends the possession of uncommon talents, neither

neglected nor misapplied by their possessor. "It is pleasant," he said, in one of his articles in the "Edinburgh," "to loll, and roll, and to accumulate—to be a purple-and-fine-linen man, and to be called by some of those nicknames which frail and ephemeral beings are so fond of accumulating upon each other; but the best thing of all is to live like honest men, and to add something to the cause of liberality, justice, and truth." This view of life was never absent from his mind; he had too much sense to despise the good things of this present existence, and too good a heart to forget that every man born into the world has duties to perform, and is bound to support his honest convictions of what is good and true, by the constant exercise of such talents as heaven may have endowed him with.

The intellectual giants of the last generation are fast passing away. At the commencement of the present year, Sydney Smith's first and great ally, Lord Jeffrey, died in a ripe old age. We could not conclude this article without adverting to the circumstance; for both men will hold a high place in the annals of English criticism. In both instances, dignity of character was united with high literary attainments; and though the Edinburgh Review has made some mistakes—in its judgment of Byron and Wordsworth, for instance—though it may have failed in some of its prophecies; though its spirit of party may have been sometimes carried too far; its establishment was an epoch in our literary history, and among its recognised contributors, Smith, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Brougham, Hallam, and Macaulay, it will be readily admitted, are some of the greatest names in our contemporary literature.

THE UTILITY OF USELESS THINGS.

BY J. M. W.

THESE words seem to involve a paradox; and, a paradox has been pronounced to be a half-truth. Now, we should like to say a little in proof of our opinion, that the utility of useless things is a simple and complete truth (as far as earthly truth can be called complete), and therefore not to be counted as a paradox. We do not intend to frighten our readers by the profundity of our observations on the present occasion; but it may not be amiss to intimate that the subject, trifling as it may seem, is, in reality, one of great significance to genuine philosophers; and cannot be exhausted in a fugitive article.

In the business language of the world, things are called *useful* when they promote the profit, convenience, or comfort of every-day life; and *useless* when they do not promote, or when they hinder either of these desired ends. A useful person or thing means one of which practical, tangible use can be made;—and hence their high value among all men engaged in the actual business of life;—hence their *over-value* in certain systems of philosophy, which are based chiefly on the material and mundane well-being of man. Without

entering into a disquisition on the fundamental errors of the various forms of Utilitarian Philosophy, ancient and modern (which we take to be a misapprehension of the spiritual necessities of man's nature), we may intimate our belief that they have none of them solved the great riddle concerning the main-spring of human conduct; or that other great riddle concerning "our Being's end and aim." The *mot d'énigme* in the former puzzle of the wise men is, certainly, not *Self-interest*; and in the other, as certainly, not *Happiness*. If there be one creature on this earth that is less guided by self-interest (blind or enlightened) than another, we should say that creature is Man. He does not know in what his interest consists for the greater part of his mortal career; and when he does attain to any knowledge of it, he has rarely the ability or the will to act in accordance with that knowledge. No "greatest happiness principle," no "profit-and-loss philosophy," will be found at the bottom of any wise or good man's actions;—nor of any happy man's either. Nor are the happiest people necessarily the most *useful*, either to themselves or others, in the usual, *i. e.* in the "profit-and-loss" acceptance of that term;—they are often what are called emphatically "useless members of society." It may be that "they toil not, neither do they spin," yet is their mission here below, among the higher utilities.

Far be it from us to undervalue the useful things of external life—they are the *first* things required, but they are not the *sole* things required, or the highest. Man must have bread, and clothing, and dwellings, in order to live; but, it must also be remembered, that man does not live by bread, clothes, and the conveniences of external life, alone. When any man *does* live by these alone he has forfeited his claim to the higher form of life which is his glorious privilege, and by which he is distinguished from the unintelligent brute.

The things which minister to the higher, *i. e.* to the spiritual life in man, have often so remote an influence on his physical existence, that they are generally supposed to have no influence on it at all, by those whose attention has been exclusively directed to the amelioration of that physical existence. This is a mistake; for the spiritual nature acts powerfully and constantly upon the physical one, and *vice versa*. Nothing with which we are acquainted is simple; all things here are complex, and their various elements act and re-act upon each other. But if it were not so in human nature,—if the things which minister to man's spiritual development had no influence whatever on his external well-being,—they would still be among the higher utilities of his existence; inasmuch as they concern the enduring portion of his nature—the immortal soul; which must, when properly considered, (even in a profit-and-loss philosophy,) be valued far above the perishable life of the body.

Without saying anything about Transcendentalism as a vast system of philosophy, we may safely declare, that the best and highest things transcend the senses;—and that those things and qualities of things which

the transcendentalist esteems useful, nay essential to the development of the inner and higher life in man, are frequently such as the utilitarian ranks among non-essential, or even useless things, in themselves; although he may admit, that, as adjuncts of what he calls positively useful things, they may be indirectly useful.

For instance, all beauty which is without any distinct and positive quality of usefulness,—like the gold and crimson glories of the clouds at sun-rise and sun-set; all beauty superadded to those objects of which *usefulness* is generally recognised as the essential characteristic; as for example, an elegant fender or a field of ripe corn;—in both cases the quality of beauty, *per se*, has a high degree of spiritual utility. Let not this assertion be confounded with the theory which makes all beauty to depend on recognised utility. We do not say that things are beautiful *because* they are useful; but, that things are spiritually useful because they are beautiful;—which is a very different matter. To descend to some familiar examples of the utility of useless things. The song of birds, flowers (not used as food or medicine), kittens (not yet able to catch mice), babies, poets with a competence, and beautiful maidens without one, are, probably, in the estimation of sound business-like men, among the most useless things in the world. They do nothing but give trouble or make a noise there. Certainly, for all worldly purposes of “profit-and-loss,” they are worse than useless. But there are higher purposes which must be served on this earth, since it is not a *cul de sac* of well regulated self-interest,—through which there is no emerging into a wider sphere. There is, as we said before, a much higher utility than the temporary and worldly one in these so-called useless things.

A baby, for instance,—helpless,—useless as it seems, is among the higher utilities of the spiritual life of man. Some people set up a garden, or a carriage, or a library, to promote their moral and physical welfare;—if we may venture to advise those among our readers who are endowed with money and leisure, (two great utilities of this worldly life,) on the subject of their own highest interest, we should say, Set up a baby if you do not possess one of your own. If we are asked, “*Cui bono?*”—“What is the use of setting up a baby in my house to disturb my comfort?” we reply, Simply this,—that it *does* disturb your comfort;—that you are obliged to forego habitual self-consideration, self-indulgence. That imperious impotence, that helpless young life, calls with a strong compulsive voice for your immediate and total self-annihilation in its behalf. You cannot be egotistic with a baby in your arms, be you man or woman. It *must* be attended to; and you must leave off attending to yourself and minister to its wants and feeblest glimmerings of whim. The “thoughts which wander through eternity” *must* be brought down to the contemplation of an undeveloped spark of intelligence. The voice which loves to utter the golden numbers of immortal bards and the concentrated wisdom of sages, must tune itself to babble sweet, baby nonsense, to

soothe the uneasiness of the young conqueror. And this without any conscious reference to his future being;—without looking forward to the time when this soft modicum of pink flesh shall become a graceful, glorious man, or woman,—

“The heir of all the ages—in the foremost files of time.”

No, your subservience is not, consciously, prospective. It is to the present being,—the absolute baby,—witless,—thankless,—totally oblivious, that you devote yourself in the most unqualified manner;—as you never devoted yourself to a rational being who might minister to your self-interest by some equivalent service. Let all those who wish to get away from self,—past and present,—who cry, “Oh! for a draught of lethe!”—let these people set up a baby. It need not be their own; they need not be father or mother to the child (although the profit as well as the pleasure may be doubled if they are); it is sufficient that they take an interest in a baby,—live in the house with it, and be subject to its influence. Great is the influence of that tiny tyrant; it becomes the chief person in the house, and all things give way to it. Perhaps the tyranny of a baby is the only species of tyranny which is of the greatest utility, of the truest benefit, to both parties.

A philosophical writer of considerable repute has said, “It seems a necessary condition of human science, that we should learn many useless things, in order to become acquainted with those which are of service.” So that in the investigations of science useless things are of utility.

Again,—in matters concerning our faith and hope in things above this world; and also, in those which concern our right conduct in it,—that is to say, in religion and in morals, we have received the command to “prove” (*i.e.* to try—put to the proof) “all things,” and to “hold fast that which is good.” To do this we must be acquainted with wrong—with semblances of goodness, as well as with goodness itself; in order that we may see a distinction, and make a selection, between the two. You cannot *prove* that with which you are unacquainted. Therefore, in religion and morals, evil—that which is useless in the exercise of faith and virtue, is of great utility in the attainment of both.

In conclusion, we would say a word in favour of the utility of such apparently useless things as trifling articles like the present, which do not undertake to *prove* any thing, or to inculcate dogmatically any supposed incontrovertible truth. Their utility consists in this, that they may perhaps suggest ideas which are new to a reader and set him thinking, and may indicate, in some measure, the way in which he may work them out for himself. This is the legitimate office of the essayist; and if we have exercised it with any beneficial effect, on the present occasion, we have given, at least, one example of the Utility of Useless Things.

THE HUMAN EYE AND ITS LITTLE INHABITANT.

No organ of the human body has attracted more attention than the eye. It has formed the object of the most careful investigation to the anatomist, of the most diligent study to the philosopher, of the most enthusiastic admiration to the worshipper of nature's God, through the works of his hand. Nor does it deserve less; no language can adequately describe the beauties and perfections of its structure, nor exaggerate its utility to man; and if it has thus received attention, that attention has not been thrown away—has not been unfruitful of the most beneficial results. We are in ignorance still, no doubt, of the exact nature of some of its functions. But we know it better probably than we do any other organ of the body, and hence it is that that branch of the great science of medicine which is directed to the nature and treatment of eye-diseases, as it is the most elegant, is also the best understood. We are more certain of the causes and nature of diseases of the eye, than we are of those of any other organ of the body.

As affording a proof of the wisdom of the Creator, or rather of design in the creation, it has been by men of the highest powers selected as an example. There are many works on the subject, among which the elegant chapters of Dr. Neil Arnott and Dr. Roget are very attractive both in matter and style.

Let not the reader fear lest we should inflict upon him a long lecture on that very dry science, Anatomy, nor on that most interesting one, Physiology. Had he such a fear indeed, he might have also his remedy by turning over a few pages; but we beg of him to stop a few minutes ere he does so.

It is "a wise saw," that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. We may add that more by far than half of the world is totally unaware, even of the very existence of anything like the other half. Many a bright-eyed lady and keen-eyed gentleman may possibly be quite ignorant of the singular fact, that there has occasionally been found a lively little animal sporting in the clear liquid which fills the inner and fore part of the human eye. The visits of this little animal are extremely rare, certainly; more rare than those of the comet. Four cases of its appearance have as yet only been recorded, and a notice of these singular animals may gratify the curious. In spite of our promise and resolve, we must be indulged in the explanatory style for a few minutes, otherwise we shall be quite unintelligible. Know then, O curious peeper into thy brother's, and it may be thy sister's eye, that there is in the fore part of it, immediately behind the clear window which its centre presents, a considerable quantity of limpid fluid, to which the learned give the name of *aqueous humour*, and simple folks may call *watery*; it having, in fact, chiefly the appearance and properties of water. This fluid, when let out by accident or design, very soon forms again; and there is no reason to doubt that it is constantly, by a process of nature, being removed

and reproduced. This fact is of consequence with reference to our little animal. Behind the fluid we have mentioned are two bodies, before we reach the actually seeing part of the eye; the first, called the crystalline, tolerably firm, and the second much more extensive and of a medium consistence: of these we do not require to take any farther notice. But it is well we should notice that the first-mentioned, the aqueous humour, is divided into two parts by a singularly beautiful and movable curtain, to which the name *Iris* has been given, from an ideal comparison with the rainbow. It is this part which gives the colour to the eye, and principally enables it to exercise those remarkable powers of expression which have given rise to so many heartaches, and to some good, and more indifferent, poetry. Each poet, according to his fancy, has sung of "eyes of heavenly blue," or boasted of his own "dark-eyed maid," from the days of Anacreon to those of Thomas Moore; and Homer celebrates the "ox-eyed Juno," and some in less complimentary terms have ventured to speak of "a green-eyed monster."

For ourselves, who have seen much of eyes of all descriptions, but in whom the stern realities of life have tamed much of the romance of poetry, and the hoar frost which renders grey the head in preparation for the snowy winter of old age has taken the place of the sparkling colours in which the youthful fancy used to disport itself—to us the beauty of the eye depends little on its colour. We love that eye the most which beams the most kindly on us. We cannot be singular in this. We dare say nearly every one of our readers would admire above all others the look of affection, whether that of the mother whose soft eye of love beamed into his cradle, or that of the maid whose bright glances first told his young heart that it beat not for himself alone.

"It was na' thy bonny *blue een* were my ruin;
Fair though thou art, that was ne'er my undoin';
It was the sweet smile when naeboddy did mind us,
It was the bewitching sweet stoun *glance o' kindness*."

How beautiful the eyes of a long attached wife, on our return from a far journey!

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

Still farther lovely to him also is the glance of the laughing-eyed girl who climbs her doting father's knee, and prepares an attack upon the paternal purse with "dear papa."

But we have been led astray from our business, as many a wiser man has been, by bright eyes. Still one word for the gallant Peres, whose compliment to a lady's eye stands unrivalled. This gentleman, who was minister to Phillip II., said to Henry IV. of France, that a certain beauty who had only one eye had put all Spain in combustion, and that had she had two, she would have reduced it to ashes.

By this digression then be it understood, that the limpid fluid we have described in the fore part of the eye, and divided by the beautiful *Iris*, is the local

habitation—the native element—of the little animal we wish to introduce to the reader's notice. It has a proper name and surname, and its godfathers being learned men, that name is of course learned. It is called *Cysticercus*, and by way of surname *Cellulosa*. We shall adhere to its first appellation.

We commence with that one of the four cases which came under our own notice, and for whose life and history we can therefore best vouch.

About twenty years ago, a girl of seven years of age was under the care of Mr. Logan, a surgeon of New Lanark in Scotland, for inflammation in one of her eyes. After she had been for some time under his charge, he was surprised one day, on examining her eye, to find in its clear part—which is termed pupil, and which is the opening left by the Iris, and admitting communication between the fore and back parts of the aqueous humour—an object which gave evident signs of independent life. The motions were distinct and frequent. As nothing of the kind had ever been known in this country before, he made public his observation. It attracted the notice of Mr. Meikle, a retired East India surgeon, who, the child's parents being poor, took charge of the little girl, and with true scientific liberality, visited, entirely at his own expense, with her, many of the principal towns, that his brethren might have an opportunity of witnessing so interesting a sight. Among other places, he visited Glasgow, where we then had the pleasure of imbibing such knowledge as the eminent university of that city affords. Every one went to see the little girl, who with the *Cysticercus* in her eye became quite a young lioness; and the eminent oculist, Dr. William Mackenzie, paid great attention to the matter, and published an account of it in the twelfth volume of the Medical Gazette, and subsequently in his great work on the eye.

After quoting Mr. Logan's account,—“I found,” Dr. Mackenzie says, “the cornea slightly cloudy (dim), the eye free from inflammation and pain, and the appearances and movements of the animal quite plain. When the patient kept her head at rest, as she sat before me in a moderate light, the animal covered the two lower thirds of the pupil. Watching it carefully, its cystic portion was seen to become more or less spherical, and then to assume a flattened form, while its head I saw at one moment thrust suddenly down to the bottom of the anterior chamber, and the next drawn up so completely as scarcely to be visible. Mr. Meikle turned the child's head gently back, and instantly the hydatid revolved through the aqueous humour, so that the head fell to the upper edge of the cornea, now become the more depending part. On the child again leaning forwards it settled like a little balloon in its former position, preventing the patient from seeing objects directly before her or below the level of the eye, but permitting the vision of such as were placed above. Mr. Logan had observed no increase, nor Mr. Meikle any change, except that the cystic part was more opaque.”

• Mr. Wharton Jones, who also saw this girl, is

perhaps still more minute, but in order to understand the terms these gentlemen use, let us quote a short general description of the animal by Vogel, an eminent German physiologist. “The *Cysticercus cellulosa* consists of an oval vesicle, varying in length from three to eight lines; it possesses an extensible neck terminating in a head, which together with the neck can be protruded and retracted, and in the latter case may be overlooked. The head is square, and has at each of its four corners a sucker; on the fore part of the head, at the base of a tunnel, is a double row of hooks, amounting in number to about thirty-two. When extended, it may measure from half an inch to an inch in length. The breadth of the head is about a line, of the vesicle about six.” M. Vogel examined the *cysticercus* taken from animals and from various parts of the human body; for it is not so strange to find it in parts which have any access to the external world. On seeing it in the eye we may exclaim, as was done by the poet—

“Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.”

Dr. Roget makes very short work of the matter; and his brief description is enough to bear on the mind. A hydatid—he uses the general term—he tells us, is a head furnished with four suckers joined to a neck which terminates in a sac. This sac is, in fact, a stomach. When distended, the head becomes scarcely visible, and the sac is a spheroid. “It is impossible to conceive a more simple organic structure than this, which may in fact be considered as an isolated living stomach.”

These two authorities describe the hydatid generally, for it is found in many parts of the body. The rarity we wish to point out is its being found in the very apple of the human eye. They did not observe it there. Mr. Wharton Jones had that advantage, besides having examined it minutely after its extraction. He tells us, “The tail vesicle of the animal was about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, semi-transparent, and might be seen alternately contracting and expanding, and sometimes undergoing slight changes of form. Besides, the body and head were sometimes retracted within the tail vesicle, sometimes protruded from it—the part of which connected with the body and head was always the most depending. When the body and head were protruding and hanging down, the animal resembled a little balloon.”

A *cysticercus*, which however had never been seen alive, was brought to Mr. Jones. It had been taken from the diseased eye of a boy ten years of age, in Westminster Hospital. It was carefully examined, and found to be nearly double the size of those before described; hence, probably, the destruction of the eye, the animal being allowed to grow until that mischief resulted. The same was like to be the conclusion of the little girl's case. The eye seeming to be in danger, the animal was extracted by a surgeon in Edinburgh; but it having been found impossible

to keep the child steady during the operation, the sight of that eye was unfortunately lost after all the pains that had been taken with her. Two cases previous to this had occurred in Germany; the first is recorded by Dr. Neuman; it occurred in a boy of fourteen. An operation for its removal failed. The second case, in the hands of Dr. W. Soemmering, occurred in 1830; the subject was a girl of eighteen, and the animal was successfully extracted. The instance first given occurred in 1833, and we heard no more of our little cysticercus until towards the end of 1848, when the fourth known case was so fortunate as to fall into the hands of so competent a person as Dr. Mackenzie himself. He sent an account of it to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, from an abstract of which we learn these particulars:—

A girl aged sixteen applied at the Glasgow Infirmary in September, 1848, on account of obscurity of vision in the left eye. A spherical body, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, was observed lying close in front of the pupil in the anterior chamber, and this proved on closer inspection to be a *Cysticercus cellulosa*. The patient stated that in June the left eye had been the subject of inflammation, which occurred immediately before the appearance of the strange thing in her eye. Objects placed in a direct line before the eye, or below it, she saw very indistinctly, but in a moderate light the expansion of the pupil left one-third, at its upper part, unobscured. The position of the hydatid varied to a certain extent, and it was an object of curiosity to many. Its opaque body, its tail, vesicle, and rostellum, together with its four lateral suckers, could be distinctly made out, and it was observed to be the most lively in the morning and when the patient was warm. She was quite unconscious of the motions of the animal, and did not appear to suffer pain from its presence.

On the 14th of October, the little animal was dislodged from its comfortable water nest. An opening was made with a delicate knife through the little horny window in front of the eye, a small hook was introduced, and the cysticercus drawn out. It was placed in tepid water, and continued to move fully forty minutes after its removal from the eye. Had the water been of the same quality and temperature as that in the eye, there seems no reason why it should not have lived on, unless, indeed, as was probable, it was wounded by the hook.

Viewed through a compound microscope, the transparent range of claws surrounding the rostellum were distinctly seen, as were also the corpuscles scattered over its neck and on the four lateral suckers.

Dr. Mackenzie states it as his opinion that the attack of ophthalmia in June, immediately preceding the appearance of the hydatid, was owing to the development of its ovum in one of the blood-vessels of the Iris or an adjoining structure, and that the inflammation ceased suddenly as soon as the hydatid dropped into the anterior chamber, where it lived at its ease and thrived on the aqueous humour. Can we possibly

imagine that there may be in this fluid animalcules still more minute which furnished nourishment to this little animal? It is pleasant to learn the fact, and it must have been gratifying to the eminent surgeon himself, that no bad symptom followed the operation, and that the girl was quite well in a week.

Now, in what manner can this animal, at rare intervals, find its way into the eye—into the fine crystal fluid of the most delicate organ of the human body?

The idea of spontaneous production—of being called into life by the mere action of the elements—is not entertained by any sound philosophic mind. The German author whom we have mentioned, Vogel, has some not very intelligibly expressed notions about the cysticercus not being a distinct animal, but merely an imperfect *tænia*; but this does not explain how it gets into the eye, and has no other foundation than that the head of the one animal is found to be like that of the other.

Dr. Mackenzie seems to indicate the true solution of the question in supposing that, in the case he last observed, the inflammation was caused by the development of the egg of the cysticercus in one of the bloodvessels which nourish the internal parts of the eye. It is by means of the circulation of the blood, then, that we must endeavour to account for so singular an occurrence. The parasite we speak of is by no means uncommon in various animals, such as hares, rabbits, and pigs. Now, it is conceivable that the minute seed may escape the complicated processes of assimilation and find its way into the blood. The nutrient arteries which supply the internal structures of the eye are so minute that they cannot be seen in a state of health by the naked eye. Yet along these minute tubes may the seed, still more minute, be conveyed, and thus the little animal be hatched and brought to light in so strange a situation. How many learned disquisitions have we not had on the faculties of elephants, and dogs, and horses, and parrots! What shall we say to our new acquaintance? Can it think?—can it feel pain and pleasure? Has it any instincts? Alas, for our feeble reasons! how can we tell? Which of us can fathom the works of the Creator? Nothing can be created without a purpose, and, ignorant as we must be of the purposes of such a creature as this, we cannot do wrong should we derive a lesson from its existence. When we find the most elegant organ in our bodies, of the beauties of which the fairest are proud—which has been sung by poets and admired by all—subject to be the habitation of a worm even during life, we may well meditate on our own insignificance, may well prostrate our hearts before the power of our Creator.

HINT FROM NATURE.

The old Dutch painters of flowers mostly worked on a black ground. The value of this arrangement may be easily and pleasantly ascertained by examining natural flowers by the light of a lantern on a dark night. The exquisite beauty of nature's floral gems, when thus exhibited, can scarcely be understood without experiment.—G. J. French.

A FIRESIDE VISIT TO HUGGENS COLLEGE.

BY Q.

If we see that there is a great deal of evil in the world, it is cheering to know there is much good that we do not see. The generation of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

is not extinct. Evil comes to the surface, but good is essentially retiring; and, though it "cannot be hid" when it attains certain dimensions, yet even then it is far less notorious than crime. Fame—moral and religious fame, for I speak not of intellectual—has far weaker pinions than Infamy. The names of Rush and Manning carry horror to every hearth in Britain, and to many beyond; while deeds no less godlike than theirs were satanical are the conversation of a village or a town, or, at most, a county. Every weekly paper is full of murders and atrocities; every assize charge commemorates the increase of crime; every report of our religious societies exhibits the deficiency of religious means, the heathenism of our populous towns, the inadequate efforts which this opulent nation is making to resist the evil. These things are revolting, but they are also encouraging; at least, they should be so. They should inspire the hardy courage which welcomes dangers, which arises at once from the consciousness of heavy odds, internal energy, a good cause, and an Almighty Providence. But it may encourage us further to know that there are heroes in the field—men whose energies are commensurate with the emergencies they are called to meet—and that, if all would do as they have done, or even much less, our land might be, in religion, morals, and happiness, all that it is in opulence and power.

When I visited Sackville College last year but one, I was unaware that there existed a foundation of our own times on a far more munificent scale than even that noble establishment was on its first institution; and, but for the publication of my visit to the ancient endowment, I should not probably have become acquainted with the existence of the other, to which my attention was called by a reader of my paper. Though I am not at present able to inspect Huggens College, and to converse with its beneficent founder on its character and prospects, (a pleasure to which I look forward, however, with no ordinary interest,) yet, so uncertain is this life, that I would not defer to an indefinite period a notice of what all people ought to know: and how should I address all people more effectively than through SHARPE'S MAGAZINE?

The readers of SHARPE, then, are hereby invited, at this season of keen winds but warm hearths and hearts, to accompany me on a fire-side tour of inspection to Huggens College, thereby avoiding the inconveniences consequent on exposure in steam-boats or railway-carriages, while they may accumulate more caloric about their hearts from the contemplation, and, let me hope, imitation, of a noble act of generosity.

We have arrived, then, at Northfleet, a goodly town in the fair garden of England, about a mile and

a half from Gravesend, with the lordly Thames on the left, and the bold and pleasant hills of Kent to the right. Here we come in front of a noble range of buildings, with a handsome chapel in the centre,—noble and handsome as far as extent is concerned, and liberal expenditure could make them,—for, so far as a fire-side traveller may judge from the *Illustrated London News*, the architecture is less pure than imposing and elaborate. But let us enter, and we shall find "lively stones" "built up a spiritual house." In this abode ten reduced gentlemen, and a like number of ladies similarly circumstanced, none under sixty years of age, dwell in comfort befitting their place in society. But this is not all. The benevolent founder contemplates the accommodation of double that number. They have each a comfortable house with four handsome rooms; they have wash-houses and out-houses, and, to make them more comfortable still, they have each fifty-two pounds per annum! a sum which will be increased by an event which we hope may be long deferred—the decease of their bountiful benefactor. It must be delightful to hear him speak, as we are told he does, of the joy his noble scheme has procured for him;—to hear him dwell, not in a spirit of boastfulness, but with that inward exultation which is inseparable from a good work, on the pleasures which the objects of his bounty enjoy,—picture them as gazing happily along the bright valley and busy waters of the Thames, seen from the verdant and flowery foreground of their gardens, and conversing with brotherly and sisterly love on the happiness of early years, and the blessedness of the retreat they have found; for brothers and sisters he calls them, and such they seem to be. Delightful must it be to hear him speak of their approaching departure, which he likens to the setting of a summer's sun, calm and beautiful, in the retreat which he has provided, and of that preparation which is to make it so, for which their leisure allows them opportunity, and their founder's provisions advantage. In a simple and characteristic account of his college, Mr. Huggens says, "That it may be the means of leading one to that happy kingdom, is the continual wish and prayer of its founder! No pains will be spared on that head, as that is one of his first and most stringent orders." Some legal difficulty has, I understand, arisen with regard to the consecration of the chapel, or appointment of the chaplain. With the merits of the question I am unacquainted, and can, therefore, pronounce no opinion upon it; neither with it are the readers of SHARPE concerned. But all, I apprehend, will regret the existence of any such impediment in the carrying out of so glorious a scheme. Mr. Huggens has been invited to place the religious economy of his foundation in the hands of dissenters; but, being a Churchman, he will not consent to this arrangement, preferring patiently to wait a favourable termination, which he is confident his good cause will eventually secure.

The readers of SHARPE may naturally expect from me some account of the author of the noble work to

which I have conducted them. On this point I can do little for them at present. Mr. Huggens is a modest, retiring man, who seems thoroughly to have understood and practised the precepts which at once command us to let our light shine before men for the Divine glory, and not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth, where man alone could be magnified. Of himself he says little, and pleads the number of applications in excuse. But what he does say is sufficiently interesting.—“The founder of Huggens’ College, John Huggens, began business at a very early period of his life. With great economy and increasing industry for sixty years, he saved sufficient to build and endow his college at Northfleet.”

It is seldom that such are the results, much less the objects, of early economy and industry. Too often is it seen, that these virtues, undirected by religion, degenerate into avarice and rapacity. But here they have been worthily consecrated. We have read of men who have toiled hard and fared harder, to earn the neglect and disgust of their few remaining relatives, and to leave their useless wealth a spoil for the officers of the law. But here is an object, indeed, worthy of “great economy and increasing industry;” to be the blessing and the blessed of countless generations! This is something worth working for! Noble John Huggens! there is a day coming when thy wealth shall outstrip all the hoards of all the Rothschilds! when thy fame shall infinitely distance that of Alexanders and Napoleons! Thou hast invested thy capital in an unfailing, an overpaying stock! Thou hast committed thy fame to the universe; to the proclamation of angels, not the adulation of men! Verily, there is small need that thou tell us thy history. All nature shall know it at the great day. And what more can we know of thee now worth knowing, or more significant of thy character and life, than that thou art the founder of *THY* College at Northfleet?

True it is, that Huggens College is of a different order from the Sackville foundation—of one, perhaps, more common, if we except the grandeur of the scale. Yet it is a kind of foundation for which much can be said. No poverty is so grievous and painful as that which, at the decline of life, succeeds competency and independence. Poverty, to him who has never known any other condition, is like confinement to the caged bird; and experiment shows that riches acquired under such circumstances, are as unmanageable and injurious as liberty to the life-long captive: but where, from long habit, comforts and luxuries have become, in a manner, the necessities of life, it is hard to want them when they are, in a degree, necessary to all. The most painful consideration, however, is that of mental refinement and cultivation, rendering the possessor at every moment more sensibly alive to the rude shocks which he must repeatedly experience, while his natural ability to resist them is diminished. True it is, that, if his training has been spiritual as well as intellectual, these things will be to him as the blessed burden of

the Cross, and he will know how to rejoice in them as a healthful penance for past indulgence, or inactivity, or forgetfulness; a salutary correction and discipline for future amendment, and a hopeful token of the Divine love. Still, “no chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous.” It must be such even to those who know how to apply it best; but wealth is not the best school of preparation; and to those whose *minds* have been cultivated, but their *souls* neglected, the visitation may be dangerous, as it is assuredly painful. How kind, then, the hand which rears a shelter against temptation, and pours healing on the rankling wound; opens opportunities of good by softening the heart with kindness; smoothes the path to reflection, to penitence, to submission, to obedience; removes consuming anxieties, and bestows the means of guidance and instruction!

We have travelled to Huggens College, and seen, perhaps, as much as could be expected in a fire-side journey. We turn to the glowing hearth again, and to the bright and loving looks around it—or, reader, perchance no cheering countenance meets thine; and yet thou turnest to no solitary walls, but to walls lined with unfailing, unbetraying friends, the holy and wise of elder days, or of thine own: whose thoughts are stored for thee in those thy precious volumes. And do not these, our comforts, speak to us of reverses that may yet overtake us? when our hearth may be cold and deserted—when those who loved us may be gone, some past returning—when those whom we love shall love us not—when, like Roscoe, we may lament the departure even of those true immortal friends, whom we could trust with no wavering faith? ¹ Let us be prepared for such a time! If we have not closer and dearer claims, let us take courage, from what we have seen in this brief expedition of Fancy to no fanciful region, to make “great economy and increasing industry” lay up treasures in heaven for ourselves, treasures on earth as well as in heaven for those who have been less fortunate! How poor the pleasures of the world, to say nothing of their evanescence, compared to those enjoyed by the benevolent man whose work we have been contemplating! Really, if the voluptuary were true to his character, and desired to live to pleasure in its most exquisite form, thus would he seek it! But though all are not blessed with the means at the disposal of Mr. Huggens, his munificence may be distantly imitated—he that cannot build a college, may afford a house, or, at least, contribute to the funds of a college. And in this view, undoubtedly, if a comparison is to be instituted between the establishments which I have brought forward in these pages, the claims of Sackville College must be regarded as greatly superior, inasmuch as the other amply secures the object at which it aims, while Sackville College is, unhappily, far short of effecting its own purposes, and appeals more eloquently, perhaps, to public support, than any kindred institution. But endowments of these several kinds will be among the most effective conductors which man can erect to guard our country

(1) See his pathetic sonnet on parting with his library.

in these electric and cloudy times: the multiplication of means whereby sorrow is relieved and salvation promoted, will be the best preventive and counteraction of crime, and of its effects and judgments. The multiplication of those who build religious and charitable foundations is the diminution of those who would overthrow them, and with them, the monarchy itself. "Mercy and truth preserve the king, and his throne is upholden by mercy."¹

LEWIS ARUNDEL;²

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTAINS SUNDRY DEFINITIONS OF "WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE," AND DISCLOSES MRS. ARUNDEL'S OPINION OF RICHARD FRERE.

LEWIS did not obtain any answer to his polite note, as Lord Bellefield received on the following morning letters, which he said required his immediate presence in London, and in the hurry of departure he no doubt forgot to refute the charge Lewis had seen fit to bring against him; and, as the young tutor preserved a strict silence on the subject, and Sam Jones kept his own counsel with his accustomed closeness, there, for the present, the matter appeared likely to rest. Some little surprise was caused in the village by the sudden disappearance of Jane Hardy, the poacher's daughter, a girl of about nineteen; but, as it was imagined she had gone to take up her quarters in the town of H—, where her father was imprisoned, her absence was soon forgotten. Lewis and Charles Leicester alone, having ascertained her identity with the young person who had assisted in the refreshment-room on the night of the party, connected her flight with Lord Bellefield's abrupt departure, and, although the subject was, for obvious reasons, avoided between them, little doubt remained on their minds as to her probable fate. This occurrence afforded Lewis a clue to Lord Bellefield's sudden interest in regard to Hardy's capture;—by her father's imprisonment would be removed the chief impediment to the success of his designs upon the daughter. The event had proved the correctness of his calculation.

Weeks passed on; the wound in Lewis's shoulder healed, despite the aggravating attendance of Doctors Scalpel and Bistoury, and, with youth and health on his side, he speedily regained his accustomed vigour. General Grant's recovery was a matter of greater difficulty. The fracture had been by no means easily reduced, and the process by which the bones re-united was a long and tedious one. His accident (as is usually the case with such events) had occurred at a most inconvenient moment;—while he was yet confined to his room the election for the county came on, and his opponent, taking advantage of his absence to under-

mine his influence with the voters, was returned by a large majority. The bribery by which he had obtained his seat was, however, a matter of such notoriety, that, by De Grandville's advice, the General was induced to petition Parliament to annul the election. The petition failed, and the expenses, which, from the prolonged proceedings, were unusually heavy, all fell upon the unsuccessful candidate. During the progress of the affair, Lewis, by the General's wish, acted as his amanuensis and private secretary, a confidential servant being engaged to wait on Walter and attend him during his rides, thus relieving his tutor of much that was irksome in his situation. The London season was at its height before General Grant had recovered sufficiently to leave Broadhurst, but a fortnight before the day on which Charles Leicester's wedding was fixed to take place, Annie and her father started for the great metropolis.

During his attendance on the General, Lewis had been thrown much into Annie's society, and their intimacy had deepened, on the lady's side, into feelings of the warmest esteem and friendship, while the gentleman became more and more convinced that his previous estimate of the fair sex was a completely mistaken one, and altogether to be condemned as the weakest and most fallacious theory that ever entered the brain of a hot-headed boy,—by which opprobrious epithet he mentally stigmatized his six-months-ago self,—and, for at least a week after she had departed, he felt as if something had gone wrong with the sun, so that it never shone properly.

The General had been away about a fortnight, when Lewis received a letter from Rose informing him for the first time of her literary pursuits. Since we have last heard of this young lady she had been growing decidedly blue. Not only had she, under Bracy's auspices, published a series of papers in Blunt's Magazine, but she had positively written a child's book, which, although it contained original ideas, good-sense, and warm feeling, instead of second-hand moral platitudes, and did not take that particularly natural view of life which represents it as a system of temporal rewards and punishments, wherein the praiseworthy elder sister is always recompensed with an evangelical young duke, and the naughty boys are invariably drowned on clandestine skating expeditions, yet found an enterprising publisher willing to purchase it; nay, so well did it answer, that the courageous bibliopolist had actually expressed a wish to confer with "the talented authoress," as he styled poor Rose, in regard to a second work. Whereupon Frere despatched a note to that young lady, telling her she had better come up to town at once, offering her the use of his house in a rough and ready way, just as if he had been writing to a man; and though he did add in a postscript that if she fancied she should be dull she'd better bring her mother with her, the afterthought was quite as likely to have arisen from sheer good-nature, as from any, even the most faint, glimmering of etiquette. Owing to a judicious hint

(1) Prov. xx. 28.

(2) Continued from p. 99.

thrown out by Bracy, however, an invitation arrived, at the same time, from Lady Lombard, which Mrs. Arundel had immediately decided on accepting, and the object of Rose's letter was to inquire whether there was the slightest hope of Lewis being able to meet them.

By the same post arrived a note written by Annie from her father's dictation, saying that he found he was quite unable to get on without Mr. Arundel's assistance, that he considered change of scene might prove beneficial to Walter, and that it was, therefore, his wish that Lewis and his pupil should join them immediately after the bustle of the wedding should be over; which scheme chimed in with the young tutor's wishes most admirably, and for the rest of the morning he was so happy as to be quite unlike his usual grave and haughty self, and astonished Faust to such a degree by placing his fore-paws against his own chest, and in that position constraining him to waltz round the room on his hind-legs, that the worthy dog would have assuredly taken out a statute of lunacy against his master, had he been aware of the existence of such a process.

Those who witnessed the marriage of the Hon. Charles Leicester to the lovely and accomplished daughter of the late Peregrine Peyton, Esq. of Stockington Manor, in the county of Lancashire, (they said nothing of Ludgate Hill, and ignored Plumpsteru totally,) describe it to have been a truly edifying ceremony. The fatal knot was tied, and the wretched pair launched into a married state by the Bishop of L—, the unhappy victims submitting to their fate with unexampled fortitude and resignation, and the female spectators evincing by their tears, that the lesson to be derived from the awful tragedy enacting before them, would not be thrown away upon them. Nor were the good intentions thus formed allowed to swell the list of "unredeemed pledges" whence that prince of pawnbrokers, Satan, is popularly supposed to select his paving materials, as, during the ball which concluded the evening, two fine young men of property fell victims to premature declarations, and after a rapid decline from the ways of good fellowship, were carried off by matrimony, and departed this (*i.e.* fashionable) life, in less than two months after their first seizure.

On Lewis's arrival in town, he found a small packet directed to him in Leicester's hand-writing, containing, besides the glazed cards lovingly coupled by silver twist, a remarkably elegant gold watch and chain for the waistcoat pocket, together with a few lines from Charley himself, saying that to Lewis's good advice and plain speaking he felt he in a great measure owed his present happiness, and that he hoped Lewis would wear the enclosed *note*, the joint gift of himself and Laura, to remind him of their mutual friendship and regard. Had he known that Annie Grant had noticed the fact of his not possessing a watch, and suggested the nature of the gift to her cousin, he would have valued it even more highly than he did.

The happy pair had determined to test the endurance of their felicity by starting for the Rhine, which popular river it was their intention to go up as far as it was go-up-able, then proceed to Switzerland, do that land of musical cows and icy mountains thoroughly, and finally take up their quarters at Florence, where Leicester had succeeded in obtaining a diplomatic appointment. A letter had been received from them dated Coblenz, wherein it appeared their new-found happiness had stood the voyage better than might have been expected; a fact mainly attributable to their having had an unusually calm passage. Laura considered the Rhine scenery exquisite; Charley thought it all very well for a change, but for a constancy, he must confess he preferred the *Serpentine*; he was disgusted with the German students, whom he stigmatized as "awful tigers," wondered why the women wore short petticoats if they hadn't better ankles to show, complained bitterly of the intense stupidity of the natives for not understanding either French or English, and wound up by a long violent sentence, quite unconnected with all that had gone before it, setting forth his unalterable conviction that Laura was an angel, which unscriptural assertion he reiterated four times in as many lines.

A change had taken place in Rose Arundel, and Lewis, as he gazed with affection on her calm, pensive brow, and marked the earnest thoughtful expression of her soft, grey eyes, felt that she was indeed altered; he had left her little more than a child, he found her a woman, in the best and fullest sense of the expression. Reader, do you know all that phrase implies? do you understand what is meant by a woman in the true and fullest sense of the term?

"Eh? I should rather think I did, too, just a *very* little," replies Ensign Downylyp, winking at society at large; "know what a woman is? yes, I consider that good, rather."

"And what, oh! most exquisite juvenile, may be your definition of woman as she should be?"

The Ensign strokes his upper lip where that confounded moustache is so very "lang a comin," rubs his nose to arouse his intellect, which he fails to do because that faculty is not asleep, but wanting, and replies.

"Ar—well, to begin with; woman is of course a decidedly inferior animal, but—ar—take the best specimen of the class, and you'll find it vewy pwitty, piquante, devoted to polking, light in hand, clean about the pasterns, something like Fanny Elsler, with a dash of Lady — to give it style, (I can't stand vulgawity,) decidedly fast! I hate your cart-horsey gals,) plenty of bustle to make it look spicey, ready to go the pace no end, and able properly to—ahem! appreciate "Your's truly"—ar—that's about the time of day, ch, Mr. Author!"

"No such thing, sir," replies Cœrulea Scribbler, who is so very superior, that she is momentarily expected to regenerate society single-handed; "No such thing, sir; I know what the author means; he justly considers woman as a—that is, as *the* concen-

trated essence of mind; nothing low, base, earthy—but—in fact,—definitions should be terse—you'll excuse my mathematical tastes, but—ahem!—three terms at Queen's College, and that dear Professor Baa-lamb! naturally produce a logical habit of thought—you require a perfect woman."

"No, madam, I am not so unreasonable."

"I mean, you require a definition of a perfect woman; here you have it then—the maximum of mind united to the minimum of matter; or, to speak poetically, a 'thing all soul.'" And, having thus given her opinion, Miss Cerulea, who measures barely five feet, and is as thin as a lath, shakes her straw-coloured ringlets, and subsides into the Sixth Book of Euclid.

But neither the red-jacket nor the blue-stocking, albeit each the type of a not unnumerous class, has exactly answered our question as we would wish it replied to. We do not agree with Charley Leicester in considering woman an angel;—first, because our ideas with regard to angels are excessively vague and undefined, wings and white drapery being the only marked features which we have as yet succeeded in realizing; and, secondly, because, to verify the resemblance, woman should be faultless, and we have never yet met with one who had not some fascinating little sin left to show that she was not too good for this world. Our notion of a woman, in the best sense of the word, is a being fitted to be a help meet for man; and this would lead us into another disquisition, which we will dismiss summarily by stating that we mean a man worthy of the name, not an ape in a red coat like Ensign Downytip, or an owl in a sad-coloured one like Professor Baalamb; but a man whom it would not be mere satire to call a lord of the creation. A help meet for such an one as this, should possess a clear acute intellect, or she would be unable to comprehend his aspirations after the good, and true, and beautiful,—the efforts of his fallen nature to regain somewhat of its original rank in the scale of created beings. She should have a faithful, loving heart, that when, being foiled in his worldly career, his spirit is dark within him, and, in the bitterness of his soul, he confesses that "the good that he would he does not, but the evil he would not, that he does," her affection may prove to him, that in her love he has one inestimable blessing yet remaining, of which death alone can deprive him, and then only for a season; for,—availing herself of the fitting moment with the delicate tact which is one of the brightest instincts of a loving woman's heart,—she can offer him the only true consolation, by urging him to renew his christian warfare in the hope that *together* they may attain the reward of their high calling, a reward so glorious that the mind of man is impotent to conceive its nature. But to be able to do this, she must herself have realized by the power of faith, the blessedness of things unseen, and with this requisite, without which all other excellencies are valueless, we conclude our definition of "woman as she should be."

Such an one was Rose Arundel, and countless

others are there who, if not sinless as the radiant messengers of heaven, are yet doing angels' work by many a fire-side which their presence cheers and blesses. Happy is the man who possesses in a wife or sister such a household fairy, and if some there be who bear alone the burden of life—whose joys are few, for we rejoice not in solitude—let those whose lot is brighter forgive the clouded brow, or the cynical word, that at times attests the weariness of a soul on which the sunlight of affection seldom beams.

No particular alteration was observable in Mrs. Arundel, who seemed to possess the enviable faculty of never growing older, and who remained just as gay and sparkling as when at sixteen she had enslaved the fancy, rather than the heart, of Captain Arundel.

"My dear Lewis," she exclaimed, after having asked a hundred questions in a breath regarding the internal economy of General Grant's family, the affray with the poachers, Charles Leicester's wedding, and every other event, grave or otherwise, which occurred to her active and versatile mind, "my dear Lewis, what an original your friend Frere is! excessively kind and good-natured, but so very odd. He volunteered to come and meet us at the coach-office, which I considered quite a work of supererogation, but Rose had imbibed such a mistrust of London and its inhabitants, whom she expected to eat her up bodily, I believe, that she persuaded me to accept his offer. Well, when the coach arrived I looked about, but nobody did I see who at all coincided with my pre-conceived ideas of Mr. Frere, and I began to think he would prove faithless, when I descried an individual in a vile hat and an old rough great-coat, perched on a pile of luggage, with a cotton umbrella between his knees, reading some dirty little book, in which he appeared completely immersed. He took not the slightest notice of the bustle and confusion going on around him, and would, I believe, have sat there until now, if a porter, carrying a heavy trunk, had not all but fallen over him; upon which he started up, and, for the first time perceiving the coach, exclaimed—'By Jove, there's the very thing I am waiting for!' then shouldering his umbrella, he advanced to the window, and, thrusting in his great head, growled out, 'Are any of you Miss Arundel?' Rose answered the question, for I was so taken by surprise that I was dying with laughter. As soon as he had ascertained our identity, he continued, 'Well, then I should say, the sooner you're out of this, the better. I'll call a cab.' The moment it drew up he flung open the door, and exclaiming—'Now, come along,' he caught hold of Rose as if she'd been a carpet-bag, dragged her out, and pushed her by main force into the cab."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Rose, apologetically, you really colour the matter too highly. Mr. Frere was as kind as possible. He was a little rough, certainly, and seemed to think I must be as helpless as a child; but I dare say he's not accustomed to act as squire to dames."

"Indeed he's not," resumed Mrs. Arundel; "but I was determined he shouldn't paw me about like a

bale of goods; so I rested my hand on a porter's shoulder, and sprang clean from the coach into the cab, while he was stooping to pick up his wretched umbrella; and finely astonished he looked, too, when he discovered what I had done. Then he dragged down all the luggage, just as he had done Rose, and tried to put two trunks that did not belong to us on the cab, only I raved at him till I obliged him to relinquish them. Of course I was forced to offer him a seat in the cab, but he coolly replied,—‘No, thank ye; there are too many handboxes—the squares of their bases occupy the entire area. I’ll sit beside cabby.’ And, to my horror, he scrambled up to the driving-seat, and taking the dirty book out of his pocket, was speedily absorbed in its contents; and in this state we actually drove up to Lady Lombard’s door. I could have beaten the man, I was so angry with him. And yet, with it all, the creature is a gentleman.”

“Indeed he is,” returned Lewis, “a thorough gentleman in mind, though, from the extent to which he is engrossed by his literary and scientific pursuits, and from the fact of living so much alone, he has not the manners of society. But Frere is a very first-rate man; his is no ordinary intellect.”

“It is impossible to watch the play of his features and doubt that for a moment,” returned Rose, eagerly. “Look at his speaking eye—his noble forehead.”

“Oh! Rose is quite *emprise* with the monster,” remarked Mrs. Arundel, laughing. “It’s a decided case of love at first sight. Was it the old great-coat, or the dreadful hat, which first touched your heart, *ma chère*?”

“I’m not bound to criminate myself,” was the reply; “so I shall decline to answer that question.”

While she spoke, a short, sharp double knock, as of an agitated postman, awoke the echoes and the porter in Lady Lombard’s “Marble Hall.” In another minute the Brobdiagnian footman, with prize calves to his legs, flung open the drawing-room door, and announced, in a stentorian voice, “Mr. Frere.”

“*Quand on parle du diable on’en voit la queue*,” whispered Mrs. Arundel, rising quickly. “Positively, Rose, my nerves won’t stand the antics of your pet bear this morning. Let me see you again before you go, *Louis, mon cher*,—you’ll find me in the boudoir.”

So saying, she glided noiselessly out of one door, a moment before Frere entered at the other. Lewis followed her retreating figure with a glance half-painful, half-amused. “My mother grows younger, and more gay, every time I see her,” he observed to Rose. A speaking glance was her only answer, for at the moment Frere made his appearance; and a somewhat singular one it was. The day being fine, he had discarded the obnoxious great-coat, and—thanks to his old female domestic, who had caught him going out with a large hole in his sleeve, and sent him back to put on another garment, which she herself selected—the coat he wore was in unusually good preservation, and not so very much too large for him;

but the heavy shoes, the worsted stockings, the shepherd’s plaid trowsers, and the cotton umbrella, were all *in statu quo*; while his bright eyes, sparkling out of a greater bush than ever of untrimmed hair and whiskers, gave him a striking resemblance to some honest Scotch terrier, worthy to be immortalized by Landseer’s pencil. Catching sight of Lewis, he rushed towards him, and seizing both his hands, (in order to accomplish which act of friendship, he allowed the umbrella to fall on Rose’s toes,) he shook them heartily, exclaiming—“Why, Lewis, old boy! this is a pleasure! I hadn’t a notion you would be here so soon. How’s General Grant? and how’s Walter? and how’s Faust? and how’s every body? Well, I am glad to see you!”

All this time Frere had taken not the slightest notice of Rose, who, having advanced a step or two to greet him, had resumed her seat, more pleased to witness his delight in welcoming Lewis than any attentions to herself could have rendered her. Having seated himself on a sofa, and pulled Lewis down by his side, he, for the first time, appeared aware of Rose’s presence, which he hastened to acknowledge by a nod, adding, “Ah! how d’ye do? I’ve got something to tell you presently, as soon as I’ve done with your brother.”

Then, turning to Lewis, he recommenced his string of questions, without regarding Rose’s presence otherwise than by occasionally including her in the conversation with such interjectional remarks as—“You can understand that,”—“I explained that to you the other day;” until at length he abruptly exclaimed,—“Now I must go and talk to her,—she and I have got a little business together.”

“Perhaps I am *de trop*,” observed Lewis, with a meaning smile.

In reply to this, Frere merely clenched his fist, and having shaken it within an inch of Lewis’s face, marched deliberately across the room, and drawing a chair close to Rose, seated himself in it; then, laying hold of one corner of her worsted work, he said, in a gruff voice,—“Put away this rubbish.”

“I can listen to you, Mr. Frere, and go on with my slipper at the same time,” returned Rose, quietly releasing her work.

“You can’t do two things properly together,” was the reply; “nobody can; for it’s all fudge about Cæsar’s reading and dictating at the same time. What I’ve got to tell you is more important than a carpet shoe.”

Smiling at his pertinacity, Rose, not having a particle of obstinacy in her disposition, put away her work, and, demurely crossing her hands before her, like a good child saying its lessons, awaited her tyrant’s orders. That her attitude was not lost upon Frere, that gentleman made evident by catching Lewis’s eye, and pointing backwards with his thumb, as much as to say—“There! do you see that?”—then, producing a note from his pocket, he coolly broke the seal, opened it, and handing it to Rose, muttered, “Read that.”

The note ran as follows;—

"Mr. T. Bracy presents his compliments to Miss Arundel, and begs to enclose a note of introduction to Mr. Nonpareil, the publisher, as Mr. Frere agrees in thinking that the offer made by Mr. A—of B—Street, for the copyright of her interesting tale, was quite inadequate to its merits."

CHAP. XXXII.

ROSE AND FRERE GO TO VISIT MR. NONPAREIL THE PUBLISHER.

"How very kind of Mr. Bracy!" exclaimed Rose, handing the note with which the preceding chapter concluded, to her brother, Frere having quietly read it over her shoulder. "Lewis, I must ask you to be good enough to go with me to Mr. Nonpareil's whenever you can spare the time."

"You needn't trouble him," returned Frere, gruffly; "I mean to take you there myself; and as there's never any good in putting things off, I vote we go this morning—What do you say?"

"You are very kind," replied Rose, smiling; "but really, now my brother is in town I need not encroach on your valuable time."

"Valuable fiddlestick!" was the courteous reply; "though, of course, everybody's time is valuable, if people did but know how to employ it properly—which they never do. But you don't suppose, if I'd anything very particular in hand, I should be dawdling here, do you? I've got to be at the Ornithological at four, and to call at Moore's, the bird-stuffer's, first; but I can look in there on our way to Nonpareil's."

"Yes; but I'm sure Lewis—" began Rose, in a deprecatory tone of voice.

"Nonsense about Lewis!" was the surly rejoinder. "What do you imagine he knows about dealing with publishers?—they're 'kittle cattle to shoe behind,' as a Scotchman would say. I've had dealings enough with 'em to find out that, I can tell you. As for Lewis, if he were to walk into one of their dens with his head up in the air, they'd take him for Lord Octavo Shallowpate, come to negotiate for another new novel, written with a paste pot and scissors, and when they found he had not a handle to his name, with which to shove his rubbish down the public throat, they'd kick him out of the shop again."

"Then you really think I look as stupid as a literary lord, eh, Frere?" inquired Lewis.

"Well, that's too strong a term, perhaps," answered Frere, reflectively; "but you don't look like a man of business, at all events."

"Where does this sagacious publisher reside?" asked Lewis; and when Frere had given him the required information, he continued:—"Then we'll settle the matter thus:—my tailor, with whom I am anxious to gain an interview, lives in the adjoining street; accordingly, I'll walk down with Rose and you, and while you negotiate with the autocrat of

folios, I'll take "fitting measures" for getting myself "neatly bound in cloth."

"So be it then, most facetious youth," returned Frere, laughing; "and the faster you can get ready, you know," he continued, turning to Rose, "the better."

"I'm all obedience," replied Rose, smiling; "but I think you're rather fond of tyrannizing, Mr. Frere."

"Who, I?" returned Frere, in astonishment; "not a bit of it; I'm the most easily managed fellow in London—I am, upon my word."

"You should see what perfect command his old housekeeper has him in," observed Lewis, with an arch glance at his sister; "the bear dares not growl at her—she's a perfect Van Amburgh to him."

Now, there was so much truth in this charge that it was rather a sore subject with Frere. The old woman in question had lived with his mother, and had nursed him when a child; and for these reasons, as well as from good nature, and a certain easiness of disposition which lay beneath his rough manner, Frere had allowed her gradually to usurp control over him, till, in all the minutiae of his domestic life, she ruled him with a rod of iron. Although her admiration of, and respect for her master's learning was fully equal to her total ignorance of the arts and sciences; and, although her affection for him was boundless, nature had gifted her with a crusty temper, which an interval of poverty and hardship (extending from the death of Frere's mother, till the time when his first act on obtaining a competence had been to seek her out, and take her into his service) had not tended to sweeten. The dialogues which occasionally took place between the master and servant were most amusing, and her power over him was exercised so openly, that his fear of Jemima had become a standing joke among his intimates. Accordingly, on hearing Lewis's observation, Frere hastily jumped up, and strode to the fireplace, muttering—"Nonsense! psha! rubbish! don't you believe a word of it, Miss Arundel; but go and dress, there's a good—" he was going to add "fellow;" for, be it known, the clue to his gruff, unpolished behaviour towards the young lady in question was to be discovered in the fact, that from her quiet composure, freedom from affectation, clear good sense, and the interest she took in subjects usually considered too abstruse for female investigation, Frere looked upon her as a kindred soul, and as all his other chosen intimates were of the worthier gender, he was continually forgetting that she was not a man. Checking himself, however, just in time, he substituted "creature" for "fellow;" and, as Rose left the room, he continued, "Pon my word, Lewis, your sister's such a nice, sensible, well-informed, reasonable being, that I am constantly forgetting she's a woman."

"Which speech shows that amongst your numerous studies, that of the female character has been neglected," replied Lewis; "or that you have taken your impressions from very bad specimens of the sex."

Frere, who during the above remark had drawn

from his pocket a lump of crumbling sandstone, which, in order to examine more closely, he coolly deposited on a small satin-wood work-table, looked up in surprise, as he rejoined—"Your opinions, touching the merits of womankind, seem to have suffered a recovery, young man, seeing that the last time I had the honour of discussing the matter with you, women were all perfidious hyenas, or thereabouts. What has wrought so remarkable a transformation?"

Something appeared to have suddenly gone wrong with Lewis's boot, for it was not until he had thoroughly investigated the matter that he replied,—his face being still bent over the offending article,—“The simple fact that as one grows older one grows wiser, I suppose. No doubt Gretchen behaved abominably, and rendered me for the time intensely wretched; but it was folly in me ever to have placed my happiness in the power of such a little romantic flirting half-educated thing as she was; I should not do so now, and to argue from such an individual instance, to the disparagement of the whole sex, was one of the maddest notions that ever entered the brain of a hot-headed boy.”

“Phew!” whistled Frere in astonishment, “you are not over civil to your former self, I must say. If any body else had spoken so disrespectfully of you, you’d have been for punching his head for him; however, I believe your present frame of mind is the more sane of the two, though sweeping assertions are always more or less untenable. The truth is, you can lay down no general rule about it—women are human as well as men; there are a few very good, a few very bad, and an immense number who are nothing particular, in both sexes. There is no authority which would lead us to suppose Adam’s rib was made of ivory, more than any of his other bones. There’s one vice belonging to the fair sex, though; they’re always an unmerciful time putting on their bonnets—your sister’s been five minutes already, and I’d lay a bet we don’t see her for five more.” As he uttered the last words, Rose, fully equipped and looking the picture of neatness, tripped into the room, to Frere’s intense discomfiture, who scrambled his relic of the Era of the Old Red Sandstone into his pocket, with the air of some culprit school-boy, detected in his malpractices by the vigilant eye of his pedagogue.

Lewis, having slipped away for a moment to take leave of Mrs. Arundel, who dismissed him with a parting injunction to take care Ursa Major did not devour Rose, the trio descended the stairs, Frere taking an opportunity to whisper to Lewis,—“She was down upon me then in every sense of the word; didn’t believe a woman could get ready in five minutes on any consideration; but she’s more sense than I ever expected to see under a bonnet, that’s a fact.”

“Don’t you think for once you could dispense with that dreadful umbrella?” inquired Lewis, who had imbibed a few Leicesterian prejudices from his residence at Broadhurst.

“Dreadful umbrella! why what’s the matter with

it?” exclaimed Frere, half unfurling his favourite; “it’s water tight, and has a famous strong stick to it; what more do you want in an umbrella, eh?”

“It might have been made of silk,” suggested Lewis mildly.

“Yes, and be stolen and brought back again regularly three times a week,” returned Frere. “I had a silk one once, and the expense that umbrella was to me, to say nothing of the wear and tear of mind it occasioned, was perfectly terrific. I shudder when I think of it; there are not a dozen cabmen in London who have not received half-a-crown for bringing me back that umbrella. It was a regular bottle-imp to me, always being lost and always coming back again. The ’bus conductors knew it by sight as well as they know the Bank; they were for ever laying traps to get it into their possession, with a view to obtain the reward of honesty by bringing it home again. I got rid of it at last, though; I lent it to a fellow who owed me five pounds, and I’ve never seen man, money, or umbrella since. Now, this dear old cotton thing, not being worth finding, has never been lost; however, if you’ll promise to take care I have it to-morrow when I call, I’ll leave it here, and if your sister gets wet to-day, don’t blame me.”

“Rose, will you undertake the heavy responsibility?” asked Lewis.

“I think I may safely promise so to do,” was the reply; “there is a little foot page in this establishment, in whom I have the greatest confidence, and to his custody will I commit it.”

And Frere’s anxious mind being soothed by this assurance, they started on their expedition. Twenty minutes’ brisk walking,—which would have been brisker still if Rose had not gently hinted that ladies were not usually accustomed to stride along like postmen; to which suggestion Frere responded with something very like a growl,—twenty minutes’ walking brought them to the very elegant front of Mr. Nonpareil’s shop, where Lewis left the two others. The nice young man, with Hyperion curls outside his head, and nothing save much too high an opinion of himself within, who lounged gracefully behind the counter, replied to Frere’s inquiry “Whether Mr. Nonpareil was at home,” after the fashion of the famous Irish echo, *i.e.* by another question. Elevating his eyebrows till they almost disappeared in his forest of hair, he drawled out,

“Wh-a-y? did you w-a-ant him?”

“Of course I did, or else I should not have asked for him,” returned Frere, sharply; then handing his own card and Bracy’s note of introduction across the counter, he continued, “take those to your master, and tell him that a lady and gentleman are waiting to see him.”

At the word “master” Hyperion coloured, and appeared about to become impertinent, but something in Frere’s look induced him to alter his intention, and turning on his heel, he strode into the back shop with an *air martyr*, which was deeply affecting to the risible muscles of the pair he left behind him.

"There's an animal!" exclaimed Frere, as the subject of his remark disappeared behind a tall column of account books; "now, that ape looks upon himself as a sort of Admirable Orichton, and I'll be bound has a higher opinion of his own mental endowments than ever Shakspeare or Milton had of theirs. I dare say the creature has his admirers too: some subordinate shop boy, or the urchin who runs of errands, takes him at his own price, and believes in him implicitly. Ye gods, what a 'ship of fools' is this goodly vessel of society!"

"I hope he does not rest his claims on the ground of his personal attractions," returned Rose with a quiet smile.

"His strength must lie in his hair, if he does," replied Frere, "like that of the Israelitish Hercules of old. But see, here he comes, shaking his ambrosial locks; and behold, he smiles graciously upon us. Bracy's note has worked miracles."

Approaching with a smirk and a bow, Hyperion politely signified that Mr. Nonpareil was disengaged, then again retreating, led the way through a sort of defile of unsold literature, to the sanctum of the enterprising publisher. This remarkable apartment was of the most minute dimensions, a very duodecimo edition of a room, embellished with a miniature fire-place, an infinitesimal writing-table, and a mere peephole of a window, looking across many chimney-pots into space. In the middle of this retreat of learning, like an oyster in its shell, reposed that Rhadamanthus of literature, the heroic Nonpareil. His outer man was encased in black, as became the severity of his office; a white neck-cloth encircled his august throat; while a heavy gold watch-chain and seals attested his awful respectability. He was of a most respectable age, neither incautiously young nor unadvisedly old; he was of a most respectable height, neither absurdly short nor inconveniently tall; his weight, 12 stone 6 lbs., was most respectable—it had not varied a pound for the last ten years, nor could one look at him without feeling that it would remain exactly the same for the next ten years; he had a most respectable complexion, red enough to indicate that he lived well and that it agreed with him, but nothing more. Nobody could suspect that man of an apoplectic tendency; he was much too respectable to think of dying suddenly; the very expression of his face was a sort of perpetual life assurance; he goes out of the world without advertising the day on which he might be expected to appear most respectably bound in boards! the idea was preposterous. His manner naturally expressed his conviction of his own immense respectability, and was impressive, not to say pompous; while from a sense of the comparative want of respectability in everybody else, it was also familiar, or as his enemies (all great men have enemies) declared, presuming.

As Rose and Frere entered, he stood up to receive them, favoured Frere with a salutation half-way between a bow and a nod, partially extended his hand to Rose, and as she hesitated in surprise, hastily drew it back again, then motioning them to the only two

chairs save his own judgment-seat the apartment contained, resumed his throne, and smiling graciously at Rose, leant back, waiting apparently until that young lady should humbly prefer her suit to him.

Perceiving his design, Rose glanced appealingly at Frere, who came to her assistance by plunging at once in *medias res* with his accustomed bluntness.

"Well, Mr. Nonpareil," he began, "touching the object of our visit to you, I suppose Bracy has told you in his note what we've come about?"

"Yes,—that is, so far,—Mr. Bracy signifies, that your visit has a business tendency," was the cautious reply.

"Why, we certainly should not have come here for pleasure," returned Frere shortly; then catching Rose's look of dismay, he continued, "I mean to say, we should not have thought of taking up your valuable time," (here he gave Rose a confidential nudge with his elbow to indicate that he spoke ironically,) "unless we had a legitimate object in doing so."

In answer to this, the Autocrat merely inclined his head, and revealed a highly respectable set of teeth; so Frere resumed,

"This young lady, Miss Arundel, has determined by the advice of Mr. Bracy and—ahem!—myself, to make you the first offer of a very valuable work which she has written—er—a tale of a very unusual description, peculiarly suited, as I consider, to the present state of society, pointing out certain social evils, and showing how a more consistent adherence to the precepts of christianity, would prove the only effectual remedy."

At these last words, Mr. Nonpareil, who, having apparently lapsed into a state of torpor, had listened with a face as immovable as if it had been cast in bronze, suddenly pricked up his ears and condescended to exist again.

"If I understand you, Mr. — Frere," suggested that gentleman,—"Mr. Frere," continued Nonpareil, "if I comprehend your meaning, sir, this lady wishes to dispose of the copyright of a religious novel?"

"That's it," replied Frere.

"Then my answer must mainly depend on the exact height of the principles."

"On the how much?" inquired Frere, considerably mystified.

"On the exact height of the principles, sir," returned Mr. Nonpareil, with dignity; "there is a regular scale, sir, which I have had worked out minutely, proceeding from the broad outlines of Christianity to the most delicate shades of doctrine, and descending even to the smallest points of the canon law. Such an ecclesiological table is most important in our line. Public opinion, sir, fluctuates in such matters, just like the funds, up one week, down the next, up again the next. Now, I'll just give you an instance. There was a little work we published, I dare say you've seen it, 'Ambrosius; or, the Curate confessed.' It was thought rather a heavy book when it first came out. The public would not read it; the trade did not like it;

it hung on hand, and I expected to lose from £200 to £300 upon it. Well, sir, the Surplice question began to be agitated. Fortunately, the author had made Ambrosius preach in a white gown. I immediately advertised it freely, the thing took, we sold 3,000 copies in a fortnight, and, instead of losing £300 I made £600. But that's not all, sir. Shortly after that, the Rev. Clerestory Lectern, one of the very tip-top ones, went to Rome, and took his three curates, a serious butler, and the family apothecary, with him. This made a great sensation, convulsed the public mind fearfully, and brought on a general attack of the ultra-protestant epidemic. Accordingly, I sent for the author of Ambrosius, offered him terms he was only too glad to jump at, shut him up in the back-shop, with half a ream of foolscap and a bottle of sherry, and in little more than a week we printed off 5,000 copies of "Loyoilana, or, the Jesuit in the Chimney Corner." The book sold like wild-fire, sir. A second edition was called for, and went off in no time, and I believe I might have got through a third, only Lord Dunderhead Downhill joined the Plymouth brethren, and married his kitchen-maid, which brought public opinion up again several degrees, and spoiled the sale; but I made a very nice thing of it, altogether."

So saying, Mr. Nonpareil rubbed his hands gleefully, pushed his hair off his forehead, and looked at Rose as if he longed to coin her into money on the spot. After a pause he inquired, abruptly "What's the name, ma'am?"

"The name of my tale?" began Rose, slightly flurried at the conversation so suddenly taking a personal turn. "I thought of calling it 'Helen Tremorne.'"

"Very good, ma'am,—very good," returned Mr. Nonpareil, approvingly; "euphonious, aristocratic, and vague; just at this time, a title that does not pledge a book to anything particular of any kind is most desirable. About how long do you suppose it will be?"

"Mr. Frere thought it would make two small volumes about the size of a work called 'Amy Herbert,' I believe," replied Rose.

"Quite right, ma'am, quite right, a very selling size indeed," was the answer; "clever book 'Amy Herbert,' very. So much tenderness in it, ma'am; nothing pays better than judicious tenderness; the mothers of England like it, to read about—the daughters of England like it—the little girls of England like it—and so the husbands of England are forced to pay for it. If you recollect, ma'am, there's a pathetic governess in 'Amy Herbert,' who calls the children 'dearest,'—well imagined character, that. She's sold many a copy, has that governess. May I ask, does 'Helen Tremorne' call any body 'dearest?'"

"I really scarcely remember," said Rose, hiding a smile behind her muff.

"It would be most desirable that she should, ma'am," returned Mr. Nonpareil, solemnly. "Some vindictive pupil, if possible, ma'am—the more repul-

sive the child, the greater the self-sacrifice—people like self-sacrifice, to read about—they call such incidents touching; and just at the present moment, pathos sells immensely. Pray, ma'am, may I ask, are you high or low?"

"My principles would not lead me to sympathise with the very ultra party on either side," replied Rose, slightly annoyed at having to allude to such subjects in such a presence.

"Ah! the *viâ media*; yes, I see—very good, nothing could be better. Just at the present time, the *viâ media* is, if I may be allowed the expression, the way that leads to fortune; nothing sells like it—it's so safe, you see; the heads of families buy it in preference to any more questionable teaching. May I ask, have you fixed on any sum for which you would dispose of the copyright of your story?"

Rose glanced at Frere, who responded to the appeal by naming a sum exactly double the amount which Rose, in her humility, would gladly have accepted. She was about to say so, but a slight contraction in her companion's brow, warned her against committing such an imprudence. Mr. Nonpareil, however, did not appear alarmed at the magnitude of the demand, but promising to peruse the manuscript carefully, (which promise he fulfilled by sending it to his paid reader, never even glancing at it himself,) and to give a definite answer on the day but one following, he bowed them out of his den in the most respectable manner possible. As soon as they had quitted the shop, Rose exclaimed,—“Well, if all publishers are like Mr. Nonpareil, the less personal communication I hold with them, the better I shall be pleased.”

"Aye, but they are not," returned Frere; "many of them are men of great intelligence, simple manners, and who possess much out-of-the-way knowledge, which renders them very agreeable companions. There are pompous and narrow-minded individuals in all professions. Nothing is more illogical than to generalize from a single instance; it's certain to lead to the most absurd results. Why, I've actually encountered an honest lawyer, and met with a disinterested radical, before now! But here comes Lewis; I wonder what conclusions he has arrived at about tailors."

(To be continued.)

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S LOVERS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

IN thinking of Shakspeare's lovers, of course the first who comes to our mind is Romeo. He is the chief of them all. The poet has drawn princely lovers, and princes in love; but Romeo is the prince of lovers. The story of his love is *the* love-story of the world; and it found its worthy chronicler in the world's poet. Love, in its transport of reciprocity,

was never hymned in nobler strain than in this surpassing drama. The bliss of union seems to crown the play in its very title—those two lovers' names intertwined—ROMEO and JULIET. The rapture of mutual passion in its exclusiveness, its all-sufficiency, its dual beatitude, breathes throughout like a rich-distilled perfume. Its odour transcends that of mortality. It embalms those "death-marked lovers," preserving them ever fresh and green in our memories, as types of undying love. The images of Romeo and of Juliet in their young affection, endure beyond their monumental effigies; they survive to us in immortal warmth of beauty, effacing even the remembrance of their early grave, that grave which they themselves preferred to separation. The intensity of their brief happiness consoles us, as it did them, for its close in eternity; and the tragedy of their passion is lost sight of in its ecstasy. We think of them as of the blest.

The first mention of Romeo is marked by extreme beauty of language. His father, old Montague, and his friend, Benvolio, speak of him in words full of grace and eloquence. An atmosphere of poetry is thus flung round the character of the lover, from the very moment of its first introduction to the reader. We are also prepared for his imaginative and passionate temperament; and we first behold him absorbed in an attachment that partakes far more of the first quality than the latter. Romeo's sentiment for Rosaline has been mostly spoken of as a real passion, a first love; now it appears to us to be anything but either passion, or love. All his speech at that season, is in abstract; he talks of love, not of his mistress; the youthful lover seems to think of being in love, rather than of the woman with whom he is in love,—of Romeo loving, not of Rosaline whom he loves. But with Juliet, his thoughts at once assume a substance, a form of desire. He exclaims:—"O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!" as he before took that hand, offering to kiss it, and—kissing her lips instead. His new true passion has already taught him the truth which he himself subsequently utters:—"What love can do, that dares love attempt." Before, he spoke thus:—

"Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet."

Even that "What is it else?" suggests the idea of *urging* his fancy; as if its object were scarcely potent enough to inspire a free flow of eloquence. But now, it teems with rapturous imagery:—

"O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

Almost the whole of his first pleading with Juliet, when he woos in earnest, goes to illustrate the

practicality of his new passion, which has taken the place of the *fantasy* of his first inclination. "With love's light wings he has o'er-perched the walls;" and when Juliet asks him, "By whose direction found'st thou out this place?" his answer bespeaks the singleness, the energy, the irresistibility of purpose, with intelligence, which go hand in hand with a true passion:—

"By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise."

No such prompting, no such counsel, no such pilotage, guided his heart whilst Rosaline was its object. It is as if Shakspeare permitted this glimpse of Romeo's first preference, that indication might be given of his susceptible Italian nature—his young impressionable imagination; and also that his passion for Juliet might the better be exalted and set off by the foil of a previous passing enthrallment. It is as if, in this character,—the exemplar of a youthful lover,—the poet desired to combine instances of the emotion in both its phases; the one, a fantasy of the imagination, a wilful captivation, encouraged, perhaps, almost as much in a trick of youth, assuming importance by languishing for an inexorable beauty, as for the pleasurable excitement of awakened feeling; the other, a genuine attachment—affection and passion blent—honest in its warmth of devotion and exaction, intense in its spiritual essence as in its bond of sense,—in one word, love. Romeo professedly adores Rosaline; he loves Juliet. The one is his *Dulcinea*—his lady-love; the other is the woman he would make his wife. He courts observation, when he is a worshipper of the first lady; he hoards his secret treasure when he has exchanged hearts with the latter. He utters no word of his new mistress to his associates, Mercutio and Benvolio, though they were well aware of his old flame, and joked him upon it; while he received their jests, benumbing himself as an ill-used gentleman. We have one of Shakspeare's sly hints of manner, when he makes Mercutio say, "Why is not this better now than *groaning* for love?" confirmed by Romeo himself, having said to Benvolio, when he questioned him about Rosaline, "Shall I *groan*, and tell thee?" as if he were in the habit of bewailing himself Sir Tristram-wise, of calling attention to his sufferings, of being ostentatiously moody—a parade and affectation of being in love. But when he is in love in good earnest, it only reveals itself in the happy spirits, the joyous bearing, the playful wit, with which he speaks to his friends, taking part in their gaiety, bandying jest for jest, and making them exclaim and rejoice at his pleasanter mood. When once he truly loves, the only confidants of his passion are his mistress herself, the good friar, and his own exulting heart, until his lady's nurse comes to him as emissary from her.

There is a circumstance singularly confirmatory of the view we have taken of Romeo's feeling, with

regard to Rosaline. Shakspeare has made her actually present at the ball given by old Capulet; but Romeo sees her not,—he has eyes for no one but Juliet, whom he there first beholds. By the way, we may here remark, as one of the instances of Shakspeare's propriety in custom and scene, that the grand entertainment at Capulet's house, the masquerade, takes place on a *Sunday*; which is true to foreign, though not to English habits. Another circumstance that corroborates our impression of the sort of preference which Romeo feels for Rosaline, is the manner in which she is alluded to in the first scene with the friar. When Friar Lawrence asks him if he have been with her, his answer shows that he has not even thought of her:—

"With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's wee."

His whole soul is now possessed with another woman:

"She, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so."

But the very terms in which he speaks of his former mistress, show that what he felt for her was not love. Had he ever loved Rosaline, he would never have called her "*the other*."

There is a fine tribute to the influence of a genuine affection, in the sway it exercises over the temper of Romeo, where he makes those mild replies to Tybalt's insults. His love instructs him in the divine faith that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." His modest rejoinder, "I thought all for the best," to Mercutio's hasty, "Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm," also bespeaks just such a gentle nature as is best fitted to receive the meek teaching of love and loving forbearance. It is only when he learns that his friend is actually dead of the "mortal hurt he got in his behalf" that he can no longer discipline his resentment. Then it is that he casts from him "respectful lenity," and assaults Tybalt with an impetuosity excused by the incentive.

It has been said, that the poet was obliged to kill off Mercutio so early in the play, on the ground of inability further to sustain his brilliant character. Setting aside the difficulty of conceiving any exigency of composition to which Shakspeare was unequal, may we not find an easy solution of the question of Mercutio's premature death, by considering its dramatic fitness? The poet had to find some means of bringing about the incident of his hero's killing the relation of his "three-hours' wife." Our respect for Romeo is excited and maintained by his being shown reluctant to engage, but unable to withstand the call upon his honour to avenge the death of a valued friend. Mercutio's extreme vivacity makes the event of his sudden death all the more startling in interest to the spectator; while his gaiety, his good-humour, his blithe social qualities, account for the strong attachment which Romeo feels for him, urging even a mortal combat with the kinsman of Juliet. Had Mercutio been less strikingly drawn, these two effects would

have been lost; had he not been killed in the Third Act, Romeo's deed and consequent banishment could not have naturally befallen.

We have other indications of the sweetness and gentleness of Romeo's native disposition. His friendship for the good old friar, for Benvolio, and Mercutio; his behaviour to the apothecary (full of kindness—permitting him, even when his own heart is racked, to note that "famine is in his cheeks," and that "need and oppression starveth in his eyes"); his conduct to his rival, Paris, in their encounter at Juliet's tomb; his manner to his attendant, Balthazar; his liberality to the nurse; as well as the estimation in which he himself is held by his parents, and, by all these, in return, are so many testimonies of his worth. A strong evidence in his behalf, also, comes from the head of the rival house, old Capulet, who bears witness that "Verona brags of him, to be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth." Even the rebuke of his friend, the friar, (when he is in the full violence of his grief at the sentence of banishment,) contains an implied tribute to his native gentleness;—"By my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd." This is from one who knows and esteems him. Thus indirectly, but surely, does Shakspeare throw in his touches of character. Here we are at once reminded of Romeo's natural sweet-temper, and of the vehemence of that love which urges him to such unwonted rashness. How unanswerable in its passionate truth is that appeal to his old monitor:—

"Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murder'd,
Doting like me, and like me banish'd,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

In his love-talk with his mistress, Romeo uses some of the most exquisite poesy of diction that ever poet conceived, with which to endow the speech of a lover. It would be merely for the sake of luxuriating in their beauty, were we to indulge in quoting those words of his on the approach of dawn; we all know them by heart; but afterwards, when the actual pang of parting comes, how true to nature are his few, passionate words—simple, unornate, with no room for imagery, or for aught but grief, and the brave endeavour to sustain his mistress by whispers of comfort and hope that he himself scarce feels. There is something inexpressibly affecting in the courage—assumed for her sake, which inspires Romeo to answer Juliet's "O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?" by "I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve for sweet discourses in our time to come." It is the more palpably a feigned hopefulness,—one of those false assumptions of cheer that the strength of affection prompts, sanctifies and makes true, for the moment,—because Romeo is by temperament a foreboding man. His imagination is highly susceptible, and has a tendency to superstition. He twice, in the course of the play, alludes to his *dreams*. His "mind

misgives him of some consequence yet hanging in the stars," on the very threshold of the ball-room; even in the intoxication of discovering Juliet's love for him, he exclaims:—

"O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

And in the moment of learning Mercutio's death, his soul predicts more evil still:—

"This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end."

We have seen how few are the words Romeo's sorrow permits itself in parting with his mistress; but how terribly fewer are those his despair utters, when he learns that she is lost to him for ever! The concentrated depth of that single cry—"Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!" is made even more profound by the forced calmness which immediately succeeds in the orders to his servant; whose words, "Your looks are pale and wild," tell us the fearful secret of what is passing within, as he reads it written in his master's face.

When Romeo is left alone, the words he utters (recalling all those particulars of the apothecary and his dwelling) are in *soliloquy*, consequently they represent his *thoughts*. But they are those thoughts which occupy the active part of a man's imagination, independent of his heart. They represent that state of mind (which at first seems unnatural; but which is in fact most frequently found to exist at such times) that follows a stunning blow of anguish. It is that state of mind so ably depicted by a great writer of our own day, who makes Fagin, the Jew, in the supreme moment of the jury's deliberation, involuntarily busy his mind with conjectures about the new-pointing of a pencil, and the counting, and probable repair of some iron spikes. In such a state of mind, the thoughts will dally with veriest common-places, minutest details of insignificant matters, trivial objects unnoted at the time of seeing them, but presenting themselves abruptly and unbidden, in moments strangely irrelevant. And all the while the mind is playing this mocking game of busying itself with idle toys, within the heart's core burns the spot of fire,—the one haunting *real thought*. It is as if human volition in its strength of resolve, held the consuming element crushed and pent, allowing the imagination to beguile itself with shows of thinking, in hope to stifle and extinguish grief. But one sob allowed to despair,—one permitted groan, one yielding breath, and the smothered spark bursts forth, a torrent of flame. This after-mood, when the spirit abandons itself to its agony, Shakspeare has exhibited in two pregnant words, when he makes Romeo subsequently say:—

"What said my man, when my betoss'd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet."

In that after-mood, his mind, so far from having the power to employ itself with details, could not even take cognizance of the news of his lady's marriage.

Romeo's last speech is indeed a climax of passionate beauty; and that is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon it, after all that has preceded. The idea that "death is amorous," and that the lean, abhorred monster keeps Juliet there in dark to be his paramour, is in perfect harmony with the tone of romantic imagination which characterises Romeo throughout. The lover's fervid words bid us behold "beauty's ensign yet crimson in her lips," and see that "in her cheeks death's flag is not advanced there." They teach us that "her beauty makes that vault a feasting presence full of light," and leave our feelings so impressed with lovely images, that the very horror of the grave is redeemed. Our tears spring from a sense of beauty even more than of sorrow, as we take leave of the lovers, re-united on their bed of death. Shakspeare alone could have woven the chaplet of mingled roses and amaranths that garlands them; for he has given immortality to the voluptuous perfume and grace redolent in the love-blossoms, so that they shall indeed outlive the image of those funeral flowers which fate enjoined him to introduce.

A more complete contrast can scarcely be found with the lover who has formed our theme hitherto, than the four gentlemen-lovers in the comedy of "Love's Labour's Lost,"—the King of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain. They are French in name, and thoroughly French in nature. They are holiday lovers; they seem to be as much in fun as in love; their courtship is pastime; their affection is mirth; their inclination is frolic; their attachment is sport; their passion is playful hyperbole; their admiration is to behold their mistresses' eyes sparkle, their cheeks flush, their lips pout and smile in gay talk; their happiness is to hear their own and their ladies' voices engaged in jocularly and mutual rallying. Theirs is philandering, not wooing; gallantry, not love. These lovers, or, more properly, these gallants, are most fortunate in their choice, or rather, their encounter; they meet with ladies who precisely match them. They are, all together, like a parcel of grown boys and girls, playing at being in love. They bandy jests, like a game at ball; they fling wit to and fro; they toss heaps of *facetia* upon each other, like lads and lasses in a hay-field; they throw flowers of fancy backwards and forwards; they play upon words between them; they chuck showers of sweet conceits hither and thither, like comfits in an Italian carnival; and, to make this simile complete, chalk sometimes compounds with the saccharine matter, for it must be owned that the wit of these conceits is not always of the very highest quality.

The strain of their love-making is sprightly and gladsome; its music is the right dancing measure; a song to the "tune of 'Light o' Love.'"

The play is like one of Watteau's pictures—a *fête champêtre*, with groups of lords and ladies, lurking amid the trees, seated on the grass, pacing the avenues, lingering by the fountains, or dancing hand in hand. Stately figures, elegant attitudes, rich silks and satins, brocaded and jewelled dresses, glow pro-

fuse on all sides; but the scene is French, its occupants are French, and a look of show and artificiality glitters on the surface of the whole. Very graceful, very brilliant artificiality; yet still—artificiality.

It is one of the wonders of Shakspeare's pen, that, itself so earnest and true, it can so to the life hit off this artificiality; but it is for that very reason; it is so true, that it is true even to the truth of artificiality.

See what these amateur lovers' creed is, respecting love itself. One of them says:—

"Love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance."

Elsewhere this is his theory:—

"Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers."

They are such superficial adorers, that they mistake and mis-woo their respective mistresses for a mere masking and change of favours,—a sleeve-knot, a jewel, a glove, and a string of pearls. They declare their worship in rhyme and sonnet; and they prove their passion by tilting at each other (in speech) about the superiority of their chosen lady's charms. They'll "prove her fair, or talk till doomsday."

But passion is out of the question; there is no spark of it, among the whole party. The nearest approach to it, is in the words Biron uses, when he says of Rosalind:—

"A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye."

The finest speech in the play, (Biron's also) is a eulogy upon *women generally*, not upon *his own mistress*. But it is greatly eloquent, and contains some of the finest things ever said upon the passion of love itself.

This Biron is the principal personage in the play. He is a man of wit, intelligence, and address. He makes the king play an inferior part in the drama, notwithstanding his rank.

The king is represented as courteous, affable, with a characteristic tinge of gentlemanly egotism about him; Longaville, as tall and estimable; Dumain, as good-looking and accomplished.

Thus, Shakspeare has contrived to maintain their individuality by some of his usual artistic touches. They are nicely distinguished; but they are all French lovers, gaily gallant, passing polite, attentively assiduous, complimentary, light-hearted, volatile, witty, conversational, pleasant, and superficial.

However, when the poet has indulged this vein of light humour to the utmost, throughout the comedy (with the exception of the speech already referred to, which is instinct with an earnest beauty all his own), he redeems the preceding levity by one of those serious graces which none so well as he knows how to bestow.

The princess, on hearing the news of her father's death, in the midst of their gaiety, makes this apology, as womanly in its sweet modesty, as it is lady-like, dignified, and befitting her royal birth:—

"I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours: and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it."

In Romeo we have beheld passion exemplified in a lover; in the French king and his lords, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, gallantry, wit, playfulness, gaiety, in lovers. In our next paper, we shall see other individuality in this class of Shakspeare's characters.

THE SCHÜTZEN-FEST.

CLEVES is a pretty place, and three months of the year a pleasant one. Situated in Luxembourg, it is approached on the side of Holland by Arnheim and Nymagen, through the most cheerful looking country possible. Hanging woods on one side, and meadows extending to the Rhine on the other; so green and gay that they freshen up the memory of the traveller, and recall to mind the gladsome fields of "merrie England." No small praise that in any country! Nearer the town the features alter, and the whole place seems consecrated to the goddess of pleasure. Shaded walks, gardens, and groves, abound, and the wild forest of Richwald seems to open its sacred arms to protect its cultured neighbour. How are the mighty fallen! When Claudius Civilis summoned his armed Batavians to this "sacrum nemus," and Julius Cæsar laid the foundation stone of the castle of Schwanenburg, little thought they of the tea that would be drank, and the pipes that would be smoked, by the thirsty Dutchmen, who rub off the rust of the counting-house by a three months' holiday in the pretty town of Cleves. Lovely indeed during June, July, and August, are those long avenues of linden trees, nature's gothic, throwing their shade over the red sand, and tempering but not excluding the rays of the cheerful sun. The hotels too look less like hotels than in other places; no solemn sauntering up stairs to a solitary sole and chop after a waiter with a dirty napkin and a second day's neckcloth; but a cheerful clattering of plates and dishes, the clinking of glasses and long-necked bottles, the chatter of fifty tongues and half as many nations, draw you irresistibly into its vortex; and you find yourself, in five minutes, talking a strange mixture of English, French and German, to a pretty Hollanderinn, who understands neither of the three. And then the dinner: twenty times at least has that waiter been to you with unmentionable dishes, since the "*bouille*;" and having eaten of every thing or nothing, as the case may be,

(1) "Sacrum nemus" of Tacitus.

you are finishing a mouthful of cheese preparatory to your "fläsch of Liebfraümilch," when a huge piece of roast veal makes its appearance, flanked by stewed prunes. I confess that I got cunning at last, and, like an old hunter, reserved myself for making play in the proper place; but often have I seen the unwary freshman's bitter disappointment, when having made a rather plethoric dinner of—what he couldn't tell,—he saw the only thing he could have eaten with appetite, and hopelessly resigned his knife and fork, determined not to begin again. But dinner, the longest dinner, has an end; and then the peculiar disposition of the place breaks out. We walk past—no, not past, (that were impossible,)—but up to the Gästhaus of my worthy hostess, M'Maivalt. Under a covered walk, overlooking the town and river, and defended from the damps of the latter by a hanging wood of great beauty, are about a dozen small tables; at each one of which sit two, three or four persons of either sex, and of every station in society above that of an artizan. Neither is there much difference in appearance between the worthy "burgerschafft" of Cleves, and the good citizens of Rotterdam, unless we except indeed the "schoppen" and pipe of the former, and the more expensive cigar and coffee of the latter. To be sure, those who come to be seen are a trifle smarter than those who have only come to see; but that is a difference so universally admitted and adopted, that it scarcely deserves mention. We ought not to forget the galoppades and waltzes in the evening; when Strauss's music is made the scapegoat for as much lovemaking as would satisfy any reasonable person, north of Italy. But there are other places of amusement besides these: and many a pilgrimage is undertaken to Berg-und-Thal, as much for the shade of its lovely walks, as for the shade of Prince Maurice, who lies entombed there.

In this pretty valley, situated one league from Cleves, my story opens. If I begin it with *Sunday* evening after vespers, I shall only show a greater respect for truth than prejudice. One fine Sunday evening about the end of July 1839, a greater crowd of persons than usual was wending its way to the gardens of Berg-und-Thal. Conspicuous amongst them was the worthy draper, Herr Liebling: fat, short and rosy, he supported on his left arm his "worse" half, in size, temper, and understanding; on his right he bore what quite made up for the deficiencies of the other, as pretty a girl as could be seen in the Rhenish provinces. Mälchen Liebling was just nineteen, and had been in love one year,—not a successful love altogether; but still Mälchen had more spirit than is said to fall to the lot of blue eyes and light hair: so she neither sighed, nor sat up at night; but kept up her health and her courage, trusting to her own good genius, and her lover's determination to make her some day or other the Frau Willkommen. One might half discover in her very bright and natural smile, some grounds of suspicion, that she knew rather more than the worthy draper or his wife would have approved; or was it only the certainty of seeing her dear Auguste,

who had passed her window just one quarter of an hour before Herr Liebling started from home? Perhaps they had a little secret between them, which gave her reason to hope that the *jour des noces* was not so very far distant as some persons imagined.

Be this as it may, Mälchen looked prettier and happier as she approached Berg-und-Thal: and when she had got her tea under weigh in the very small teacups, and her father's pipe was lighted, and Auguste himself came and sat down at their table with his pipe and tobacco pouch which she had worked for him, she was perfectly contented. Auguste was a bold man, for old Frau Liebling looked daggers at him: however, he behaved pretty well on the whole: that is, he addressed most of his conversation to the worthy Burgher, and only just touched Mälchen's foot now and then under the table; for he didn't wish to get her into trouble with her mother. And what made the old lady look so very black at a good-looking well-behaved young man? Can't you guess? Why, he was poor. Rich people never like poor sons-in-law, and Mälchen's mother was no exception. He was only just gone into a notary's office, and his salary was very, very small. Lately, too, the notary had thought him unsettled; he was a little too gay; too fond of society; and had enrolled himself in the body of the "town riflemen:" what should a notary want with a rifle?

What is it that takes Auguste Willkommen so often over the hill into the forest? We shall see. Mälchen could have told; for love is quick in guessing. And what brings so many people here to-day? To-morrow is the Schützen-Fest, and the little town of Cleves is filling fast. There are plenty of hearts beating; for more than one would like to win the prize, and more than one would like to be queen of the three days' fête.

"Now, don't go to sleep, Herr Liebling, because I want to speak to you. What can make you so civil to that Auguste?"

"Civil, Frau?"

"Ay—too civil by half. Hasn't he been told that he's no match for Mälchen; and that we mean her to marry the rich Heinrich Schneider, the apothecary? If it hadn't been for you, they would have been engaged by now."

"But the girl doesn't like him."

"What business has she with her likings and dislikings, I want to know? A nice respectable young man: he never goes about smoking and drinking, and playing billiards at the casino of an evening. I wish he'd come here a little oftener."

"He's no use when he does come; for he only talks about his thalers; and drinks nothing but water."

"And there's that precious Schützen-Fest to-morrow; I suppose Herr Willkommen will be there; but he can't shoot, that's one comfort, or he'd be coming here for Mälchen to be his queen for the three days."

"Well, we couldn't help it if he did. And very

well the dear girl would look; but there's no chance of that; so good night, Frau, for I'm horribly sleepy."

A loud snore shortly announced that the worthy linendraper was in the land of dreams.

The sun and I both entered Herr Liebling's shop at the same moment the following morning—he at the window, I at the door. It was always a favourite lounge of mine; and now I was almost an "*ami de la maison*." I learnt more German in one day talking to Fräulein Mülchen, than in six weeks of my worthy professor. Here I learnt all the news, as I chatted with the young lady over the counter, or drank a "schnaps" with the old gentleman in the parlour. This day I came upon an errand of inquiry. I wanted to know what was to be the result of the procession which was just moving off through the street to the meadows below the Nymegen road. I found the linendraper's daughter well versed upon the subject, and eager to impart her knowledge.

"To-day," said she, "they shoot at a pigeon tied to the top of a flag-staff, and whoever shoots the best, wins a little silver bugle, and" (here she coloured slightly) "has permission to choose a queen from amongst all the ladies of Cloves; and no one ever refuses, though, of course, we don't like it much. Then they choose officers and *dames d'honneur*, and sit on a high throne during the ball, and have what they like for supper, and order the music and the dancing, and choose their own partners, and have carriages and four to drive out in; and to-morrow there are all sorts of games,—running in sacks, and diving for oranges, and tilting at buckets full of water from a wheelbarrow; and a grand concert on the third day, and a ball every night—in fact, it's great fun, if you have a nice king, only we do not like it much, because, you know, it makes one a little too intimate for the three days. But you ought to go and see the shooting; and do come back and tell me who wins, for mamma won't let me go this morning, and if it hadn't been for papa I don't think we should have gone to the ball."

In a large meadow were some hundreds of people, of every grade and condition, assembled, (with more of etiquette, the middle classes of German society are less exclusive.) The shooting had already commenced; flags were flying, bands were playing, tents were in the course of erection, and an immense booth, covered with striped canvass, pointed out the supper and dancing-room for the evening's festivities. The rifle-men were shooting in their turn—several had succeeded in hitting the top of the pole, and the bird, now tired with fluttering, was seated upon it. One after the other they still pressed forward, while a flourish of trumpets announced a better shot than usual. The old hands were now drawing to a close, and were making excuses to each other and themselves for their apparent want of skill, whilst renewed hope inspired the more lately enrolled members of the corps. Still the bird remained uninjured, and surely thought that he was likely to remain so, by his composure at the proceedings. At this moment, when all thought

that another shot round must be resorted to for a decision, a young man, fair, tall, and good-looking, in a new rifle-green coat and belt, stepped out of the crowd, and placed himself upon the line. He was evidently a favourite with his companions; but as to winning the silver bugle!—perhaps he would not have been quite such a favourite had they thought of such a thing. However, there he stood, rifle in hand; by slow degrees he raised it from the ground, and resting it for a second or two, he pulled the trigger: the report was not heard before the pigeon was seen to flutter in the air for a moment, and then to fall, suspended, lifeless against the staff. Auguste Willkommen had not been walking in the forest to no purpose; his companion had been his rifle.

Having seen the successful competitor safely stowed away in his carriage and four, with his officers and equerries following, I turned to saunter leisurely back to the town, intending to perform my promise to the linendraper's daughter of detailing the proceedings of the morning. I had got to within a hundred yards of the house, when a trampling of horses, blowing of bugles, and cracking of whips attracted my attention. In a minute, a carriage and four dashed past me, which saved me all further trouble; for by the side of Auguste Willkommen sat my young friend Amalie Liebling. The rest followed in due order, and I returned only just in time to see them crowned in the pavilion, king and queen of the Schützen-Fest. I forgot to mention that, at the moment of their departure, Heinrich Schneider sneaked out of Frau Liebling's back room, ill concealing the chagrin which he felt at the result of the morning's work.

And now the business of the day began. The account I received in the morning seemed to have been a pretty correct one. Cigars and hockheimer, and rudeshimer, and all the other "heimers," (pumpenheimer only was excluded,) engaged the attention of the higher classes; pipes and beer did ample duty among the peasants,—all was eating and drinking; but I am "free to confess," as statesmen have it, that I saw no one instance of intoxication. Then came the concert. What music! could it be possible, in so insignificant a place? And glorious was the Schützen chorus with which they finished. The ball, too! how well they danced—peasants and all: not like your English galoppade, where we all tumble up against one another, beg pardon, and go on again; but a real orderly galoppade, in which the king and queen led off, and were followed by a dozen couples, told off in succession by the master of the ceremonies; round and round they go, and, having "put a girdle" round the room some twice or thrice, draw up at the end, to be ready for another turn. And how pretty the queen looked, with her white dress and glittering crown! I felt as proud of dancing with her as if she'd been a duchess; and more than one envied me the luck of being an Engländer and a stranger. Outside of the tent were coloured lamps and festoons of flowers, garlands of roses, and national flags, hanging listlessly in the still,

but not silent, night; whilst here and there groups of more staid and business-like characters called for an extra "schoppen," as an occasional breeze bore the sounds of music more distinctly to their ears.

And the next day there was more driving about, and more eating and drinking,—(but neither Germans nor Dutch ever flag at this work)—and another concert, and another ball, and such jumping in sacks, and tumbling down the hill, and tilting at the water-butt, a thaler being the reward of a good ducking; and so it went on to the end of the chapter, while the king took good care to improve this opportunity of holding many a conclave with his lovely queen. The proximity was most dangerous, and the result proved pretty clearly that he did not waste his time in talking about "taxation," though just then his mind was pretty well occupied in thinking how "he was to get the supplies."

One would think that Malchen all this time was quite happy; she certainly had what she wished for, but not everything, for her eye wandered restlessly round in search of something not there. It was not her father, for there he stood in all the glories of a bright blue coat and metal buttons, with a gold pin and shirt-frill of most orthodox dimensions, ogling his daughter through the smoke of his Sunday meerschau, and by no means himself the least part of the pageant. But where was her mother? Alas, the Frau kept her house,—not her bed, for hers was not a spirit to sink under opposition,—but she had made up her mind not to countenance the proceedings, and Malchen was too good a daughter not to have almost repented of the success of her lover's practice.

Whilst gentle and lover-like had been the intercourse between Malchen and Auguste, stormy and loud had been the debate between Herr Liebling and his Frau. Her previous determination in favour of the wealthy apothecary had been confirmed by a positive proposal of marriage at the very time that her daughter was being hurried into the carriage of his rival: his decided partiality for the good-looking and good-tempered notary's writer had been equally strengthened by the success of Auguste, and the avowed preference of his daughter at such a time, when, as he justly observed, he might have chosen any one else in the town; and he loved his daughter too, and had sworn roundly that she should not marry any one she disliked; besides all this (the truth must be told), he was a little superstitious, and he looked upon the fête as a good omen of Auguste's future position.

About a week after the fête was over, and the town began to resume its wonted tranquillity, *i.e.* when the inhabitants were reduced to their daily modicum of dissipation and two balls a week, instead of three in as many days, I called in one evening upon the worthy Burgher. The door stood as invitingly open as usual, and I followed my knock into the best parlour. To say something was wrong, is a mild form of expression; the Frau and the Fraulein bore evident traces of tears, and the *pater familiæ* looked not cross exactly, and not melancholy, but something

between the two; there had been more than a brush: but there I was, and of the two alternatives, leaving abruptly, or sitting for a few minutes, I chose the latter. It was clearly no night for a pipe, except of the "eye." I tried to say a few funny things; that was a failure: then I chimed in with the apparent disposition of the circle; that was as bad too; then I addressed an observation to Malchen upon the late festivities, and this took a decided effect, for she burst into an overwhelming flood of tears, and left the room. Her mother followed on the same side, and her father, making a virtue of necessity, confided to me all his troubles.

These were what the reader may expect. A warm debate on the subject of the rival lovers led to a warmer quarrel. Both had proposed and both had been rejected, the one by the father and daughter, the other by the mother. As the latter was but one to two, the more she lost in argument and numbers, the more she gained in violence of temper, until she had fairly roused the dormant authority of her lord and master. Being thus far a confidant, I was next to become a mediator, and when the lady returned to the room without her daughter, I began my very difficult task of reconciling the contending powers. How I managed matters it is not easy to say: repeated attacks wore out her patience, and day after day she got more good-tempered about the business. I had two great auxiliaries,—her real love for her daughter, and my own execrably bad German: the latter did wonders. However, at the end of a month the apothecary was utterly *chasséd*, and my friend Auguste re-established; in another week the Frau Liebling became a rival to her daughter, and an increase of salary was a clencher. Before the winter I saw them married and kissed the bride, and should have remained in Cleves to wish them joy a few years later as Burgomeister and Frau Burgomeisterinn, but that I dreaded the vengeance of the disappointed apothecary, with his sour looks and poisonous drugs, and left the town. Malchen Willkommenn keeps open house for the English, and has christened her eldest boy by my name.

KING LEAR.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEYR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS. (*From the "Ancient History of Great Britain."*)—Llyr or Leyr, the son of Bladud, succeeded him, who reigned sixty years. He builded a cyty upon the ryver Soram, wherein he built a temple to Janus, and ther erected a flamin, and cauled the cyty of his name, Caerlyr (which is Leicester). He had no son, but thre daughters, whos names were Goronilla, Ragan, and Cordeila, whom the fater much loved,—and most of all he loved the youngest, and drawing into his ould age, he bethought him how he should leave his kingdom and wealth amongst his daughters; and therefore he thought to trie which of his daughters loved him most, to the end to bestow

her in marriage with the best part of his kingdom. Whereupon he cauled to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how well she loved him. She sware by heaven and earth that she loved him better than her own soule, which he believing, said unto her, "For as much as thou lovest me so wel, I will give thee to a husband in Britaine, as thou shalt choose, with the third part of my kingdom;" and that said, he cauled to him his daughter Ragan, his second daughter, and demanded of her how much she loved him. She sware by the power of God, that she could not declare with her tong, how much she loved him; which he believing likewise, willed her to chose whom she would for her husband, and she should have the third part of this kingdom. And therupon he cauled to him his youngest daughter Cordeila, and demanded of her how much she loved him; to whom she answered him, that she ever loved him as becometh her daughter to love her father, and yet doth, adding, "Thou shalt be beloved as thou are worth or worthli," upon which answer he grew colar, and said unto her, "For as much as thou hast so much despised me, and lovest me not so much as thy other sisters, thou shalt never have part with them of my kingdom," and turning his love of her into hate, he saught not to bestow her in marriage; but his two eldest daughters he bestowed in marriage; Goronilla to Maglawn, Duke of Scotland, and Ragan to Honwin, Duke of Cornwall, with half his kingdom betwixt them in possession, and the whole after his daies. And Aganippus, King of France, (or, as Ziriseus saith, of the third part of Gaule Belgick,) hearing of the fame and great beuty of Cordeila, sent to her father to demande her in marriage. To whos messengers king Leyr answered, that king Aganippus should willingly have her to wyf, but without dowry of his kingdom, for that he had assured the same to his other two daughters and their husbands; which, when Aganippus understood, and of the beuty of Cordeila, he said that he had wealth enough, and that he sought but a virtuous and beutiful wyf, to have children of her to inherit his kingdom. And therupon he took Cordeila to wyf. And afterwards King Lyr living long in his ould age, his two sons in law thought it long to stay for the absolute kingdom of Britain til after his death, thei made war upon the ould king, who had honorably governed his kingdom, and wan it from him, and divided it betwixt them; and thereupon Maglawn, Duke of Albany, toke Lyr to him, with allowance of forty knights to attend him; and after that Lyr had been a certen time with Maglawn, his daughter Goronilla did grudge that her father had such great attendance on him, and spake to her husband to abridge the nombre, who accordingly abridged the nombre to thirty-two, which King Lyr taking in evil part, departed thens to his other son in law, Henwyn, Duke of Cornwall, wher at first he was honorably entertained, but within a year ther fel some strife between the men of Leir and his son in law, by color whereof Ragan frowned upon her father, and willed

him to put away al his knights but one to serve him, which Leir toke very heavily, and was very sad, and departed thens with his knights back again to his daughter Goronilla, hoping ther to be entertained again, and when he cam thether his daughter Goronilla sware in wrath, by heaven and earth, that if he staid ther, he should have but one knight to attend upon him, which was yenough for an ould man of his age; and not finding better relief at his daughter's hands, he put away al his knights but one, and having so remained a while, and thinking upon his honorable and prosperous estate, and reputation in times past, he remembered his daughter Cordeila in Gaule, and being weary and ashamed of the reproachful estate he lived in, it cam to his thought to seke relief at her hands, notwithstanding the great unkindness and unnatural cours he had shewed her: and therupon he toke his journey towards Gaule, and going on shipboard, seeing his poor attendance, of two servants only, he brake into these speaches: "O destiny, how doest thou go over the accustomed boundes! How hast thou throwen me down from my long felicity! It is more plain to remember prosperity lost, than never to have had it. I now receave more sorrow and pain in remembering my wealth, honor, and reputation lost, and the unkindness of my daughters and sones in law, than al the adversities which have happened to me: the multitude of enemies with whom in my prosperity I have had to deal withal, troubled me not so much as the ingratitude of thes men. O Goddes of heaven and earth, wil the tyme com wherin I may be revenged of thes men! O Cordeila, my wel-beloved daughter, how true were the woordes thou spakest unto me! That I should be beloved as much as I was worth: for so long as I was in wealth, and prosperity, and able to live, al men loved me; but in truth thei loved not me, but my wealth; and as it passed from me, so did their love. And therefore, O daughter Cordeila, how can I for shame request aid at thy hands, whom I so wrongfully rejected for thy great wisdom, and so unfatherly put thee from me in mariag, rather with disdain than advancement, and like a lost child, never hoping of comfort or joy by thy match. And yet thou now farr surmounteth thy sisters in honor, reputation, virtue, and wisdom."

And thus lamenting and wailing, he approched the cyty wher his daughter remained, and sent a messenger unto her, signifying unto her of his adversity and overthrowen estate, his want of money, apparel, and other necessities, desiring her to have commiseration upon him; which, when she heard, she wept, and demanded how many knights attended him. To whom it was answered, but one or two servants. Whereupon she sent him plenty of goulde and silver, and willed him to go into another towne, and take on him to be sick, till he had provided him apparel; which done, he should send messengers to King Aganippus and her, to certify them of his coming, which he did accordingly; and sent messengers to his daughter and King Aganippus, signifying his coming, and how he was driven out of Britain by his sones in law, and

that he was come to seke their aid, to be restored to his kingdom. Which, when Aganippus understood, he and his quene, and al their household cam very honorably to mete with King Leir, according to the worthiness of the King of Britain, and resceaved him with joy, and dnring his abode in Gaule, Aganippus gave Leir the whole rule of his kingdom, to the end that he might the easier levy power ther to recover his kingdom of Britain. Whereupon Aganippus mustered his subjects, and selected an army of his worthiest souldiers, in aid of King Leir, to recover his kingdom. And having al things in a readines, King Leir, and his daughter, Cordeila, with that army, cam into Britain; and, fighting with his sones in law, got the victory, and recovered his kingdom again; and, all his subjects yeilding unto him, he raigned in three yeares afterwarde, and then died, and was buried in a vault or tomb, which he had made under the ryver Sarum. And wheras he had builded a temple to Janus in Cacrlyr, as is aforesaid, when the day of the solemn feast of that temple cam, al the artificers and workmen of the cyty and countrey thereabouts repaired to that temple, wher they began al things which they had to do the year following. And shortly after, Aganippus died also.

Cordeila succeeded her father in the Kingdom of Britain, who have raigned five years in peace; her two nephews, her sisters' sones, Margan, son of Maglaw, Duke of Albany, and Chuneda, son of Henwyn, Duke of Cornwall, levied warr against her, and obtained the victory, and toke her prisoner, and imprisoned her; wher, throw sorrow for the los of her kingdom, her father, and her husband, she killed herself, and was buried at Leicester. Whereupon Margan and Chuneda divided the kingdom between them; by which division Margan had al the North beyond Hunber, and Chuneda had the rest. But within two years after, Margan repented him of this partition, for that Chuneda had the better, who was son of the youngest sister; and therefor, to undo this partition, Margan levied war against Chuneda, and entred his country with fyre and sword; with whom Chuneda, with a great army, encountred, and forced him to fle into Wales, wher they fought a bloodie battel, in which Margan was slaine, and of him the country toke the name, and specially the abbey of Margan. And touching the conquest of Morganwe, by Robert Fitzhamon, I refer you to Powel, whos opinion was, that the country toke the name of Morgan Mwynfawr, great grandfather to Jestin ap Gyrgan, who brought Robert Fitzhamon unto that countrey. Wherof I allow not. For it bare that name in the tyme of Merchiawn Gul, king thereof, above one thousand yeares past, as it appeareth by a charter by him made to St. Eltutus, touching the privilege of his scole in that countrey. By our antiquities it appeareth that eighteen battels were fought in the quarrel of the tytles of Leyr's three daughters.

Reviews.

GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS.¹

MR. GILFILLAN is undoubtedly a smart writer. You may "dig for dulness," in his pages, "as for hid treasure," and never find it. He is as brilliant as a lighted theatre; and his light too, in great part, rather dazzles than illuminates. Though every sentence may contain a determinate meaning in itself, it is extremely difficult to ascertain what, upon the whole, the writer's estimate of several of the characters here delineated, really is. In giving you a portrait, he is apt to draw it with a veil over the face, or with a slouched hat and a theatrical pair of whiskers, or, like the picture of a criminal in the article of execution, with a grotesque looking night-cap over the head. He sketches features much after the style in which the artist in *Punch* represents the physiognomy of the honourable member for Buckinghamshire; so that the result is rather a striking likeness, with a considerable dash of caricature. He delights in a show of paradox; and not unfrequently approaches what he calls the "brink of the bathos," for the sake of snatching "one of those few, perilous and precious flowers" of originality which bloom in that forbidden neighbourhood. He is an extremely clever writer, and likes to give his readers every possible opportunity for forming an opinion to that effect.

If we were required to indicate Mr. Gilfillan's characteristics as an author, we should be inclined to call him a sort of cross between Hazlitt and De Quincey — Hazlitt preponderating. In regard to insight, and catholicity of disposition, he reminds us a little of De Quincey; while in point of manner, critical ability, and inveterate dogmatism of temper, he closely resembles Hazlitt. He has, however, a certain idiosyncrasy of his own; as indeed most persons have, though in the generality it is disguised, if not obliterated, by the vicious habit of imitation.

No one can deny that Mr. Gilfillan exercises a bold independency of judgment, or that he possesses a fine critical discernment, altogether superior to that of the ordinary run of people who undertake to assay the merits of men and books. He has, besides, an enlarged and generous sympathy with human genius under a manifold variety of shapes—a thing not peculiar to himself, but yet certainly commendable. He utters freely whatever his own demon gives him; and if his utterances can seldom be accepted as oracular, they are commonly marked with sense, discrimination, and often force and beauty. One of his greatest faults is his too decided dogmatism: he almost uniformly speaks as though he were consciously superior to the authors whom he delineates; hurls forth his censures like a Jove playing with his thunderbolts; and often dispenses praise after the fashion in which a schoolmaster would commend a very promising boy. This *patronising* attitude of criticism, though largely practised by the critical fraternity in general,

(1) "A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits." By George Gilfillan, Dundee. Hogg, Edinburgh: Groombridge & Sons, London. 1850.

we hold to be extremely unbecoming; inasmuch as it implies a superiority in the critic which he may probably be nowise entitled to assume. The true business of the critic, as we conceive, is to expound and illustrate his author; to indicate his capabilities, and by them to measure his performances; to show upon the whole what manner of man he is; and to examine into the character and value of his teaching. In drawing his literary portraits Mr. Gilfillan does not always keep this in view: he appears rather to be sometimes desirous of showing his readers how he himself can *write*; and if anything happens to strike his fancy which seems particularly *good*, or likely to have a strong effect when printed, he hooks it in with an heroic indifference as to whether it may be appropriate or not. Thus his pictures are nearly all more or less overwrought; and are not so much resemblances of the persons designed to be delineated, as they are representations of their shadows, as they appear in the glowing mist and splendour of the artist's fancy.

In these sketches we have, nevertheless, much just and excellent criticism, together with an abundance of rather fine and often powerful writing. Probably few books have issued from the press this season that are better worth the reading. Anybody inclined to take it up, will be sure to find he has an accomplished and highly intellectual man to deal with; or if not, it will certainly be rather his own fault than the author's. For many a book of even loftier pretensions, we cannot say so much. The mortal that could sleep under this volume, must have an extremely prosy head. With all its faults of execution, of unconscious or wilful incompleteness, it is the work of a lusty and cultivated intellect, and as such is necessarily, to a very considerable degree, interesting. For our part, we confess to have found it, in some respects, rather too exciting. The *merciless* cleverness here displayed has rendered us uncomfortable. If many a vague surmise has been, to some extent, strengthened into an opinion, not the less has many a conviction which we deemed fixed been at least partially disturbed. We have felt something of the truth of Emerson's fine saying: "In the thought of to-morrow [that is, in every new and original mind] there is a power to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the literature of the nations, and marshal thee to a heaven which no epic dream has yet depicted." Unhappily, in the present case, the effect has been altogether otherwise. Instead of being carried miraculously upwards into some paradise of satisfaction, we have been sent to wander disconsolately in a contrary direction—among the howling and waste places, that are populous with doubts and the ghosts of departed heresies. Our author discusses various grave questions *incidentally*—such as the Origin of Evil, the present aspects of Religion, and the natural rights and liberties of Opinion: and by his unsatisfactory mode of dealing with them does much to unsettle many things, without contributing anything to settle any. With regard to the modern views of life and man which have sprung out of the Transcendentalism of Germany, he does

not appear to have decided for himself how they are related to the general scheme of Christianity—whether they are hostile or confirmatory—but he does not scruple to deprecate the conclusions which the most earnest minds of the age are drawing from them. He neither accepts the old nor the new; nor does he reconcile the two, or anywhere show their irreconcilability. He stands between the orthodoxy and heterodoxy of the times, with a finger extended towards each; now apparently inclining to embrace the one, and then turning with the like intention to the other. This perpetual collision between the moods of his own mind, must be utterly fatal to any confidence which some might otherwise place in his religious notions. His considerate sympathy for such a man as Sterling is "beautiful exceedingly;" but he spoils it by insinuating that the man must have been greatly wrong in mind and heart, though he admits there was every evidence of a sincere purpose in his life that could possibly be demanded. From such conflicting criticism one can gather nothing to advantage us in the way of forming a just opinion. By few things have we been more puzzled than by our author's attitude towards such writers as Emerson and Carlyle. We cannot understand his emphatic admiration of these men, if the doctrines which they teach are so insignificant as he frequently takes occasion to represent them.

It is not, however, with Mr. Gilfillan's shortcomings or critical delinquencies that we are here disposed to be especially concerned. There are many excellent passages in the book, on which it will be more edifying to dwell, than on those points of difference which we find between the author and ourselves. He has taken a tolerably fair and accurate estimate of several of the most popular modern writers of our country; and rather than quarrel with him further, we prefer to introduce our readers to some portions of his work which we doubt not will be interesting.

The name of Thomas Babington Macaulay is at present pretty well familiar to most readers; few, therefore, we apprehend, will object to see what our author has found to say concerning *him*.

"He is," in Mr. Gilfillan's opinion, "a gifted but not a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow, with which no stranger intermeddleth—the 'light that never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream.' . . .

"He is a gifted but not a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with); but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly yet

magnificently adorned; there is every thing to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not,—or, if he does, it is only Maia's son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this:—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the godlike. The gifted gaze at the moonlike reflections of the Divine; the great, with open face, look at the naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

"He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. . . . If we trace him throughout all his writings, we shall find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are keen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Staël and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelley—whether in Coleridge,

'With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver,'

or in Voltaire, shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering on Cromwell's sword—it is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind; and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

"But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up in a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrel's, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of art, standing on tiptoe, in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe." Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe, not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernal circle of thought—no momentary splendours, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much!—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even hears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason."

Mr. Gilfillan further represents Macaulay as exhibiting no high purpose in his writings. "Seldom," says he, "have so much energy and eloquence been more entirely divorced from a great and consecrating

object." The real purpose of a writer, he conceives, may be best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers.

"And what," asks he, "is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless; many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw, like bomb-shells, into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy, 'beyond the name of pleasure,' have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies, in other minds, have his words struck the key-note? . . . Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this, (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves,) we must say, that it is, comparatively, a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office; and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious; the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked; the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to; the sense of the infinite is never given;—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains; there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy-chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower, striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. (Ought, we ask, a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?)"

In reply to such a question, we would observe that an author's popularity is never so much determinable by what *ought to be*, as by what *can be*. Mr. Macaulay's extensive popularity is doubtless a proof that there is a large class of readers who can appreciate him, or take an interest in his pages. His popularity is no evidence of his superiority of genius, but only evidence of his acceptability with the public. No popularity is ever more; and it seems absurd to take exception to it because the general taste does not happen to coincide with our individual notions of what is most deserving of approbation. Mr. Gilfillan himself offers a sufficient reason *why* Macaulay's literary reputation has become so considerable. He says, again:—

"Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. *This* clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway,—not one stumbling-stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty,—all are but too glad and too grateful to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious—'What we can so easily under-

stand, we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told, now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended round a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox, and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker—one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without colouring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as the common one of subjective and objective,—are sternly shied. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has, apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style, a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself, gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on 'Milton,' and the 'Present Administration,' there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela* (changed all that). Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendour; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself, for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader, always to write—as he himself says of Horace Walpole—"what every body will like to read."

In this wise, as our critic conceives, has Mr. Macaulay become famous; so that now no one need ask, as in the times of the "Noctes,"—"Who is young Macaulay?" nor receive for answer, "The son of old Macaulay;" but every intellectual stripling knoweth him, and the lips of all the Whigs, more especially, do praise him.

Leaving him to stand, as he easily can, on his own basis, let us turn now to our author's sketch of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

"In the career of Bulwer, we find a faint yet traceable resemblance to that of Byron. Like him, he began with wit, satire, and persiflage. Like him, he affected, for a season, a melodramatic earnestness. Like him, he was at last stung into genuine sincerity, and shot upwards into a higher sphere of thought and feeling. The three periods in Byron's history are distinctly marked by the three works, 'English Bards,' 'Childe Harold,' and 'Cain.' So 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' and 'Zanoni,' accurately mete out the stages in Bulwer's progress. . . .

"Point and brilliance are at once perceived to be the leading qualities of Bulwer's writing. His style is vicious from excess of virtue, weak from repletion of strength. Every word is a point, every clause a beauty, the close of every sentence a climax. He is as sedulous of his every stroke, as if the effect of the whole depended upon it. His pages are all sparkling with minute and insulated splendours; not suffused with a uniform and sober glow, nor shown in the reflected light of a few solitary and surpassing beauties. . . . All is point; but the point perpetually varies 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe;' including in it rallery and reasoning, light dialogue and earnest discussion, bursts of political feeling and raptures of poetical description; here a sarcasm almost worthy of Voltaire, and there a passage of pensive grandeur, which Rousseau might have written in his tears. To keep up this perpetual play of varied excellence, required at once great vigour and great versatility of talents: for Bulwer never walks through his part, never prosés, is never tame, and seldom indeed substitutes sound for sense, or mere flummery for force and fire. He generally writes his best; and our great quarrel, indeed, with him is, that he is too uniformly erect in the stirrups, too conscious of himself, of his exquisite management, of his complete equipment, of the speed with which he devours the dust; and seldom exhibits the careless grandeur of one who is riding at the pace of the whirlwind, with perfect self-oblivion, and with perfect security."

Along with all this, Mr. Gilfillan detects in Bulwer what he calls "an intense cosmopolitanism and ideal indifference." He has no proper nationality, but shows himself on most occasions as a cultivated "citizen of the world." In this respect he differs remarkably from nearly all our other popular authors: from none more distinctly than Walter Scott and Dickens, whose knowledge and love of the familiar scenes in which they lived stand in curious antithesis to Sir Edward's indifference to home and country.

"Akin to this," continues our portrait painter, "and connected either as cause or as effect with it, is a certain dignified independence of thought and feeling, inseparable from the motion of Bulwer's mind. He is not a great original thinker; on no one subject can he be called profound, but on all, he thinks and speaks for himself. He belongs to no school either in literature or in politics, and he has created no school. He is too proud for a Radical, and too wide-minded for a Tory. He is too definite and decisive to belong to the mystic school of letters; too impetuous and impulsive to cling to the classical; too liberal to be blind to the beauties of either. He has attained thus, an insulated and original position, and may be viewed as a separate, nor yet a small estate, in our intellectual realm. . . .

"Bulwer is not, we fear, in the full sense of the term, an earnest man; nay, we have heard of the great modern prophet of the quality, pronouncing him the most thoroughly false man of the age; and another, of the same school, christens him 'a double-distilled scent-bottle of cant.' In spite of this, however, we deem him to possess, along with much that is affected, much, also, that is true, and much that is deeply sympathetic with sin-

cerity, although no devouring fire of purpose has hitherto filled his being, or been seen to glare in his eye. His later writings exhibit sometimes, in mournful and melancholy forms, a growing depth and truth of feeling. Few, indeed, can even sportively wear, for a long time, the yoke of genius, without its iron entering into the soul, and eliciting that cry which becomes immortal.

"Bulwer, as a novelist, has from a compound of conflicting and imported materials, reared to himself an independent structure. He has united many of the qualities of the fashionable novel, of the Godwin philosophical novel, and of the Waverley tale. He has the levity and thoroughbred air of the first; much of the mental anatomy and philosophical thought which often overpower the narrative in the second; and a portion of the dramatic liveliness, the historical interest, and the elaborate costume of the third. If, on the other hand, he is destitute of the long, solemn, overwhelming swell of Godwin's style of writing, and of the variety, the sweet, natural, and healthy tone of Scott's, he has some qualities peculiar to himself—point, polish, at times a classical elegance, at times a barbaric brilliance, and a perpetual mint of short sententious reflections—compact, rounded, and shining as new-made sovereigns. We know no novelist from whose writings we could extract so many striking sentences containing fine thoughts, chased in imagery, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' The wisdom of Scott's sage reflections is homely but common-place; Godwin beats his gold thin, and you gather his philosophical axioms rather from the whole conduct and tone of the story, and his commentary upon it, than from single and separate thoughts. But it is Bulwer's beauty that he abounds in fine, though not far, gleams of insight; and it is his fault that sometimes while watching these, he allows the story to stand still, or to drag heavily, and sinks the character of novelist in that of brilliant essay-writer, or inditer of smart moral and political apophthegms. In fact, his works are too varied and versatile. They are not novels or romances so much as compounds of the newspaper article, the essay, the political squib, the gay and rapid dissertation, which, along with the necessary ingredients of fiction, combine to form a junction, without constituting a true artistic whole."

Mr. Gilfillan enters into an examination of several of Bulwer's individual works; analysing their design and tendency, as we think, with considerable success and justice; though the whole criticism is, probably, chargeable with a straining after pointedness, and runs often into obvious exaggeration. Want of space precludes us from quoting further, otherwise we might have added several other passages which would have given proof of this, as well as of unquestionable penetration and shrewd judgment in the writer.

Bulwer and Macaulay are men of high endowments, of large and elegant accomplishments; but he to whom we now turn was, in our belief, a man of considerably finer genius. Bulwer and Macaulay have both attempted poetry, both more or less successfully, yet it is doubtful whether another generation will admit them to the rank of poets. Thomas Hood, however, belongs unquestionably to this honourable and exalted company. A true poet, though not a great one, all men seem now agreed to reckon him. His position as a man of letters was always very singular. It was his lot, as our author says, "to be born as if in the blank space between Milton's 'L'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,'"—his proximity to both originally about equal, and his actual position determined

rather by circumstances than inherent disposition. He has been rightly esteemed "a quaint masquer," wearing above a manly and profound nature, a fantastic disguise of whim and drollery. Many persons who knew him in his lifetime, and who, before becoming acquainted with him, had been familiar with his facetious writings, were much astonished on finding him a serious, and even melancholy man. Perhaps, on few writers of the age did the "weight, the burden, and the mystery of all this unintelligible world" press more heavily than on the mirth-making, joyous-speaking Thomas Hood. His was that deepest earnestness which conceals its purpose through timidity, that abashed and tearful face, which, in shrinking from a too sedulous observation, covers its sad secret under arch and playful smiles.

"As a poet," says Mr. Gilfillan, "Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and an all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us in the first place about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes, and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted, and attempted with success. There is the classical, there is the fanciful, there is the homely tragic narrative, there is the wildly grotesque, there is the light, and there is the grave and pathetic lyric. And besides, there is a style which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his 'Elm Tree' and 'Haunted House' are specimens, and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness with which we sometimes feel that in nature's company we are not alone—that nature's silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are 'made of dust,' and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. . . .

"Through these varied numerous styles, we find two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood's poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness, as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick coming fancies. Hence some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader's feeling. . . . In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely in one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the 'very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts'—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away as at lovers' whispers; in such a favoured hour, when the first strain of music might have arisen or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful *idea* of the 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies' dawn upon the poet's mind. He has conceived his fairies in a happy hour—he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive; he

has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his centaurs and his fairies than you do for the moon-beams on the shed leaves of the forest."

This is Mr. Gilfillan's pretty, but rather roundabout, way of telling us that these imaginary beings are only conceived, and not created; the poet has not, and could not render them true to the "fairy ideal;" they are to Oberon and Titania what "Frankenstein" might be to a living man. In connexion with this defect, there is, in all Hood's more elaborate poetical pieces, another equally detrimental to their popularity, the want of an effective *story*. So much subtle and beautiful imagery as he uses needs a "strong distinct stick of support" to bear it up. The jasmine blossoms and ivy leaves of fancy, to yield their natural and best effect, must grow around some substantial stem of incident or supposable reality. It were well if all poets and poetical writers could bear this continually in mind. A clear, definite, and impressive purpose—some unquestionable signification, at any rate, may be fairly demanded of every man and woman who is presumed, or assumes, to be poetically inspired. Of Hood's further characteristics, Mr. Gilfillan proceeds thus:—

"Subtle fancy, lively wit, copious language, and mellow versification, are the undoubted qualities of Hood as a poet. But, besides, there are two or three moral peculiarities about him as delightful as his intellectual; and they are visible in his serious as well as lighter productions. One is his constant lightness of spirit and tone. His verse is not a chant, but a carol. Deep as may be his internal melancholy, it expresses itself in, and yields to, song. The heavy thunder-cloud of woe comes down in the shape of sparkling, sounding, sunny drops, and thus dissolves. He casts his melancholy into shapes so fantastic, that they lure first himself, and then his readers, to laughter. . . . How cheerily rings his lark-note of poetry among the various voices of the age's song—its eagle screams, its raven croakings, its plaintive nightingale strains! And yet that lark, too, in her lonely nest, had her sorrows, and perhaps her heart had bled in secret all night long. But now the 'morn is up again, the dewy morn,' and the sky is clear, and the wind is still, and the sunshine is bright, and the blue depths seem to sigh for her coming; and uprises she to heaven's gate, as aforetime; and as she soars and sings, she remembers her misery no more—nay, her's seems the chosen voice by which nature would convey the full gladness of her own heart, in that favourite and festal hour. . . .

"But best of all in Hood is that warm humanity which beats in all his writings. His is no ostentatious or systematic philanthropy; it is a mild, cheerful, irrepressible feeling, as innocent and tender as the embrace of a child. It cannot found soup-kitchens; hospitals it is unable to erect, or subscriptions to give; silver and gold it has none; but in the orisons of its genius it never fails to remember the cause of the poor; and if it cannot, any more than the kindred spirit of Burns, make for its country 'some useful plan or book,' it can 'sing a song at least.' Hood's poetry is often a pleading for those who cannot plead for themselves; nor has this advocacy of his been thrown utterly away."

One's recollections recur instantly to that memorable "Song of the Shirt," which on its first publication made all hearts throughout the country thrill with sympathy for the poor forsaken seamstress. This and the "Bridge of Sighs" are doubtless the two

best of Hood's grave and pathetic lyrics. Some of Mr. Gilfillan's remarks on both are worthy of quotation:—

"And what," asks he, "is the song which made Hood awake one morning and find himself famous? Its great merit is its truth. The poet sits down beside the poor seamstress, as beside a sister, counts her tears, her stitches, marks the gloomy squalor of her garret chamber, sees, that though in rags and want, she is a woman still; and rising up, swears by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that he will make her wrongs and wretchedness a familiar tale throughout the land. And hark! how to that husky, tuneless voice, trembling under the burden of the heart's sorrow, now shrunk down into whispers of weakness, and anon shrieking up into wailings, and the laughter of despair—all Britain listens—listens for a moment—but no longer! . . . Yet not altogether in vain has it sounded, if it have comforted one lonely heart, if it have bedewed with tears one arid eye, and saved to even one sufferer a pang of a kind which Shakespeare only saw in part, when he spoke of the 'proud man's contumely'—the contumely of a proud, imperious, fashionable, hard-hearted woman—'one who was a woman, but rest her soul, she's dead.'"

Not the least striking or impressive thing in this "Song of the Shirt," is its half-jesting tone, its light but sad facetiousness. Hood knew, that there is a sorrow too deep for tears, and which finds its fittest exponent in the lurid lightness of humour. "So, Hood into the centre of this true tragedy has, with a skilful and sparing hand, dropt a pun or two, a conceit or two"—and these quibbles are precisely the things which are most effective. Think, for instance, of,—

"Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

"The 'Bridge of Sighs,'" says Gilfillan, "breathes a deeper breath of the same spirit. The poet is arrested by a crowd in the street; he pauses, and finds that it is a female suicide whom they have plucked dead from the waters. His heart holds its own coroner's inquest upon her, and the poem is the verdict. Such verdicts are not common in the courts of clay. It sounds like a voice from a loftier climate, like the cry which closes the Faust, 'She is pardoned.' He knows not the cause of her crime; he wishes not to know it. He cannot determine what proportions of guilt, misery, and madness have mingled with her 'mutiny.' He knows only she was miserable, and she is dead, dead, and therefore away to a higher tribunal. He knows only that, whatever her guilt, she never ceased to be a woman, to be a sister, and that death, for him hushing all questions, hiding all faults, has left on her 'only the beautiful.' What can he do? He forgives her in the name of humanity; every heart says Amen, and his verdict, thus repeated and confirmed, may go down to eternity. Here too, as in the 'Song of the Shirt,' the effect is trebled by the outward levity of the strain. Light and gay the masquerade his grieved heart puts on; but its every flower, feather, and fringe shakes in the internal anguish as in a tempest. This one stanza might perpetuate the name of Hood:—

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurld,
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!"

With a feeling of profound affection for his memory,

we must here take leave of this our excellent Jacques Yorick, a man whose like—for geniality, candour, wealth of whim and fancy, noble feeling and compassion—we cannot hope to see again for many days.

These extracts will be sufficient to show the reader what kind of book this is, and what is the sort of entertainment that may be expected from its perusal. We thought it better to quote largely from a few single papers, than to pack together a multitude of unconnected sentences from several. Our extracts will exhibit the author as favourably as any that could be selected. The book, however, contains many other beautiful and striking passages. Not the least interesting article in the volume, is the sketch of Dr. Croly—that sound “literary divine,” of whom the Establishment may well be proud; want of space alone precludes any quotation from it, which we should be otherwise disposed to give. The paper on George Dawson, on the other hand, appears to us excessively unfair. When Mr. Gilfillan undertook to write it, he evidently designed to cook a cockney; and he has certainly *done him* considerably *too brown*. We have several times heard Mr. Dawson lecture; and readers that will believe us, shall be assured, that the estimate here given of his abilities and aims is almost altogether false, captious, and unjust. Our greatest quarrel, however, would probably lie with the article on Emerson. Him too, we have heard in this country as a lecturer, and have for several years enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with his writings; and though we can acknowledge Mr. Gilfillan’s pretty accurate view of him as a lecturer, we must, nevertheless, protest against his estimate of Emerson as a thinker and a writer. He appears to have utterly misapprehended the man’s philosophical position, as well as the general purport and tendency of his teaching. Let anybody desirous of knowing Emerson rest nowise satisfied with Mr. Gilfillan’s portrait of him: it is as little like the original, as Emerson in mind and character is like an ordinary yankee, or as Mr. Gilfillan himself is like the “precious Jabesh Rentowel.”

Of the remaining articles in the volume we have no room to speak. All of them are more or less clever, ingenious, and ably written; none of them are free from decided blemishes; but all are worthy of being read—provided the reader is prepared to “keep a sharp look out,” and in reading will also mark, examine, and “inwardly digest.”

THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.¹

A NOBLE theme for “a poem,” as General Paoli said, or for “twenty poems,” as “Southey or Cowper” thought, this, the Sea “whose shores are empires.” And now, at last, it is taken up, and the Lecture before us, (the first of “ten or twenty,” which Mr. Howson hopes to give,) is the introduction, and not an unworthy one, to the History of the Midland Sea.

(1) “History of the Mediterranean; a Lecture.” By Rev. J. S. Howson, M. A. J. Murray.

The class to which this subject belongs is not an extensive one; but it might be extended almost indefinitely. Across the wide field of human knowledge, not only are broad and well-trodden high-ways of scholarship carried, but many wild sequestered paths, that intersect or run beside those mighty roads, and wind round every classic fountain, and bury themselves in every solemn and sacred grove, and climb every height whence a prospect of variety, or beauty, or terror is to be looked upon, cross it too. And this is one of those by-ways of learning; along which if a scholar, or a poet, or one who is no cold-hearted worshipper of both Muses and Minerva, travel, and tell the world what he has seen in it, straightway it is like the “Pilgrims’ road,” or the “Green-way” that led to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham, in olden times, crowded with admiring votaries. And apart from all fancies, subjects of this class are possessed of this wholly peculiar interest,—they present familiar things in new lights, and new relations; bring into clearness, so that all can apprehend it, what is rarely studied, and yet more rarely mastered, in knowledge, by means of what seems most trite and common-place; and, better than all this, exhibit what we may term the *human* aspects of scholar-lore, and win general favour for that which as it is usually set forth before practical men, moves them only to mirth or to indignation. But we must justify what we have said of this theme; and in so doing shall endeavour to commend this Lecture to our readers, and to stimulate their hopes respecting the remainder of the course which it introduces.

The first glimpse we catch of our subject startles us. This Midland Sea, about 760,000 square miles in extent,—little more than the 150th part of the marine surface of our globe—continued to be for, at least, 3,500 years the “Great Sea,” and around it circled, and to it converged, every movement that affected the civilization of our race, from the Call of Abraham, to the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope. It is not yet 400 years since the great oceanic spaces were disclosed, and men began to “look on the Mediterranean as on a picture within a frame.” Mr. Howson says, in reference to this feature, (at p. 16)—

“It is true that a distance of some 2,000 miles separates the Straits of Gibraltar from the coast of Myria; but not more than eighty miles intervene between the south point of Sicily and the northern point of Africa. By reference to this scale the eye will at once inform us of the small spaces which separate Rome from Malta, Constantinople from Athens, Antioch from Jerusalem. The Morea is not much larger than Yorkshire and Lancashire together. Palestine is not half the size of Scotland. We see how appropriate a place this Mediterranean was, for the lessons of early navigation, for testing the results of political experiments, for the first rudiments of sacred truth. This sea was the school of the human race. Here civilized man was detained, till he had learned his Latin and his Greek, and his religion too; his Old and New Testament lessons. I hope we are in no danger of letting this be forgotten. For here in the Mediterranean it was that the Greek and Latin languages, which have ever since been the educators of the highest human intellects, were formed and perfected. These waters carried the ship of Jonah from Joppa, and

floated down from Tyre king Hiram's beams of cedar wood. By the sea-side on one of these shores St. Peter prayed; on one of these islands St. Paul was wrecked. Across this sea Ignatius sailed to his martyrdom at Rome: at Hippo, on the Carthaginian shore, Augustine wrote those volumes which have instructed the Christian centuries. That which gives school its dignity is, that it is a little world which prepares for the great world; and that which is the dignity and glory of the Mediterranean, is not that it is a majestic expanse of water covering half the globe, but, that it was ordained to be the school of the human race."

Strange though it is to contemplate this narrow sea, with the tracts of land on its borders, not exceeding itself in extent, this was the cradle and school of human culture and civilization. The wide continent of Asia, with its ancient civilizations in China and India; and all the expanded tracts of land and sea, forming—till Columbus first turned his back on the old world, and, steering boldly into the unknown ocean, discovered another continent, a new world—all the earth for men; and no more to do with this schooling of mankind, than the cities whose ruins proclaim the wealth and civilization of the extinct nations of Central America. And it was not till that schooling was complete, that man was permitted to stray at will in the "great world," for which his former "little world" had prepared him.

But we must rapidly glance at the principal physical features of this "historical sea." Humboldt was the first to point out the fact that it consisted of three distinct "basins," or separate seas, connected by wide straits:—the Eastern basin, or *Ægean* and *Levant*, with which, by the *Dardanelles*, the *Propontis*, and the *Bosphorus*, the *Black Sea* is connected; the *Syrtic basin*, or *Ionian Sea*, with its offshoot the *Adriatic*; and the *Tyrrhenian basin*, separated from the *Ionian Sea* by the *Island of Sicily*, and the *African Cape Bon*. "This triple construction of the Mediterranean," Humboldt says, "has exercised a great influence on the earliest limitations, and the subsequent extension of Phœnician and Greek voyages of discovery."

He also remarks, that the "configuration of the coast line influenced the course of events, the direction of nautical undertakings, and the changes in the dominion of the sea." And, as Mr. Howson says, (p. 13)—

"There is something very striking in the contrast—a contrast not unnoticed by the ancients—between the southern and the northern shores—between Africa and Europe—between the long, dull monotony of that shore where civilization has seldom flourished, and never flourished but to decay, and the endless variety of form and outline on that other shore, where all the powers and graces of the human intellect have displayed themselves through successive centuries—between the country of the *Negro* and the *Moor*, and the countries of *Plato* and *Cicero*, of *Homer* and *Dante*, of *Phidias* and *Raphael*."

Independently of the solid, square, but deeply indented mass of *Asia Minor*, "we find three peninsulas, the *Iberian*, the *Italian*, and the *Hellenic*," giving diversity to the northern shore; while that promontory which ends in *Cape Bon*, is the only

break to the gentle sweep of the *African coast*. It will be manifest to any thoughtful reader, that not only the general coast-outline, but the outline of each particular portion of both coasts, is reflected in the history of the people who have occupied it.

The number of islands scattered throughout this sea, is another very remarkable feature; and the distribution of those islands is not less remarkable than their number. The *Archipelago* of the *Ægean* stands out most prominently, in this respect. "These waters have been the thoroughfare of nations—these islands the stepping-stones of civilization. Here the East and the West became familiar with each other. *Xerxes* and *Alexander* passed this way—and here the 'Man of Macedonia,' appeared to the apostle, and said on the Asiatic shore, 'Come over'—into Europe—'and help us.'" (*Hist. Medit.* p. 15.) But the other islands have each its story of wonder. And one of the least considerable of them all, *Malta*, has played no mean part in our most modern history.

We can only hint at some others of its natural characteristics; and we must not be thought impertinently minute, for our author says, and well says, (p. 18)—"The mere natural phenomena of this sea,—its vegetation, its zoology, its climate, its currents, winds, and storms,—acquire a new and dignified interest, when we view them as the conditions of human advancement, and the predestinated agents in the growth of civilization." Mrs. Somerville remarks respecting it in her *Physical Geography*; "The evaporation is excessive; and on that account the water of the Mediterranean is saltier than that of the ocean." "Although its own river domain is only 250,000 square miles, the constant current that sets in through the *Dardanelles* brings a great part of the drainage of the *Black Sea*, so that it is really fed by the melted snow and rivers from the *Caucasus*, *Asia Minor*, *Abyssinia*, the *Atlas*, and the *Alps*. Yet the quantity of water that flows into the Mediterranean from the *Atlantic*, by the central current in the *Straits of Gibraltar*, exceeds that which goes out by the lateral currents." "A shallow runs from *Cape Bon* on the *African coast*, to the *Strait of Messina*, on each side of which the water is exceedingly deep, and said to be unfathomable in some parts." "This sea is not absolutely without tides, but in most places they are scarcely perceptible. The surface is traversed by various currents, two of which, opposing one another, occasion the celebrated whirlpool of *Charybdis*, whose terrors were much diminished by the earthquake of 1783. Its bed," finally, "is subject to violent volcanic paroxysms," and there are four active volcanoes situate on its shores. And now we must turn our attention to its history.

Mr. Howson has given a rapid but graphic sketch of the great powers that hold sway on these inland waters; omitting from Dr. Johnson's list *Assyria* and *Persia*, glancing merely at the *Egyptians* and *Etrurians*, and dwelling on the *Phœnicians*, the *Greeks*, the *Romans*, the *Saracens* and the *Crusaders*. We shall give our sketch of its history in another

method; that we may be able in our own way to exhibit this sea, as "the school of the human race."

Let us begin with what is too commonly thought to be the only theme of history,—*Conquest*. It is most wonderful how the march of every army seems to shape itself, so as to make the Mediterranean the centre of its movements. Dismissing all the old mythic stories, we begin with the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, by which that richly endowed people became possessed of the one spot of earth that would enable them to shed abroad their light on civilized man in every known quarter of the world; and next, after a few minatory movements on the part of Egypt, we see the great Asiatic monarchies in succession sending their floods of warriors to the shores of this charmed sea. Dr. Johnson was right in his enumeration;—an empire might be lost and won at Pasargadæ, Babylon, Circesium, Cunaxa, Arbela, but to or from the "Great Sea," the conquerors had advanced, or were sure to advance, as if it had been a small matter to penetrate to the Indus, or the Oxus, or, driving away the Scythian hordes, to discover the Hyperboreans, the Arimaspians, and the Griffins. Thus we have Shalmanezzer, Tiglath Pileser, Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, invading the countries on the Syrian coast, and possessing themselves of almost all the north-eastern angle of the Levant. Next Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes, dared greater things, and even penetrated by the Ægean islands and by Thrace to Hellas itself. Here for awhile this current from east to west ceased. And now, after many a tentative in colonies in Asia Minor, and expeditions of Agesilaus, Greece broke forth under Alexander the Great, and coasting round the entire eastern basin of the Mediterranean, advanced into the very heart of Asia. Meanwhile, none had heard the thunder of war in Italy; yet there a new people had been proving by the sword that they were genuine rulers; and now, as in Egypt and Syria, and Asia Minor, and Greece, it was ever becoming more plain that a master was wanted, the Romans, partly urged by an invasion of Italy from Greece, crossed the Adriatic, overran Greece, and although they first had to destroy Carthage, and in doing so to enter upon Spain, yet eastward they urged their course, and over all the countries round the Levant—nay, to the banks of Euphrates—they passed in their all-conquering career.

Once more the direction of the stream of conquest changes; a movement amongst the tribes inhabiting the most easterly part of the great Asiatic table-land communicated itself, as by a succession of pulsations, to the whole mass of nomade people that girdled the Roman Empire on the northern and eastern sides. After a struggle of a few centuries,—during which these barbarians swept over almost every country bordering upon our Midland Sea, with the ruthless and desolating effect of a fire in an American forest, or prairie,—we find German tribes from the Baltic in Africa and Spain, and Tartars from the wall of China, in Greece and Italy. The next great wave of war, in

like manner, flowed westerly. In the deserts of Arabia, Mohammed rose, and firing with his own enthusiasm the wild tribes around him, and the soft Syrians alike, replaced the petty warfare carried on between the effeminate representatives of the Cæsars and of the Sassanidæ, by a sterner struggle; conquered the Persians, and drove the Greeks out of Asia; then, pouring across the isthmus of Suez, raged along the southern coast of the "Sea of Rome;" overleapt the straits that led into the unknown and pathless ocean, penned up the remnants of the Gothic kingdoms in the Asturian mountains; and threatened an attack on the Byzantine Empire by its western borders. And then Charlemagne and his paladins fought and fell at Roncesvalles; and the flood of Mussulman conquest in western Europe was turned back and kept behind the Pyrenees.

Soon through the pillars of Hercules a new host of warriors came into the field we are contemplating,—the blue-eyed sea-kings, north-men—seeking new lands to spoil. Sicily and Apulia felt their might; men wondered which were fiercest, the children of Islam, or of Odin. Years passed on, and a new spirit kindled the desire for war in the hearts of the chivalry of France. Religious fanaticism, such as had subjected so wide a kingdom to the sway of the Crescent, now went forth to overturn that kingdom "streaming the banner of the Christian cross." Jerusalem, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor—nay, Christian Constantinople, and then the Moriscoes of Spain, and the Albigenes of the Alps, were the objects of these armed pilgrimages—the Crusades. We cannot linger upon them; for from the steppes of Tartary a new conqueror, new conquerors, arise;—Tamerlane a true "scourge of God;" but one withal, that can build as well as destroy;—the Turks also, who with a less brilliant beginning, effect a more momentous conquest. Tamerlane's victories in Syria and Natolia were not followed up by his successors; but the Turks accomplished what the Mohammedan world had so often attempted in vain; the capture of Constantinople. Greece and Rome both fell in this city; and Italy and France perceived that the woes spared them by the heroism of the Frankish Emperor again were imminent. Yet, not till near the close of the period we are glancing over, was Italy or central Europe visited with Moslem war. And before that, Germany first, and France afterwards, had attempted the seizure of the fair and sunny Ausonian land. We have come to the very end of the centuries during which this sea was the centre of the civilized world; and the last achievement of warlike renown was the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, by the united force of the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella. We would fain have lingered at many points of our rapid review of these great events, to show the bearing of these scenes of carnage upon the real advancement of man; but our space forbade; and the remainder of our paper must be a yet more brief and rapid indication of the paths and agencies by which the pupillage of humanity was conducted.

Commerce claims our attention next. The trade of

Egypt was chiefly domestic; and it was by caravans that it had intercourse with foreign nations; we begin therefore with Tyre and her sister cities. "Of all that series of potentates who ruled in these waters," says our author, (p. 21)—

"First of the throng, with enterprising brow,
The keen Phœnician steers his shadowy prow!
To him, sole hierarch of the secret main,
Had hoary Neptune shown his ancient reign;
And told of realms, and islands of the blest,
Beyond the fabled pillars of the West.
The Tyrian mother, with her boy, would stand
On the wet margin of the shell-strewn sand,
Point his ancestral birthright,—bid him roam
O'er its wide plains, and call its waves his home,
Till Ocean loved him like a foster-child,
And commerce on the bold adventurer smiled,
As oft she saw his daring sail unfurl'd,
To found a Carthage, or explore a world."

We cannot dwell upon this subject; the prophetic denunciation of Ezekiel will supply a more living picture of the wealth and adventurousness of these "princes of the sea" than anything we could say. In the western part of the Mediterranean, Carthage, daughter of Tyre, pursued the same course; and ultimately sank with as disastrous a fall. In the eastern and middle basins the Greeks succeeded Phœnicia in the dominion of the sea. From one to another of those little states, that made up the glorious Hellas, the sceptre passed: staying longest in the hands of Athens, and passing from her only when Alexander had desolated Tyre, and reared another Tyre, in Alexandria, at the western mouth of the Nile. Rome never stood so high in commerce as the earlier sea-rulers; or rather, her trade was insignificant beside her military glory, and that nobler glory which she has won as the lawgiver to the world. But while Greek and Roman barks were busy on the main, overland from the farthest east caravans laden with spices, and silk, and all the treasures of India and Cathay, were coming through Persia, and Natolia, and Arabia, to Smyrna, and Ephesus, and Alexandria; and from the farthest south, they were bringing gold, and ivory, and lions, and strange beasts to swell the pomp of the Circus; and from the cold shores of the Baltic, along a sacred way, pale-faced men travelled with stores of amber, wondering what could make so cheap a commodity so coveted by the luxurious mistress of the world.

The crash of this empire, and all the nameless woes attending its fall, necessarily disturbed the peaceful ways of commerce; and when a new order of things had arisen, Byzantium was the great European port; but soon arose Venice, "Queen of the Adriatic," and Genoa, and Florence, and Marseilles, and Barcelona; who, with a host more, shared the task of spreading throughout Europe the riches of the East. Nor was this order of things greatly disturbed till that "Ligurian man," Christopher Columbus, went out from Genoa, and opened a realm of gold, unknown by European cupidity, to the gaze of Europe; and Vasco de Gama struck out a new road to Ophir and the east. The commerce of the Mediterranean languished then;

and other lands, not lying on its shores, became in turns the emporia of trade. It is strange, but most remarkably true, that science which took away commerce from this sea, is now apparently restoring it; and future historians of the Mediterranean may have to tell of restored wealth and empire, greater than ever it possessed before. We have not been able to stay to note the effects of the Crusades on the commerce of Europe; but we cannot leave this part of our subject, without indicating it as one of the most interesting studies in connexion with "the Great Sea."

Not less remarkable amongst the various great matters connected with the Midland Sea is civil liberty. The confederate republics of Phœnicia stand earliest on the list; and next comes the divinely-constituted state, that, through the "hardness of heart" of its people, is best known in history as the rival kingdoms of Israel and Judah. The numerous independent polities of Hellas, studding the shores and uplands of Greece and Asia Minor, and scattered over her islands to far Cyrene, and Sicily, and Hesperia, succeed in order of time. Carthage, with its suffetes, is partly contemporaneous with them, and partly with Rome, the Regifuge, whose "citizens," to the first days of the empire even, showed themselves worthy of freedom; for they could and did rule both themselves and others. Alas! that civil tyranny should also walk, step by step with freedom, around these sacred shores; and that even in the palmiest days of classic liberty, slavery should hold its thousands in thralldom where hundreds only were free. The Italian and Spanish republics of the Middle Ages were the last manifestation of civil liberty by this sea before the end of the fifteenth century.

Next after this subject stands law. *Ipsæ dixit*. So said Dr. Johnson,—“Almost all our law has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.” Strictly, perhaps, *all our law*, though certainly not all our *laws*. Chiefest in every respect is that great code, so little obeyed amongst the favoured people to whom it was given “by the disposition of angels,” and so grievously misunderstood amongst us even, who ought, with our clearer light, and loftier privileges, to be able to interpret it aright. In Greece, Lycurgus the mythic legislator of Sparta, Solon the sage, with Cleisthenes and Pericles as his followers and interpreters, at Athens, and Zaleucus the Locrian, are names identified with this portion of our theme. And then Rome, proceeding from her twelve tables, humbly borrowed from Greece, to her codes, and pandects, and novels, which are the basis of all modern jurisprudence. Nor ought Spain to be wholly passed over; for, albeit that she has been blasted by more domestic and foreign woes than would have sufficed utterly to destroy any other nation, she has a rich treasure of law in history, and may yet have sons worthy to unfold it, and to invite her to take her place amongst the teachers of mankind.

Science challenges our attention now. And here we are lost in the blaze of great names that shine on us from every coast. Egypt, with her geometry and

astronomy; the Phœnicians, with their mathematical navigation, and the letters, money, and weights which they taught to Europe; the Chaldean lore, and the starry wisdom of the Magians, brought to the common hearth of civilized man by Jew and Gentile, who, as traveller or captive, had passed the Euphrates; Thales and his Ionian school; Aristotle and Archimedes; the brilliant constellations of sages which age after age adorned the museum of Alexandria; Pliny, the martyr of science; the Arabs and the Saracens, who, at both extremities of the Mediterranean, kept alive the sacred fire, that Providence has suffered to pass into their hands, through their wide-sweeping conquests; that citizen of Amalfi, through whom the magnetic needle was introduced to European navigators; and those brave men, too, whom the ignorance of the times stigmatized as necromancers and magicians, and sometimes burnt, because they knew more than others;—"twenty poems," "twenty lectures,"—why, twenty volumes would hardly suffice to tell what has been done for the exaltation of man by those who lived around and journeyed on these blue waters. Yet higher still we must ascend.

The fine arts, poesy—but how can we condense what pertains to these questions? The rude and wondrous architecture, sculpture, and painting of Egypt; the yet more wondrous and beautiful temples, and statues, and pictures of Greece and of Rome; the great works of the Italian masters, who appeared as heralds of the new day that was about to burst upon the world, when its long schooling upon the Mediterranean shores was finished; and above all, the poetry,—Hebrew prophets and psalmists, Grecian and Roman bards, and later in time, the undying glory of the mighty masters of song in Provence and Italy; how can we tell of these things here? William Taylor, of Norwich, in a poem little known, has embodied all we feel in a noble figure, which we give instead of any remarks of our own. Ormuz has dried "the flooded world," and summoned the four spirits of the seas before his "throne of flame," to receive their brides from his "immortal train." To "the giant sovereign of the peaceful main" he gives the hand of "the goddess Pleasure:"—

"The humbler spirit of the Midland Sea
Now bent upon the throne his graceful head.
Fair TASTE approach'd; the youth arose with glee,
Gazed, and with transport seized the laurel'd maid.
In his pure wave she bathed her willing feet,
And round its myrtled brink rear'd many a hallow'd seat.

Soon on the shore she cast a dwelling eye,
Where Inspiration o'er Idumean palms
First learnt to wave her scraph-wing on high;
Thence wander'd statelier to Natolia's realms,
Where, with the lightning of empyreal frame,
Her Homer's tongue she steep'd in unrequited flame.

Slow is her lingering way from Greece, averse,
Till not a winding bay or shaded cape
Remains unwater'd with the dew of verse.
Twice to Hesperia's coast she bent her step;
And saw with rapture o'er its olived height,
The foreworld's crimson eve, the dawn of modern light."

Ormuz next bestows on the Baltic genius, Valour; and on the Atlantic, "his last best gift, dear Liberty!" And with this we must turn to our last subject—

Religion. "All our religion," truly says Dr. Johnson, "came to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." We cannot say anything respecting this great theme. But we may deplore, that not only religion, but tyranny over men's souls in the name of religion, also sprang up here. And in token of the depth of darkness to which this tyranny had sunk men's minds, and how great need there was that a wider field should be opened for man to expatiate in, and thus learn to break the chain with which he was so "darkly wound,"—at the end of the period we are contemplating, a Borgia held the keys and wore the tiara of St. Peter; and in Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella had just set up the horrid office, misnamed "holy,"—the inquisition.

We have said not a word of philosophers, historians, orators, voyagers and adventurers,—hardly a word of the arts of life. Our readers must receive this small hint of what we could not find space to insert, and fill up, as we trust they will, the wide outline we have attempted to sketch of the History of the Mediterranean by their own reading and study, aided, as they can be most effectually, by this lecture of Mr. Howson's, and by those which he has engaged to devote to the same subject.

There is but one thought more that we wish to express now, trusting that we shall have some other opportunity of speaking of this matter more satisfactorily. The transitoriness of human things, and the permanence of the great objects of nature, are forced upon our attention by reflecting on such a subject as this. "It struck me much," says Carlyle, in the Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh, "as I sat by the Kuhlbad, one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of history. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his *Commentaries* dry—this little Kuhlbad, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas, or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen; here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand world-circulation of waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has lasted and lasts, simply with the world. Thou fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom. That idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age."

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

THE PRISON WORLD OF LONDON.¹

THERE is nowhere such a congregation of life, and nowhere more isolation than in London. It is a wilderness where multitudes throng together from the rising to the setting of the sun, while of the crowds that flow with incessant motion through its streets, each man may be a stranger to the rest; all may be pursuing a different end, urged by a different motive, led by a different hope. Still there are only three attracting and one compelling powers, that form the springs of this vast world of action,—Pleasure, Profit, and Compulsion. Withdraw the influence of these, and the whole flood that circulates through this Babylon of gaiety, commerce, and crime, will be motionless and dull. Yet by what different paths those myriads of feet tread the way to the common goal! Every crowd presents numerous contrasting groups; each face in expression, form, and features, differs from all others; and almost every man's fortune has placed him on a level elevated above, or depressed below that of his neighbour. And as with the medley race, so with the medley city wherein they dwell. There the palace and the hovel, the prison and the church, the mansion and the pauper-lodge, the park thickly thronged and the graveyard still more crowded, are mingled in the panoramic view; as the prince and the pauper, the felon and the well-fed unconvicted, the noble and the beggar, the living man and the mouldering corpse, are thronged in constant confusion in every street of this old city, this monument of many ages, busy, populous, tumultuous London.

We have already, carried forward by the rapid and pleasant flow of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's narrative, traced the wanderings of John Howard in his pilgrim path of charity. With him we have entered the dark abysses where crime in those days was flung to fester in more polluting corruption, where misery found its most congenial haunt, and those prolific parents, Ignorance and Poverty, consigned their countless children to be tortured by the capricious cruelty of vindictive rulers. The same author has now unlocked the gates of the London Prisons, rolled back their heavy portals, and revealed the gloomy world where degraded humanity, in suffering and humiliation, is condemned to expiate a guilt not always its own. An air of mystery and dread breathes around these gaunt and frowning structures, that are reared up at intervals amid the confusion of London's streets; and their very appearance, in many instances, would lead the stranger to believe they were the homes of crime, peopled with felons, and overflowing with vice. Dark, dingy and forbidding, the word Prison seems written on every stone; a penal atmosphere is diffused around, and the lull and silence serve to deepen the impression stamped on every feature of the edifice. But passing the ponderous door and stepping beyond the threshold, we find ourselves within a region as different from the

world without, as the Pope's pocket purgatory in the palace of the Holy Inquisition, from the vast and splendid halls of the Vatican; the one, a mausoleum erected to the memory of ancient art, the other a subterranean earthly hell, created by the meek successor of St. Paul for the torture of all who disented from the Romish creed, *i.e.* incurred the anger or jealousy of the followers of the Humble Twelve.

Into that wide and well-debated field, the theory of crime, we shall not enter. The seed sown, and the tree matured, we gather the fruit; corruption is at work among the poor, and continually ripens into guilt. Detection and trial succeed. The culprit is convicted and condemned. He then passes from society into a new region peopled with a race of criminals; and we now propose in a tour of a day through the London Prisons, to inquire into the description of his abode and the character of his treatment. Mr. Dixon is our guide, and in his company we shall find even a journey through this dismal world of crime, enlivened by the curious records of time gone by. Foremost in the long array, the Tower of London rears its colossal strength. Thirty years have elapsed since a victim crossed its threshold; and probably its doors will never again open to receive the victims, guilty or innocent, of power. But there it stands, the Bastille of London, thronged with traditions of cruelty, foul murders, midnight assassinations, secret tortures, long incarcerations, lonely, lingering deaths, and horrors, the records of which lie buried in deep graves that have never been discovered. There the best blood of England has been spilt; and there has innocence languished in repining misery, prisoned within relentless walls, and guarded by iron-hearted gaolers. Many such tales have come down to us, and are told in our national chronicles. Others there are, of which only the most naked vestiges remain, known in their time to none but the actors in the foul drama, and at last for ever lost to the investigation of mankind. The Tower is now only the repertory of old archives, of the spoils of war, cannon, flags, and armour, "trophied for triumphal show," as the monuments of victory by flood and field, the store for warlike provisions, and the casket for the crown jewels. Even to these there clings a story of romance, and a dark hint is thrown out by our author, that "there have been strange doings in that jewel room, since the time of Colonel Blood. All that sparkles is not diamond. It is said, there is a curious story to be told one day thereupon, of which the public as yet knows nothing."

The builders of the Tower, when they mixed blood with the mortar used in the construction of its walls and dungeons, left a prophetic fact to be recorded by the Monk of Canterbury, for the epithet of the Bloody Tower, still attached to one portion of the edifice, clings in imagination to every wall, dungeon, chamber, tower and archway, from that dark low tunnel through which so many of England's best men and fairest women have trodden the way to death, to that dismal structure where the unhappy victim of Queen Mary pined in the last hours of her life, and where she

(1) "The London Prisons, with an Account of the more distinguished persons who have been confined in them: with a description of the chief Provincial Prisons." By Hepworth Dixon, Author of "John Howard." London: Jackson & Walford. 1850.

has left the simple record of her captivity graven on the wall thus:—

I A N E.

Our author visits every part of the Tower, describes it, and tells its story, preserving in the pages of his admirable work many curious chronicles of solitary suffering, copied from the walls whereon they were written by the captive's hand. The dungeon is painted first, then we are led back through history, which shows us the cell peopled in succession by each of its miserable inmates, and our author recalls of each some anecdote, some curious incident, some characteristic trait, which contributes to the deep interest of the volume. From the scenes of their suffering we pass to their common bed of rest, in the low, melancholy, sombre church of St. Peter ad Vincula.

"In it are laid the ashes of some of the many victims of the headsman—martyrs and heroes, spotless women and unscrupulous statesmen, generals of armies and leaders of senates. Here for a time lay the headless trunk of the wise and witty Chancellor of England, Sir Thomas More, until the prayers of his devoted daughter, Margaret, succeeded in melting even the callous heart of the tyrant king."

Then succeeds a list of the principal victims buried in this sepulchre of the murdered, and last among them are the three leaders of the Scottish rebellion, a hundred and five years ago. "A stone marked with three circles and a line drawn through them—significant emblem—indicates their grave." After this list of the dead, we have a chronological enumeration of what are quaintly called "the chiefest" of the names connected with the gloomy records of the Tower, from Ralph Flambard, the valiant and mitred hero of Durham in 1100, to the unfortunate Mr. Thistlewood and his companions in 1820. All these details connected with the Tower are full of interest, but they belong now to antiquity, and we leave them to enter the precincts of the prisons peopled in our own days by the criminals of our own generation.

The Queen's Bench possesses an anomalous character. All debtors are not criminals, but many are, and that of a deep stamp; yet no distinction is drawn between the treatment of the unfortunate and the reckless, which is a difficulty hard to be got over. Still, it should not for this reason be neglected, for it is of serious moment, and many of our readers would doubtless feel their humanity shocked by the revelations of oppression exercised by creditors, governors, magistrates, and jailors. Few are aware of the numbers at this moment pining in country prisons, who have been punished for light offences and ordered to find bail to a heavy amount, as security to keep the peace. Their fault has been visited by a slight penalty; but their poverty has subjected them to years of captivity and cruelty, which sits easily on the slumbers of certain rural dispensers of justice.

"Who has not heard," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon—we trust with no sympathetic enthusiasm—"of Queen's Bench Prison? Who, that has come to years of discretion, and inherited that 'right of man,' the privilege of going to gaol for his own debts, has not

more than heard of it? Is there a lounge in Pall-mall, a saunterer in Regent-street, who has not had a friend there at one time or another? Has not every one known men prefer it to Rome, Baden-Baden, or Vienna? In fact, where is the statesman, poet, artist, wit, politician, or philosopher, who has not paid a visit to its secluded courts—taken momentary shelter from the storms of life within its peaceful haven—and gathered there new strength to contend against a wasteful world? Queen's Bench! Why, the very words sound like an oracle, and stir the depths of memory as a dream."

Mr. Dixon luxuriates in his, we hope imaginary, memories of Queen's Bench. But as to preferring it to Rome, Baden-Baden, or Vienna, that is a question of taste; and a voluntary journey through the Vatican, not insisting on dull visits to dull German towns, would seem more full of pleasant recollections than a compulsory sojourn in the dreary Queen's Bench. To us, indeed, the prison possesses so little of interest, that we are not tempted to linger with its traditions, curious as they are, but pass to the Hulks, and thence to Millbank Prison, the largest penal establishment in Great Britain. Its area extends over sixteen acres, and around it rises a lofty wall of octagonal shape, enclosing six pentagonal buildings, and entered by a single gateway, fronting the Thames. The whole place has a dull, penal aspect, and many of the cells are horrid dens, full of terror for the criminal, who lies amid their darkness, sullen, scowling, cursing his gaolers, and the society which has consigned him to their equivocal mercies. A vast congregation of the convicted assemble in this model haunt—(the corridors in which the cells are situate are upwards of three miles in length)—but its occupation is temporary, since the prisoners only collect here as in a dépôt, before they are transported to other conservatories of crime, or to those much-loved children of old England, who appear to undervalue the blessed privilege of cherishing the mother's guilt in their young bosoms.

Millbank was erected on a swamp, and half a million of money was expended in its construction, so that it forms a costly, if not a pleasant lodging-house for 1500 convicts. The spectacle presented by this population of criminals is to the last degree painful and repulsive; on the face of each is painted the guilt which has soiled his mind, and many have the satanic villany of the heart written visibly in every feature. The condemned cells of Newgate, with the hideous countenances of the murderers staring through their gratings, alone present a sight of equal atrophy, and it is remarkable, that there is a species of family likeness in the guilty race.

"No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together, without being struck with the sameness of their appearance. Ugliness has some intimate connexion with crime. No doubt the excitement, the danger, the alternate penalties and excesses attached to the life of the criminal, make him ugly. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison; and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood."

Descending about twenty steps from the ground-floor, we find ourselves in a gloomy passage opening into

a dark corridor, along which, on one side, the cells—small, unlighted, repulsive dens—are arranged. The sun never throws one ray into these infernal dungeons, and in them the refractory criminals expiate their turbulence by a solitary sojourn of three days, with a bare allowance of bread and water. To these places might be applied the lines formerly written on Coldbath-fields, when the black father of evil, emerging from the warmth of his nether abode, took a lonely walk through London:

“As he went through Coldbath-fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prison in hell.”

When Mr. Hepworth Dixon visited these monuments of civilized humanity, there was a man confined in one of these cells.

“He is touched, poor fellow! in his intellect,” said the Warden. His madness was of a mild sort. He loved fraternity, and wished to be friendly with his companions in captivity. He sang *hymns*, and dubbed himself governor. These were serious crimes; but the consummation of them was so infamous, that the despots of the gaol felt themselves bound to inflict the slow torture of a damp, dark, dull, and dirty cell beneath the earth, upon the unhappy culprit. He was sufficiently audacious to believe in a truth always most repulsive to persons in authority—and often very dangerous in its propagation—that all mankind are brethren,—common heirs of one inheritance—and not only cherished, but gave utterance to this sentiment. Drag him to the dungeon, forthwith, for he is a horrid wretch—a formidable lunatic.

“They said he *pretended* to be mad, which, seeing that his vagaries subjected him to continual punishment, was very likely! They put him into darkness to enlighten his understanding; and alone, to teach him how unbrotherly men are. Poor wretch! He was frightened with his solitude, and howled fearfully. I shall never forget his wail as we passed the door of his horrid dungeon. The tones were quite unearthly, and caused an involuntary shudder. On hearing foot-steps, he evidently thought they were coming to release him. While we remained in the corridor, he did not cease to shout and implore most lamentably for pardon; when he heard us retreating, his voice rose into a yell; and when the fall of the heavy bolts told him that we were gone, he gave a shriek of horror, agony, and despair, which rang through the pentagon, and can never be forgotten. God grant that I may never hear such sounds again.

“On coming again, after three or four months’ absence, to this part of the prison, the inquiry naturally arose, ‘What has become of the man who *pretended* to be mad?’ The answer was, ‘Oh, he went mad, and was sent off to Bedlam!’”

Let this pass without comment. But the recollection occurs that in this country we are called humane, civilized,—patterns for the world. We are models, and Nicholas might copy us, to improve on his mild practices.

From the dull dungeons of Millbank we pass to Pentonville, a museum where fine specimens of crime are preserved in hot air, to be admired by the privileged sight-seers of the metropolis. We all of

us respect costly things, and this model building having cost 180*l.* for the accommodation of each prisoner, and about fifty for his yearly maintenance, it deserves our deep admiration. It is formed of five wings or galleries, radiating from a centre; and along the sides of four of these, five hundred and twenty cells are arranged. Entering one of these, we commence a mental contrast between the parlour of many comfortable bachelors and the dormitory of the convicted. Roomy, warm, well-ventilated, with plenty of hot and cold water, clean, good bedding, a bell-handle, excellent attendance, dainty food, and all other conveniences, the chamber presents a tempting appearance; yet many criminals fear it next to the gallows. The inmates are of the choicest sort: the most moral, the most healthy, the most orderly, and the most intellectual of all the convicted multitude are selected to adorn it, and do credit to its system of training. Traversing the galleries, the visitor must be struck by the dead silence reigning in every part. No sound, no motion, disturbs the calm of the Model Prison. The criminal sits in his cell, bending over his easy task, melancholy, downcast and subdued. That looks well; but when the observer recollects the probability that the man’s senses may be rapidly evaporating, and leaving him an idiot, the ideas receive an unpleasant direction.

Under Mr. Dixon’s guidance, we now transport ourselves to a rich landscape in the Isle of Wight, where three objects arrest attention. The one is a palace, with its appropriate companion a prison, and the third is the old place of confinement, where a certain great villain was once immured. Our author calls him unfortunate, and rightly. The most atrocious wretch, deep-dyed in blood, that ever walked from the dark condemned cell of Newgate through the debtor’s door to the fatal structure without, was unfortunate, in the same sense of the word. Parkhurst is a handsome building, commanding an elegant prospect, and so inviting in its interior arrangements, as to induce several sanctifying visits from the pretty scabode in its neighbourhood. Consequently, its inmates possess an intimate knowledge, by sight, of the most admired respectabilities. A full description of the place would lead us through a labyrinth of intricate details; but one passage from our author’s account may serve to illustrate the system pursued. Asmodeus would have lifted this roof for his companion’s instruction, and then exposed the dingy, dull, and miserable allotment of the pauper.

“The Parkhurst boy has more hours at school and chapel, than in the workshop and the farm. To get an idea of what is taught in all these hours of study, let us now go into the schoolroom. You find yourself in a large apartment, with galleries at each side, and a black screen drawn across the end. As you enter, a strange strong smell assaults the nasal organ. You sniff, and ask if the rooms are ever cleaned, and if no preparation has been made for the visits of the cholera? Lift the corner of the screen, and as you lift it there is a flash of light, the room is filled with smoke in an instant, and the galleries ring with loud applause. You may well wonder where you are. In a moment or two the smoke

and noise subside, and you find yourself in the midst of a lecture on chemistry, illustrated by experiments, such as may be seen any day at the Polytechnic Institution. There stands the lecturer, in the midst of his retorts, his batteries, his receivers. His lecture is on the properties of the simple gases; and very brilliant effects he is able to produce; and much satisfaction he appears to give to his juvenile auditors. They like it much better than working in the field or at the forge. * * * * Is the Home Secretary aware of the introduction of these amusements into Parkhurst?"

Many of the pupils here exhibited apt qualities, and some were witty. They most of them knew all about locks, bolts, bars, screws, wedges and planes, and one clever young man, of a small size, was a grim humorist. When required to explain the principle of the lever he produced a crowbar, and the audience tittered with approbation. Many of them had probably studied the effects of the instrument on a door or window, and knew precisely the power required to force a hinge.

We have introduced Parkhurst as Mr. Dixon has, without apology, among the London Prisons; and now once more return within the circle of the metropolis, to visit grim, notorious Newgate, with its black frowning walls, its ominous portal decked with chains, its dreary cells and its felon population. The atmosphere of death is about this place, and the imagination at once reverts to those dull Monday mornings, when the white-faced criminals are brought out to die in the sight of men, compelled to leave their cells, conducted with pinioned arms along dark passages, and led or forced out upon the scaffold in the open air, before a multitude of fellow-creatures, to hang and swing for murder.

Newgate was a prison as early as the reign of King John, but has been more than once rebuilt. In its cells have languished many good men, as well as countless criminals. Prisoners of all degrees of virtue and vice have been immured in its dark dungeons. The Puritans, those magnificent and noble men, and the most hideous murderers of modern times, have lain in its damp dens; from Leighton, who was tortured with cruelties more fearful than those of the Inquisition, to Greenacre whose punishment was mercy in comparison to his crime.

"Up the narrow steps, into the turnkey's room, and along a darkish passage, we came into a small open court, surrounded by high walls, between which a scanty supply of air and light finds its way downward as into a well. Facing us stands a massive building, chary of windows, and those strongly grated; it is the women's wing of the prison. . . . As soon as the ponderous locks are turned, and the heavy bars removed, we enter the doorway, and ascend the stone staircase. Suites of chambers branch off on either side; these are occupied by the prisoners who are awaiting trial."

These are herded together in most civilized confusion—the young girl without a crime on her head, with the woman who retains not even the memory of shame—until the day of trial, when the innocent are turned forth upon the world polluted by the contact of crime, and the guilty are consigned to their punishment.

"Those sentenced capitally, are taken at once from the court to the condemned cells,—not to leave them again, except for chapel, till the last moment. The condemned cells are built in the oldest part of the prison—at the back. There are fifteen of them in all; five on each of the three floors. The port-holes in Newgate-street let light into the galleries into which the cell doors open; and the man confined in the farthest dungeon on the ground floor, is within a yard of the passer-by. All the death cells are vaulted, and about nine feet high, nine deep, and six broad. High up in each cell is a small window, doubly grated. The doors are four inches thick. The strong stone wall is lined; and altogether these cells present to the eye of the offender an overwhelming appearance of strength. Escape from them was never known."

One of the yards was the scene of a famous escape, that of the Sweep. Around it run walls of lofty height, and composed of rough masonry. The prisoner was with a number of companions in the court, and proposed escape. They ridiculed the notion; but would not give the alarm. The adventurous sweep required no other aid. Placing his back in the angle of the wall, he exercised the ingenuity of his craft in working up his hands and feet, and clinging to the rugged stones, until the giddy height was gained. Hence he carefully crept along the wall, reached a roof, fled over the house-tops, entered at an open window, rushed down stairs, almost frightened a woman to death, passed through the shop, and thence into the street, unnoticed. When his escape was discovered, many would not believe in the mode of it, until a sailor visiting the prison, treated the officials to an exact copy of his feat. Then those dull-witted gentlemen were convinced, crediting their own eyes, when the affirmation of vulgar witnesses carried no weight. The sweep was recaptured.

But it will not do for us to attempt following Mr. Dixon through his interesting descriptions of all the London Prisons. Of each he paints a graphic picture, revealing things of which people in general possess, we venture to say, little idea; telling stories, anecdotes, and traditions, describing the different systems, their characters and their results, reviewing the various classes of criminals, and exposing evils which are a shame to our civilization, a blot on our humanity, and a satire on our national pride. Heaven knows there is enough to excite our self-contempt. All arts, sciences, and professions degraded; thousands of the population miserable; enormous abuses in all departments of public affairs; hideous confusion at home; atrocious mismanagement in the colonies; and besides all these, a patchwork system of prison discipline, in which the good portions only serve to bring out the contrast of the bad, and which, as a whole, is the most wretched, bungling, faulty, inconsistent, ineffectual system that the mind can conceive. Mr. Dixon has painted an elaborate picture, and whoever views it must be persuaded of the truth of what we say. The self-contempt, therefore, which is generated by a consideration of our social economy, is in no way soothed by a glance at the prison-world of London. But our author does not severely criticise some places without commending others, and the Mark system

meets with his approbation. Its principle consists in the substitution of *labour* for *time* sentences.

The House of Detention in Clerkenwell, a sink of abomination, situated in the very heart of the lowest London district; Coldbath-fields, with its vast criminal population, its excellent arrangements, and its still more excellent governor; Tothill-fields, "a huge and costly blunder," with its graceful exterior and its singular absurdities; Giltspur-street Compter, with its moral and physical filth, and Bridewell, with its quaint and incongruous system, are visited and described. We quote an anecdote from the many with which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has enlivened his curious and valuable work.

"Madam Cresswell, a woman of infamous character, but frequently referred to by the dissolute poets of the time of (the still more dissolute) Charles II., died here. In her will she left ten pounds to the person who should preach her funeral sermon, on condition that he said nothing but what was *well* of her. A man was found willing to earn the money; after a sermon, therefore, on the general subject of death, he concluded—'By the will of the deceased, it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was *well* of her. All that I shall say of her is this,—she was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.'"

One of the foulest places in London is Whitecross-street Prison. To all who desire a description of a miserable den, a dirty, close, confined, unsavoury hole, we recommend Mr. Dixon's book, which then ranges over many of the provincial prisons,—after an account of the horrid gaol in Horse-monger-lane, where a modified species of torture is still in practice, where some of the prisoners loll and lounge about "like crocodiles, with their hands in their pockets;" where others pick oakum in degrading communion with felons, others riot in crowds, shouting, laughing, singing, and telling low tales; others sit in solitary confinement, (these, for trespasses on property, most heinous of all crimes;) others lie loaded with manacles in horrid dungeons, with bread and water for their food and darkness for their companion. The cells for the women are unnaturally crammed, and in each is a plank about fifteen inches wide fastened in the wall, with a blanket spread over it. This is the only couch provided for two or three unhappy women, and if no good demon be ready to shrink them to a proper attenuation, "they are compelled to spread their thin bedding on the floor, and sleep upon the hard cold stones." By all means give us credit for mercy.

At Preston Gaol there is a regular system of exercise, and the prisoners, probably at Lord Mountcashel's suggestion, are trotted up and down to keep them in health, whether they like it or not. It must be a curious sight to see them running in gangs, (driven by whips or what?) and considerably edifying besides. The Duke of Argyll should go to see; he knows they don't trot dogs in Scotland, and, therefore, cannot say what he thinks on the subject, but he may now learn that they do trot men at Preston besides teaching them to read. One man, indeed, could read fluently, and went

through the marriage in Cana with more facility than Captain Chamier can write a romance; but being asked what was the meaning of marriage, he stared blankly and replied, "They did no' tell me ony o' the meanings." This man was indicated in the report as able "to read well." Had Mr. Dixon, by way of enlightening him, said that Cana meant the House of Lords, and marriage meant nonsense, he would have turned up the whites of his eyes and blessed him for the information. So much for the march of intellect in English gaols.

But we outrun our space, and must lay down Mr. Hepworth Dixon's work, recommending it to our readers' notice. It treats of an important subject, a subject now of great and growing interest, a subject which will shortly be discussed by all classes, but which none should enter upon, unless thoroughly acquainted with the details, the facts, the truths of the question. These are to be found in the volume before us. It is full of value, replete with interest, and displays that ability of writing, that clearness of judgment, and that reach of knowledge, for which Mr. Dixon has already acquired a name. The narrative of John Howard's Life was among the most admirable biographies that have appeared for many years, and the "London Prisons" will enhance the reputation our author established by his first book. Its intrinsic value is great, and its merit in a literary point of view is only equalled by the curious nature of the contents. Those who read it, will be introduced into a world at once strange and mysterious, and will be made aware of things wholly hidden from the observation of the general public.

CONVERSION OF THE DIAMOND INTO COKE.

In a note addressed to the *Mining Journal*, Mr. John Murray observes, that the discovery of the conversion of the diamond into coke having recently been assigned to Dr. Faraday, he, Mr. Murray, claims the priority, and quotes in proof his "Memoir on the Diamond," Second Edition, 1839, p. 83: "I embedded a fragment of diamond in a nidus of hydrate of magnesia, and having submitted it to the intense flame of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, the diamond parted suddenly into minute fragments, displaying on their surfaces, as determined by the lens, the conchoidal fracture, and became *as black as jet*."

EPITAPH OF THE EMPRESS MATILDA.

The Empress Matilda was the daughter of Henry I. of England; the wife of Henry IV. of Germany; and the mother of Henry II. of England.

Ortu magna; viro major; sed maxima prole;
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens.

(Imitated.)

Mighty by birth, by spousals mightier;
But mightiest in her offspring: stranger, lo!
The daughter, wife, and—(peace be unto her)—
The mother of a Henry sleeps below.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, the prince of critics, has descended to the grave full of years and of honours. This is an event which cannot be permitted to pass in silence, nor be recorded without a tribute of respect by any member of the periodical press, however high or however humble. We had nearly added, without also an expression of regret; but when we recall to mind the happy, the honoured, and the long life which has just terminated after a very brief illness, we find regret occupying but a small portion of our feelings, which are chiefly engaged by thankfulness that he has been spared so long to us and to himself, to public usefulness and domestic felicity;—thankfulness that talents so worthy to be admired, a character so worthy of respect, and qualities so worthy to be loved, have found in this world even a reward and a happiness much greater than are usually allotted to man. Lord Jeffrey was on the bench as a judge of the Court of Session on Tuesday, the 22d of January; on Saturday evening, the 26th, he breathed his last at his house in Moray Place, Edinburgh. Inflammation of the air vessels leading to the lungs, termed bronchitis, was the cause of his death.

Francis Jeffrey was born in Charles Street, Edinburgh, in 1772, and thus was in his 78th year. His father, George Jeffrey, was Depute-Clerk in the Supreme Court, a situation of respectability and of comfortable emolument. The young Francis had thus every advantage, with reference to his education, which money could afford, without the temptation to idleness and dissipation which the prospect of great wealth supplies. He was placed in the most favourable position, and endowed with happy and prudent dispositions of mind which led him to turn his advantages to the very best account. From an early age he fixed his aim on the highest honours of the law, and he held to this aim with a perseverance which, with talents even of a moderate class, accompanied by prudence, rarely fails of its object, but which with him was the certain guarantee of success. And when he made literature the handmaid of his ambition, he probably did not dream that to it he should owe a fame extensive as the Saxon world and the English language, and far more enduring than the name of a judge, however highly he may have adorned the crmine.

Mr. Jeffrey, throughout his whole course, may be pointed out to the youthful aspirant as an example. He owed the high rank which he attained in the world of intellect to cultivation—to assiduous cultivation—of the good talents with which nature had gifted him; and therefore he may be pointed out as a fit model for imitation, with a fair hope that such emulation would not be in vain. It would be in vain, indeed, to tell the young to imitate Scott, or Campbell, or Byron, or others who, urged on by the fire of genius, have reached the pinnacle of fame. Jeffrey attained to greater usefulness, and to perhaps equal fame, by the employment of a refined taste, a sound judgment, and superior intellectual endow-

ments. He was not what we usually understand by a man of genius.

In the history of such a man it becomes of more than usual consequence to trace the progress of his education, since upon the bent given to his mind by that, more than usual must have depended. At about the age of ten he was sent to the High School of Edinburgh; after three years' attendance in the junior Latin classes, he was sent to the senior, or Rector's class, then under the charge of Dr. Alexander Adam, whose name is of some celebrity in the annals of education. Dr. Adam was undoubtedly a learned man, as his works, which are still used, bear witness; and although professedly Latin and Greek were the chief branches taught in the High School, it was the usage to diverge largely into subjects of general knowledge, particularly geography and history; and under these heads, it may easily be seen, a very wide range of kindred matters may be included. Dr. Adam had to boast, and loudly he did boast, it is said, of many highly distinguished men as pupils. Among these were Sir Walter Scott, Francis Horner, and, we believe, Lord Brougham. Horner published an affectionate tribute to his memory, on his death in 1809, when he was succeeded by Professor Pillans.

Dr. Adam was accused of republicanism by the high Tories of his day; and another accusation, probably jocular, was brought against him, of partiality to the sons of influential parents; and a poor lad in his class, it is said, once construed the city motto thus burlesquely:—"Nisi, unless, Dominus, the son of a lord or a laird, *frustra*, it is in vain to come here!"

Of young Jeffrey's achievements at school we have not heard. In 1788, when he was sixteen years of age, he was entered a student of the University of Glasgow; and to the worth of those teachers under whom he studied there, he took, in after life, a graceful opportunity of bearing a high and eloquent testimony; a portion of which we shall present to our readers, with the double motive of affording a specimen of Mr. Jeffrey's manner in such matters, and of aiding, as much as in us lies, the object that he had then in view, of preserving the memory of men whose services, if not brilliant, were of high importance to their country, and who belong to a class too frequently overlooked in the awards of fame. In his Inaugural Address, as Lord Rector of Glasgow College, in 1821, after alluding to the great metaphysician, Dr. Thomas Reid as, when Mr. Jeffrey entered college, "then verging indeed to his decline, but still in full possession of his powerful understanding; and, though retired from the regular business of teaching, still superintending with interest the labours of his ingenious successors, and hallowing with the sanctity of his venerable age, and the primitive simplicity of his character, the scene over which his genius has thrown so imperishable a lustre,"—he goes on to speak of John Millar, the Professor of Law, who made an impression upon the youthful minds of his time which exercised much influence on the future history of the country. "Another potent spirit was

then, though, alas ! for too short a time, in the height and vigour of his strong and undaunted understanding—I mean the late Mr. Millar, whom it has always appeared to me to be peculiarly the duty of those who had the happiness of knowing him, to remember and commemorate on all fit occasions; because, unlike the great philosopher to whom I have just alluded, no adequate memorial of his extraordinary talents is to be found in those works by which his name must be chiefly known to posterity. In them there is, indeed, embodied a part—though not the best or most striking part—of his singular sagacity, extensive learning, and liberal and penetrating judgment. But they reveal nothing of that magical vivacity which made the charm of his conversation and his lectures—of that frankness and fearlessness which led him to engage, without preparation, in every fair contention, and neither to dread nor disdain the powers of any opponent;—and still less, perhaps, of that remarkable and *unique* talent by which he was enabled to clothe, in concise and familiar expressions, the most profound and original views of the most complicated questions, and thus to render the knowledge which he communicated so manageable and unostentatious as to turn out his pupils from the sequestered retreats of a college in a condition immediately to apply their acquisitions to the business and affairs of the world.”

Mr. Millar, it is well remembered, did not confine himself to the mere technicalities of law. He took a wider range, and inculcated doctrines on constitutional subjects which led many of his pupils to become members of the whig party. Of John Young, professor of Greek, he says :—

“I need not say that I have been alluding to the late Mr. Young, a man whose whole heart was to the last in the arduous and honourable task to which his days were devoted,—and who added to the great stores of learning, the quick sagacity and discriminating taste by which he was distinguished, an unextinguishable ardour and genuine enthusiasm for the studies in which he was engaged, that made the acquisition of knowledge, and the communication of it, equally a delight,—and who with habits and attainments that seemed only compatible with the character of a recluse scholar, combined, not merely the most social and friendly dispositions, but such a prompt, lively and generous admiration of every species of excellence as made his whole life one scene of enjoyment, and gave to the moral lessons which it daily held out to his friends and disciples, a value not inferior to that of his more formal instructions.” He then turned with animation to the venerable Professor Jardine, who sat by his side, and continued :—“I have permitted myself to say this much of the dead. Of the living, however unwillingly, I believe I should now forbear to say any thing. Yet I cannot forbear congratulating myself, and all this assembly, that I still see beside me one surviving instructor of my early youth,—the most revered, the most justly valued of all my instructors; the individual of whom I must be allowed to say *here*, what I have never omitted to say in every other place, that it is to him, and his most judicious instructions, that I owe my taste for letters, and any literary distinction I may since have been enabled to maintain.”

Having remained three sessions at the University of Glasgow, too short a time to take any degree, which for the profession he had in view was not deemed in

Scotland of any importance, Mr. Jeffrey proceeded to Oxford. Here we do not learn that he did much, although we may well suppose that he was not quite idle. One thing we know, that in a fruitless attempt to acquire the English pronunciation, he entirely got rid of his Scotch, and ever after spoke in a fashion altogether peculiar to himself, and which certainly formed no addition to the many merits of his oratory. On this subject, many anecdotes still float about the Edinburgh Parliament-house. On one occasion he alluded to his client as an “itinerant violinist,” in a mincing manner. “A what?” said an old-fashioned judge who presided; “Ou, my lord,” explained John Clerk, (afterwards Lord Eldin,) the opposing counsel, and who spoke broad Scotch, “Mr. Jamphrey just means a *blin’ fiddler*.”

Mr. Jeffrey remained only a year at Oxford, and returning to his native city, passed at the bar, and assumed his gown as an advocate, in 1794, being then only twenty-two years of age.

So youthful a counsellor was not likely at once to obtain much business. We can only judge by the results that he did not misspend his leisure time.

On the 1st of November 1801, he married Catharine, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrews. We may reasonably suppose that so prudent a man would not have taken this step, had he been entirely briefless; and in the course of the following year was commenced the Edinburgh Review, which, while it materially changed Francis Jeffrey’s fortunes, effected at the same time a revolution in periodical criticism, and forms an era in the history of literature. Of the origin of this celebrated publication, the Reverend Sydney Smith, who first started the idea, and who was long one of the brightest stars whose light irradiated its pages, gives us a very amusing and no doubt essentially a true account.

With regard to the altitude of Mr. Jeffrey’s habitation, he has indulged in a playful exaggeration. The house, or rather part of a house where Mr. Jeffrey lived, has often been pointed out to us; and Buccleugh Place may be described as an open and well aired street in the immediate neighbourhood of George’s Square, where the father of Walter Scott lived. Let us hear the facetious divine :—

“When I first went into the church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, late Lord Advocate for Scotland, and Lord Brougham, all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island.

“One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation, I

was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the review was—

'*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*'

We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Cyrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me.

"To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*," continues Mr. Smith, "the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game-laws were horribly oppressive—steel traps and spring guns were set all over the country—prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of political economy were little understood—the law of debt and of conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*."

"From the beginning of the century, about which time the review began, to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head, reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant dissenters, and no more chance of a whig administration, than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition he was sure, at that time, to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted. . . . Lord Grey had not then taken off the bearing rein from the English people."

Mr. Smith expresses exultation in the part he had played as a reviewer, no regret for the worldly advancement he had probably forfeited, no remorse for his merciless onslaughts upon unfortunate blockheads; he republishes his bitterest articles with infinite glee, and certainly, with, perhaps, the exception of Lord Brougham, he was the most satirical of the party. Lord Jeffrey, on the other hand, although at times

sufficiently pungent, was on the whole more gentle "in spiriting," than either of his two friends we have mentioned, and yet he seems in his maturer years sometimes to have had his misgivings lest he should have inflicted needless pain. He collected such of his *Reviews* as he wished should be remembered, and published them in four volumes in 1840. In the preface to this work he gives his account of the origin of the *Review* in a more sedate manner, and, what is particularly interesting, states the views and feelings by which he was actuated in his conduct with respect to that celebrated publication. In the dedication to Mr. Smith, he distinctly gives that gentleman the honour of the parentage, but says nothing about the eighth or ninth *flat* in Buccleugh Place. The two remind us of the story of Dr. Johnson's teasing Garrick by telling in companies where venison and wine abounded, that he had come first to London with only seven pence in his pocket. "Oh, Doctor!" Garrick would say, "you exaggerate, you were not so badly off as that." "That I was, Davy, and you, I remember, had only three-half-pence."

The first number of the *Review* was published in November, 1802. Jeffrey had been just one year married, was thirty years of age, and may be supposed to have begun to view the business of life with a serious aspect. These are his confession and vindication, if they may be so called, in his own elegant language:—

"The *Edinburgh Review*, it is well known, aimed high from the beginning; and, refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the work that came before it, professed to go deeply into the *principles* on which its judgments were to be rested, as well as to take large and original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were of course, and some considerable blunders, abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier numbers, and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded in familiarizing the public mind—that is, the minds of very many individuals—with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than ever before had been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions; and also in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such occasional writings; not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe and the free states of America; while it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, for the 'stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion.

"With these convictions and impressions, it will not, I think, be expected that I should look back from any station, upon the part I took in originating and conducting such a work, without some mixture of agreeable feelings. And while I seek not to decline my full share of the faults and follies to which I have alluded, I trust I may be allowed to take credit, at the same time, for some participation of the merits, by which these were to a certain extent, at least, atoned for."

(1) *Preface to the Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1839.

(1) *Preface to Contributions*, p. 9.

His own particular claims to consideration in reference to the Review he thus states with justifiable pride:

"If I might be permitted further to state in what particular department, and generally, on account of what, I should most wish to claim a share of those merits, I should certainly say, that it was by having constantly endeavoured to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress my readers with a sense both of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter. The praise, in short, to which I aspire, and to merit which I am conscious that my efforts were most constantly directed, is, that I have more uniformly and earnestly than any preceding critic, made the *moral* tendencies of the works under consideration a leading subject of discussion, and neglected no opportunity, in reviews of poems and novels, as well as of graver productions, of elucidating the true constituents of human happiness and virtue; and combating those besetting prejudices and errors of opinion which appear so often to withhold men from the path of their duty, or to array them in foolish and fatal hostility to each other."¹

Scattered through the correspondence of the eminent men of those days, to be found in Horner's Life of his brother Francis, Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, and Beattie's Life of Thomas Campbell, are to be found numerous interesting notices of the history and progress of the Review. Smith, and Brougham, and Horner, and Allan, were the most active of Jeffrey's troop of friends, and he had frequent, although not regular contributions from a very wide circle of highly distinguished men. Walter Scott contributed to some of the early numbers, but his tory feelings being offended, or his conservative fears awakened, he withdrew his support, and was the chief promoter of the establishment of The Quarterly Review, the success of which, so far from being an injury, was undoubtedly a service to the rival Journal. They put each other to their mettle like two well-matched coursers; they kept each other in check from the abuse of power, and the literary world and the public were in every respect gainers. But the loss of Scott, giant as he was, was hardly felt where Hallam, and Playfair, and Brown, and Campbell, and Mackintosh, and Brewster, and Chalmers, and Malthus, and hosts besides were proud to be enlisted under the "blue and yellow banner."

The Review now went swimmingly on, and as steadily, but with less observation, did Mr. Jeffrey continue to rise in his profession. It was soon discovered that literature had not caused him to neglect law; he carefully studied every cause committed to his advocacy, and in cases where he had an opportunity of addressing a jury, he soon had few equals, and ere the end of his practice at the bar, no superior. He must by this time have begun to grow rich, for we find him about 1815 purchasing the villa and grounds of Craigcrook, about three miles from Edinburgh, on Queensferry Road. This villa he fitted up in a style of the most refined taste, and in its grounds he amused himself with the idea of being a capital farmer, or at least a proficient in gardening. A change, too, had

taken place in his family. The first Mrs. Jeffrey died without leaving any children; and in 1813, having seen, on her visiting Scotland, a young American lady, named Wilkes, he loved, wooed and won; and, not deterred by the fear of death or captivity, he made his way to the United States, during the heat of the war, and bore off his fair bride through hostile fleets in safety to her future home. This lady still survives. The fruit of their union was an only child, a daughter, in whose education the father took much delight. She is married now to Mr. Empsom, a professor at the East India Company's College at Haybury, and who also succeeded Mr. Macvey Napier, as editor of the Edinburgh Review. Rising in fame and in wealth, and possessed of domestic happiness, Mr. Jeffrey's lot was now a felicitous one. Little turmoils he undoubtedly now and then had about the Review. Exasperated authors endeavoured to avenge themselves, some with leaden, some with paper missiles. The poet Moore discharged a pistol, fortunately unloaded, at the offending head of the critic, at Chalkfarm, and Lord Byron sent forth in the heat of his wrath "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which, for fear he should miss his foe, he abused with right good will all who had, or were supposed to have, any connexion with the Review. These squabbles, and several others of the same kind, ended in making the contending parties friends.

As a counsel in criminal trials, Mr. Jeffrey stood pre-eminent. One of the first occasions of this kind on which he distinguished himself, was on the trial of a servant girl in Perthshire, accused of murder by poisoning. The ingenuity he used in cross-examining the witnesses, and his eloquent address to the jury, succeeded in raising a doubt where all had previously seemed clear, and saved the prisoner's life. Those of the public who could hardly appreciate his eloquence, were astonished at his fluency—his volubility, for which he became quite proverbial. To a plain man, nothing appears more surprising than the power of talking continuously, on, on, without stop or stammer, for three or four hours, and that in any thing but a tedious manner, and probably, too, on some apparently common-place subject, upon which he would have become tedious in five minutes. We remember an incident connected with this. A respectable Glasgow merchant, and self-appointed preacher, had in his controversial zeal published matter which the Roman Catholic priest deemed libellous. An action was brought. Jeffrey was the priest's counsel, and a verdict was given against the merchant-preacher. But the latter was not a man to sit down quietly under a defeat. He reviewed the judgment in a pamphlet, and among other matters, amused his readers by stating that, with the aid of Johnson's dictionary, he had calculated that Mr. Jeffrey had, in the course of a few hours, spoken the whole English language twice over.

On another occasion, it was said, that at a contested election for Lanarkshire, when it was desirable for his party to gain time, Mr. Jeffrey rose to speak to a point

(1) Preface to Contributions, p. 10.

of law, and continued his harangue until a man galloped on horseback to Edinburgh, a distance of more than thirty miles, to bring up a stray elector, upon whose vote the contest of the day turned. The writer of this remembers well the first time he heard Jeffrey speak, when he bribed with his school-boy pocket money a good-natured sentinel, on guard at the Glasgow gaol, to admit him into the court-house. Mr. Jeffrey was then, as afterwards, and we believe is still, an object of the highest admiration and of emulation among the young. A friend of ours, now an ambitious and talented aspirant at the English bar, tells that he used to have a fear that Jeffrey should die ere he could visit Edinburgh; and that when at length the course of his University terms permitted him to visit that city, he hurried to look at the celebrated man's house. He had no introduction, and was too young and modest to introduce himself, but he next waited for hours at the Parliament-house, until Lord Jeffrey took his seat on the bench.

During the twenty-six years that he continued the Editor of the Review, there is hardly any subject in polite learning that he did not touch upon, and touching, did not adorn. Hardly an eminent name in literature occurs which is not found in the list of his reviewed. He was thought by some to be unnecessarily severe on female writers. But the candid reader will probably admit that he dispensed to them equal justice; he wished them to stand upon their merits, not upon the privileges of their sex; and freely expressed blame where he thought it was deserved, that he might dispense praise when due without the suspicion of flattery. Female writers had before been treated either with silence, with contemptuous sneers, or with fulsome adulation. He treated them as rational creatures, amenable like the stronger sex to censure, as well as entitled to praise; and they have risen accordingly both in their own estimation and in that of those whose good opinion is worth the having.

He was supposed also to have been a judge without mercy on what was termed "the Lake school" of poetry, and to have been particularly unjust to Wordsworth. In the volumes already alluded to, he reprints his criticisms on Wordsworth, avowing that he would now use gentler terms, but declaring his judgment to be unaltered. The merits of Wordsworth are still disputed among the readers of poetry; and were we called upon to give an opinion, we confess our agreement in general with Jeffrey; we do not find in the beautiful passages which here and there occur in Wordsworth, any sufficient compensation for the weary wandering through mist which we have to undertake in order to get at them. But a still more frequent source of embarrassment to the sensitive mind of our rigid critic, arose from the necessity of reviewing the works of some of his intimate friends, men whom he esteemed and admired. Had he shrunk from expressing his opinions, he might have been held to have abandoned his critical sceptre, to have been guilty of moral cowardice. Those who look back to

his reviews of the works of Scott, Campbell, and other friends, will find that he acquitted himself of his delicate task with equal judgment, skill, and good feeling. The authors themselves, perhaps, and their more enthusiastic admirers, might think him too niggardly of his praise, and liberal of his censure; but to have shrunk from pointing out faults which clouded so many beauties also displayed, would have rendered his praise and blame equally insignificant.

At the period of time when his activity was at the greatest point, and his reputation in full bloom, we are furnished with a minute account of Mr. Jeffrey's personal appearance, and a criticism on his talents and character by one who had every opportunity of judging and a high power of description. In 1818 and 1819, there appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, edited by John Wilson, and supported by the Tories very much as a balance against the influence of the Whig Review, a curious series of papers, purporting to be a Review of "Letters to his Kinsfolk," by Peter Morris, M.D. in which the society in Edinburgh, and indeed, of Scotland generally, was critically dissected. The public were mystified for some time; for no such book was found to be in existence. After the review, however, came the book, in three very curious volumes; and it was soon pretty generally known that the author was Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, since Editor of the Quarterly Review, and one of the most elegant critics and authors of the day. In these letters of Dr. Morris, Francis Jeffrey occupies a conspicuous place; and as the book is not now very generally known, we shall gladly avail ourselves of some of Dr. Morris's very graphic, but, perhaps, highly wrought descriptions:—

"He was within when I called, and in a second I found myself in the presence of this bugbear of authors. He received me very kindly, (although, from the appearance of his room, he seemed to be immersed in occupation,) and asked so many questions, and said and looked so much in so short a time, that I had some difficulty in collecting my inquisitorial powers to examine the person of the man. I know not how, there is a kind of atmosphere of activity about him; and my eyes caught so much of the prevailing spirit, that they darted for some minutes from object to object, and refused, for the first time, to settle themselves even upon the features of a man of genius, to them, of all human things, the most potent attractions. . . .

"It is a face which any man would pass without observation in a crowd, because it is small and swarthy, and entirely devoid of lofty or commanding outlines; and besides, his stature is so low, that he might walk close under your chin or mine without ever catching the eye even for a moment. However, he is scarcely shorter than Campbell; and some inches taller than Tom John Moore, or the late Monk Lewis. . . .

"I have heard many persons say, that the first sight of Mr. Jeffrey disappointed them, and jarred with all the ideas they had previously formed of his genius and character. Perhaps the very first glance of this celebrated person produced something of the same effect upon my own mind; but a minute or two of contemplation sufficed to restore me to the whole of my faith in physiognomy. . . . Mr. Jeffrey, then, as I have said, is a very short and very active looking man, with an appearance of extraordinary vivacity in all his motions and gestures. His face is one which cannot be understood at

a single look; perhaps it requires, as it certainly invites, a long and anxious scrutiny before it lays itself open to the gazer. The features are neither handsome, nor even very defined in their outlines; and yet the effect of the whole is as striking as any arrangement either of more noble, or more marked features, which ever came under my view. The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common; compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne's; and throwing out sinews above the eyes, of an extremely bold and compact structure. The hair is very black and wiry, standing in ragged bristly clumps out from the upper part of his head, but lying close and firm lower down, especially about the ears. Altogether it is picturesque, and adds to the effect of the visage. The mouth is the most expressive part of his face, as I believe it is of every face. The lips are very firm, but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense never-ceasing play of mind. There is a delicate kind of sneer almost always upon them, which has not the least appearance of ill-temper about it, but seems to belong entirely to the speculative understanding of the man. I have said that the mouth is the most expressive part of his face; and in one sense, this is the truth, for it is certainly the seat of all its rapid and transitory expression. But what speaking things are his eyes! They disdain to be agitated with those lesser emotions which pass over the lips; they reserve their fierce and dark energies for matters of more moment; once kindled with the heat of any passion, how they beam, flash upon flash! The scintillation of a star is not more fervid. Perhaps, notwithstanding of this, their repose is still more worthy of attention. With the capacity of emitting such a flood of radiance, they seem to take a pleasure in banishing every ray from their black, inscrutable, glazed, tarn-like circles. I think their prevailing language is, after all, rather a melancholy than a merry one; it is, at least very full of reflection. Such is a faint outline of this countenance, the features of which, to say nothing at all of their expression, have as yet baffled every attempt of the portrait painters. . . . A sharp, and at the same time a very deep-toned voice, a very bad pronunciation, but accompanied with very little of the Scotch accent; a light and careless manner, exchanged now and then for an infinite variety of more earnest expression and address; this is as much as I could carry away from my first visit to the 'wee reeket deil,' as the Inferno of Altesidora has happily called him."

Dr. Morris then gives an account of a visit to Craigerook, where he met with Professors Playfair and Leslie. He admires Mrs. Jeffrey, and her "interesting little girl," and he admires also Mr. Jeffrey's wit and clumpagne.

The following is his account of Jeffrey's powers of conversation:—

"The whole tone of Mr. Jeffrey's own conversation, indeed, was so pitched, that a proser, or a person at all ambitious, in the green-room phrase, to make an effect, would undoubtedly have found himself most grievously out of place. Amidst all this absence of preparation, however, I have never I believe heard so many ideas thrown out by any man in so short a space of time, and apparently with such entire negation of exertion. His conversation acted upon me like the first delightful hour after taking opium. The thoughts he scattered so readily about him, (his words, rapid, and wonderfully rapid as they are, appearing to be continually panting after his conceptions,) his thoughts, I say, were at once so striking and so just, that they took in succession entire possession of my imagination; and yet with so felicitous a tact did he forbear from expressing any one of

these too fully, that the reason was always kept in a pleasing kind of excitement, by the endeavour more thoroughly to examine their bearings. It is quite impossible to listen to him for a moment, without recalling all the best qualities of his composition. And I suspect his conversation is calculated to leave one with even a higher idea of his mind, at least of its fertility, than the best of his writings. I have heard some men display more profoundness of reflection, and others a much greater command of the conversational picturesque, but I never before witnessed any thing to be compared with the blending together of apparently little consistent powers in the whole strain of his discourse. Such a power, in the first place, of throwing away at once every useless part of the idea to be discussed, and then such a happy redundancy of imagination to present the essential and reserved part in its every possible relation and point of view—and all this connected with so much of the plain 'savoir faire' of actual existence, and such a thorough scorn of mystification, it is really a wonderful intellectual coalition. The largeness of the views suggested by his speculative understanding, and the shrewdness with which his sound and close judgment seems to scrutinise them, after they are suggested; these alone would be sufficient to make his conversation one of the most remarkable things in the world. But then he invests all this groundwork with such a play of fancy, wit, sarcasm, *persiflage*, every thing in that way except humour; which again, were they united in any person entirely devoid either of the depth or the justness of Jeffrey's intellect, would unquestionably render that person one of the most fascinating of all possible companions. The Stagyrte who places his *summum bonum* in having one's faculties kept at work, would certainly have thought himself in Elysium, had he been so fortunate as to discuss a flask of Chian in company with Mr. Jeffrey.

"The mere animal spirits of the man are absolutely miraculous. When one considers what a life of exertion he has led for the last twenty years; how his powers have been kept on the rack such a length of time, with writing and concocting, and editing reviews on the one hand, and briefs, and speeches, and journeys, and trials, and cross-questionings on the other, one cannot help being quite thunder-struck on finding that he has still reserved such a large fund of energy which he can afford and delight to lavish, when even the comparative repose of his mind would be more than enough to please and satisfy every one. This vigour seems to be a perfect widow's cruise, bubbling for ever upwards, and refusing to be exhausted, swelling and spreading till all the vessels of the neighbourhood are saturated and more than saturated with the endless unwaried irrigation of its superfluous riches."—Vol. i. p. 78.

Of his oratory at the bar, Dr. Morris speaks.—

"I have told you in a former letter, that his pronunciation is wretched—it is a mixture of provincial English with undignified Scotch, altogether muffled and offensive, and which would be sufficient to render the elocution of a mere ordinary man quite disgusting; but the flow of his eloquence is so overpoweringly rapid, so unweariedly energetic, so entirely unlike every other man's mode of speaking, that the pronunciation of the particular words is quite lost to one's view, in the midst of that continual effort which is required, in order to make the understanding, even the ear of the listener keep pace with the glowing velocity of the declamation. His words come more profusely than words ever came before, and yet it seems as if they were quite unable to follow, *passibus equis*, the still more amazing speed of his thought. You sit, while minute follows minute uncounted and unheeded, in a state of painful excitement as if you were in a room over-lighted with gas, or close under the crash of a whole pealing orchestra. This astonishing fluency and vivacity, if possessed by a

person of very inferior talents, might for a little be sufficient to create an illusion in his favour; and I have heard that such things have been. But the more you can overcome the effect of Mr. Jeffrey's dazzling rapidity, and concentrate your attention on the ideas embodied with such supernatural facility, the greater will be your admiration. It is impossible to conceive the existence of a more fertile, teeming intellect. The flood of his illustration seems to be at all times rioting up to the very brim, yet he commands and restrains it with equal strength and skill; or, if it does boil over for a moment, it spreads such a richness all around, that it is impossible to find fault with its extravagance. Surely never was such a luxuriant '*copiu fundi*' united with so much terseness of thought and brilliancy of imagination, and managed with so much unconscious, almost instinctive ease. If he is not the most delightful, he is certainly by far the most wonderful of speakers."—Vol. ii. p. 59.

Mr. Jeffrey's popularity in the west of Scotland resulted in his being, in 1821, elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. This election at that time attracted much attention in Scotland. It was almost the only free election then in that country; the representatives of Scotland in parliament, in those days, being appointed by a curious process which future antiquarian historians will have much difficulty in describing, and their readers as much difficulty in believing. The Rector of Glasgow University was elected by the open votes of all its members, professors as well as students; and as the voice of the latter may be supposed in a great degree to express the wishes and opinions of their fathers and friends, the contests which often ensued, excited much interest.

Jeffrey was much gratified with the honour. He might be described as being vain; and the frankness with which he expressed his pleasure, did him honour. Like his friend Campbell a few years later, he seemed to grow young again among the students. If there was vanity, there was no affectation about it; and it was delightful to see him, as he often was to be seen, moving about the courts with some hundreds of youths in their red gowns around him, waving their caps and hurraing for the popular rector. He commenced his installation address in these words:—

"On an occasion where Burke is reported to have faltered, and Adam Smith to have remained silent, it may probably be thought that I should have best consulted both my fame and my comfort if I had followed the latter example."

There was no fear of his following any such example. On such an occasion it was impossible for Jeffrey to be silent; and as for faltering there or any where else, that was out of the question.

The following passage, so warmly bearing testimony to the good he had derived from his education at that university, from one who said, that at Oxford there was little to be got but port and prejudice, deserves a place; but of Oxford of the present time he would have cause to speak with more respect, if not with entire approbation:—

"It was here that, now more than thirty years ago, I received the earliest and by far the most valuable part of my academical education, and first imbibed that

zeal and veneration for letters which has cheered and directed the whole course of my after life,—and to which, amidst all the distractions of rather too busy an existence, I have never failed to return with fresh and unabated enjoyment."

Mr. Jeffrey was elected to the office, as usual, for a second year, and in order to commemorate his rectorship founded a gold medal as a prize of merit.

His successor was Sir James Macintosh, and his election placed Mr. Jeffrey in a very peculiar predicament. The votes were equally divided between Sir James Macintosh and Sir Walter Scott, and by the laws of the university, the *casting vote* devolved upon Mr. Jeffrey. Both parties were men of high literary name, and both his intimate personal friends. Had the retiring rector liked to go to work in a straight forward manner, the matter was easy; but he did not like to confess that he was bound up to decide on party principles; yet such was the case. Those who had elected himself and proposed Macintosh, were whigs. The election was held to be a whig triumph, and Jeffrey could not on any account hand the office over to the tories. His course was plain enough; he had only to say, Sir James is a whig, Sir Walter is a tory; therefore I vote for Sir James. But let us hear what our ingenious (not ingenuous on this occasion) critic and orator did say. The passage is "a curiosity of literature," and we commend it to the notice of some future D'Israeli:—

"Between two such candidates, it might well have been thought difficult to choose; and if the result of our decision had been supposed to depend on any comparative estimate of their *general* merits, I should certainly have felt the task of selection to be one of infinitely greater difficulty and delicacy, than that which we have actually had to discharge. Sir Walter Scott, in point of inventive genius, of discrimination of character, of reach of fancy, of mastery over the passions and feelings of his readers, is undoubtedly superior, not only to his distinguished competitor in this day's election, but probably to any other name in the whole range of our recent or ancient literature; and to these great gifts and talents I know that he adds a social and generous disposition, which endears him to all who have access to his person, and has led him to make those splendid qualities subservient to the general diffusion of kind and elevated sentiments. By this happy use of these rare endowments, he has deservedly attained to a height of popularity, and an extent of fame, to which there is no parallel in our remembrance, and to which, as individuals, we must each of us contribute our share of willing and grateful admiration. But what I wish to impress upon you is, that those high qualities are rather titles to general glory than to *academic* honours; and being derived far more from the prodigality of nature, than the successful pursuits of study, have their appropriate reward rather in popular renown, than in the suffrages of societies dedicated and set apart for the encouragement of learning and science. The world at large is Sir Walter Scott's University, in which he studies, and in which he teaches; and every individual who reads, is a concurrent suffragan for the honours he has earned from the public. We, however, are not met to-day as a portion of that public; or to express as individuals what we owe to its benefactors. We are met as members of a *learned body*, a society consecrated to the cultivation of the severer studies in which the

(1) Lord Rector's address, collected by John B. Hay, M.D. Glasgow, 1841.

perseverance of the young should be stimulated by the honours which they help to confer on those who have made the greatest advances; and acting in this capacity, and with a due sense of the ends of the institution in which we are united, we ought, it rather seems to me, on an occasion like this, to take care that we are not too much dazzled with the blaze of that broader and more extended fame which fills the world beyond us.

"Now, it appears to me, that, in all the attainments which are to be honoured in a seat of learning, Sir James Mackintosh is as clearly superior to his competitor as he is inferior, perhaps, in the qualities that entitle him to popular renown. In profound and exact scholarship—in learning, properly so called, in all its variety and extent—in familiarity with all the branches of philosophy—in historical research—in legislative skill, wisdom, and caution—in senatorial eloquence, and in all the amenities of private life and character—I know no man, taking all these qualifications together, not merely to be preferred, but to be compared with him whom we have this day agreed to honour and invite among us. And considering him as a great example of the utility and the beauty of those attainments which we are here incorporated to cultivate and exalt, I cannot but feel that we have done right in giving him the preference, upon this occasion, over that other distinguished person to whom he has this day been opposed."

It may be remarked, that Mr. Jeffrey takes it for granted that Scott is the author of "Waverley,"—a secret not at that time divulged. On any other supposition, his eulogium on Sir Walter would be extravagant.

One good turn deserves another. Sir James, on his installation, thus spoke of Mr. Jeffrey:—

"He is a man, at least, as much beloved as he is admired by his readers and his hearers. He is as much the darling of those societies of which he is an individual member, as he is almost a solitary instance of a long and brilliant literary reputation, joined to a professional career of equal length and brilliancy."

In the year 1829, Mr. Jeffrey was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an office which, although not entailing much labour, is so nearly approximated to the judicial in dignity, that he now thought it respectful to his brethren who had raised him to it, to give up the editorship of the Review. He occasionally, but not frequently, contributed to it afterwards. His last paper, he tells us, was written from regard to the memory of his friend Mackintosh, whose "Life," by his son, he reviewed in the number for October, 1840.

The accession of the whigs to power in 1830, changed altogether the current of his life. He was made Lord Advocate, and returned for the Forfar district of Burghs to the House of Commons. He made his first speech in Parliament in support of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, on the 4th of March, 1831. From any other man than himself the speech would have been held a good one; but it was impossible that he could reach the point of expectation. Mackintosh said it was the best first appearance any man of fifty-five years of age had ever made. In reality, Mr. Jeffrey was fifty-nine. From Jeffrey it was deemed a failure. Mr. Croker, a writer in the "Quarterly," and long a hackneyed, yet ornate debater, replied in terms that savoured more of pertness than

of wit or eloquence. He was, indeed, no match for Jeffrey in any thing deserving Jeffrey's powers. The Lord Advocate's official duties, now of great importance and numerous, he discharged with general satisfaction, until he was raised to the bench in 1834. He had lost his seat for the Forfar Burghs, on account of informality, upon which he was returned by Earl Fitzwilliam for the nomination burgh of Melton. On the passing of the Reform Bill, his fellow-citizens honoured him and themselves by electing him the first representative, freely chosen, of Edinburgh.

Lord Jeffrey's conduct on the bench during the sixteen years he was a judge, was much praised. There were fears that he might not turn out a profound judge, nor, perhaps, a very diligent one. Those who knew him best argued otherwise; and they were right. He has been pointed out as eminent, even on a judicial seat, where all are pure, and where the finger of blame cannot be pointed to any one. We have often seen him on the judgment-seat. He had, to our eyes, a restless appearance, constantly rising, and pacing up and down, and interrupting any puny speaker, who was probably inflicting upon him some thrice-told tale. He was a general favourite, however, and the highest confidence was placed in his decisions. The last time we saw him was at the exhibition of paintings in the Royal Institution, Edinburgh. He had then passed his seventieth year, but looked hale and hearty. His sister¹ and one of his nieces leaned on his arm, and he conversed animatedly with them, and with Professor Wilson, whose large and tall figure afforded a striking contrast to his.

We have already mentioned that in 1840 Mr. Jeffrey republished, in four volumes, such of his essays as he desired to be judged by. We know few volumes which the reader may take up at any time with a greater certainty of being pleased and instructed. Taking them at random, he can hardly fail of lighting on passages worth being remembered. Acting on this principle, we give, as specimens,—we can hardly say, we select,—a few detached passages.

In the following passage is given a beautiful illustration of the progress, or, perhaps, we should say the changes of poetic style, depending on the progress or changes of society:—

"Conversant as poetry necessarily is with all that touches human feelings, concerns, and occupations, its character must have been impressed by every change in the moral and political condition of society, and must even retain the lighter traces of their successive follies, amusements, and pursuits; while, in the course of ages, the very multiplication and increasing business of the people have forced it through a progress not wholly dissimilar to that which the same causes have produced on the agriculture and landscape of the country,—where, at first, we had rude and dreary wastes, thinly sprinkled with sunny spots of simple cultivation—then, vast forests and chases, stretching far around feudal castles and pinnacled abbeys,—then, woodland hamlets, and goodly mansions, and gorgeous gardens, and parks, rich with waste fertility, and lax habitations,—and, finally,

(1) This sister was married to Dr. Thomas Brown, formerly a physician in Glasgow, and who succeeded to the estates of Landine and Waterhaugh, in Ayrshire.

(1) Hay's "Collection of Addresses."

crowded cities, and roadside villas, and brick-walled gardens, and turnip-fields, and canals, and artificial ruins, and ornamental farms, and cottages trellised over with exotic plants."¹

After some pleasant remarks on the abundance of good modern poetry,—on the improbability, should it continue to increase, of readers being found,—and on the oblivion which awaits its greater portion, the reviewer says:—

"The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine, than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There, if the future editor have any thing like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor, there shall 'posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tythes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey, while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded.'"²

The following comprehensive and well-written remarks on liberty and abuse of power, occur in a review of Madame de Staël:—

"The abuse of power, and the abuse of the means of enjoyment, are the great sources of misery and depravity in our advanced stage of society. Both originate with those who stand in the highest stages of human fortune; and the cure is to be found, in both cases, only in the enlightened opinion of those who stand a little lower.

"Liberty, it will not be disputed, is still more clearly dependent on intelligence than morality itself. When the governors are ignorant, they are naturally tyrannical. Force is the obvious resource of those who are incapable of convincing; and the more unworthy any one is of the power with which he is invested, the more rigorously will he exercise that power. But it is in the intelligence of the people themselves that the chief bulwarks of their freedom will be found to exist, and all the principles of political amelioration to originate. This is true, however, as Madame de Staël observes, only of what she terms '*la haute littérature*;' or the general cultivation of philosophy, eloquence, history, and those other departments of learning which refer chiefly to the heart and the understanding, and depend upon a knowledge of human nature, and an attentive study of all that contributes to its actual enjoyments. What is merely for delight, again, and addresses itself exclusively to the imagination, has neither so noble a genealogy, nor half so illustrious a progeny. Poetry, and works of gaiety and amusement, together with music, and the sister arts of painting and sculpture, have a much slighter connexion either with virtue or with freedom. Though among their most graceful ornaments, they may yet flourish under tyrants, and be relished in the midst of the greatest and most debasing corruption of manners. It is a fine and a just remark, too, of Madame de Staël, that the pursuits which minister to mere delight, and give to life its charm and voluptuousness, generally produce a great indifference about dying. They supersede and displace all the stronger passions and affections, by which alone we are bound very closely to existence; and, while they habituate the mind to transitory and passive impressions, seem naturally connected with those images of indolence, and intoxication, and slumber, to which the idea of death is so readily assimilated in characters of this description. When life, in short, is considered as nothing

more than an amusement, its termination is contemplated with far less emotion, and its course, upon the whole, is overshadowed with deeper clouds of ennui, than when it is presented as a scene of high duties and honourable labours, and holds out to us, at every turn, not the perishable pastimes of the passing hour, but the fixed and distant objects of those serious and lofty aims which connect us with a long futurity."—Vol. i. p. 84, 85.

Our next extract shall be in a different strain. Mr. Jeffrey himself professed to be of the Episcopal persuasion; but he imagines himself to be a Presbyterian, as a sound *Edinburgh* Reviewer ought to be. It is from a review of Bishop Heber's "Travels;" and his aim is to contrast what that amiable and excellent prelate was with what Presbyterians in general suppose bishops to be. One would imagine he had taken a leaf from the book of his colleague, Sydney Smith:—

"The notion entertained of a bishop in our anti-episcopal latitudes is likely enough, we admit, not to be altogether just; and we are far from upholding it as correct, when we say, that a bishop, among us, is generally supposed to be a stately and pompous person, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,—somewhat obsequious to persons in power, and somewhat haughty and imperative to those who are beneath him,—with more authority in his tone and manner than solidity in his learning, and yet with much more learning than charity or humility,—very fond of being called 'my lord,' and driving about in a coach with mitres on the panels, but little addicted to visiting the sick and fatherless, or earning for himself the blessing of those who are ready to perish,—

'Familiar with a round

Of ladyships,—a stranger to the poor;'

"Decorous in manners, but no foe to luxurious indulgences; rigid in maintaining discipline among his immediate dependants, and in exacting the homage due to his dignity from the undignified mob of his brethren; but perfectly willing to leave them the undivided privileges of teaching, and of comforting their people, and of soothing the sins and sorrows of their erring flock; scornful, if not openly hostile upon all occasions to the claims of the people, from whom he is generally sprung, and presuming everything in favour of the royal will and prerogative by which he has been exalted—setting, indeed, in all cases, a much higher value on the privileges of the few, than the rights that are common to all, and exerting himself strenuously that the former may ever prevail; caring more, accordingly, for the interests of his order than the general good of the church, and far more for the church than for the religion it was established to teach—hating dissenters still more bitterly than infidels; but combating both rather with obloquy and invocation of civil penalties than with the artillery of a powerful reason, or the reconciling influences of an humble and holy life, uttering now and then haughty professions of humility, and regularly bewailing, at fit seasons, the severity of those Episcopal labours, which sadden and even threaten to abridge a life which to all other eyes, appears to flow on in almost unbroken leisure and continued indulgence."—Vol. iv. p. 294.³

Alluding to German stuffing and cooking vulgarities, he writes:—

"But there is yet another distinguishing quality for which we have not accounted; and that is, a peculiar kind of vulgarity which pervades all their varieties, and constitutes perhaps their most repulsive characteristic. We do not know very well how to describe this unfortunate peculiarity, except by saying that it is the

(1) Review of Campbell's "Specimens," March, 1819.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) Review of Heber's Journey, December, 1828.

vulgarity of pacific, comfortable burghers occupied with stuffing, cooking, and providing for their coarse personal accommodation. There certainly never were any men of genius who condescended to attend so minutely to the *non-naturals* of their heroes and heroines as the novelists of modern Germany. Their works smell, as it were, of groceries—of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon,—and fryings in frowsy back parlours. All the interesting recollections of childhood turn on remembered tid-bits and plunderings of savoury store-rooms. In the midst of their most passionate scenes, there is always a serious and affectionate notice of the substantial pleasures of eating and drinking. The raptures of a *tête à tête* are not complete without a bottle of nice wine and a 'trim collation.' Their very sages deliver their oracles over a glass of punch; and the enchanted lover finds new apologies for his idolatry in taking a survey of his mistress's 'comb, soap, and towel.' Those baser necessities of our nature, in short, which all other writers who have aimed at raising the imagination or touching the heart, have kept studiously out of view, are ostentatiously brought forward, and fondly dwelt on by the pathetic authors of Germany."—Vol. i. p. 207.

We have given the above extract because we think it conveys a reproof to a class of writers of our own day, who fill their pages continually with pompous accounts of feasts and all the details of the dinner-table. Their heroes are continually stuffing, munching manchetts, (a favourite word,) and draining flagons. They imagine perhaps that they are recalling some of Walter Scott's splendid festal scenes; but when he introduces details of this kind, it is in order to illustrate the manners of the times of which he treats; they illustrate nothing but gluttony, for which we need not go beyond our cook shops.

The next extract points to another fault—too common to those who write down to the taste of the sensual, and ape the worst parts of Dumas and Eugene Sue. French indelicacy:—

"We must say, however, that the whole tribe of French writers who have had any pretensions to philosophy for the last seventy years, are affected with a species of indelicacy which is peculiar, we think, to their nation, and strikes us as more shameful and offensive than any other. We do not know very well how to describe it, otherwise than by saying, that it consists in a strange combination of physical science with obscenity, and an attempt to unite the pedantic and disgusting details of anatomy and physiology, with images of voluptuousness and sensuality; an attempt we think exceedingly disgusting and debasing, but not in the least degree either seductive or amusing." 2

The same essay, which contains a notice of Baron Grimm's correspondence as well as that of Diderot, affords ample proof of how much Mr. Jeffrey disliked the heartless immorality of the Voltaire school; although he may have admitted the service, which the boldness of their speculations, tolerated by shortsighted arbitrary power on account of their wit, did to the cause of free discussion.

It is on the wit and heartlessness of polished societies:—

"Whenever there is a very large assemblage of persons who have no other occupation but to amuse themselves, there will infallibly be generated, acuteness

of intellect, refinement of manners, and good taste in conversation; and with the same certainty, all profound thought, and all serious affection, will be generally discarded from their society. The multitude of persons and things that force themselves on the attention of such a scene, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other and pass away, prevent any one from making a deep or permanent impression: and the mind having never been tasked to any course of application, and long habituated to this lively succession and variety of objects, comes at last to require the excitement of perpetual change, and to find a multitude of friends as indispensable as a multitude of amusements. Thus the characteristics of large and polished society come almost inevitably to be, wit and heartlessness, acuteness and perpetual derision. The same impatience of uniformity, and passion for variety, which gives so much grace to their conversation, by excluding tediousness and pertinacious wrangling, makes them incapable of dwelling for many minutes on the feelings and concerns of any one individual; while the constant pursuit of little gratifications, and the weak dread of all uneasy sensations, render them equally averse from serious sympathy and deep thought. They speedily find out the shortest and most pleasant way to all truths, to which a short and a pleasant way can readily be discovered; and then lay it down as a maxim, that no others are worth looking after: and in the same way they do such petty kindnesses, and indulge such light sympathies, as do not put them to any trouble, or encroach at all on their amusements,—while they make it a principle to wrap themselves up in those amusements from the assault of all more engrossing or importunate affections.

"The turn for derision again arises naturally out of this order of things. When passion and enthusiasm, affection and serious occupation, have once been banished by a short-sighted voluptuousness, the sense of ridicule is almost the only lively sensation that remains; and the envied life of those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, would be utterly listless and without interest, if they were not to laugh at each other. Their quickness in perceiving ordinary follies and illusions too, affords great encouragement to this laudable practice; and as none of them have so much passion or enthusiasm left, as to be deeply wounded by the shafts of derision, they fall lightly and without rankling on the lesser vanities, which supply in them those master springs of human action and feeling.

"Nothing, indeed, can be more just and conclusive than the remark of M. Grimm himself, upon the utter carelessness and instant oblivion that followed the death of one of the most distinguished, active and amiable members of his *coterie*: 'Tant il est vrai que ce qui nous appellons la société, est ce qu'il y a de plus léger, de plus ingrat, et de plus frivole au monde.'

"Holding this opinion very firmly ourselves, it will easily be believed that we are very far from envying the brilliant persons who composed, or gave the tone to this exquisite society; and while we have a due admiration for the elegant pleasantries, correct taste, and gay acuteness, of which they furnish, perhaps, the only perfect models, we think it more desirable, on the whole, to be the spectators, than the possessors of those accomplishments; and would no more wish to buy them at the price of our sober thinking and settled affections, than we would buy the dexterity of a fiddler or a rope-dancer, as the price of our personal respectability. Even in the days of youth and high-spirits, there is no solid enjoyment in living altogether with people who care nothing about us; and when we begin to grow old and unamusable, there can be nothing so comfortable as to be surrounded with those who think of nothing but amusement."—Vol. i. p. 329.

One more extract, and we somewhat unwillingly take our leave of Mr. Jeffrey, with the confident hope

(1) Review of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Aug. 825.

(2) Review of Diderot, vol. i. p. 348.

that some one intimately acquainted with his life, and possessed of the valuable papers which, we doubt not, he has left behind him, will, by the publication of a memoir, give us an opportunity in due time of returning to the subject.

Madame de Staël had advocated the doctrine of optimism or perfectibility, and eloquently argued that the progress of science, literature, and morality would banish ignorance, and vice, and misery from the earth. Mr. Jeffrey differed from this soothing view of human destinies. In the course of his argument he says:—

"Take the case, for example, of *war*, by far the most prolific and extensive pest of the human race, whether we consider the sufferings it inflicts, or the happiness it prevents,—and see whether it is likely to be arrested by the progress of intelligence and civilization. In the first place it is manifest, that instead of becoming less frequent and destructive in proportion to the rapidity of that progress, our European wars have in point of fact been incomparably more constant and more sanguinary since Europe became signally enlightened and humanized, and that they have uniformly been most obstinate and most popular in its most polished countries. The brutish Laplanders and bigoted and profligate Italians have had long intervals of repose, but France and England are now pretty regularly at war, for about fourscore years out of every century." (This was written in 1812.) "In the second place, the lovers and conductors of war are by no means the most ferocious and stupid of their species, but, for the most part, the very contrary; and their delight in it, notwithstanding their compassion for human suffering and their complete knowledge of its tendency to produce suffering, seems to us sufficient almost of itself to discredit the confident prediction of those who assure us that when men have attained to a certain degree of intelligence, war must necessarily cease among all the nations of the earth. There can be no better illustration, indeed, than this, of the utter futility of all those means of perfectibility which are founded on a radical ignorance of what it is that constitutes the real enjoyment of human nature, and upon the play of how many principles and opposite *stimuli* that happiness depends, which it is absurdly imagined would be found in the mere negation of suffering, or in a state of Quakerish placidity, dulness and uniformity. Men delight in war, in spite of the pains and miseries which they know it entails upon themselves and their fellows, because it exercises all the talents, and calls out all the energies, of their nature,—because it holds them out conspicuously as objects of public sentiment and general sympathy,—because it gratifies their pride of art, and gives them a lofty sentiment of their own power, worth, and courage,—but, principally, because it sets the game of existence upon a higher stake, and dispels by its powerful interest those feelings of *ennui* which steal upon every condition from which hazard and anxiety are excluded, and drive us into danger and suffering as a relief. While human nature continues to be distinguished by these attributes, we do not see any chance of war being superseded by the increase of wisdom or morality. We should be pretty well advanced in the career of perfectibility if all the inhabitants of Europe were as intelligent, and upright, and considerate, as Sir John Moore, or Lord Nelson, or Lord Collingwood, or Lord Wellington; but we should not have the less of war. We take it with all its attendant miseries. The more wealth, and intelligence, and liberty, there is in a country, indeed, the greater love we fear there will be for war; for a gentleman is uniformly a more pugnacious animal than a plebeian, and a free man than a slave. The case is the same with the minor contentions that agitate civil life, and shed abroad the bitter waters of political animosity, and grow up into the rancours

and atrocities of faction and cabal. The leading actors in those scenes are not the lowest or most debased characters in the country; but, almost without exception, of the very opposite description. It would be too romantic to suppose that the whole population of any country should ever be raised to the level of our Fox, and Pitt, Burke, Windham, or Grattan; and yet if that miraculous improvement were to take place, we know that they would be at least as far from agreeing as they are at present, and may fairly conclude that they would contend with far greater warmth and animosity."—Vol. i. p. 93.¹

We suppose the Peace Society will hardly admit the validity of this line of argument,—nor, indeed, do we; although we cannot altogether agree with the benevolent gentlemen of that society, who seem to think that we should best promote peace by disabling ourselves from defence, forgetting, apparently, that we are surrounded by nations who, on that subject, are little better than barbarous. The promoters of peace are on the right track, however, and we wish them all success in spreading their principles. And not to them alone; we wish success to the numerous societies in operation for the benefit of our fellow-creatures. Let the universities be improved; let schools be multiplied and ragged children be compelled to come in and be taught. Let the poor needle-women be sent where they will have room to exist; let the dwellings of the working-men be improved, and all means for improving their health and physical and moral state be encouraged. Let missionary efforts be increased, and, above all, let the Bible be scattered abroad with even a prodigal hand. All the seed will not return to us void; all will not fall on rocky ground. Some of it will bring forth seven, or even a hundred-fold.

The promoters of such things are good men and true. They are the salt of the earth; the benefactors of the human race. They may hope for that which Francis Jeffrey seems to have depared of; but it will not come by the means Madame de Staël supposed. They may be, unconsciously perhaps, obeying the voice of Him who said, "Make ye straight the way of the Lord!" and when the fields are ripe we may rely upon it, "the Lord of the harvest will send reapers to the harvest."

We look upon it as one of the great felicities of Lord Jeffrey's life that he was permitted to spend the evening of his days in the dignified position of a judge. No situation we can imagine more enviable for a serious-minded and intelligent old man, than a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Without being oppressive to one who well knows the law, the duties are enough to prevent the mind from sinking into lethargy, and from their nature are calculated to lead him to reflect on his past life, and to prepare for a higher than a human judgment. Lord Jeffrey was able to perform his official duties in his usual manner until four days before his death. It was of old said, that we could call no man happy before his

(1) Review of De Staël, "De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales."

death; we can now pronounce that judgment on Francis Jeffrey, and say with pleasure, that his death, as well as his life, has been happy.

OUR COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.

A SKETCH.

BY J. M. W.

"Go and see our cousins in the country, Mary! why, what put that into your head?" asked John Wood of his sister, as they were sitting together one evening, talking over plans for a short summer holiday.

"Why, I don't know what first put the idea into my head, John; but I found it there just now."

"But who knows whether they would be glad to see us? I dare say they care nothing about us. They never saw us."

"Nay, but, John, you remember what father always used to say,—'Blood is thicker than water.'—He always thought of going 'back to the old place,' as he called it, if he 'lived and did well.'"

The brother and sister were silent for a time; for they thought of that dear father and mother who no longer lived; and who while they lived had not *done well*, in the worldly meaning of the phrase. No;—old Mr. and Mrs. Wood, excellent, honest people as they were, had not prospered in the world. They had fallen a little behind the time. When they married, they opened a respectable haberdasher's shop in the Borough, which they conducted in a quiet respectable way, as shops used to be conducted thirty years ago. They managed it themselves; and they brought up their two children, John and Mary, to take a part in the business. They had no *neo-fangled* notions, as they called all innovations, good and bad; they were steady, unambitious, plodding people, who spent little money, and made little, also. Their children were much like themselves; and, though born and bred in London, had not only a shrewd North-country look, but a slight North-country accent in pronouncing some words. These peculiarities they gained from their parents, together with other things more valuable—viz. sincere piety, strong affection for each other, habits of industry, and a sturdy spirit of independence. They had both been to the best day-schools in the neighbourhood; and though Mary could not play on the piano, she could write a sensible letter, and understand some of the best English classics;—though John could not dance, or make Latin verses, which his father did not think necessary for a haberdasher, he was no mean geometrician, and was extremely fond of philosophy and history. With these accomplishments, good health, good temper, and good principles, they were not badly armed for the Battle of Life; into the midst of which they were suddenly thrown, when their father, after several profitless years of trade, sold his business to pay his creditors, and after obtaining good situations for his son and daughter, turned shopman himself, in the very establishment where he had been master for twenty-five

years. This reverse in their circumstances wrought a gradual, but rapid change in the honest, simple, old couple. They did not complain; but, within five years, they both died. John and Mary were then left alone in the world; and they clung the closer together on that account. They had risen by degrees to be the head man and the head woman in the large and fashionable West-end shop where their father had first placed them. They received very good salaries, and were esteemed and respected by their employer, who allowed them a fortnight's holiday every year, during the *dead season*, when, as "there is nobody in London," there is very little to do in the way of selling ribbons and laces.

Mr. and Miss Wood were very unpretending people, and preferred saving some of their money to spending it all; but, they *spent* judiciously also; and thought it a good outlay of money to *enjoy* their yearly holiday, and lay in a stock of health and pleasant recollections. They lived plainly, not in the house of their employer, but in lodgings at Chelsea. They had two comfortable bed-rooms, and a pretty sitting-room facing the river; these were furnished with some of the dear old furniture which had made their old home in the Borough so comfortable, and which their parents had been able to rescue from the wreck of their little capital. The house in which they lodged belonged to a funny little old maid, who was very much attached to them, and took a great interest in all they said and did.

On the evening of their introduction to the reader, John and Mary had received an intimation from Mr. Broad, their employer, that they were at liberty to begin their holiday on the following Friday. This was Monday, and they had not yet settled where they would go. They always made a point of going into the country, to spend their holiday; though Miss Carol, their landlady, thought it "a great shame they did not stay and see some of the fine London sights," of which they were deplorably ignorant: and "go to the theatre, or a concert every evening." She thought "that would be making more of a holiday of it, than going into the country, where there was not a living creature to be seen—nothing but cows and haystacks." Miss Carol was a staunch Londoner.

After the pause which we mentioned above, and which we have made use of to impart to the reader this information concerning them, the brother and sister looked up at each other.

"Well, Mary! what are you thinking of now?"

"I was thinking, John," replied his sister, while a tear glistened in her eye,—"*I was thinking*, how much mother longed to see her relations, during the last year of her life. If she were alive *now*, John! We are able to afford journeys, now. Things always come too late."

"Nay, Mary, we must not say, or think *that*. Things may *seem* to us to come too late; but God knows best; and we may therefore be sure they always come at the right time. If we look long enough, and sharp enough, we shall see *that*, very often, if not always. Even in this case of poor dear mother's going down

into the North, after so long an absence;—remember how she used to talk of the persons and places that were so dear to her in her girlhood. Why, no persons and places could be so perfectly good and beautiful as her memory and imagination painted them. What a golden land, what a happy valley was Lonsdale, as it was in her recollection! How good, and brave, and handsome, were all her brothers, and sisters, and cousins! Now, Mary, I verily believe that father and mother enjoyed the memory of old times, old friends, and old places, with a letter from the dear North once in a year or two, more than they would have enjoyed an actual visit. In *reality* all would be changed; they would not have recognised their dearest friends. In *memory*, every thing and everybody was unchanged, and the brightness of youth dwelt with them to the last. It was better for them that they did not have their wish."

"Well, John, you have a way of making out that all evil is good in disguise."

"So it is, Mary; only we are not clever enough to see through the disguise always."

"You are right, dearest, I dare say. But still I cannot help wishing that father and mother were alive again, now; and that we could take them down to Hillbeck."

"They are better off where they are, Mary. But I think your notion of *our* going down to Hillbeck, and looking up our relations, is not a bad one. We are pretty well versed in their names and localities, thanks to poor father and mother's affectionate reminiscences. We shall find some of them out, I dare say. I dare say, too, they will be glad to see us; for all the letters father and mother had from that part, especially from uncle Ralph Wood, have been hearty and friendly. We want nothing of them; they may be better off than we, but we go among them independent, as far as the pocket is concerned; and so we shall give them no trouble, if they are not disposed to fraternize with their long-lost London relations."

"Oh! John, I am sure they will be glad to see us. All the North-country people are kind and hospitable, mother used to say; and I am sure father was right when he said, 'Blood is thicker than water;' I feel *that* myself. I quite long to see what sort of cousins we have got. I wonder what has become of little Leonard that was such a pretty baby when mother came away from Hillbeck to be married. He was her eldest brother's first child, you know; and uncle Henry Thornton must have had at least a dozen children, since. There must be a great cargo of our cousins in Lonsdale—Woods, and Thorntons, and Grays!"

"Yes. They must have spread very much in the course of thirty years; for it is just thirty years since father and mother left that part. We cannot expect to find many of their contemporaries alive; and the younger folks may not take much interest in us. So you must not let your warm heart be chilled, Mary, if they do not receive us with open arms."

"Then, it is settled that we go down to the North?"

"Yes, dear, I should like it as well as you. The country is very beautiful thereabouts. I will find out, to-morrow, the way we must go."

"The *town* nearest to Hillbeck is Kirby Lonsdale, I know."

"Yes, we have heard that often enough in our childish days. Do you remember our playing at going to Kirby Lonsdale, when you were *so high*, and I overset you into a pail of water?"

They went on laughing and chatting; and presently, Mary invited Miss Carol to supper with them, and told her of their holiday scheme. Miss Carol had no relations herself, and so thought them valuable possessions which should be looked after and never lost. But she did not like the idea of her young friends going two hundred miles from London. It seemed like going beyond the confines of civilization. It was not quite clear to her, that the inhabitants of those remote parts did not dye their bodies with woad, clothe themselves in skins of beasts, and conduct themselves, in all respects, like genuine ancient Britons. She did not think it quite safe to go unarmed among them.

The important Friday came at last. It was a beautiful day at the end of August. I shall not give any particulars of the journey from Euston Square to the Burton and Holme Station, on the Lancaster and Carlisle line. I may just state, as an indication of character, that Miss Carol accompanied her young friends to the large bustling terminus, in order to see them off, and to put into their hands a basket of provisions, which she had prepared for their refreshment on the way; that she was sorely divided between her terror of the engine, and her attachment to the travellers. She firmly believed that nothing short of a miracle would bring them safely to the end of their journey. John did what he could to relieve her mind by promising to send her a line by that day's post, from some station near the end of their journey.

And now we must beg our readers to imagine this long journey accomplished. They have just been put out of the train, with their small quantity of luggage, at the Burton and Holme Station. Mary is sitting on her box on the little platform; while John has gone to make inquiries about the ways and means of going on to Kirby Lonsdale. Mary is a little tired with sitting all day; and has got a slight headache with the incessant noise. She looks round, and sees green trees and fields on each side of the line, and some dark blue hills in the distance: the noisy train has gone on out of sight, and the fresh evening breeze is springing up after the hot day. The bright sun is shining, and is still high above the horizon,—everything is so still and happy-looking that Mary smiles to herself, and begins to feel quite recovered. The headache has actually gone in a few moments, and she is gazing eagerly towards those dark blue hills, and wondering whether she shall ever be on the top of one of them.

A quiet, observant young man, who has been pacing

up and down the platform, and is waiting for the next up-train, observed Mary, among other things, and thought there was a pleasant, soft brightness in the face of that intelligent-looking London girl. While he was observing her, John returned hastily.—“Now, Mary, I’ve got something to take us on to Kirby. Here! there is no porter, give me the box, and you take the carpet-bag.”

As Mary was about to do so, the stranger stepped forward and said, “Allow me to carry that.”

Mary yielded it willingly, for she was very tired. The stranger helped John to seat her comfortably on the front seat of the car, and explained to John how he was to ride on the back-seat, so as not to be thrown off. He then called their driver by name, and charged him to point out Morecombe Bay when they came in sight of it, and to tell the travellers the names of all the remarkable points in the drive. He told John he was “very sorry, but he was obliged to run up to Lancaster that evening, or he would have had great pleasure in driving them himself, as he was going back to Kirby; he had plenty of room in his *White-chapel*, which would have been rather more comfortable than the car for the lady.” Just then the up-train was heard approaching, and he ran off, wishing them a pleasant drive to Kirby.

John liked the look and manners of that young fellow, and thought that, if all the people in the north were as kindly and honest-looking, they should not repent their adventure. John thought this, and said it too. Mary thought it, but did not say it.

Descriptions of scenery are generally anything but descriptive, therefore I shall not attempt to give an account of the eight miles drive between the Burton Station and Kirby Lonsdale. I can only say that it is very beautiful. The three points of greatest interest to strangers are the blue distant hills before alluded to,—the outworks of the lake-district; Morecombe Bay, which is two or three miles off, and the view of Lonsdale or the valley of the Lune, which is one of the richest and most lovely valleys in England; the town of Kirby-in-Lonsdale, or Kirby Lonsdale, is picturesquely situated in one of the finest parts of the valley.

They were driven to the Royal Hotel, the best inn in the town. Here they alighted, and ordered tea directly. John would have ordered beds also, thinking Mary would be too tired to go farther that night; but she forbade him to do so, saying, “No, no; I am a better traveller than that. I shall be quite strong again after some tea; and then let us have the car again, and go on to Hillbeck this evening. I dare say we can get some sort of accommodation for the night here. I long to see that beautiful Fell that mother loved so. I wish we could sleep in her native place to-night. Let us go, if we can, John.”

John was quite ready to go on, that night, to the world’s end, if she pleased. He was not at all tired, and was just getting into the spirit of the journey; only he was tremendously hungry, and begged leave to add a beefsteak to the tea-table. Mary laughed at

his passion for beefsteak, and she laughed still more when he declared solemnly after eating it, that there never had been such a capital steak eaten in England before, and that this country hotel ought to be immortalized for it.

On inquiry, it appeared that Hillbeck was only five miles from Kirby, so that though it was “a *turble* hilly road,” they would get there before it was dark; and that, though there was no inn at Hillbeck, add, indeed, scarcely a village, yet that there was a small, comfortable inn, half a mile further on, among the fells, where they would meet with every attention. These main points ascertained, John requested the landlord to let him have a driver who knew something about Hillbeck and the people who lived there.

“Why, sir,” replied the landlord, “you can have Roger Garner; he was born and bred at Hillbeck. Here, Roger, man, get ready to drive a car to Hillbeck! If you want to know about the Hillbeck folk, sir, Roger’s your man; there’s not a man or woman born in Hillbeck for the last fifty years but he knows all about them. He’s a good hand at a talk, is Roger.”

John laughed, and said Roger was just the man he wanted. In ten minutes more, John and Mary, with their luggage, were once more on a car, and, driven by Roger Garner, departed out of Kirby, going slowly across the beautiful bridge over the Lune, so as to get a good view of the river both above and below. The brother and sister recognised the lovely scene which had been so often described to them by their parents.

“That, at least, is not changed, Mary!” exclaimed her brother. “It’s just as they described it.”

Roger Garner, who had eyed them attentively before, looked round at this, and said, respectfully,—“Yes, sir; there has been little change here ever since I can remember, and I have been here sixty years, man and boy. Do you come from this part, sir? I think I know something of your face, and of this young lady’s, too. I must be mistaken, for I’m thinking of things too long ago for you to belong to them,” he added, half musing.

“Will it help you to remember if I say our name is *Wood*?”

“That will *do*, sir,” replied Roger, with an intelligent smile; “I was on the right track. You are a Wood, sure enough; and this young lady is another, or my name is not Garner. She is the very model of John Wood, who went up to London two-and-thirty years ago, and never come back since. I heard tell he died there away.”

“He did,” replied John, “he died in London three years ago. We are his children.”

“Are you, indeed?” And the old man pulled up his horse for a moment, and scanned both their faces with interest. “I should have known *her* for a *Wood*, anywhere; *you* are more of a Thornton. Ah! your poor mother’s dead, I know; she was the finest lass in all Hillbeck, was Jane Thornton!” and the old man paused a moment, and then, giving the reins a jerk, drove on in silence.

"Is my mother's brother, Henry, alive?" asked Mary, softly, for she saw that the old man's feelings were busied with bygone years.

"Ay, Harry Thornton's alive, and like to live many a good year. Are ye going to the Hall? He'll be right glad to see ye. He used often to talk of his sister Jane; she was his favourite. No wonder! she was every one's favourite;" and the old man sighed a little, and then coughed down the sigh.

"Do you think my uncle will be glad to see us if we go without warning or invitation?" asked John Wood, much pleased with his new acquaintance, and inclined to be guided by his opinion.

"Why, what warning or invitation should he want to have or to give? Arn't ye his own sister's children?—It's not the way in our country to stand upon ceremony with our relations and friends. That may be the fashion up in London, but it don't suit us here. The poorest cottager in Hillbeck (and that's my cousin Tom) would be glad to have the children of a Wood or a Thornton under his roof, and to give them the best he had, as long as they liked to stay; let alone the richest farmer in Hillbeck, and that's your uncle Henry Thornton, at the Hall. So, if you thought of going on to the Lowther Arms, to sleep, you had better put that thought out of your head, unless you wish to offend all your relations; and Hillbeck's full of them. You just let me drive you up to the Hall; and if you show your faces to your uncle, I don't think you need tell your names, or wait for a formal invitation."

"Shall we go at once to uncle Henry's house, Mary, think you?"—Mary, in whom there was a spirit of adventure, which had been roused by the novelties of this day, nodded her head eagerly, and said, "Oh, yes! John, let us go, just as we are. Should we not like them to do the same by us, if they came, strangers to London, as we come here? You know we can but come away again, if they do not seem disposed to receive us heartily. After all, why should not their hearts warm to us, as mine, and, I'm sure, yours, does to them?—Blood is thicker than water!"

"Well said, Missy. There's a touch of your father, there!" observed Roger.

That point being settled, the two Londoners had their minds free to admire the wild beauties of the country through which they were going. The bold heath-clad hills, or *fells*, as they are called in Westmoreland, rose in vast undulating lines all round them. In the midst was a broad cultivated valley, through which their road lay for some time. At last, to the great delight of Mary, whose joy was to be on the top of anything like a hill, they turned out of the road through the great valley of the Lune, and began to ascend a steep road, over one of the Fells. Roger Garner and her brother got down, in order to lighten the load for the horse; they walked on together in amicable communion, and Mary sat by herself in the car, very much too happy to care to talk. Here she was, at last, in the midst of the wild mountain region which her mother and father had so

often described to her. Higher and higher they went, and still more and more of hills and mountains could she see; range behind range, they lay,—some green and bright in the light of the setting sun,—others inky black in shadow,—others dim and cloud-covered, all melting, by imperceptible lines, one into the other. There were no corn-fields, no meadows and hedge-rows here. All was moorland, wide, treeless, unenclosed.—No houses to be seen; a few cows and ponies now and then were seen, up and down on the sides of the great Fell over which they were going. The sunset from this elevated point was very fine; but the wind blew cold, and Mary wrapped her shawl closely round her, and thought of the tales which her parents had told her, of the danger of crossing the Fells in winter, when the snow lies on them for weeks together, many feet in thickness. Here and there, on each side along the edge of the road, she observed tall wooden poles, painted black at the top; these, she knew, were placed there to mark the depth of the snow in winter, and to indicate where the road lay. She was pleased to find how well she remembered what her mother had so often described to her in her childhood. As they went on, and John and Roger Garner had again mounted to their seats, the road began to descend into a quiet, secluded vale, on the opposite side of which, rose a steep dark mountainous mass. It attracted attention instantaneously.

"What's that mountain?" asked John Wood.

"Yon's Hillbeck Fell. It's the highest ground hereabouts, and famous enough among the grouse shooters. And there's the place we are going to,—Hillbeck village. There's light enough for you to see it pretty well. There's the *Beck*, (or *stream*,) running down from the Fell, and flowing through the village. There ain't a clearer, prettier stream in summer than Hill Beck, nor a noisier, angrier stream in winter. Do you see the chapel yonder, among the clump of dark trees, beyond the cottages?—Now, look out there, a little way up the first rise of the Fell.—Do you see a large, grey stone building?"

"What, the one with curious tall chimneys, half covered with ivy? Yes, I see it very plainly," said Mary, getting more and more interested in what she saw. "What a dear old place! What is it called?"

"It is called Hillbeck Hall," replied Roger Garner.—Your uncle Henry Thornton lives there; and we are going to drive there directly, without going round by the village."

"Are all the farm-houses about here called *Halls*?" inquired John.

"Many of them are:—for this reason,—they were many years ago the dwellings of the gentry of the country; (for we have no *nobles* just here;) since they have lost their grand inhabitants, they have kept their grand names, because nobody ever thinks of altering them, I suppose."

"And what is the name of the old family to whom Hillbeck Hall formerly belonged?" asked John, unconscious that he was touching upon a tender point.

Roger turned round to him, with a strange excite-

ment in his fine intelligent features—"Young man, you see all this valley, and these fine opposing Fells.—All this once belonged to an ancient family, among the respectable gentry of this country, and you Hall, where your uncle, the steady industrious farmer, now lives, in great comfort, was their ancestral home. The name of that family was *Garner*, and I am the last descendant."

The two young people, whose hearts were not chilled by contact with the world, stretched out their hands to the old man, and uttered hurried words of sympathy, and apology, for having excited his feelings by their questions.

"No, no. Never mind! It is all right. How should you know what interest I had in Hillbeck?—Besides, it is the law of God's providence, in governing the world;—a continual, circling change. The high sink gradually, and become low, and the low rise gradually, and become high. The Garners have had their day; it's the Thorntons' turn now. I don't grudge it them; for, you must know, it was not I who lost this property, but my father and grandfather between them, before I was born. I have learned to be a little of a philosopher, you see; though I do feel, sometimes, regretful, when I drive down into this place. To my mind, it's the sweetest place in the whole world."

Mary and John praised Hillbeck heartily, much to the old man's satisfaction; and they treated him with even more respect than before, for they had been taught that it is a noble and kind thing to show respect to those that have fallen in the world, by no misconduct of their own. They had half forgotten their curiosity about their own relations, in their interest for Roger Garner.

Suddenly the car stopped—there was a gate to be opened, and John jumped down eagerly and opened it, to save their driver trouble.

"Now you are in the grounds of the Hall," said the latter.

They looked around, and saw a fine plantation on one side, and a pretty enclosed meadow on the other, and the old grey house, with its barns and out-houses, was before them. Twilight was fast covering the scene, and enlarging the appearance of objects. Mary thought Hillbeck Hall was a grand looking place, and she began to fear that her cousins might be inclined to look down with contempt upon herself and John. Every thing was still; as they approached the house, a light appeared in one of the upper windows, and a young girl flitted across it. "That's a cousin," thought Mary.

There was a large gravelled court in front of the principal door, at which Roger drew up. It was opened immediately; for the sound of wheels had been heard within. Instead of a neat housemaid, with pink ribbons, or a rough serving-man, there appeared within the wide stone doorway a crowd of bright young faces and tall healthy forms male and female.

"Roger Garner! Roger Garner!" cried the younger

ones rushing out, and surrounding the car. "Who have you brought?"—and then seeing that the two other persons were strangers, they became silent; some ran back into the house, and the rest looked up, with curious wondering eyes, at the new comers.

"Where's your father, master Ralph?" asked Garner, of a tall, broad-shouldered youth of eighteen, who now came forward from the door-way, with a very pretty girl of a similar build and age. "How do you do, Miss Dora?"

"Here I am, Garner," said a clear, strong voice, from the interior of the mansion. "Do'st want me, man?—Out of the way, young ones!" And in another moment, Mr. Henry Thornton, of Hillbeck, the father of the numerous young folks clustered at the door, came out and stood beside the car. He was a fine specimen of a North-country farmer,—tall, strongly made, with a wide chest and an upright carriage. His head was admirably set on his shoulders; his hair was grizzled, his eyes, bright and keen, his mouth large, but well cut. The union of frankness and intelligence, of good temper and firmness, in the face and the bearing of the man, was extremely prepossessing; and John Wood jumped, at once, from his seat, and stood before him.

"Who have ye brought us, this time, Roger?—It's nobody from Kirby, I'm thinking. I don't quite recollect ye, just now, youngster," he said, glancing at John, "but you're welcome any how, whoever ye be." He glanced again at the young man's face, and this time their eyes met. The honest farmer started, and his sun-burnt face lost some of its usual colour. "Who are ye?"—he cried, laying his hand on John's shoulder, and scanning his features attentively for, at least, a minute. Then he said, in a low, hoarse voice, full of emotion,—"It is Jane's child!" and he could say no more, but wrung his nephew's hand with one of his own, while with the other he dashed away some sudden tears from his eyes.

"I knew you'd want no introduction," said the kind Roger Garner, whose own eyes glistened with something more than their ordinary brightness. "That face speaks for itself, to any one who ever knew Jane Thornton. And here's another that's got *John Wood* written on it, plain enough for my old eyes to see;" and he helped Mary down, and placed her before her uncle. He folded her in his arms, and invoked a blessing on them both. He looked from one to the other, with ill-concealed emotion; uttering half finished sentences of joy and regret; still keeping one arm round Mary, while his other hand clasped that of his nephew. It was as pretty a twilight scene as eye ever beheld. The three principal figures were surrounded by the rest of the family, in various groups. Mrs. Thornton, a woman whom it did the temper good to look on, stood behind her husband, with her eldest daughter, Jane, and her son Harry. They feared to intrude on the meeting, but looked on with sympathetic faces. The younger members, including even the great twins, Ralph and Dora, before introduced, were not quite so scrupulous; but crowded round their

father and their new relations with eager and delighted cries of welcome. As there were four boys among them, and each boy was always accompanied by two dogs, who barked briskly whenever their master showed signs of joy, the noise soon made itself the most important object of immediate consideration.

"Confound the dogs!" cried Garner, and began to lay about him with his whip.

"Nay! nay! Confound the children, say I," cried Mr. Thornton. "Get away with you into the house, some of you; and don't keep your cousins standing here in the cold. Is that the way ye welcome them? There! there! Plenty of time for introducing yourselves, when you've introduced them to the fire. Besides, there's Mr. Garner; take care of him.—You'll stay with us to-night, Garner?—No; I'll be shot if you shall go back to Kirby to-night, after bringing us such a load as this!—Here! Take the chaise off to the stables, some of you boys, and tell the men to make the horse right comfortable for the night.—No! no! Garner; stay you here.—You must let me have my way, and be treated like a gentleman, whenever you come to *this* house; whatever treatment you may meet with elsewhere. Besides, you can't refuse to come in, and have a long chat with poor Jane's children."

There seemed to be something unanswerable in this last argument; and Roger Garner suffered the boys to take away the chaise, and Miss Dora to lead him into the house, without another word of objection. In the meantime, Mrs. Thornton and her elder children came forward, and greeted John and Mary in the most affectionate way. And whether it were the fatigue, the novelty, the excitement, or the exuberant kindness with which they were received by their unknown relatives, I cannot pretend to say, but the fact is, as soon as they were seated in the comfortable family room, before a large log-fire, Miss Mary's composure broke down, and she burst into tears, with her arms round her cousin Jane's neck. This was, of course, a signal for more tears; and Jane, Dora, and their new-found cousin retired precipitately, under pretence of "taking-off cousin's things." But Mary was not a girl to allow her feelings to get the better of her for very long; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, the three girls went down stairs again, all smiles and animation. The scene that followed was amusing enough. It had been already settled, that John and Mary were not to be teased with any questions that night; but that they were to be allowed to ask all the questions they liked, and to have every member of the family formally introduced to them. Uncle Thornton performed the ceremony of introduction, and he indulged himself in pointed personal remarks, upon each individual he introduced, "for the enlightenment of their stranger relatives" as he said. His introductions were in this fashion—"Now, Mary, my dear, this young man is my second son, his name is Harry, —*Young* Harry, as he is called, to distinguish him from the old fellow of that name. He is six feet one. His legs are long enough, and so is his head. He

might be worse; and he is not a bit better than he should be. Of his face I will say nothing; when he has done staring at yours, perhaps you will do him the favour to look at his, and oblige me by telling the company your opinion of it.—That young woman is my daughter Jane, named after your mother. She's a good girl enough in her way, but she often forgets to fill my tobacco-box. She sticks to her mother through thick and thin. I can never get her to back *me*; so I hope you'll bear that in mind, and support me occasionally. For her looks, you see them. Let me see, Jane! Which are you, the beauty or the plain girl of the family? I know you are either one or the other, but I can't for the life of me remember which; because, do you see, *all* my girls are pretty in my eyes. What do you think, nephew? You are fresh in these parts, and likely to be unbiassed!"

Jane laughed and blushed. John laughed, but said that he "could not give his opinion on so momentous a matter without an examination of all his cousins by daylight."

"Very good! You are a prudent young man, I see. Now, then, we come to our first twins, Ralph and Dora. Don't hide yourself, Ralph; merit should be apparent, at all times. There, Miss Mary, what would the folks in London say to that specimen of humanity at eighteen? How many yards are you across the shoulders *now*, Ralph? Which is the broadest in the back, you or Dora?" Here Mr. Thornton is violently assailed with kisses by his daughter, Dora, and entreated not to make any remarks upon *her*. "Very well; I will leave your cousins to make their own remarks upon the gentleness of your nature and the extreme delicacy and slightness of your figure." For this he received a pat on the cheek from the rosy Dora. "Next in order comes Roger, named after his godfather, Mr. Garner. Hold up your head, Roger, and show the beard that is already coming on your chin, though you are little more than seventeen, and you do all you can in the way of shaving to keep it under. He's a likely lad, now, at all the dancing parties of the neighbourhood, only he moves about like a young bull, and is never seen out of a shooting-jacket, except at church. He plays the bassoon a little, and practises occasionally under the windows of his cousin, Alice Gray, by way of serenade. Oh! don't be modest, Roger,—you are a 'youth of talents rare.' Next in order come the second twins, Oswald and Margaret. Come here, my dears;—you were fifteen last birthday, were you not? Yes. Ah! Meg, my darling, you look pale. Has she had her wine this evening, mother? Ah, well! we must be particular about this, you know; but cousins don't come from London every evening. That's right, Oswald, get her the wine, and come and sit on my knee, Meg."

"Meg's father's favourite," whispered Roger to his new-found cousin, John.

"She looks more delicate than the rest of you," observed John.

"Yes; and she's the cleverest and the kindest of

all the girls; and she's the only one that can sing, except Leonard."

"Mary, my dear," continued Mr. Thornton, addressing his niece, "I have no jokes to crack upon Meg; she's not quite so strong as the others. She is not good for much, you see," and he lifted up her soft fair curls in his huge hand and kissed her cheek affectionately. "But here comes her twin—he can bear jokes for them both. Look with what a boyish (I was very near saying *bearish*) grace he is bringing her that glass of wine. Bravo, Oswald! not spilt a drop! Oh! don't fight me!" he added, laughing, as Oswald, a merry blue-eyed boy, shook his fist playfully at his father. "This young gentleman's favourite amusement is rat-hunting; and I verily believe he would leave that delightful sport at any time to lead Meg's pony. Oswald and Meg are very fond of each other, and that's the best thing I can say for them. Who comes next? Oh! you, Master Charley. Come here, and bring Kate with you. These are your two youngest cousins. Charley is twelve and Kate is ten. They are both very solemn, grave children, as you may see by the expression of their eyes." He is here interrupted by uproarious laughter from the two, who begin to pull him about without ceremony, a little to the discomfiture of Margaret, who is still seated on one substantial knee. Mr. Thornton goes on:—"My dear niece, one of these two children can read very well and the other very badly; both of them can climb trees and ride without saddle or bridle; neither of them can sew —"

"Oh! father, father!" cries the indignant Kate, "I sewed a whole seam of one of Roger's new shirts to-day!"

"Did you, indeed, my pet? Well, mother, I suppose I may reward such merit as this! I am sure it must have been a hard task, Kate." And putting his hand in his pocket, Mr. Thornton drew out a shilling and gave it to Kate.

Kate looked delightedly at her new cousin, Mary; a moment afterwards she whispered something in her father's ear, which made him look very delighted too. "Read a whole chapter without spelling a word!" he exclaimed. "Nay, then Charley deserves a shilling too."

"More than a shilling, father," said the gentle and just Margaret. "It is much harder to Charley to read a whole chapter in the History of England than it is to Kate to sew a seam of a shirt. Is it not, Kate?"

"Twenty million times, Meg, darling," replied the lively little Kate. "I don't deserve more than sixpence; but I'll keep the shilling to make up for the times when father forgets the rewards of merit."

Every one laughed at this sally of the youngest child. But Mary was much more pleased when she heard the little thing urging her father in a whisper to give Charley half-a-crown, because "he really wanted money very much to buy the things to make a new rabbit-hutch." The half-crown was accordingly given, and Charley and Kate went off to the other end of the room in high glee.

"How late Leonard is, Henry!" observed Mrs. Thornton, when all the younger children had disappeared for a time.

"What, is there another little boy?" asked Mary smiling, for the family seemed sufficiently numerous already. Then, recollecting herself, she said, "Oh! I remember; *Leonard* is the name of our eldest cousin. Mother used to tell us what a sweet baby he was. She used to think him perfection."

"His mother thinks him perfection now; don't you Eliza, my dear?"

"I have no fault to find with him, certainly," said the happy, proud mother.

"And you are not the only one who thinks there are few young men in the world like Leonard Thornton," said Roger Garner. "You've had your way in introducing the other young folks, Thornton; now let his mother and me tell his London cousins what Leonard is like. He is a good son, an affectionate brother, a kind master. He is clever and well informed without any presumption or pretension. He has not a single vicious inclination. His tastes are all refined, and somewhat above those of young men of his rank. He is very fond of reading; and is the best musician in these parts. He plays the organ very nicely, and is the organist at the chapel. This does not prevent his being a good farmer."

"No, indeed! he is a capital farmer! a better one than I am!" chimed in the father.

"Is my cousin Leonard married or single?" inquired John Wood. "Does he live here?"

"Yes, he lives here; and seems not disposed to marry any one that I know of. He went out upon business this afternoon. He will be back in time for supper, I expect."

"Is Leonard, like you, uncle?" asked Mary; "because if he is, I think I have seen him."

"Well, they do say he favours me, my dear; but you've never seen him. He never was in London in his life."

Mary smiled mysteriously, and said, she fancied she had seen him.

"Well, that point will soon be settled," said Mrs. Thornton, "for I hear his wheels. Now, don't any of you move. Let me go and meet him, and bring him in, and introduce him to his cousins."

She went out, and the others sat still accordingly. In a few minutes the door opened again, and the handsome matron led in her son Leonard. It needed not to remove the wrapping coat for Mary, to be quite certain that her supposition was right—that she had seen her cousin before. He recognised them, too, and stepped forward with a smile to greet them.

"Why, where did you see your cousins before, Leonard?" asked his father.

"At the Burton Station, father. My heart warmed to them at first sight; we did not wait long to make acquaintance. There is a great deal in relationship, after all;" and he looked with affectionate interest at his new-found cousins.

This was Friday evening, as our readers may



remember. The next day John and Mary were so occupied with all the novelties around them, with the many other families who claimed kindred with them, as well as with the numerous cousins of the house of Thornton, that they really had no time to write to Miss Carol, who had been most earnest in her entreaty to be made acquainted with the success of their adventure in search of unknown relations. On Sunday, no one at Hillbeck ever wrote letters, and though Mary did not think it wrong to do so herself, yet she avoided doing what she knew would shock the feelings of others. Indeed, she felt no inclination to write letters on that first Sunday at Hillbeck. The two services at the village chapel, a long walk over the Fell with a large party of cousins, and a family gathering for the performance of some sacred music in the evening, occupied her entirely. But on the Monday she found time to write the following short note to her good friend in Chelsea:—

MY DEAR MISS CAROL,—Strange as it may appear to you, we arrived safely at our journey's end on Friday night, and slept under the roof of our uncle, Mr. Henry Thornton, of Hillbeck. Now, I am not going to give you any account of him, or his wife and dozen children, or of anything else I have seen in this beautiful, wonderful, happy valley. My reason for this silence is, that I and John are most anxious to induce you to accept the invitation which my dear, yes, already dear aunt, is writing to you, at this moment. We want you very much to come down here; and she will not be happy until you, who have been so kind to us, are among her family circle. You must, indeed, you must be a strong-minded woman, and overcome your fears of the railway. You are to come down by the train that leaves town at the hour we left, on the earliest day possible after receiving our letters. John is writing, too. Lock up the house, and give the key to Mrs. Smith next door. We will all return together in a fortnight, you know. Remember, you never refused me anything in your life, and so I confidently expect you will come soon to your affectionate young friend,

MARY WOOD.

Miss Carol was thrown into a high state of excitement on receiving this, and the accompanying letters. She was all curiosity about these cousins, and aunts, and uncles; and, really, Mrs. Thornton's invitation was too pressing to be lightly refused. But then, again, that horrid railway! She always had said she never would travel on one. Like Benedict, who, when he said he would die a bachelor, did not think he should live to be married, Miss Carol, when she vowed an avoidance of all railroads, did not think she should live to travel by one. However, her affection for her young lodgers was stronger than her nervousness and her prejudice put together, and she went down that very week to Westmoreland, and great was her joy at finding John and Mary waiting for her at the Burton Station. Cousin Leonard was there too; and as soon

as she knew who he was, she surveyed him with a sharp eye, and began to have her suspicions, and glanced in a wonderful way at Mary. She "~~mis~~trusted that tall cousin," as she said to herself. He boded no good to her Chelsea household. Before the drive to Hillbeck was finished, that night, Miss Carol saw that "Mary had come down to Westmoreland for something, indeed!" "To see her country cousins! Why, it was clear enough she was going to be turned into a country cousin herself!"

Perhaps, the reader might like to know; and then, again, perhaps he guesses, or does not care to know; and so, perhaps, I had better leave off.

THE FOREST GLADE.

It would be difficult to surpass the beauty of the scene depicted in the engraving to which this title is attached. It is so truly English in its sylvan loveliness, so calm, so bright, and yet so faithful to nature, that we are constrained to admire, when we only intended to be critical. How vividly does it recall to those who, like ourselves, have been "long in populous city pent," the memory of some half-forgotten, but delightful ramble in the long days of summer, when, after a fatiguing exposure to the fervid heat of a July sun and a cloudless, breezeless sky, we have welcomed with ardour the cool shade of a lofty avenue of trees, whose topmost boughs, over-arching and interlacing each other, shut out the scorching rays, while they gently sway with the slightest current, fanning our sun-burnt cheeks and imparting new vigour to the languid frame. How grateful, then, to the tired feet is the short, smooth, dark green grass, and how favourably it contrasts with the parched meadow or the dusty highway! We feel irresistibly tempted to throw ourselves at length upon the verdant sward, to take our full measurement of mother-earth, and to affirm, with fresh-caught enthusiasm, that green is the prettiest of all colours and grass the best of all carpets. We must not, however, arrogate to ourselves a monopoly of the pleasures of our leafy resting-place. The birds have a life-interest in the branches, from which they may not be ejected, while they pay us a handsome quit-rent in the shape of harmony, and thus gratify an additional sense, and increase our pleasures, while they seek only their own enjoyment.

But we are not limited to the forest, in our present ideal picture. We have another element to admire and enjoy; a glassy lake with boat and sail, tempting us to glide o'er its smooth bosom, and to taste the delights of locomotion in its most tranquil form. The rail and the steam-boat may be preferable when the imperious dictates of duty or business are our taskmasters; but where our aim is recreation only, what kind of travelling can equal that of gently sailing on a clear calm stream, whose shores are dotted with alternations of every variety of rural scenery, and where each receding curve and jutting

point opens out new sources of gratification, whilst the slow progress of our little bark gives ample time to examine and appreciate the passing beauties?

In our admiration of woods and waves we must not overlook the castellated mansion that terminates our glade; its frowning turrets, and antique battlements, are in quiet harmony with the fathers of the forest, whose tall stems adorn its porch and shelter its walls. These tell no tale of ruin or neglect, but rather bespeak the abode of modern luxury and retirement, and would seem, by the figures in the foreground, to be the favoured retreat of the sex whose charms must ever enhance the fairest of nature's creations. But space forbids our entering upon a theme so exhaustless as that of ancient castles and fair dames. We have brought what we deem the beauties of the engraving before the reader, and must now leave the remainder to his imagination.

NOTICES ON THE HINDU DRAMA AND CONDITION OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE Twenty-third of September being the "Shavul Eed," or end of the fast of Ramzan, with the Mohammedans, every thing wore a gay and cheerful aspect as we drove through the great Bazaars of Bombay, on our return from a country visit to the house of our friend Meer Jaffur Ali. The hair of the women was dressed with peculiar care; all wore fresh dyed garments. The children were laden with ornaments, and decked with tinsel, while all were chatting and jesting with each other. Every moustache looked fresh oiled, and every zuluf was redolent of perfume. Swordsmen wore chaplets and necklaces of mogree blossoms, and set their turbans jauntily above one ear, while bunches of roses were tucked in over the other. It was a season of universal satisfaction. On arriving at the Meer's, he came down to receive me, in new robes of most spotless purity, but he looked thin and unwell, from the effects of the long fast. The drawing-room I found filled with guests, it being customary with Orientals to exchange visits of congratulation at this season. Soon after, Nana Narain called on me, and expressed his regret that there was so little of a kind calculated to entertain, now to be seen in Bombay. At the Hooli (spring festival), he said, I might have been amused with the players, who came from the southern parts of the Mahratta country, and acted in the gardens of rich men; but as these people travelled from place to place, nothing of this kind was to be found. Now, that it was not, was matter of great regret to me, for it would have had all the charm of novelty. At the court of his Highness the Nuwaub of Junaghur, several years since, a buffoon, clever enough in his way, had attempted with considerable success, a sort of monologue, descriptive of his own adventures, as a traveller in Central India. And I had seen puppets cleverly managed, and acting scenes of ludicrous caricature; for the people of

India are as fond of puppet theatres as Wilhelm Meister is represented to have been; but the dramatic art, I fancied to be entirely lost. Nana Narain, however, proved my error, and he enlarged much on the humour of these strollers, their changes of costume, and how suddenly he who represented Khristna, for example, would add a certain number of stuffed arms to his costume, and re-appear as the mountain goddess, the slayer of the giants, Devi. I asked him if this was not considered very profane, and if the Hindoos were not shocked, to have the attributes of their deities sported with, and their acts thus caricatured by mummers; but he satisfied me on this point at once, by saying, "Oh no! the opinion of the Brahmins was, that if the players only represented such acts as the gods really performed, there could be no harm in it; on the contrary, both acting and listening to such things was considered praiseworthy." Nana Narain told me, that the dialogue was always given in Mahratta, and the actors acquired their parts orally,—as legends, in fact. The practice of the dramatic art had become the profession of a caste, and the idea was common among educated natives, that it was from Southern India that the dramatic art first sprung.

The species of drama, so described by Nana Narain as a favourite diversion, not only of laymen but of priests in India, appears to bear strong affinity to the scriptural dramas, long known to the ecclesiastics of Europe, who thought it no desecration of sacred things, to render them familiar, as "mysteries," by means of the humblest species of the histrionic art. The monks of England, like the Brahmins of India, delighted in this species of drama, and brought in their Angel-land, and their Inferno, with all its concomitants, to this species of composition, with feelings of as much indifference to their character as the priests of Hindooism their Mount Meru and their Khristna. The "mysteries" of England, we know, were adapted to the seasons, and equally so are the plays of India: during the Hooli, the pastoral history of the Indian Apollo, surrounded by the love-enchanted damsels, and piping upon the reed with which he entranced all ears, is the chosen subject; at the Dussera, Devi, in her form of Parvati, or Bhowani, now as an Amazon, now as the Queen of Heaven, and again as she resembles the Grecian Venus, is selected; and in this change, the drama of India, to a certain degree, seems to resemble those *autos sacramentales*, not peculiar to Spain and the times of Cervantes, but known over the whole of Europe, in monkish days. The players, we learn, had "properties" also, grey beards for old saints, "wigs for the Apostles, and vizards for devils," so that the arms for Devi, and the blue dress for Khristna, are also not without resemblances in the parallel I would draw. On one occasion we are told of an English mystery, that "the devils played most pleasantly." These personages appear to have been jesters, acting as foils to the general seriousness of the play, and carrying on a series of running pleasantry upon the actors. In all primitive dramas, we

observe this peculiarity; we have it not only in the "mysteries" of the monks, but in the later plays of the Elizabethan age, in the Pulchinelle of the Italian stage, and in the ancient dramas of India. The jester took in all a prominent part, and in Italy and India it frequently happened, as with the Pulchinello of Naples in our day, that this worthy had no written part prepared for him by the author; but exercised his wit as he would, on the sayings and doings of the rest. This afforded variety, where plays were few in number, or often re-acted, and the jester was required to possess readiness and talent of no ordinary kind, to meet the demand upon this species of extemporaneous wit. It might be difficult to find jesters for our modern plays, did this style still exist; but it could not do so, happily, as the great facility given by the rude license which obtained among a semi-barbarous people, has been long banished from the modern stage; we fear, however, this very condition, which so permitted abuse, was necessary to the support of the dramatic art.

The old drama, of India—not the oral, but the Sanscrit written drama, of which some examples may be found in the Mahratta language, others in the beautiful translations by Professor Wilson and Sir William Jones—is ascribed to the invention of the Sage, Bharata, who, while meditating on the best means for inculcating wisdom, moral and divine, is supposed to have gathered much connected with the subject from the Vedas, or direct inspiration from Brahma. The Goddess Parvati is said also to have taught a species of pantomime to the Princess *Ushá*, who in her turn instructed the shepherdesses of Dwaká, (Krishna's favourite haunt,) and by them it became known to the women of the whole Surastra Peninsula.

Now the shepherdesses of Dwaká, we know, had much of the *Lais* and *Aspasia* character, and this fact of their early teaching in the dramatic art deserves remark, forasmuch as we know, that whether in the east or west, women of reputation remained absolutely ignorant, while the courtezans of Greece, the *Almehs* of Egypt, and the *Gossis* of Hindostan, were instructed in learning and the arts, taught philosophy and astronomy, and excelled in dancing, music, languages, and eloquence.

The fathers and husbands of the western portion of the world are disabused of the idea, that ignorance is the main support of female excellence, and they at length agree with Hannah More, that a woman's "being a bad companion, is not an infallible proof of her being a good economist." The opinion, however, in its spirit yet lingers in the East. And it may be, the very fact I have stated of the objectionable characters of that class of women, considered learned in the olden time, yet fosters the idea in India, that knowledge degrades, not elevates woman in her social state; and thus only permits those arts, which should cheer a domestic circle, and relieve from the pressure of more important cares a husband's mind, to be practised by Natchwomen and other reputationless people. This is a great and serious difficulty

connected with the question of the education of the women of India. It immediately suggests itself as such, to those studying or acquainted with the subject; and as the only remedy appears to be, the instruction of the male part of the community to the point at which they will perceive their error, I have always held the opinion, that to educate the women of India in their present social condition is impossible, and the attempt useless, because irrational. The fathers, husbands, and brothers in Indian families must first learn, that knowledge brings with it wisdom, to the increase of virtue, and additional powers of usefulness. Thus felt, they will not fear it for their women, and once possessed of acquirements which render companionship necessary to happiness, and that happiness being in proportion to the equality of the powers of companionship, it will follow, (but I fear not till then,) that in Indian families it will be considered desirable, that gentlewomen should be skilled in other matters than the making sweetmeats and dying garments, and occupy their memory with facts more worthy its exercise than the ceremonies connected with a sprig of sweet-basil (*Tulsi*) or a mixture of oil and ochre. But I have digressed widely from the subject of Nana Narain's conversation, which had for its theme, the drama, ancient and modern, as found in India.

The Brahmin, as I have said, saw no harm in this mimicry of the gods, so general in Mahratta drama; he answered the doubt, as Thespis is said to have replied to Solon, who inquired of him concerning the evil of fable, "That it was no harm to say or do these things in jest, and by way of diversion;" and thus a god, or a demi-god, is usually the hero of the ten kinds of dramas described in the *Dasa Rupáka*, or *form* of Hindoo dramas. It is also worthy remark, that tender and dignified love, a passion not supposed to be known in the present day in India, formed a considerable portion of the interest of the old Hindoo drama, and women were every where connected with the business of the scene. The love, too, is of a peculiar kind, and affords an elevated idea of the state of society. For it is neither the stately chivalrous sentiment of knightly times, nor that selfish, sensual, and degrading one, so common in the East; but appears on the stage, as we suppose it to have been in life, noble, confiding, and full of personal sacrifice. The energy, purity, and devotedness of the female character, is constantly displayed, and like Sardanapalus, many a worthless man is elevated in the scale of being, and many a wicked one preserved from the just punishment of his evil deeds, by the love of woman! It is certain that the rigid seclusion also of Hindoo women followed after the Mohammedan invasion, with the introduction by the Moslems of the Hareem system; as previous to that time the women were permitted to visit the temples and baths, to form part of all bridal processions, and to take a prominent part in all general affairs of life. Married women appeared free from all restraint, and all who were yet single, received

addresses from their suitors, although prevented by the manners of the times from replying to them. All these facts prove a very different state of society among the Hindoos, to what is observable in our times, but intelligent Brahmins know these things were so; and if the objects of the Brahma Subbha be, to restore old customs to the destruction of more modern abuses, it is earnestly to be hoped that the condition of women may form part of the plan, and the Hareem system be in due time abolished.

There was something singularly quaint in the arrangement of the old Hindoo dramatic representations; they had first a prefatory address, made by a sort of Gower; then a benediction on the audience; this concluded, the stage manager, the "Thespis" of his time, enters, and plainly states the name of the piece, the "Toy Cart," or the "Sácontala," for instance, with the plot, and general character of the play. And then, "the bustle having ended," as the stage directions give it, (for the Hindoo dramas had abundance of instruction in stage business, with exits, entrances, and so on, clearly laid down,) the play commenced.

The Hindoos appear never to have had Theatres, but to have acted as they do now, in the open court-yards and gardens of great men; playing by daylight, and early in the morning. We find in Greece and Rome the same practice, and in Spain, and it is said in England also, although the climate must have been little suited to it. There seems to have been no attempt at scenery, neither is there now, by the Mahratta strollers; but furniture is used, with weapons in character, costume is attended to, and cattle often introduced to give an air of truthfulness to the whole.

The jester, whom I have already remarked, is, singularly enough, always represented as a Brahmin; one, moreover, full of humour, as his character requires,—a gourmand, a wine-bibber, a lover of ease, and generally devoted to all epicurean enjoyments.

Inquiry into the condition and character of the dramatic art in the early history of a people, must ever be rich with interest; it gives us the lucid mirror in which society is most distinctly seen in its true state; there is no illusion in the matter, but the "minds of men and women" are rendered as familiar as the faces that we look on, day by day, in the present time. The ancient drama of India affords us as convincing proof as the annotators on the Vedas can do, that a variety of causes have conspired materially to change the manners and customs of the Hindoo people. And while we find authors daring, like the writer of the *Decameron*, to hold up to ridicule and contempt the follies, indulgences, and vices of the priestly class, we observe—and it is a fact worthy of all attention—that at the same period in Hindoo history, women were free in thought and action, were the companions and sharers of counsel with men, and were treated with the tender respect which such a condition would engender. It is always more satisfactory to restore the knowledge of good to a people than to introduce it; as superior results seem thus easier to attain. Timid

or prejudiced minds are apt to cling somewhat tenaciously to old, tried things, however unfit they may be any longer to support them on a path where they have certainly advanced; and therefore, when security is given that the better thing is really that of the highest antiquity among them,—the rock, as it were, on which corruption has gathered, like fungi, that may yet easily be removed, and the strong thing remain,—the ease with which the corruptions are removed is, comparatively speaking, matter of great encouragement to the reformer. To this truth we look hopefully for the rapid progression of social and religious good among the people of India. The question has now anxiously arisen among themselves, "Who can show us any good? What were we of old? was our belief in all particulars, when the Munis (or sages) received inspiration from Brahma, (or the elementary spirit of the universe,) such as it is now? or in what has it changed?" We here observe a shaking of the dry bones; doubt leads to inquiry, inquiry to controversy, controversy to thought, and thought so exercised, we believe, will enforce the acceptance of truth.

We then spoke of an article that had appeared a few days before this in a local paper, on the condition of the women of India, and which I had sent Nana Narain to peruse, with a view of receiving his opinion on it. He said it was written with great prejudice, and very ignorantly; and many such things were so, purporting to afford information connected with the people of India. The writer had spoken of the women of India, as of a class tyrannized over by cruel taskmasters—as a class purposely kept in a state of intellectual darkness, born to suffering and endurance, and denied all kindness and sympathy from those who thus held them in a state of abject slavery and hopeless degradation. "Now, Mrs. Postans," said Nana, "I will show you how false all this is. If the family is very poor, the wife must work as well as the husband, to gain food for the children,—for instance, while the Cooli is labouring in the fields, his wife must drive forth the village cattle, or carry the banians grain-baskets on her head; and she must grind the corn, and make cakes, and fetch water for the house. A woman of the middling rank of life—my wife, for instance—does not go to market, but has a servant to assist her; she cooks, and nurses the children, and visits her neighbours, and chats to me on my return to my house, and has the management of everything. I give her all the money I receive as my salary, and never interfere in domestic concerns: if the children marry, my wife arranges this matter, according to her will, and only *consults* with me about it."

A rich man's wife, such as Sunkersett's,¹ walks about the bazaars, with male and female attendants, (in consideration of her rank,) as she pleases, and visits her friends, and amuses herself, wearing jewels and rich apparel; "she considers a field and buyeth it,"² neither does her husband interfere with her property or speculations. All native women *cook* for their

(1) The principal landowner in Bombay.

(2) Prov. xxi.

husbands, which, at first sight, seems an office of degradation; but this is not the case. A Hindoo can only eat that which is prepared for him by one of his own caste. If he is a high caste man, though other offices of a menial kind may be performed for him by his inferiors in this respect, they cannot prepare his food, and consequently his wife must—as Rebekah “made savoury meat”⁽¹⁾ for Isaac—knead and bake the bread, that her lord may eat. In the East, the preparation of food by the wives of rich men was never deemed an office of degradation, but one of confidence and necessary aid. When the prophet strangers rested, in the heat of the day, on the plain of Mamre, we find, that “Abraham hastened into the tent to Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it and make cakes upon the hearth;”⁽²⁾ and we know that “Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold,” and that he loved and honoured his fair wife Sarai, and entreated her kindly.

If we compare the *condition* of the women of England and India, we shall find in many cases that the lot of the gentler sex is often happier in the last. The Cooli woman, in a climate that to her is genial, perhaps suffers less than the basket-woman, or the poor strawberry carrier of civilized England; the wife in the middle classes is less oppressed by care, and the dreadful doubts attending the means of rearing and providing for her growing family, so heart-racking with many among us. And, perhaps, the lady of a rich Hindoo, amusing her leisure among her children, handmaidens, and friends, with gossip, dress, religious observances, the preparation of cosmetics and confections, and the production of brilliant dyes, may not suffer more in the society of the merry group about her, than the European lady of fashion, weary in mind and body, with that perpetual round of meaningless dissipation forced on her by the exigent character of refined society.

The truth, I believe, is this:—the women of India have few subjects for complaint in their social *condition*. Their husbands are, for the most part, attached and kind, their children singularly affectionate, their servants obedient and faithful, their friends cheerful and good-hearted. The evil to be deplored is in their intellectual condition—in their lack of education; and this, not only as affects these women as individuals, but as those responsible members of society who must ever exert the strongest influence on it, either for evil or for good. The women of India generally are totally uninformed. The Mohammedan girl learns to read a few verses of the Koran from an old Moollah in the family, as my friend the Meer’s little daughters do, and there education ends with them. The Hindoo women gain a fair acquaintance with their festivals, and certain ceremonies to be observed for good luck’s sake, in their families, but seek no farther to pluck fruit from the tree of knowledge. Still, as the Brahmin observed, the men are generally quite on an equality with their wives in matters of

ignorance; and much as we grieve over this condition now, if we look back to the social history of “*merrie Englande*” in the olden time, we shall find the squire thinking less of his library than of his stables, while the dame, his wife, is busy in the still-room among her maidens; and judging by the general female correspondence even of the Augustan age of England, we shall find, that, from the ignorance of both sexes, conversation could scarcely have taken a tone in domestic intercourse, beyond the most trivial circumstances of every-day life, or the interests of the *ménage*. As men became intelligent and liberal, so did society take a higher tone, and the value of woman, not only as a housewife but as a companion, began to be understood. She was no longer considered as an encumbrance in society, but required to grace it; and it was understood that, although never intended by nature to rival or equal man in his energies, capabilities, or pursuits, woman still possessed faculties as well as virtues, by which the rugged path of life might be not only smoothed, but rendered bright with flowers of the richest hues. The fascinations and influences of woman were then really felt in all their powers of purifying and ennobling influence, and a tender reverence sprang up in men’s hearts towards her, as superior to that which agitated them during the brightest days of knightly chivalry, as the regard of a true English-hearted husband is superior to the feeling which renders the wife of a Hindoo (courteous as he may be) indulged and cared for by the father of her children.

Early marriages and betrothments are generally considered as among the evils of the condition of woman in India, but, I think, unjustly. Such unions neither produce the vice nor misery which they do in European countries,—France, for instance, where a girl is taken from the convent to the altar. In India, she is indeed conducted from her father’s harem to the chamber filled with marriage guests, and there consigned to the charge of one unknown, unloved, the future partner of her life;—a piece of sheer inconsistent, irrational cruelty, as it seems, in both cases. And yet with us, in liberal England, “*love matches*” are not proverbially happy ones, nor do women make better wives because, as girls, they thought and acted for themselves, while inexperienced in the world, and totally devoid of judgment. An Indian marriage has, at least, circumstances of suitability about it. The girl is united to a man of her own condition; she is still protected by her friends and family; her interest is cared for; and the Indian woman, at the worst, is never, like her unmarried English sister, compelled to toil for sustenance, often unprotected and careworn, through a long life of trial, with none to aid or comfort her—none to pity or sustain when sickness or old age add their sharper pangs to her lot of sorrow, solitude, and deprivation.

Many gay, light-hearted young mothers, may think it quite terrible to live in families where there is no “*dear soul*” of an old maiden aunt or sister to lighten her nursery cares, and with active kindness to regulate

(1) Gen. xxvii.

(2) Gen. xviii.

her household and abridge the number of her duties ;—but, if we think of those poor solitary beings without such friends, without such kindly nieces, and their merry offspring, it will be acknowledged, that woman is, perhaps, on the whole, safer under the Indian social arrangement than under the English ; and as “hard-hearted” husbands are not more common there than in other lands, a little damsel, “rising four,” decked with jewels and brocades, and paraded with her future lord, an urchin also not yet in his teens, to the sound of loud music, through a great bazaar, followed by “troops of friends,” and moving in a very grove of banners,—does not, after all, seem a very pitiable object ; the less so, as we know, that for the next seven years she will be playing with Surat toys in her father's harem, with the merry children of her friends or slaves, and not be exposed to have her poor little half-formed heart broken by any vagrant fancies for the numerous Ghoolam Alees, or very attractive Kumal Mahomeds, who, unknown to the pretty Ameena, may be smoking their kaliuns under the widely-spreading trees of the paternal dwelling.

DEBORAH'S DIARY.

April 23.

SPRING is coming on apace. Father even sits between the wood fire and the open casement, enjoying y^e mild air, but 'tis not considered healthful.

“My dear,” says mother to him this morning, after some hours' absence, “I have bought me a new mantle of the most absolute fancy. 'Tis sad-coloured, which I knew you would approve, but with a garniture of orange-tawny ; three plaits at the waist behind, and a little stuck-up collar.”

“You are a conical woman,” says father, “to spend soe much money and mind on a thing your husband will never see.”

“Oh ! but it cost noe money at all,” says she ; “that is the best of it.”

“What is the best of it ?” rejoined he. “I suppose you bartered for it, if you did not buy it—you women are always for cheap pennyworths. Come, what was the ransom ? One of my old books, or my new coat ?”

“Your last new coat may be called old too, I'm sure,” says mother ; “I believe you married me in it.”

“Nay,” says father, “and what if I did ? 'Twas new then, at any rate ; and the Cid Ruy Diaz was married in a black satin doublet, which his father had worn in three or four battles.”

“A poor compliment to the bride,” says mother.

“Well, but, dear Betty, what has gone for this copper-coloured mantle ?—Sylvester's ‘Du Bartas’ ?” . . .

“Nothing of the sort,—nothing you value or will ever miss. An old gold pocket-piece, that hath lain perdue, e'er soe long, in our dressing-table drawer.”

He smote the table with his hand. “Woman !” cried he, changing colour, “'twas a medal of honour given to my father by a Polish prince ! It should have

been an heir-loom. There, say noe more about it now. 'Tis in your Jew's fining-pot ere this. ‘The furnace for silver and the fining-pot for gold, but . . . the Lord trieth the spirits.’ Ay me ! mine is tried sometimes.”

Uncle Kit most opportunelie entering at this moment, instantaneuslie changed his key-note.

“Ha, Kit !” he cries, gladly, “here you find me, as usual, maundering among my women. Welcome, welcome ! How is it with you, and what's the news ?”

“Why, the news is, that the plague's coming on amain,” says my uncle ; “they say it's been smouldering among us all y^e winter, and now it's bursting out.”

“Lord save us !” says mother, turning pale.

“You may say that,” says uncle ; “but you must alsoe try to save yourselves. For my part, I see not what shoulde keep you in town. Come down to us at Ipswich ; my brother and you shall have y^e haunted chamber ; and we can make plenty of shakedown for the girls in y^e atticks. Your maids can look after matters here. By the way, you have a Merlin's Head sett up in your neighbourhood ; I saw your black-eyed maid come forth of it as I passed.”

Mother bit her lip ; but father broke forth with, “What can we expect but that a judicial punishment shoulde befall a land where y^e corruption of the Court, more potent and subtile in its infection than anie pestilence, hath tainted everie open resort and bye-corner of the capital and country ? Our sins cry aloud ; our pulpits, counters, and closetts alike witness agaynst us. 'Tis, as with y^e people soe with the priest, as with the buyer soe with the seller, as with the maid soe with her mistress. Plays, interludes, gaming-houses, sabbath debauches, dancing-rooms, Merry-Andrews, Jack Puddings, quacks, false prophesyings—”

“Ah ! we can excuse a little bitterness in the losing party now,” says uncle ; “but do you seriously mean to say you think us more deserving of judicall punishment under the glorious Restoration than during the unnatural Rebellion ? Sure you have had time to cool upon that.”

“Certainly I mean to say so,” answers father. “During the unnatural Rebellion, as you please to call it, the Commonwealth never had a fair trial ; its duration was very short—”

“Very short, indeed,” observes uncle, coughing. “Only from Worcester fight, Fifty-one, to Noll's dissolution of the Long Parliament, Fifty-three, yet quite long enough to see what it was.”

“I deny that, as well as your dates,” says father. “We enjoyed a Commonwealth under the Protector, who, had he not assumed that high office which gave him his name, would have lacked opportunity of showing that he was capable of filling the most exalted station with vigour and ability. He secured a wise peace, obtained the respectfull concurrence of foreign powers, filled our domestick courts with upright judges, and respected the rights of conscience.”

“Why, suppose I admitted all this, which I am far from doing,” says uncle, “what was he but a king,

except by just title? What had become, meantime, of your Commonwealth?"

"Softly, Kit," returns father. "The Commonwealth was progressing, meantime, like a little rivulet that rises among the hills, amid weeds and moss, and gradually works itself a widening channel, filtering over beds of gravel, and obstructed here and there by fragments of rock, that sorely chafe and trouble it, at the very time that, to the distant observer, it looks most picturesque and beautiful."

"Well, I suppose I was never distant enough to see it in this picturesque point of view," says uncle. "Legitimate monarchy was, to my mind, the rock over which the brawling river leaped awhile, and which, in the end, successfully opposed it; and as to your Oliver, he was a cunning fellow that diverted its course to turn his own mill."

"They that can see any virtue or comeliness in a Charles Stuart," says father, "can hardly be expected to acknowledge the rugged merits of a plain republican."

"Plain was the very last thing he was," says uncle, "either in speaking or dealing. He was as cunning as a fox, and as rough as a bear."

"We can overlook the roughness of a good man," says father; "and if a temper subject to hasty ebullitions is better than one which, by blows and hard usage, has been silenced into sullenness, a republic is better than an absolute sovereignty."

"Aye; and if a temper under the control of reason and principle," rejoins uncle, "is better than one unaccustomed to restrain its hasty ebullitions, a limited monarchy is better than a republic."

"But ours is not limited enough," persists father.

"Wait awhile," returns uncle, "till, as you say, we have filtered over the gravel a little longer, and then see how clear we shall run."

"I don't see much present chance of it," says father. "Such a king, and such a court!"

"The king and court will soon shift quarters, I understand," says uncle; "for fear of this coming sickness. 'Twould be a rare thing, indeed, for the king to take the plague!"

"Why not the king, as well as any of his commons?" says father. "Tush! I am tired of the account people make of him. 'Is Philip dead?' 'No; but he is sick.' Pray, what is it to us, whether Philip is sick or not?"

"Which of the Phillips', my dear?" asks mother. "Did you say Jack Phillips was sick?"

"No, dear Betty; only a King of Macedon, who lived a long time ago."

"Doctor Brice commends you much for your grounding the Phillips's so excellently in the classics," says uncle.

"He should think whether his praise is much worth having," says father, rather haughtily. "The young men were indebted to me for a competent knowledge of the learned tongues—no more."

"Nay, somewhat more," rejoined uncle; "and the praise of a worthy man is surely always worth having."

"If he be our superior in the thing wherein he praises us," returned father. "His praise is then a medal of reward; but it should never be a current coin, banded from one to another. And the inferior may never praise the superior."

Uncle was silent a moment, and then softly uttered, "My soul, praise the Lord."

"There you have me," says father, instantly softening. "Laud we the name of the Lord, but let's not laud one another."

"Ah! I can't wait to argue y^e point," says uncle. "I must back to the Temple."

"Stay a moment, Kit. Have you scene 'the Mysterie of Jesuitism'?"

"No; have you seen the proof, that London, not Rome, is the city on seven hills? Ludgate Hill, Fish-street Hill, Dowgate Hill, Garlick Hill, Saffron Hill, Holborn Hill, and Tower Hill. Clear as day!"

"Come, don't go yet. We will fight over some of our old feuds. There will be a roast pig on table at one o'clock, and, I fancy, a tansy-pudding."

"I can't fancy tansy-pudding," says uncle, shuddering; "I cannot abide tansies, even in Lent. Besides, I'm expecting a reference."

"Oh! very well; then drop in again in the evening, if you will; and very likely you will meet Cyriack Skinner. And you shall have cold pig for supper, not forgetting the currant-sauce, Wiltshire cheese, carraways, and some of your own wine."

"Well, that sounds good. I don't mind if I do," says uncle; "but don't expect me after nine."

"I'm in bed by nine," says father.

"Oh, Lor'!" says uncle; and with a comical look at us, he went off.

Uncle Kit did not come last night; I did not much expect he would; nor Mr. Skinner. Instead, we had Dr. Paget, and one or two others, who talked dolefully all y^e evening of signs of the times, till they gave me the horrors. One had seen a ghost, or at least, scene a crowd looking at a ghost or for a ghost, in Bishopgate churchyard, that comes out, and points hither and thither at future graves. Another had scene an apparition, or meteor, somewhat of human or angelic shape, in y^e air. Father laugh'd at the first, but did not so discredit in toto y^e other; observing, that Theodore Beza believed at one time in astrologick signs; and thought that y^e appearance of the notable star in Cassiopea betokened y^e universal end. And as for angels, he said they were, unquestionless, ministering spirits, not onlie sent forth to minister unto y^e heirs of salvation, but sometimes instruments of God's wrath, to execute judgments upon ungodly men, and convince them of the ill deeds which they have ungodly committed; as during the pestilence in David's time, when the king saw the destroying angel standing between heaven and earth, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched over Jerusalem. Such delegates we might, without fanaticism, suppose to be the generall though unseen instruments of public chastisements; and, for our particular comfort, we

had equal reason to repose on the assurance, that even amid the pestilence that walked in darkness, and the destruction that wasted by noon-day, the angels had charge over each particular believer, to keep them in all their ways. Adding, that, though he forbore, with Calvin, to pronounce that each man had his own guardian spirit, — a subject whereon Scripture was silent, — we had the Lord's own word for it, that little children were the particular care of holy angels.

And this, and othermuch to same purport, had soe soothing and sedative an effect, that we might have gone to bed in peacefull trust; onlie that Dr. Paget must needs bring up, after supper, the correlative theme of the great Florentine plague, and y^e poisoned wells, which sett father off upon the acts of mercy of Cardinal Borromeo, — not him called St. Charles, but the Cardinal-archbishop, — and soe, to the pestilence at Geneva, when even the bars and locks of doors were poisoned by a gang of wretches, who thought to pillage the dwellings of the dead; till we all went to bed, moped to death.

Howbeit, I had been warmly asleep some hours, (more by token I had read the ninety-first Psalm before getting into bed,) when Anne, clinging to me, woke me up with a shrill cry. I whispered, fearfullie, "What is 't? — a thief under the bed?"

"No, no," she replies. "Listen!"

Soe I did for a while; and was just going to say — "You were dreaming," when a hollow voice in the street, beneath our window, distinctlie proclaimed, —

"Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed! I will overturn, overturn, overturn it! Oh! woe, woe, woe!"

I sprang out of bed, fell over Anne's shoes, got up agayn, and ran to the window. There was nothing to be seen but long, black shadows in the streets. The moon was behind the house. After looking forthe awhile, with teeth chattering, I was about to drop y^e curtain, when, afar off, whether in or over some distant quarter of y^e town, I heard the same voice, clearlie enow to recognise y^e rhythm, though not the words. I crept to bed, chilled and awe-stricken; yet, after cowering awhile, and saying our prayers, we both fell asleep.

The first sounde this morning was of weeping and wayling. Mother had beene scared by y^e night-warning, and wearied father to have us alle into y^e countrie. He thought the danger not yet imminent, the expense considerable, and the outcry that of some crazy fanaticke; ne'erthelesse, consented to employ Elwood to look us out some country lodgings; having noo mind to live upon my uncle at Ipswich.

Mary, strange to say, had heard noe noise; nor had the maids; but servants always sleep heavily.

Some of the pig having beene sett aside for my uncle, and mother fancying it for her breakfast, was much putt out, on going into the larder, to find it gone. Betty, of course, sayd it was the cat. Mother made answer, she never knew a cat partiall to cold

pig; and the door having been latched, was suspicious of a Puss in Boots.

Betty cries — "Plague take the cat!"

Mother rejoyns — "If the plague does take him, I shall certainly have him hanged."

"Then we shall be overrun with rats," says Betty.

"I shall buy ratsbane for them," says mother; and soe into the parlour, where father, having hearde y^e whole dialogue, had been greatlie amused.

At twilight, she went to look at y^e pantry fastenings herselfe, but, suddenlie hearing a dolorous voyce either within or immediately without, cry, "Oh! woe, woe!" she naturallie drew back. However, being a woman of much spirit, she instantlie recovered herselfe, and went forward; but no one was in the pantry. The occurrence, therefore, made the more impression; and she came up somewhat scared, and asked if we had heard it.

"My dear," says father, "you awoke me in y^e midst of a most interesting colloquy between Sir Thomas More and Erasmus. However, I think a dog barked, or rather, howled, just now. Are you sure the words were not 'Bow, wow, wow?'"

Another night-larum; but onlie from father, who wanted me to write for him, — a task he has much intromitted of late. Mother was hugelie annoyed at it, and sayd, — "My dear, I am persuaded, that if you would not persist in going to bed soe earlie, you would not awake at these untimelie hours."

"That is very well for you to say," returned he, "who can sew and spin the whole evening through; but I, whose long entire day is night, grow soe tired of it by nine o'clock, that I am fit for nothing but bed."

"Well," says she, "I often find that brushing my hair wakes me up when I am drowzy. I will brush yours to-morrow evening, and see if we cannot keep you up a little later, and provide sounder rest for you when you do turn in."

Soe, this evening, she casts her apron over his shoulders, and commences combing his hair, chatting of this and that, to keep him in good humour.

"What beautiful hair this is of yours, my dear!" says she, — "soe fine, long, and soft! scarcelie a silver thread in it. I warrant there's manie a young gallant at court would be proud of such."

"Girls, put your scissars out of your mother's way," says father; "she's a perfect Dalilah, and will whip off half my curls before I can count three, unless you look after her. And I," he adds, with a sigh, "am, in one sort, a Samson."

"I'm sure Dalilah never treated Samson's old coat with such respect," says mother, finishing her task, resuming her apron, and kissing him. "Soe now, keep your eyes open — I mean, keep awake, till I bring you a gossip's bowl."

When she was gone, father continued sitting bolt upright, *his eyes*, as she sayd, (*his beautiful eyes*!) open and wakefull, and his countenance composed, yet grave, as if his thoughts were at least as far

off as Tangrolipix, the Turk. All at once, he says,—

"Deb, are my sleeves white at the elbow?"

"No, father."

"Or, am I shiny about the shoulders?"

"No, father."

"Why, then," cries he, gaily, "this coat can't be very old, however long I may have worn it. I'll rub on in it still; and your mother and you will have the more money for copper-coloured clokes. But don't, at any time, let your father get shabby, children. I would never be threadbare nor unclean. Let my habitt be neat and spotless, my hands well washed and uncrumpled, as becometh a gentleman. As for my sword in y^e corner, your mother may send that after my medal as soon as she will. The Cid parted with his Tizona in his life-time; see a peaceable man, whose eyes, like the prophet Abijah's, are set, may well doe y^e same."

(To be continued.)

BOTANICAL GLEANINGS.

BY W. W. FYFE.

IN entering a Botanic Garden it is all very well to see the fine plants, whether trees, shrubs, or flowers, assembled from every clime, and labelled with scientific nomenclature, at the public expense. But were it generally known of what much-loved names and truly interesting histories many of the most strange in aspect and unpronounceable in title are possessed, we are convinced that a great and popular thirst for a more familiar acquaintance with botany would be universally excited. Even in the poet's hands this simple and elegant science, though with nature for its inspirer, has been sadly abused with a straining after classicality. Ravished with the high-sounding music of Dr. Darwin's "Botanic Garden" and "Loves of the Flowers," who has not felt wearied, disappointed, and repelled by his heathen mythology and hackneyed bathos of classic fable? Botany has fared even worse at the hands of its prose chroniclers. The Eleusinian mysteries themselves were not more sacred to the initiated, than are the simple facts connected with a simple flower to those who monopolise the knowledge of this kingdom of nature, by means of abstruse and technical study.

It is not for the purpose of denying the advantages of scientific nomenclature, well settled and of universal acceptance, (which is far, however, from being the case amongst botanists,) that we hazard these remarks. But it is because the scientific botanists have manifestly conspired to shut the avenues which admit the diffusion of a vast amount of useful knowledge, out of the arena of their science, that we complain of their studious care to prevent its taking a popular form. There is only one way, indeed, in which this could be done with safety; and it is by combining the scientific with the popular explanation in so intimate a degree, that the ill-natured adage of Pope may as little hold good as his relative injunction:—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

We are glad to see one book put forth in which an endeavour of this kind has been made. We allude to the new Manual of Botany, by Professor Balfour of Edinburgh, in which both features have been so effectually blended, as to show the learned Professor not to be afraid of popularity. It has struck us that a "creaming" of the popular portion of this book might not only be acceptable to the readers of this Journal, but might serve to show intelligibly the advantages which the general reader might derive from the throwing open of botanical science to popular study and appreciation.

The plea for a definite nomenclature and classification in botany is founded upon the existence of upwards of 100,000 known species of plants; for species are held to include all the individuals separately formed at the creation of the world, and perpetuated ever since. Varieties, exhibiting only minor differences, not incompatible with a common origin, and arising from soil, exposure, and other causes, evince a constant tendency to return to the specific type. But cultivation has produced permanent varieties, or *races*, varying much from the original type; as in the cases of the Cereal grains, wheat, barley, oats, &c. and culinary vegetables—say cabbages, cauliflower, broccoli, turnips, radishes, peas. These permanent varieties were not established all at once; but only after a series of years, and by the art and skill of the gardener or cultivator: and even yet, on a poor soil, and in a neglected condition, there is still a tendency in their seeds to produce the original wild form. Many species, however, vary in a manner so remarkable, that external influences fail to account for it. This is the case with that beautiful and favourite plant, the fuchsia. It has produced in successive years flowers differing so much in form and shape, that, if they had not been known to be produced by the same plant, they would have been considered as belonging to distinct species. Some indeed have, of late years, advanced the doctrine of transmutation of species, or, the conversion of one species into another; they have said, (we believe it was the Rev. Lord Alfred Harvey, son of the Marquis of Bristol, that first announced it as the result of an experiment at Brighton,) that oats may be changed into rye by being constantly cut down for a series of years before flowering. But there is no foundation for such an opinion. All the species more nearly allied than others are grouped together, as a distinct kind, or *genus*. Roses, for instance, compose a genus distinguished by marked characters. And it was amongst the highest titles Linnaeus earned to fame, that he invented the device of giving, in the name of a plant, the genus as well as species. *Rosa spinosissima* is a particular species of rose; *Rosa* being the generic, *spinosissima* the specific, or, as Linnaeus called it, the "trivial" name of the plant.

But, after all, it is in the multitude of minute and individual facts, rather than in the classification of names and the conflict of systems, that the value of

knowledge in general, and of the knowledge of plants in particular, consists; and often, when the cacophonous jargon of modern science has grated on our ear, have we longed to *live back* in the history of human intelligence, that we might, with Shakspeare, be "culling of simples" under the moon—instead of botanizing with a microscope!

Let us descend then to particulars, and begin with the *Crow-foot* family—name familiar to the lover of field flowers. These plants are found in cold, damp climates, and in the elevated regions of warm countries. Europe contains one-fifth of them, and North America about a seventh. The clematis, anemone, ranunculus, hellebore, &c., belong to them. They have narcotic and acrid properties and are usually more or less poisonous. The acridity, which varies in different parts of the plants, and at different seasons, is usually volatile—it flies off when the plants are dried or heated. One of them, monkshood, contains a narcotic, used as an anodyne—a (medicine which, by its soothing qualities, assuages pain)—and is chiefly employed where the nerves are affected. The root of another, (aconitum,) furnishes that powerful East Indian poison called Bikh or Nabee. The irritant and narcotic seeds of Stavesacre are used for destroying vermin. The Hellebores, however, have been the most noted for their irritant effects. Some of them act as drastic purgatives, and were used in ancient times in cases of mania. Thus we read in Plutarch that Carneades, the disciple of Zeno the stoic, when about to encounter his master in disputation, purged his head with white hellebore, that the corrupt humours of his stomach might not affect the clearness of his brain. May-apple is employed in America as a purgative. And many of the crow-flowers are marked by bitter tonic properties.

The *Magnolia* family, though found chiefly in North America, (certain species also occurring in South America, China, Japan, New Holland, and New Zealand,) may, perhaps, be familiar in name, if not in appearance. The properties of the order are bitter, tonic, and often aromatic. The star-anise, having the taste and odour of anise, is used as a carminative, or medicine bearing the name of a "song" or "charm," from its soothing operation, and employed to assuage pain, and drive off flatulency. Captain Winter brought from the Straits of Magellan, in 1579, the magnolia, which yields Winter's-bark; employed medicinally, as an aromatic stimulant. The bark of swamp sassafras, or beaver-tree, is, in fact, used as a substitute for Peruvian bark; and the tulip-tree has similar properties. Magnolias are remarkable for their large odoriferous flowers, and tonic qualities.

The *Custard apple* family possess, generally, aromatic and fragrant properties; though some of the plants are bitter and tonic, while others yield edible fruits. Amongst these last, we have the custard-apples, sweet-sops and sour-sops of the East and West Indies—fruits of which even the steam navigation to the latter region has scarcely provided us the enjoyment as yet. But the cherimoyer is a well-known Peruvian

fruit; so is the Ethiopian pepper, a fruit which enters into the important consumption of pepper in Africa. One species belonging to this order is called bitter-wood, in the West Indies; and lance-wood, so much employed by coachmakers, appears to be furnished by a plant belonging to the order.

The bitter and narcotic *Moon-seed* family is common in the tropical parts of Asia and America; some of them are employed as tonics, but others are poisonous, and little distinction seems, in one notable instance, at least, to have been made in the matter, since *Cocculus indicus*, the fruit of one of the moon-seed tribe, it is well known, was at one time employed most prejudicially to give bitterness to London porter! as if the Thames water were not deleterious enough without a slight taste of Indian poison.

The *Berberry* family of shrubs, or perennial herbaceous plants, are found chiefly in the mountainous parts of the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere. They have both bitter and acid properties. The astringent bark and stem of the common berberry yield a yellow dye; whilst its fruit, containing oxalic acid, is used as a preserve.

The *Water-lily* family, to which botanists, with rare felicity, have given the lovely name of Nymphaea, have very showy flowers; and although found throughout the northern hemisphere, whilst generally rare in the southern, yet it is in the waters of South America, ranging over thirty-five degrees of longitude, that *Victoria regina*, one of the largest known aquatics, expands its large flowers, a foot in diameter, with its still larger leaves, which are in diameter from four to six and a half feet, and dispenses its delicious odour.

Of this plant there is a delightful reminiscence wafted from the poetry of L. E. L.

"There floats the water-lily, like a sovereign
Whose lovely empire is a fairy world;
The purple dragon-fly above it hovering,
As when its fragile ivory uncurl'd,
A long time ago."

The *lotus* figured on Egyptian and Indian monuments is said to belong to the *Water-bean* family of aquatic plants, with showy flowers and floating leaves, found in the temperate as well as the tropical regions of the old and new world; and the fruit of the plant whose flower is supposed to be the lotus, is said to be the Pythagorean bean. This plant has disappeared from the Nile, where it used to abound.

"Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Sais or Bubastis, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf from which its waters drink most sweet.

Some of the spiral vessels of its petioles and peduncles have been used for the sufficiently common-place purpose of wicks of candles,—the candle, surely, to whose faint rays Alciphron was attracted, when he

"———seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
One single melancholy ray,

Throughout that darkness, dimly shed
 From a small taper in the hand
 Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
 Before him took a spectral stand,
 And said, while awfully a smile
 Came o'er the wanness of his cheek—
 'Go, and beside the sacred Nile
 You'll find th' Eternal Life you seek.'

The *Sidesaddle-flower* family (there is such a group, although their properties are not yet known) appear in North America and Guiana.

With the *Poppy* family we are, however, more familiar; though few will be prepared to learn that they are chiefly European. This, notwithstanding their extension over Tropical America, Asia, China, New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, &c., is, however, the case. They are distinguished by their milky or coloured juice, and the well marked narcotic properties of their order. The concrete milky juice from the unripe capsules of the somniferous poppy is, in fact, opium—the particular plant from which it is procured being a native of Western Asia, and not improbably of Southern Europe also; but now distributed over various other countries besides. In fact, there are five known kinds of opium—Turkey, Egyptian, East Indian, European, and Persian. The Turkey opium is chiefly used in Britain. Its most important principle is an alkaloid called morphia. It is not a little remarkable, that, besides acting, according to circumstances, as a stimulant for rousing and a narcotic for lulling the faculties, opium acts also as an anodyne for assuaging pain, and a diaphoretic, promoting perspiration. But its strange, varied and startling effects have been too broadly given to the public in the works of De Quincey, Macnish, Abercromby, and Christison, to admit of being recapitulated here. The beautiful *eschscholtzia* of the garden, whose calyx resembles very much an extinguisher, belongs to the poppy family.

The *Cruciferus*, or *Cresswort* family, are a very extensive order, chiefly European. Everything connected with them goes by fours—generally in the form of a cross. None of them are poisonous, but most of them antiscorbutic and stimulant. In fact, they are cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, radishes, cresses, horse-radishes, and other garden stuffs most familiar to our readers. Sulphur and nitrogen are contained in them to such an extent, that their decaying odours are anything but agreeable. Not only the garden vegetables, but the more ordinary garden flowers, such as wall-flowers, stocks, rockets, honesty, &c., belong to the order. Cabbage, cauliflower, brocoli, and savoy, are the varied products derived from one original (*Brassica oleracea*) by the art of the gardener; the edible part of cauliflower being just a mass of deformed flower stalks. In like manner the common turnip is the true parent of the Swedish. The black mustard plant, furnishing table mustard, is called *Sinapis nigra*. Its seeds contain a bland fixed oil, myronic acid, a peculiar bitter principle, and also myrosine, another principle, akin to albumen or the white of an egg. When water is added, the myronic acid and myrosine form a

pungent volatile oil by their combination. This oil contains the sulphur and nitrogen which give to mustard its peculiar physiological agency. White mustard (*Sinapis alba*) contains more fixed oil than black mustard does, but none of the myronic acid or myrosine, instead of which it has sinapisin, which by combination with another principle forms a bitter compound—not a fixed oil. The mustard of Scripture belongs to another natural order altogether. Many others of these cruciferous plants yield volatile oils containing sulphur, and from the seeds of numbers of them, such as rape-seed, may be expressed a bland fixed oil. The common scurvy-grass is used as a stimulant, and the common horse-radish has irritant and even blistering qualities. One of the tribe, the Rose of Jericho, is remarkable as a hygrometer—literally, a measurer of the moisture in the surrounding atmosphere; its old withered annual stems, which are rolled up like a ball in dry weather, and drifted about by the winds in the deserts of Syria and Egypt, resuming, when rain falls, their original form and direction, and continuing for many years thus to curl up and expand, according to the state of the atmosphere. Woad, the plant yielding the well known woad-blue colour when treated like Indigo, belongs to this order.

The *Caper* family is probably familiar to those who affect a boiled leg of mutton. Capers are the flower-buds of a plant of this order. Their properties are stimulant. The plant is a native of the south of Europe, and is considered by Royle to be the hyassop of Scripture. Some species are so pungent, as to be used as substitutes for mustard; the pungency of others is so great, that they act as blisters. The root of one kind is used to expel worms.

Our sweet and pretty favourites the *Mignonette* family, inhabit Europe and the adjoining parts of Asia. "The uses of the order," says the hard-hearted man of science, "are unimportant;" and yet one kind, weld, yields a yellow dye; another (*Reseda odorata*) is the fragrant mignonette. Ah! how many hearts has not that gentle fragrance solaced. In the lone garret it has blended with the inmates' sighs, and mingled with the quick warm breathings of emotion on the lordly parterre. The mignonette is in France an object of such favourite culture, that by preventing the development of its blossoms, it is common to render it shrubby or woody, when it is known as the tree-mignonette.

The *Arnotto* family are natives of the warmest parts of the East and West Indies, and Africa. These plants are shrubs, or small trees; and many of them yield edible fruits, whose pulp is often sweet and wholesome, though some are astringent and others purgative. A reddish pulp surrounding the seeds of one description supplies the arnotto used for colouring red, and staining cheese.

The *Rock roses* are from the south of Europe, and north of Africa. The resinous matter of these cistuses is pretty well known.

The *Violet* family are natives of Europe, Asia, and America. Their roots have emetic properties, of which the active principle, akin to emetic, is called violine.

The roots of the *viola odorata* have been employed emetically in medicine. Other species are used in South America as substitutes for *ipocacuanha*. "The petals of the sweet or March violet, the *lov* of the Greeks," says Balfour, "are laxative, and are used in the form of infusion, mixed with sugar; and a violet or purple colouring matter is procured from them, which is employed as a test for acids and alkalies, being changed into red by the former and green by the latter. *Viola tricolor*, (heart's-ease,) and other species, have been used as demulcent expectorants"—the last learned phrase meaning a medicine of a gummy or oily consistence, which protects against the action of acrid matters, and is employed in promoting the rejection of mucus and other fluids from the lungs and windpipe. The *Viola tricolor* is the origin of all the cultivated varieties of pansy.

BELLAGIO, LAKE OF COMO.

Is there's a spot to bid the heart forsake
The memories of the past, and there to make
The spirit bask in beauty, till she bless
So sweet a Lethe of forgetfulness,
'Tis Como's sunlit wave! whose ripples dance
As if rejoicing in their radiance.
It is bright summer, at the close of day,
Ere from the lake one beam has pass'd away;
While mount, and grass, and dell, and trellis fair,
Gleam in the glory of the sunny air.
Each feathery tree seems dipt in golden light;
The marble vase shines yet more purely white;
And lofty towers, that point to yon bright sky,
Flash forth beneath their azure canopy;
While the still air, as if each breath were spent,
Makes the soft silence yet more eloquent.
Oh! scenes remember'd!—fairest still ye seem!
Like the regretted vision of a dream
Ye cross my memory! My heart forsakes
The weary world's dull paths; again it takes
Its flight o'er years long gone, and on thy shore,
Fair, peerless Como, rests awhile; once more
I hear the murmur of the lake's calm flow,
Beneath the walls of dear Bellagio!

ANNA SAVAGE.

A DAY AT BASING.

THERE is a peculiar gratification in an exchange of the claims and cares of business for the quietude and repose of the country; but when the rural charm is heightened by the memory of some noted event, how greatly is the pleasure enhanced! The sight of a place on which mighty deeds have been enacted, has an influence over the feelings more or less powerful according to individual character. An ivy-covered ruin, a battle-field, a poet's residence, a martyr's grave, the place where a book was written, a great truth uttered, or oppression resisted,—all, in process of time, became so many shrines, visited by devout pilgrims from afar—all find a response in the manifold sympathies of the human heart.

Such were a few of the thoughts that passed through my mind, as one day, in the course of the past summer, I seized an opportunity to renew my

acquaintance with an interesting locality, one whose natural beauties and historical associations give it an eminent claim to notice. Leaving London by the South-western railway, a ride of two hours brought me to the quiet and pleasantly situated town of Basingstoke, near to which the object of my journey, the ruins of Basing House, are situated. There is nothing to detain the traveller in the town itself excepting the remains of an ancient chapel, not far from the station, and some monuments to the Warton family in the church. The father of the poets, Thomas and Joseph Warton, was once vicar here, and in this place his two sons received part of their education. After following the London road for a short distance, a choice of routes offers to the ruins; a narrow hazel-bordered lane on the left leading down to the canal; a footpath sloping in the same direction through corn-fields, or the road itself. I chose the lane, and was soon at the bottom of the valley, through which the canal winds in serpentine curves, its bed literally choked with weeds; evidence of scanty traffic. The walk, however, is secluded and agreeable, the view on both sides shut in by fine well-wooded undulating heights, grassy slopes and broad corn-fields, while about a mile beyond, a long range of garden wall, terminated at either extremity by a conical-roofed, turret-like building of red brick, marks the site—

"Of the fallen fabric of the other day."

On reaching the bridge by which the road crosses the canal close to the village of Basing, a short lane on the right leads to a rising ground of wild, park-like aspect. The summit is crowned by what at a little distance appears to be a thick wood, with single trees and groups scattered in various directions. A path runs up the slope past the keeper's house, half hidden among the foliage, and a little higher you come to a broad deep trench, with fragments of a wall peeping, here and there, through the high steep bank on the opposite side. What seemed a thick wood, is now found to be a belt of trees rising above the tangled underwood, from every part of the trench, stretching round a large irregular circle. The path here turns into a level lawn-like space, about which are sprinkled some magnificent white-thorns; on one side the ground falls away as a glacis, and on the other a broad gap, between the shattered extremities of the embanked wall, admits you into a spacious enclosure, the sloping sides of which give it somewhat the appearance of an amphitheatre. I walked round close to the foot of the bank, knee deep at times in nettles or tall weeds, or crushing the odorous ground-ivy which grows here in profusion, minutely inspecting the humbled remains of what was once a defence for the chivalry of the land. In one place the earth has sunk and left the brick-work bare, exposing some small circular arches, with a single arch inside like a small sewer crossing them at right angles, and running apparently to a considerable distance in the solid masonry. The bricks, it may be observed, are as hard and firm as when first laid, such as the artificers of the 15th and

16th centuries knew how to make, and will outlast by a thousand years those now made for building purposes in London. After making the circuit of the interior, I mounted to the top of the wall, which is of such thickness, so thickly overhung with trees, as to form a convenient and beautiful walk. Outside, you look down into the bed of the ditch, so far beneath that the tops of many of the trees are below your eye, and occasional breaks in the leafy barrier afford pleasant glimpses of the surrounding scenery. Westwards the view is shut in by a distant range of blue hills, and northwards, on the opposite side of the valley, is the railway—the rush and roar of the rapid trains suggestive of a striking contrast. Here, a wasting relic of the physical energy of the 17th century, a period when *might* was yet held for *right*: yonder, the masculine thought of the 19th century in full career, pregnant with the noblest humanizing influences.

From this elevation a view is gained of the interior of the spacious garden whose long wall first attracts attention on approaching the place. The two conical-roofed towers are dovecoats, one still tenanted by a numerous family of pigeons, descendants, it may be, of the birds that held possession when Cromwell's cannon thundered against the buildings. Rare old fruit-trees have been trained against those sunny walls, luscious grapes, and cherries of a kind now unknown to the cultivator. There were fantastic borders, trim alleys, and quaint alcoves, where valiant knights and fair dames laughed and lounged away the hours. Now the surface is cut up into irregular patches for the growing of vegetables; the massive wall is broken in many places, and the breaches stopped by an uncouth paling, or fence of dry thorns. Beyond this is the capacious brick barn, with high sloping roof and loop-holed sides, apparently strong enough to lodge and protect a garrison; and the fine old church of Basing, in which may be seen a monument to one of the Marquises of Winchester, who lived to the age of ninety-seven, and when he died in 1592, left behind him 103 direct descendants; the whole backed by the huge chalk-pit, still known as *Oliver Cromwell's dell*. There is always a temptation to moralize in contemplating such a scene; to form pictures of its past history; and here the inclination may be indulged. No obtrusive guide comes to disturb you with offers of service; there are no churlish doorkeepers whose favour is to be conciliated: by the kindness of Lord Bolton, the present proprietor, visitors may wander about the ruin at will.

I sat down in the mossy fork of a tree, overlooking the *slaughter-close*, (a field where a fierce struggle took place at one of the sorties of the garrison,) and ran over the leading points in the history of Basing. The curious antiquary may trace it back to the Domesday survey, when the owner, Hugh de Port, held fifty-five lordships in the county, and lived in a castle which in after times changed masters, but eventually came back to the original line. It was rebuilt, we are told, by Sir William Pawlett, who was created Marquis of

Winchester by Edward VI., but in so magnificent a style that his successors, unable to bear the heavy expenses involved in keeping up the stately establishment, were compelled to pull part of it down. Edward was once entertained here for four days by the marquis, and on another occasion Philip and Mary were his guests. The "virgin queen" came twice to Basing; the first time in 1590, when the marquis was lord treasurer, and Elizabeth was so captivated with his courteous behaviour as to declare,—“Were he but a young man, I could find in my heart to have him for a husband before any man in England.” She repeated her visit in 1601, and stayed thirteen days, “to the greate charge of the sayde lorde marquisse,” great-grandson of him whom she regarded with so much favour on the former occasion. Here she received the French ambassador, Duke de Biron; and at her departure, “being very well contented with all things there done,” boasted that her entertainment of the envoy *royally* in a subject's house, was a feat never before accomplished. But the events from which Basing derives an enduring interest are those of the civil war; that struggle between principle and prerogative.

At this period Basing House, as appears from an old drawing, was a castellated structure of brick, with a citadel, and lofty towers at each corner, encompassed by a brick rampart and dry ditch. John, the fifth Marquis of Winchester, was a devoted royalist; he strengthened the building, and determined to keep it for the king. On one occasion when summoned to surrender, he replied that, “if the king had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would hold it out to the last extremity.” To inspire the garrison with his own spirit, the marquis wrote with a diamond on every window in the house the words *aimée loyauté*—“love loyalty.” From its position on the main road, the fortress was looked upon as the key to the western counties, and the parliamentary generals had set their hearts upon taking it. Sir William Waller, with 7,000 men, made three unsuccessful attempts; and some idea of the importance attached to the capture may be inferred from the title of a pamphlet published at the time—“The Soldiers' Report concerning Sir William Waller's fight against Basing House, on Sunday last, Nov. 12, 1643, to give satisfaction to the whole kingdom concerning that design; wherein are these particulars, viz:—1st. How considerable a thing it would be in case it could be taken.—2d. How strong it is, both upon the house and on the walls.—3d. Sir William Waller's onset, and the manner of the fight.—4th. The reasons of the retreat,” &c. &c.

The royalists were not less anxious to keep, than the parliamentarians to gain possession. Colonel Gage relieved the garrison twice, with much *hasard* and great bravery, and drew off again in safety to Oxford. Subsequently, the marquis expelled his brother, Lord Edward Pawlett, who had been temporising with the enemy. Fuller, the historian, was here during part of the siege, engaged on his

favourite work, "The Worthies of England," writing as diligently, and with as much self-possession, as though in a cloister; complaining, however, occasionally, that the noise of the cannon disturbed him in digesting of his notes. For four years did the resolute marquis "hold out." "There was," to quote Thomas Carlyle's spirited words, "on the parliament side, a kind of passion to have Basing House taken. The Lieut. General, gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of, firing about 200 or 500 shot at some given point till he see a hole made; and then storming like a fire-flood; he perhaps may manage it." Notwithstanding the valour of the garrison, and the strength of their resources, Cromwell did "manage it," as explained in the following extracts from his letter to the Speaker, Oct. 1645:—

"SIR,—I thank God, I can give some account of Basing. After our batteries were placed, we settled the several posts for the storme: We stormed this morning after six of the clocke; the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon, which, being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness; . . . we have had little loss; many of the enemy our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, among which, the marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers other officers. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, with much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement."

The "good encouragement" here referred to was booty worth 200,000*l*. It consisted, according to a report drawn up at the time, of "ten pieces of ordnance, twenty barrels of powder, and matches proportionable, nine colours, 200 arms, 200 horse, . . . provisions of victuals for some years rather than months, 400 quarters of wheat, 300 fitches of bacon, 200 barrels of beef, 40,000 pounds of cheese; beer, divers cellars full, and that very good. A bed in one room, furnished, cost, 1,300*l*., great store of popish books, with copes, and such utensils; silver plate valued at about 5,000*l*., some cabinets of jewels, and other treasure: one soldier had six-score pieces of gold for his share, and another had got three bags of silver, who, (not able to keep his own counsel,) it grew to common pillage amongst the rest, the fellow at last having but one half-crown for himself."

At Cromwell's suggestion the place was dismantled and abandoned: a notice, perhaps painted on a board, informed the neighbourhood that "whoever will come for brick or stone shall freely have the same for his pains." It is easy to imagine the havoc that must then have taken place; country people coming with carts and pillaging in all directions. The first Duke of Bolton built a house with part of the materials; another portion was used for the George Inn at Basingstoke; and now, such as we have described is all that remains of the imposing structure, whose line of circumvallation was "above a mile in compass." Nature has—

— "soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Becomes religious, and the heart runs o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirit from their urns!"

While walking round the bank for the last time, I saw an old man sitting where an opening in the trees gave him a view of the neighbouring plantations; he had come to mow down the nettles and weeds growing within the enclosure, and was resting after his walk. He told me that he had lived for thirty years in the keeper's house, until too aged for the duties of the situation, but he still worked for the estate. He pointed out a spot in the centre where a well had been filled up, the site of the brewhouse beyond the ditch, and some arches on the outside of the wall, similar to those I had seen on the inside; he called them "oven-places." On my inquiring whether the ruins were much resorted to by visitors, he replied, "Gipsy parties comes here terrible often."

Basing House is not the only object of interest in this part of the country; for the visitor who can spare a day or two, there are the walls and amphitheatre of Silchester, the most perfect Roman relic in England. Bramshill House, the seat of Sir John Cope, a glorious mansion of the "olden time;" and "Our Village," the environs of which have long been classic ground through the charming writings of Miss Mitford.

SONG.

BY J. M. W.

A BOAT, love-laden,
Floating on the sea,
A soft-eyed maiden,
Smiling tenderly.

The golden brightness
Of the fervid noon,
The silv'ry whiteness
Of the crescent moon.

All flowers of earth, '
All gems that strew the deep,
Ideal forms, whose birth
Gladdens a poet's sleep.

The magic eloquence
That thrills the free,
The sweeter excellence
Of harmony.

All marble glories'
Of all classic climes,
Heroic stories,
And immortal rhymes;—

Less beautiful, less dear,
These things to me
Less sweet, less bright appear
To phantasy,

Than that fair realm of love I share with thee.

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE SURGEON.

THE faint head fell back upon the pillows tenderly arranged for its reception by the same kind hands which had hitherto themselves supported it. A long low sigh bore witness to the temporary suspension of acute pain; then followed a few broken, murmuring sentences, such as are wont to fall unconsciously from the lips of a sufferer when the immediate pressure is withdrawn, but nerves are still wrought to their utmost tension, body exhausted, and will almost paralysed by the effort of its late achievement.

"It is over, thank God!—thank you all. My kind nurse—where is she? God bless you!"

The fingers of Percy Lee closed feebly, but with convulsive eagerness, upon the small soft hand which yet rested on the bed beside his cheek. It was but for a moment. Again the room was darkened, and the bandage which had been temporarily fastened around his eyes, in order that the unwonted light necessary for due performance of the operation might not injure him, withdrawn, and the courageous woman whose arms had steadily and unshrinkingly sustained him during his agony, extricated herself hurriedly from his grasp, and glided away. The door closed behind her. Yet pausing for a moment, she applied her ear to the key-hole; the voice of the surgeon, modulated to that tone of artificial soothing which, though it be necessary for the patient, is so inexpressibly wearisome and irritating to the watcher, was alone audible. "There, there," it said, "we have done wonders; but we must avoid the reaction which is sure to follow an excitement of this kind. Drink this, my dear sir, and compose yourself to sleep."

Then came the low tinkle of glass against glass; and then, quickly, ere Ida (we need not name her) had time to retreat, the surgeon and his assistant came out of the room, almost running against her in the rapidity of their exit. They halted and looked from her to each other with a blank, startled, half-guilty expression; the superior of the two then took her gently by the hand and addressed her much in the same tone which she had just heard him adopt in speaking to her father.

"My dear child, you have no business here. You must lie down and rest. Stay; this pulse is a little quicker than I like; I think I shall prescribe for you."

"Tell me!" ejaculated Ida, in a husky, wavering voice; and then stopped.

"You know as much as we do," answered he, evasively. "I have given our patient a composing draught, and he will, I hope, be asleep in a few minutes. Of course we must expect great exhaustion. He will sleep for some hours at least, and during that time the nurse will watch him. I shall wait below stairs; you cannot do better than invigorate yourself

for such exertions as you may be required to make, by sleeping now when you can be of no use. You are a little excited. I shall give you something quieting, and promise to wake you as soon as there is need. Now, be a good child, and do as you are told."

Her eyes rested fixedly upon his face with that sort of dreary helpless courage which endures to look upon the truth because it is evident, and there is no escape from it. He could not meet the gaze, but looked down uneasily. She did not hesitate a moment either in thought or action, but knew, and determined directly.

"It has failed!" said she distinctly, and without shrinking or turning aside.

The answer was written in his face. Dropping his hand, before he could remonstrate or prevent, she was again at the bedside. She knew the hours of life now left were very few, and she was greedy of them. She sat shrouded in the curtains quite calm and motionless; through the parted drapery the wan face on the pillow was visible to her, and her eyes clung to it. So passed on the hours; it was a strange spectacle. The wasted countenance of the sleeper, where many a drawn muscle and printed furrow marked the passage of years of suffering, now almost childlike in the placid exhaustion of profound repose; the child's face beside it, so young and smooth, tender in all its outlines, infantine in the transparency of its colouring, yet stern, I had almost said terrible, in its expression of agony, concentrated and held captive by inward power. All her senses were awake; her imagination was preternaturally active. Not a feature of the present, not a shadow of the future, was unmarked by her; from the past only her thoughts fled in sheer terror, unable at that moment to encounter the softness of Memory. She saw, counted, treasured, every light change that flitted across his face—so trivial, so transitory, that, to any eye save hers, all seemed absorbed in the profundity of a repose that was well nigh stupor. The sound of his breathing made rhythm of her thoughts, and they moved to it and measured themselves by it, without, for that, losing one spark of their terrific vitality. They were busy, fearfully busy; gathering in and laying up a treasure.

Slow dawn crept into the room. It was bright and glorious outside; music was going up from the thickets and fragrance from the meadows, and floods of gracious sunshine were refreshing and rewarding the beneficent efforts of earth. But light came timidly and uneasily into the chamber of death, as if afraid of what it would have to see and to reveal; it took a sickly hue from blinds and close-drawn curtains, and seemed to shiver in its coverings with the chill of ague. There, through the top of the cornice, where a crevice let in a single unfettered sunbeam, it came straight and sharp as an arrow, and seemed to make a rankling wound where it entered. Ten hours had passed since Ida began her vigil, and not one tear had visited her earnest hopeless eyes. Her being was passing through a furnace heated seven times; it was to come out a weapon of sevenfold power. How should she fail to

(1) Continued from p. 25.

endure even that burning fiery furnace, for was there not One with her like unto the Son of God?

"God bless you!" Low, faint, tremulous words, but she heard them. The eyes were glassy and uncertain, but she met them in one brief, instantaneous look of recognition; she had her reward—the strong patient heart had not so suffered and so waited for nothing. It had waited for death, and death had come; but with it, nay in it, the presence, the assurance, the pledge of Life.

"And she is really well enough to undertake such a journey?"

"Yes, indeed, Ellen, I think so; otherwise I would have interposed to prevent her going. It is a week, you know, since she was able to come down stairs, and I am sure change of scene will be good for her."

One of the regular medical common-places, and as shallow as it is common. Change of scene is useful enough to those who are suffering from what is technically called "worry of spirits," from over-exertion, from habitual anxiety, from discouragement, from any one of the numerous degrees of that scale which begins with discomfort and mounts up to positive unhappiness. But where there is a deep, calm, strong regret—not a pain in, but a part of the soul—an anguish open-eyed, brave and steadfast; conscious of its own reality, resigned to its own necessity, patient, ceaseless, everlasting—circumstances can only avail to vex and irritate, time only to conceal it. To such an one there is neither the power nor the possibility of change; the veil which a score of years may weave around the secret thought, and which may fold so thickly, and lie so closely, as utterly to conceal the existence of what it covers, only acts as a shrine around a relic, preserving it from all pollution or defacement, and keeping it fresh in colour and sharp in outline as when first deposited within its guardianship. What the heart only remembers it may also in time forget; what it *possesses* belongs to it for ever.

"Did any one go with her?"

"There, sit down and take off your bonnet, Ellen, and I will tell you all about it. I have some pity upon a woman's curiosity when I know there is genuine sympathy at the bottom of it."

The young wife did as she was desired, and looked up questioningly into her husband's face. It was not a very moveable or interesting countenance; it had all the real stoicism and external sweetness which a long apprenticeship to that very trying profession of surgery seldom fails to teach a man; but it was always, to her, the noblest and most engrossing subject of contemplation, and just now there was moisture in the eyes and an unusual pliancy about the lips, and she thought it the very incarnation of benignity. He passed his hand caressingly over her smoothly-ordered hair; it gave her a world of trouble to braid and band those tresses round her shapely head in such manner as satisfied her vanity and suited his taste, yet she was never so well pleased with them

as when his awkward touch had disarranged them. After a mute exchange of looks, a language perfectly intelligible to the lookers, and mere gibberish to the lookers-on, (but what did that signify?) he commenced his story.

"It is certainly the most remarkable instance of fortitude that ever came under my notice. Once or twice I could almost have fancied that she did not feel acutely; but women are such puzzles! It is sometimes impossible to surprise them into an exhibition of feeling by any means or at any moment; and then you may be sure that there is something within so deep and so strong that it has been necessary to set a guard over it who can't sleep at his post. Closed windows and iron bars are symptoms that there is madness inside. Well, you know that she went to the funeral; that heavy-featured cousin of hers was there with her, crying heartily the whole time. I suppose it was very sympathising of her, and all that, but I own I could have beaten her for it. And then, after the funeral, she, I mean Ida of course, was ill—and I was provoked with myself that I had let her go. I ought not to have done it."

"Perhaps you could not have prevented it," suggested Ellen, who did not like to hear him blame himself even for a passing moment.

"Nonsense, my love. A man can always manage a woman, and has always a right to do so, as I hope you don't mean to dispute. That is, if he is a sensible man, and her friend. Much more, of course, her husband; but that, you know, is for your private consideration."

"But what could you have done, Henry?" persisted the wife, smiling as she put her hand into his with a kind of silent understood pledge that no management could be necessary where there would never be any resistance.

"Turned the key upon her, to be sure," replied the unceremonious Henry, "and trusted to her good sense to thank me for it afterwards, or not, as the case might be. But she deceived me. I fancied her body equal to her mind, and it was the body which gave way at last. Youth and strength have enabled her to shake it off."

"And your care, and good treatment of the case," interposed Ellen resentfully.

"That of course. Say that to anybody who asks you, my dear. Oh Ellen! It was a rich treat! If I had not been so sorry for her, I could have roared with laughter."

"With laughter! What can you mean?" And her face expressed an amazement which almost bordered upon disapproval.

"To see the intense discomfiture of that cockcomb cousin, whom I utterly abominate. While she was ill, he spoke of their engagement as a matter of certainty; I am bound in charity to believe that he was self-deceived; but I think in my heart that even his enormous vanity scarcely extended so far. He thought, so I conjecture, that she was a mere child in character, wholly in the power of any one who

could speak a few soft words to her, and now more especially so, as having lost her natural guardian, and belonging as a matter of right to him and to his father. He thought he had the whole game in his own hands,—that he had her in a net, that she had no escape. No other view can account for so clever a man's so entirely committing himself. She, poor child, never gave him a thought; but as she began to recover composure, and power of comprehension, it seemed to me that she ought not to be any longer ignorant of the manner in which her name was being used. You know I am a very plain spoken person—it was no use to trust so delicate a matter in the hands of the gentle Agnes, who, between ourselves, has not much more mental grace or agility than a lame cow—so, I spoke to her myself."

"You did!" exclaimed Ellen with true womanly interest kindling in her face, "I wonder you could do it! And what did she say?"

"Opened wide her childlike blue eyes, and stared at me with an expression of such blank astonishment that I could scarcely keep my countenance, and then, shaking her pretty head to and fro with a weary, passive, troubled look, begged that I would be so very kind as to explain cousin Alexander's mistake to him. She evidently shrank from the office, and I undertook it in a moment. Of course you understand clearly that it was because I wished to oblige her—I had no spite against him, of course. But as I said before, I am a plain-spoken person, and I did not decorate my errand with any superfluous tenderness."

"Oh Henry!" cried his wife, "what pleasure can you find in talking as if you were so hardhearted! and to me, who know you! I am sure you were really very sorry for his disappointment."

"Chaff, my love!" was Henry's elegant answer. "The disappointment was to his vanity—nothing higher. The man who takes it for granted that a woman who has never coquetted with him nor encouraged him, is ready to marry him, and who says so openly, is either so obtuse that he won't feel his rejection or so impudent that he deserves to feel it."

"But without meaning to coquette or encourage," remonstrated Ellen, "one may give a false impression, you know, without any fault,—that is, unconsciously."

"Remember this, Ellen!" interrupted her husband, speaking more gravely, "that a fault is not a whit the less a fault because it is committed unconsciously; rather the more, because such unconsciousness shows a want both of the habit of self-restraint, and of the periodical check of self-examination. You should be more ashamed to confess yourself unconscious of a fault half an hour after its committal, than to confess that you have committed it." He looked down upon her upturned face, into which an expression of docile reverent attention, almost that of a child receiving its lesson, had instantaneously come, and resumed his former tone of banter. "But I see how it is, you want me to believe that you have refused some dozen devoted admirers, without having given one of them

due reason to accuse you of flirtation. Oh, what a thorough woman you are!"

"You say that as if you meant it for blame, but I take it as the highest possible praise," rejoined Ellen in the same tone.

"You are are right!" said Henry emphatically.

"But tell me about Miss Lee's going away. Had she no one with her except the cousin of whom you speak so disrespectfully?"

"Yes, there came a friend, a Mrs. Tyrrel, a handsome woman, nay beautiful, but with something not altogether attractive about her. Very pale and grave, the latter I suppose from sympathy, the former the result of an illness which indeed had prevented her from sooner coming to poor Ida's assistance. And this morning they went away together. The lovely Agnes remained to console her brother. Poor woman! I ought not to satirise her; I believe she is as good as a vile temper will suffer her to be, and as agreeable as any one can be, who is by nature unconquerably repulsive."

"What a consistent speech," cried Ellen, "to be commenced with the assertion that you ought not to satirise her!"

"Very consistent indeed, if you had been aware of the mental parenthesis, which was to the effect that I chose to do what I ought not."

"Is that a conscious or an unconscious fault?" asked Ellen demurely.

He smiled, but it was an absent smile. With true masculine perverseness in all matters of feeling, he had been jocose and ironical so long as she was tender, serious and sympathetic; and now that with true feminine docility she had, not without an effort, assumed his mood, and hidden her pity beneath badinage, he ceased to do violence (for he had been doing violence) to his own inward emotions, and melted naturally into seriousness. She watched his face with a sense of rebuke, wholly uncalled for, but wholly natural; wished her gentle retort unspoken; and listened to him as though he had been a prophet.

"Poor child!" said he pensively, "yet I don't know whether pity for so noble a nature is not misplaced. Were she a man, I should reverence her; but she is the child of her mother Eve, and if self-dependence and self-government be forced upon her, it must be through acute suffering. Nay more—there will ever be in them more of semblance than of reality. If she seem composed and contented, it will be because the inward nature is not annihilated but enslaved, and the slave feels what he dares not show, all the more intensely because he is compelled to hide it. Poor child! I hope she will have some one to lean upon, but so far as a stranger can judge, her position would seem very desolate. I wonder if I shall ever see her again? What shall I then think of the soft heart which has been forced into so stern a mould?"

The young wife's uplifted eyes glistened with a dew which came from a deeper fount than that of pity. She was thanking God and man for her own blessedness in that she had found a shadow from the heat

and a shelter from the storm. And so—for the look was too eloquent to remain unanswered—the lonely Ida was for the moment forgotten by both.

Her biographer echoes doubtfully the last sentence—"I wonder if we shall ever see her again!"

TO ERATO, THE MUSE OF LOVE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Come back, come back, lost pleiad of the heart !
Fallen, with thy lyre, from out life's saddening skies !
The spirit's chorus wants its sweetest part,
That wants thy music—though its tones be sighs !—
Too like the nightingale of earth, that flies
Ere the sweet summer, with its scents, be lost,
Though both should linger when the bright rose dies,
To soothe the mourner, when he needs it most !
Come back ! come back ! thy sister muses still
Sing to my soul, and cheer it through life's crowd ;
But it has wander'd from the one bright rill
Near which my sweeter song, but not so loud,
Was heard o'er all—oh ! thou, who wilt not sing,
Save in the spirit's hush'd and leafy parts,
Save only by the soul's untainted spring—
The young deep Helicon of human hearts !

Then may it be that thou art playing yet,
Far in my bosom's depths, though all unheard ;
And as the sick of cities, when his feet
Seek the deep glade, is greeted by the bird,
So could I leave, awhile, the world's wide dream,
And lose its harsh, cold voices from mine ear.
Oh ! might I hope to trace that haunted stream,
And for an hour—an hour—again to hear
Thy low sweet song ? Alas ! the springs are dry,
Beside whose gush that early music rang,
And never more the flowers shall meet mine eye
That warm'd the valley where Erato sang—
That oldest muse—but, in her fadeless youth,
Predestined to outlive her sisters all,
And through all fancies, pure as that of truth—
Once—only once—to pour her music-fall !
Then never more for me !—She taketh wings,
When years have touch'd the spirit's tunings fine,
And fieth far from harps with broken strings,
To play the lyres of happier hearts than mine !
Oh ! well for me, and such as me, that love
Is of that angel choir, who are to sing above !

CERVANTES AND LOPE DE VEGA.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE greatest and healthiest writers have been generally men of active, energetic, and enterprising spirit. In the majority of instances, according to their means and opportunities, they have been prominent actors in what was passing around them, and not merely passive spectators. They have commonly mingled in the bustling pursuits of their contemporaries, undistinguished by any marked peculiarities ; and, instead of standing aloof from the busy crowd, they have been noted for their restless courage, or ardent love of adventure. The life of action has preceded the life of authorship. The opening years of manhood have been occupied in the active struggles and arduous duties of the world ; and afterwards, when the mind has become disciplined, invigorated, and

informed by actual experience, the wonderful creations which are destined to live for ever have been produced or thrown off almost unconsciously, and sent abroad into the world with the lavish profusion and prodigal liberality of an affluent genius.

Cervantes and Lope de Vega were among the most remarkable men in an age of astonishing intellectual fertility. It will be remembered that they were contemporaries of Shakspeare, and indeed, it has been said, that Cervantes and our great dramatist died on the same day, namely, the 23d April, 1616 ; but as the Gregorian Calendar had not at that time been adopted in England, we were behind the countries of Catholic Europe in our calculations, and Shakspeare, in fact, survived Cervantes twelve days.

Cervantes was born "on one of the early days" of October, 1547, and Lope de Vega fifteen years afterwards, on the 25th November, 1562.¹ The former was destined to a long life of varied vicissitude and adventure, a narrative of which may serve to illustrate the manners of the age in which he lived, and some of the prominent characteristics of the national genius.

An admirable summary of the life of Cervantes has been given by M. Viardot in the biography prefixed to his exquisite translation of *Don Quixote*.²

"Here," he says, "is all that we have been able to collect regarding the life of this illustrious man,—one of those who paid for the tardy honours of posthumous renown by the misfortunes of a whole life. Born of an honourable, though indigent family ; receiving first a liberal education, but thrown by poverty into obscure dependence ; page, *valet-de-chambre*, and soldier ; maimed at the battle of Lepanto ; distinguished at the siege of Tunis ; captured by a Barbary corsair ; five years a prisoner at Algiers ; ransomed by public charity, after many futile efforts to escape ; then again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores ; smitten with the charms of a noble lady as poor as himself ; reclaimed to literature by love, but soon again compelled to abandon it by distress ; rewarded for his services and talents by a subordinate appointment in the government victualling department ; accused of embezzling the public money ; thrown into prison by the king's agents ; released after proof of innocence, and again imprisoned by mutinous peasants ; then transformed into the poet and man of business, and earning his bread by commercial agencies and theatrical composition ; at the age of fifty discovering his true vocation ; not knowing where to find a patron to whom to dedicate his works ; having to encounter an indifferent public, who condescended to be amused, but who could neither understand nor appreciate him, jealous rivals who ridiculed and defamed him, and envious friends who were ready to betray him ; pursued in his old age by want ; forgotten by most people, despised by all, and dying at length in solitude and poverty : such during his life time was Michael de Cervantes Saavedra."

A life so full of incident and vicissitude has all the charms of romance. It presents as many features of interest as the most startling of modern fictions, and we will therefore, as briefly as possible, attempt to

(1) "History of Spanish Literature." By George Ticknor. London, 1849.

(2) "Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Cervantes," in the illustrated edition of *Don Quixote*, "traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot." Paris, 1836.



fill up the outline with which we have presented our readers.

The birth-place of Cervantes was the town of Alcalá de Henares, a small city about twenty miles from Madrid.

"Concerning his youth," says Mr. Ticknor, "all that we know is what he incidentally tells us himself,—that he took great pleasure in attending the theatrical representations of Lope de Rueda; that he wrote verses when very young; and that he always read everything within his reach, even, as it should seem, the torn scraps of paper he picked up in the public streets."

He seems to have been for two years a student in the University of Salamanca, and also to have studied under the learned Juan Lope de Hoyos, who published by authority, "on the death of the unhappy Isabella de Valois, wife of Philip II., a volume of verse, in which, among other contributions of his pupils, are six short poems by Cervantes, whom he calls 'his dear and well-beloved disciple.'"¹ This was in 1569, and the same year we find him at Rome as a sort of chamberlain in the service of Giulio Acquaviva, afterwards a cardinal, who had been sent to Spain as the pope's nuncio, and who is supposed to have taken an interest in Cervantes from his love of literature. In this menial position it did not suit his spirit to remain, and he therefore enrolled himself among the Spanish troops then occupying a portion of Italy. "There were only two professions," says M. Viardot, "then open to the poor gentleman, that of arms and the church. Cervantes preferred the former, and became a soldier." The moment was well chosen. A memorable contest between the forces of Islamism and Christendom was about to commence. Selim II. Emperor of the Turks, in violation of existing treaties, had invaded the island of Cyprus, then belonging to the Venetians. The islanders sought the assistance of the sovereign pontiff, Pope Pius V., under whose auspices was formed, after some disastrous delay, a "holy league" against the treacherous infidels, comprising the joint armaments of the pope, the King of Spain, and the Republic of Venice, and commanded by the celebrated Don John of Austria, the natural son of the emperor Charles V. In this expedition was embarked the company into which Cervantes had volunteered as a private soldier; and he soon gave proof of his own observation, "that none make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war, and that never scholar became soldier that was not a good and brave one."²

On the 7th of October, 1571, he was present at the sea-fight of Lepanto, when a glorious victory was obtained over the enemies of Christendom. He was then suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, and before the engagement had commenced his captain and comrades endeavoured to persuade him to retire into the cabin, where he might remain quietly till all was over. But, far from acceding to this timid counsel, though weakened by sickness, he implored

the captain to assign him the post of danger. His request was complied with, and ample opportunities were afforded for the exercise of his bravery and devotion. The galley in which he served was stationed in the thickest of the action, and in the bloody *melée* he received three wounds, two in the breast and another which deprived him for ever of the use of his left hand and arm.

"But justly proud," says M. Viardot, "of having taken so glorious a part in that memorable combat, Cervantes never regretted the loss of his hand. He often said that he congratulated himself in having secured at such a price the honour of numbering himself among the victors of Lepanto; and in witness of his bravery, which he valued more than his genius, he loved to exhibit his wounds, received, he would say, on the most brilliant occasion which ages past and present had beheld, or that even the future might hope to see,—wounds that, like stars, might serve to guide others to the firmament of honour."

After the engagement, Cervantes was conveyed with the rest of the wounded to the hospital of Messina, where he remained for some months. In the spring of 1572 he departed, under the standard of Mark Antonio Columna, on the expedition to the Levant, the incidents of which he has minutely described in the story of *The Captive* in Don Quixote. He was next engaged in the expedition against Tunis, under Don John of Austria: afterwards his regiment returned to Europe, and was stationed for about two years in various towns in Italy, thus furnishing him with an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of forming an acquaintance with the Italian language and literature.

Having been absent some years from his native country, Cervantes at length took steps to procure his discharge, and to return home. His military career had been full of peril and adventure, and his youthful enthusiasm was probably somewhat sobered down. "He was now eight-and-twenty, disabled, weakened by the fatigues of three campaigns, a plain soldier, anxious to revisit his family and country. He obtained from his commander something more than a bare farewell. Don John of Austria gave him letters to the king, his brother, in which, making honourable mention of his conduct at Lepanto, he besought Philip to present him with the command of one of the companies about to be raised in Spain for Italy or Flanders. The viceroy of Sicily, Don Carlos d'Arragon, Duke of Scsa, also recommended to the attention of the king and his ministers, a soldier, hitherto neglected, who had secured by his courage, his talents, and exemplary conduct the esteem of his comrades and commander."³

But greater trials were in store for him. He had embarked at Naples, with his elder brother, Rodrigo, and several other Spaniards, in a Spanish galley called the *Sun*, full of hope and spirits, and anticipating a happy issue to the voyage. But alas for human expectations! On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley was attacked by an Algerine squadron, under the com-

(1) Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. ii.

(2) "Persiles y Sigismunda," lib. iii. c. 10," quoted in Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. ii.

(3) Viardot.

mand of Arnauti Mami, who was called the "captain of the seas." A fierce but unequal combat ensued, in which Cervantes displayed his usual bravery. Three corsair vessels engaged the Christian galley, one of them being commanded by a renegade Greek, named Dali Mami. Against such desperate odds the Spaniards struggled boldly, but ineffectually, for their liberties. They were at length compelled to surrender, and were carried in triumph to Algiers. In the partition of captives Cervantes fell to the lot of Dali Mami.

The cunning renegade conceived that he had gained a great prize. After reading the letters which he found on his prisoner, addressed to the king of Spain, he believed Cervantes to be a nobleman at least, and reckoned on a large sum for his ransom. It was a common practice with these barbarians, when persons of distinction fell into their hands, to treat them with cruelty, and subject them to every privation, in order that they might induce them to renounce the Christian faith, or to obtain, by urgent solicitations, from their friends and countrymen, large sums of money to purchase their release. Cervantes was accordingly loaded with chains, and confined in a filthy dungeon; but in this extremity, he showed, says Viardot, a heroism rarer and greater than that of courage,—the heroism of patience. His active mind devised means of escape, and eagerly waited for an opportunity to carry them into execution. Among his companions in misfortune he soon acquired an ascendancy by his decision and force of character; and they readily submitted to his guidance. His first plan was to travel by land to Oran, which then belonged to Spain, and a Moor, who, unknown to him, had already betrayed other captives, was engaged as a guide. Several of his fellow-prisoners joined in the enterprise. They succeeded in escaping from Algiers, but on the second day of their journey, they were abandoned by the Moor, and had no other alternative but to return to the place of their captivity, where they were subjected to still more rigorous treatment.

Some of his fellow-captives were fortunate enough to obtain their freedom in the second year of their captivity. On their return to Spain they informed the father of Cervantes of the deplorable fate of his two sons, and the old man immediately mortgaged his patrimony, to raise a sufficient sum to purchase their ransom. The money was transmitted to Cervantes, who attempted to make a bargain with his master Dali Mami, but the sordid Greek was so exorbitant in his demands that he gave up all hope of obtaining his liberty. But his brother Rodrigo was in better hands, and Cervantes, feeling that it was useless to attempt to purchase his own release, generously applied the whole of the money to the ransom of his brother. Rodrigo was accordingly emancipated in 1577, and on quitting the land of bondage, promised Cervantes that on his return to Spain he would cause a vessel to be equipped at Valencia, which might approach the African coast at an appointed spot, and effect the deliverance of his fellow-captives.

Confiding in his brother's zeal, Cervantes laid his plans accordingly. About three miles to the east of Algiers, was a garden belonging to a Greek renegade, in which one of his slaves, named Juan, a Christian and native of Navarre, had secretly constructed a subterranean cavern. Following the instructions of Cervantes, several Christian captives made their escape, and were concealed by Juan in this recess. At the time of Rodrigo's departure there were fourteen or fifteen already there. Without leaving his master's house, or doing anything that might excite suspicion, Cervantes directed this little subterranean republic, and provided for the safety and subsistence of the members. Provisions were secretly conveyed to them every night, and a careful look-out kept up by the gardener and another Christian slave. When Cervantes believed the vessel despatched by his brother was near at hand, he fled from his master, on the 20th of September, 1577, and becoming an inmate of the cavern, waited patiently for the result.

It appears that the expected vessel, promptly despatched by Rodrigo, and commanded by an experienced officer, came in sight of Algiers on the 28th of September. It was broad day when the captain caught a glimpse of that famous stronghold of the African corsair, and not caring to run a needless risk, he prudently kept out at sea till the evening. A glorious autumn sunset had flushed the waves, and the dim twilight had succeeded, ere he ventured to approach the appointed spot, and give the captives the agreed on signal. But even this enterprise was doomed to fail; for as the vessel neared the shore, protected, as the captain thought, by the deepening shadows, she was observed by some fishermen, who immediately gave the alarm, and it was deemed expedient to put back to sea. A second attempt was made, which ended most disastrously; for the vessel was attacked and taken by the Moors, and its crew carried into captivity.

Meanwhile Cervantes and his companions, who had for a time cheerfully borne the discomforts and privations of their situation, began to suffer seriously from their prolonged imprisonment in a damp and unwholesome cavern. As time wore on, they lost all hope. The hour of their deliverance appeared every day to grow more distant. At length, on the morning after the capture of the luckless vessel, the place of their concealment was betrayed to Hassan Aga, the Dey of Algiers, who received the news with delight, as all lost or runaway slaves were, by the custom of the country, considered the Dey's especial property. A guard of soldiers was accordingly despatched to the garden, who with drawn swords entered the cave, and secured the unhappy Christians. But in the general consternation, Cervantes was collected and unappalled; he cried out with a loud voice that his companions were guiltless; that he had caused them to fly from their masters; that the plot was his, and his alone, and that in justice he should alone be punished. The soldiers were astonished, and reported what had happened to the Dey, who ordered Cervantes to be loaded with chains,

and brought into his presence. But the hero was undismayed. He displayed in this extremity his accustomed firmness and address, and the barbarian was touched by his magnanimity. It seems that afterwards most of the captives engaged in the plot were returned to their masters, and Cervantes again fell into the hands of Dali Mami. He was subsequently purchased by the Dey, who is described as having been one of those capricious and bloody monsters who take pleasure in beholding human suffering. This wretch was continually, and for no obvious cause, killing or torturing his unhappy slaves. Cervantes he regarded as a dangerous person, and kept him in close confinement. But nothing could subdue the spirit of the famous Spaniard. In spite of the dangers that menaced him in the event of detection, he made another attempt to escape, and though closely watched he managed to indite a letter to the Spanish governor of Oran, and to despatch it by a Moor. The Moor was caught when on the point of departure, and immediately impaled alive, and Cervantes was sentenced to receive 2,000 blows of the bastinado. Some friends, however, interposed, and the pitiless Dey for once relented. There must have been something in the demeanour of Cervantes which inspired the barbarian with respect, or very strong influence must have been used, for shortly before, three captive Spaniards who had attempted to escape from him, had been beaten to death in his presence.

But no failure or disaster seemed to affect Cervantes, or to cause him to relax his efforts to obtain his liberty. We next find him in communication with a renegade Spaniard, who had assumed the turban, but had begun to show signs of repentance and contrition for his apostacy. With this man he concerted another plan of escape. A vessel was purchased by the renegade under the secret orders of Cervantes, and about sixty Christian captives were informed of the fact, and duly advised to hold themselves in readiness to depart. But a Dominican monk, "like another Judas," stimulated, it is said, by envy of Cervantes, betrayed the conspiracy to the Dey, who chose for a time to dissemble his knowledge, in order that he might seize the culprits in the fact. It was, however, soon suspected that the plot had been discovered, and all who were engaged in it were seized with consternation. Cervantes fled; but as soon as he understood that sentence of death was proclaimed against any one who should harbour or afford him an asylum, he generously gave himself up; a renegade Spaniard, who was then high in favour with the Dey, having undertaken to intercede for him. Cervantes was this time brought before the ferocious barbarian, with his arms pinioned, and a rope round his neck, as if destined for immediate execution. But his firmness of soul did not desert him; neither threats nor promises could induce him to betray his companions, and he left his master's presence an object of awe and respect, if not of admiration. The punishment inflicted on him for this new offence was imprisonment in irons in a Moorish fortress, where he languished five months.

Beyond a rigorous imprisonment, it does not appear that Cervantes was subjected to any remarkable or revolting ill-treatment. On the contrary, he was almost the only captive treated with any degree of consideration. "There was only one," he has said himself, in the story of *The Captive*, "whom he (the Dey) treated well—a Spanish soldier, named Saavedra, who engaged in so many attempts, which will be long remembered by the people of the country, and by his fellow-captives, to regain his liberty. Nevertheless, Hussan Aga never lifted his hand against him himself, nor caused others to do so, nor gave him an angry word." It is clear that the ferocious Moor stood in awe of the "lame Spaniard," and that, barbarian as he was, he respected, whilst he feared, his unconquered spirit and fertile genius. He contented himself, therefore, with depriving his captive of all opportunities for mischief, by a close imprisonment. He dared not, indeed, trust Cervantes at large, for he apprehended that the next thing attempted would be a general insurrection of the Christian slaves in Algiers. At this time they numbered upwards of 25,000, who were all alike animated by a spirit of bitter hostility against their infidel masters. We can scarcely realize to our minds the wretched position of these unfortunate captives, or the feeling of intense hatred with which they regarded their inhuman oppressors. Torn from their country, families, and friends—subjected to the severest menial labour, and exposed to constant ill-treatment and privation, their condition was indeed most pitiable. Slavery with them was truly a bitter draught. A simple sketch of some of their ordinary sufferings was presented by Cervantes to his countrymen after his return, in his curious drama called *El Trate* (or *Los Tratos de Argel*, i. e. Life, or Manners, in Algiers. This play consists of a succession of simple and touching incidents, many of which were well calculated at the period of its representation to harrow the breasts of the spectators. In one scene a very ordinary occurrence—the sale of Christian captives in the Moslem market-place—is truthfully represented, with all its sad accessories. A father, a mother, and their two children, are exposed for sale in separate lots. The simplicity of the poor innocents, who cannot be brought to believe that any human power can separate them from their parents, is beautifully contrasted with the resignation of the afflicted father and the poignant grief of the mother. The latter, beholding her youngest child carried off by the Moslem merchant, and feeling persuaded she is destined to see him no more, pours out her soul in an agony of prayer. Above all, she fears that he may be seduced into apostacy, and under this terrible impression she addresses to him these parting words:—

"What I would crave of thee, my life, since I
Must never more be blest with seeing thee,
Is that thou never, never wilt forget
To say, as thou wert wont, thy *Ave Mary*!
For that bright queen of goodness, grace, and virtue,
Can loosen all thy bonds, and give thee freedom."

The mother's fears are not unfounded. In the fifth act the boy is introduced as a renegade, sumptuously attired, and disdaining the society of the Christian captives.

This is an incident which might have occurred within the experience of Cervantes himself. At any rate, it serves to illustrate the melancholy condition of the Christian captives in Algiers, some of whom, it will be remembered, were of gentle blood, and belonged to the best families of Spain.

Cervantes had nearly completed the fifth year of his captivity, when the hour of his liberation arrived. His family had been long making strenuous efforts to raise money enough to purchase his ransom. His widowed mother sacrificed everything she possessed, including the dowry of her daughters, for this great object. But she still found it impossible to raise sufficient for the purpose. All that could be collected was placed in the hands of a benevolent friar, who had just been appointed to superintend a mission for the redemption of Christian captives, despatched to Algiers by Philip II. Upon the arrival of the mission, negotiations were opened for the release of Cervantes; but the demands of the Dey were too exorbitant to be complied with. In the meanwhile, Hussan Aga had been recalled by the sultan, and was preparing to leave Algiers. He intended to convey his slaves with him to Constantinople, and Cervantes, heavily ironed, was placed on board his galley. It was at this juncture, when the chances of freedom appeared most desperate, that the high-spirited captive was at last released through the exertions of the Christian mission, on the 19th of September, 1580.

After more than ten long years of absence—years so full of suffering and adventure—Cervantes found himself restored to his native land. But beyond the joyous sense of liberty there was little to gratify him on his return from exile. His father had died during his captivity, his mother and sisters were too poor to offer him even the shelter of a roof. He was unfriended and forgotten, and almost a stranger in the land of his birth. It is not surprising, therefore, that he returned to his former profession, and started once more as a common soldier. The kingdom of Portugal was at this time occupied by the Spanish armies, and was the next theatre of his services. Although it is not certain how long he remained there, it is known that he was present in several important engagements, and displayed his accustomed bravery.

It was love, says M. Viardot, which restored Cervantes to literature. In a happy interval of his busy life, he had made the acquaintance of a noble lady of Esquivias, a small town near Madrid; and in her honour he composed his pastoral romance of "Galatea." The romance was published in 1584, and almost immediately afterwards Cervantes, then in his thirty-seventh year, married the fair enchantress who had inspired him with literary ambition. Whether the lady was won by the "pastoral romance," (which is admitted to be rather an uninteresting performance,) or by the more moving romance of the author's own

life is, we think, doubtful. Her woman's heart might have been well touched by "the round unvarnished tale" which he was able to deliver, we doubt not, with manly eloquence,—

"Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of his redemption thence,
And portance in his travel's history."

It will be remembered that the Galatea is found in Don Quixote's library, and is thus spoken of by its author.

"'But what book is the next one?' said the curate. 'The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes,' replied the barber. 'This Cervantes,' said the curate, 'has been a great friend of mine these many years; and I know that he is more skilled in sorrows than in verse. His book is not without happiness in the invention; it promises something, but finishes nothing.'"

In the four years following his marriage (from 1584 to 1588), Cervantes devoted himself to dramatic composition; but in this department of literature his great contemporary, Lope de Vega, reigned supreme, and it is admitted that he was by no means successful as a rival candidate for popular favour.

We find him next at Seville, where "he acted for some time as one of the agents of Antonio de Guevara, a royal commissary for the American fleets, . . . an humble condition, certainly, and full of cares, but still one that gave him the bread he had vainly sought in other pursuits."¹

It must also be stated that at this time his two sisters were entirely dependent on him for support. After holding his appointment for some time an event occurred which cast another deep shade over the life of Cervantes. In 1597 he was arrested and thrown into prison as a defaulter to the government; but he was released after a short detention, and it does not appear that anything beyond a culpable degree of negligence could be laid to his charge.

About this time there occurs a gap in the authenticated records of Cervantes' life. From 1598, when we lose all trace of him at Seville, till 1603, when we find him at Valladolid, we have nothing but vague and conflicting reports respecting him. But it was during this period that the principal portion of the First Part of Don Quixote was written. Now Cervantes himself says that his great work was begun in a prison, and—

"A uniform tradition," (we quote from Mr. Ticknor,) "declares that he was employed by the grand prior of the Order of St. John in La Mancha to collect rents due to his monastery in the village of Argamasilla; that he went there on this humble agency to make the attempt, but that the debtors refused payment, and, after persecuting him in different ways, ended by throwing him into a prison, where in a spirit of indignation he began to write the Don Quixote, making his hero a native of the village that had treated him so ill, and laying the scene of some of the knight's earlier adventures in La Mancha."

Coupling, therefore, the fact of his imprisonment at the time that he commenced his immortal work with the intimate knowledge that it displays of the

(1) Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. II.

people and topography of La Mancha, in the absence of any authentic particulars, we think that his biographers are fully justified in adopting this tradition.

Cervantes had repaired to Valladolid, in all probability, because the court had been removed there, and he was led to cherish some hope that his former services might receive acknowledgment. But here, as elsewhere, he was overlooked and neglected. It was in vain that his proud nature stooped to supplication; he was still unfortunate. He presented himself before the Duke of Lerma, then called the "Atlas of the monarchy," and the dispenser of all its favours; but the proud minister received him with disdain, and Cervantes, wounded to the quick, turned heart-sick from his presence-chamber, and thenceforth renouncing all hopes of court favour, sought and obtained such precarious employment as a friendless man of education could procure for his daily subsistence. In the meanwhile, and under the pressure of poverty and embarrassment, he hastened on his great work, and in 1605, the First Part of *Don Quixote*, having been licensed at Valladolid in 1604, was printed at Madrid. Its popularity was immediate, and in those days almost unexampled; for the same year, another edition was called for at Madrid, and, two more elsewhere.¹ In the year following, Cervantes left Valladolid for Madrid, where he passed the remainder of his eventful life. His pen was for the next ten years fully occupied in the production of novels and plays, for a critical examination of which we have not space; and in October, 1615, he published the Second Part of *Don Quixote*.

The surprising popularity of *Don Quixote* rendered Cervantes an object of envy and enmity, which he bore with unusual serenity and magnanimity of spirit. But, though his work was everywhere a topic of conversation, he still remained in obscurity. It is related of Philip III., that he beheld one day from the balcony of his palace a student walking along, with a book in his hand, gesticulating extravagantly, and then bursting out into sudden and uncontrollable fits of laughter. "That youth," said Philip to a courtier, "is either mad, or he is reading *Don Quixote*." The courtier, eager to confirm the royal sagacity, immediately ran out to ascertain the fact, and returned with the announcement, that the student was indeed reading the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha; and yet neither the king nor his courtier thought of asking where or how the author of this marvellous book lived! Equally characteristic is the statement of the chaplain of the Archbishop of Toledo, who had been entrusted with the censorship of the second part of *Don Quixote*. Some gentlemen in the French embassy had asked him, what works of imagination were at that time fashionable in Spain; and thereupon, amongst other books, he mentioned *Don Quixote*. The Frenchmen had read the first part of that romance, and they expressed themselves so warmly respecting its merits, that the chaplain offered to introduce them to the author—an offer which they eagerly accepted. "They

questioned me," he says, "very minutely respecting his age, his profession, his rank, his fortune. I was obliged to reply, that he was an old soldier—a poor gentleman." "What!" exclaimed one with surprise, "has not Spain, then, made such a man rich? Is he not supported at the public cost?" But another added, with great address: "If it be necessity which has compelled him to write, God grant that he may never be rich, since, by continuing poor, he may enrich by his works the whole world!" Cervantes himself seems to have calculated on, and expected the immense popularity of his book, for he makes Sancho say to his master,—"I will lay a wager, that, before long, there will not be a twopenny eating-house, a hedge tavern, or a poor inn, or barber's shop, where the history of what we have done shall not be painted and stuck up."

The fame of the work was soon spread over Europe, and it is perhaps at this moment the best-known book of its class that has been ever written. No author appears to have entered upon a subject with more earnestness of purpose, or to have more completely identified himself with his own creations. "Cervantes," says Mr. Ticknor, "in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power, as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them, and treat them with an earnestness and interest, that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both *Don Quixote* and Sancho are thus brought before us, like such living realities, that, at this moment, the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight, and of his round, selfish and most amusing esquire, dwell bodied forth in the imaginations of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent." In spite of unsatisfactory translations—and it is admitted, that there is scarcely any work so difficult to render fitly in a foreign language, as *Don Quixote*—it has become naturalised to every European soil. The English school-boy numbers the knight of La Mancha among his earliest acquaintances, and laughs over his adventures as heartily as the Spanish student who attracted the notice of Philip III. *Don Quixote* is everywhere a classic. In the ungenial north, as well as in the sunny south, it is read with admiration and delight. But we must not dis sever the book from its author. Having examined the principal incidents in the life of Cervantes, we think our readers will agree with Mr. Ticknor, that if we would "fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind, that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling, and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light, and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humour, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue,—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life, nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished

¹(1) Ticknor's "Spanish Literature," vol. ii.

when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart."

In spite of all his troubles, Cervantes retained to the last his cheerfulness and serenity of mind. We have good evidence that his faculties remained unclouded, at the close of his laborious life. On the 10th of April, 1616, he penned a dedication of his "*Periplus y Sigismunda*," to the Count de Lemos, the best friend of his declining years, in which he says: "Yesterday they administered to me extreme unction, and to-day I write you these few lines. My time is short; my pains increase; my hopes fail; . . . yet I believe, if I could only see your highness once more in Spain, it would give me new life. But if it is ordained otherwise, the will of heaven be done. May your highness at least be aware of my wish, and know that you possessed in me an affectionate servant, who wished to show his attachment, even beyond death." Four days after writing this, on the 23d of April, Cervantes peacefully expired, at the age of sixty-eight.

Having devoted some space to the romantic adventures of Cervantes, we will now briefly advert to a few of the most interesting particulars in the life of his great contemporary Lope de Vega. With regard to the literary reputation of the two men, there is this great difference, Cervantes passed his life in penury and neglect, to reap a rich harvest of posthumous fame; Lope de Vega was the idol of his contemporaries,—eulogized as "the glory of the land, the oracle of language, the centre of fame, the phoenix of ages, the prince of poetry," &c.—but a large portion of his works has never descended to posterity at all.

"Lope Felix de Vega Carpio," says Mr. Ticknor, "was born on the 25th of November, 1562, at Madrid. . . . From his earliest youth he discovered extraordinary powers. At five years of age, we are assured by his friend Montalvan, that he could not only read Latin as well as Spanish, but that he had such a passion for poetry, as to pay his more advanced schoolfellows with a share of his breakfast, for writing down the verses he dictated to them, before he had learned to do it for himself."

His father died when he was very young, and left his children poorly provided for; but Lope was sent to the Imperial College of Madrid, where he made great progress. His vivacity of disposition, however, and early love of adventure soon led him into scrapes. At the age of fourteen, he ran away from college with a schoolfellow; possessed with the giddy idea of "seeing the world."

"At first they went on foot for two or three days. Then they bought a sorry horse, and travelled as far as Astorga, in the north-western part of Spain, not far from the old fief of the Vega family; but there, growing tired of their journey, and missing more seriously than they had anticipated the comforts to which they had been accustomed, they determined to come home. At Segovia, they attempted, in a silversmith's shop, to exchange some doubloons and a gold chain for small coin, but were suspected to be thieves, and arrested."

In the end they were sent back to Madrid, with an alguazil, who delivered them safely into the hands of their relations. At the age of fifteen, Mr. Ticknor

assumes, from a curious passage in one of his poems, that he was serving as a soldier against the Portuguese in Terceira; but this is at any rate questionable. It is certain that whilst still a youth, he became an inmate in the house of the Grand Inquisitor, Don Geronimo Manrique, Bishop of Avila, who was delighted with his quickness and intelligence, and under whose patronage he was sent to the University of Alcalá, where he acquitted himself creditably, and had he not fallen blindly in love, was, according to his own account, on the point of becoming a priest. His passion was fierce and fervent; and he suffered all the torments which he afterwards depicted in romance. On his leaving the university, he was received into the service of the Duke of Alba—the grandson, according to Mr. Ticknor, of the bloody and remorseless bigot whose name has been rendered for ever infamous by the cruelties which he practised in the Netherlands. At the suggestion of his patron he wrote his pastoral romance of "*Arcadia*;" and whilst engaged on that composition, he married a noble lady named Donna Isabel de Urbino. But a serious accident soon interrupted his domestic felicity:—

"It happened," says his friend Montalvan, "that there was a sort of half-and-half *hidalgo* (for there is a twilight in the origin of nobility as well as in the break of day) of small fortune, but of great skill in contriving to dress and eat as well as the rest of the world, without other employment than frequenting society, when with little trouble to himself he lived cheaply by flattering those present, and backbiting the absent. Lope heard that on one occasion he had entertained a company at his expense. He passed over the impertinence, not from fear, but contempt; but seeing that the man persisted in his attacks, he grew tired; so without quarrelling with him by sword or word—the first being impious, the second foolish—he depicted him in a song so pleasantly that every body laughed."

This, as might be expected, led to a duel, in which Lope wounded his adversary; and for this and other freaks and follies of youth, he was arrested and cast into prison. He was soon released, on the hard condition of his leaving Madrid; and he then passed some years in exile at Valencia.

As soon as he could venture to return, he did so. But in less than a year afterwards, his home was rendered desolate by the death of his young wife. He celebrated the sad event in some indifferent verse; and then in the course of a few months, to amuse and distract his thoughts, resorted again to "the genuine Spanish resource of becoming a soldier." The period at which he took this decisive step was a remarkable one. It was in a moment of national enthusiasm, when a spirit of military adventure was abroad, stimulated and inflamed by religious ardour. Philip II., the Most Catholic king, had just completed his preparations for overthrowing the power of England's Protestant Queen, and restoring to the bosom of the Church a nation of obstinate heretics. The Invincible Armada, one of the proudest armaments ever committed to the bosom of the main, had been prepared for this purpose; and upwards of two thousand volunteers from the best families of Spain

(in addition to a vast array of soldiers, sailors, and marines) joined the expedition. Among them was Lope de Vega, then in the 26th year of his age, panting for distinction,—having torn up for cartridges the verses he had written in the praise of a new mistress. He evidently shared the enthusiasm or fanaticism of his companions, and believed himself a soldier of God—a chosen instrument of an avenging Providence. The gloomy piety of Philip had communicated itself to the national character. Throughout the whole of the vast armament the strictest religious observances were enjoined; whilst gambling, quarrels, and duels, and all blasphemy against God, our Lady and the Saints were expressly prohibited in the general orders.

We need not recount the disasters of the ill-fated expedition. As the proud Spaniards approached our shores, a higher power interfered in our behalf. The storm arose, and their hosts were scattered. But amid all the disasters of that most disastrous attempt, Lope de Vega found time for literary composition. "Upon the deck of the San Juan, beneath the banners of the Catholic king," he wrote a long poem, designed for a continuation of the "Orlando Furioso," called "The Beauty of Angelica." When we reflect on all the circumstances attendant on the dispersion of the Armada—the terrific tempests, and the panic and confusion which must have ensued; when we learn, moreover, that his brother died in his arms, mortally wounded during a skirmish with the Dutch, at the very outset of the expedition—it must certainly be regarded as a marvellous fact that he should have found "the leisure and quietness of spirit" to engage in poetical composition. As the poem was written in the ill-fated Armada, "it contains," says Mr. Ticknor, "occasional intimations of the author's national and religious feelings, such as were naturally suggested by his situation. But in the same volume he originally published a poem in which these feelings are much more fully and freely expressed; a poem, indeed, which is devoted to nothing else. It is called 'La Dragontea,' and is on the subject of Sir Francis Drake's last expedition and death." The name of Drake was sufficiently odious and terrible in Spain. He was regarded as a pirate, or successful buccaneer, an heretical freebooter, the incarnation of all that was horrible and impious to the mind of an orthodox Spaniard. Lope de Vega's poem, a grave epic of ten cantos, is piously devoted to his abuse, and was no doubt read with avidity, for such literature was then popular. In the common ballads of the time we meet with the same expression of the public feeling, and Mr. Ticknor has cited the following significant stanzas from one of them:—

"And Bartolo, my brother,
To England forth is gone,
Where the Drake he means to kill;
And the Lutherans every one,
Excommunicate from God,
Their queen among the first,
He will capture and bring back,
Like heretics accursed.

And he promises, moreover,
Among his spoils and gains,
A heretic young serving-boy
To give me, bound in chains;
And for my lady grandmamma,
Whose years such waiting crave,
A little handy Lutheran
To be her maiden slave."

The rest of Lope de Vega's life is not particularly interesting. On his return from the Armada, he entered successively into the service of two noblemen, the Marquis de Malpica and the Count de Lemon. He then again married and enjoyed some years of domestic felicity. Death, however, deprived him of a beloved son, and his wife followed his darling to the tomb. His home was again desolate, and he began to dispose his mind for the priesthood. Finally at Toledo, in 1600, in the forty-seventh year of his age, he received the tonsure, and became a priest. But such a step did not, it appears, at that time involve any greater strictness of life, or the relinquishment of worldly pleasures or advantages. "During the long series of years," says Mr. Ticknor, "in which he was a priest, and gave regular portions of his time to offices of devotion and charity, he was at the height of favour and fashion as a poet. And, what may seem to us more strange, it was during the same period he produced the greater number of his dramas, not a few of whose scenes offend against the most unquestioned precepts of Christian morality, while at the same time, in their title-pages and dedications, he carefully sets forth his clerical distinctions, giving peculiar prominence to his place as a Familiar or Servant of the holy office of the Inquisition."

It was in the latter capacity that he officiated at one of those dreadful scenes of which his country was so often the theatre. A Franciscan monk, who had been long suspected of heresy, had committed an act of frantic sacrilege by seizing the consecrated host from the hands of the officiating priest, during the celebration of mass in the open church, and violently destroying it. The poor wretch, having been given up to the Inquisition, was condemned to be burnt alive, and the sentence was carried into effect in January 1623, outside the gate of Alcalá at Madrid. It was a scene of great solemnity, for the court was present, and the theatres and public shows were suspended for a fortnight. Lope de Vega, we are expressly informed, was one of the directors of the revolting ceremonies, and actually assisted in their horrible details.

The popularity of Lope, as a poet and dramatist, continued to increase as he advanced in life. He supplied the theatres with dramas peculiarly adapted to the tastes and prejudices of the age, and ministered to its greedy love of novelty with marvellous industry and facility. With equal success, he composed poems, religious and secular, which monopolised public admiration. The name of Lope was given, as an expression of perfection, to anything particularly good of its kind; as a *Lope* diamond, or, a *Lope* dress. The intolerance of his admirers would not permit the whisper of a censure; and it was even suggested that the author

of a work reflecting on the character of some of his poems, and questioning his knowledge of the Latin language, deserved death for his heretical opinions. But, whatever may be the intrinsic merits of his productions, it is quite certain that he was the most prolific writer that has ever lived. The estimated number of his plays alone will appear almost fabulous. According to his own account, in 1619 he had written upwards of 900, and in 1624, 1070. After his death, his friend and executor Montalvan, confidently declares that, without reckoning the shorter pieces, they amounted to 1800. Of this immense mass it is certain that not a fourth part was committed to the press. He dictated verses faster than they could be taken down, and it is further stated by Montalvan, that he wrote five full-length dramas in fifteen days. This marvellous facility is thus explained and accounted for by Mr. Ticknor; and the explanation is certainly a key "to much of his personal character, as well as of his poetical success."

"No poet," he says, "of any considerable reputation ever had a genius so nearly related to that of an improvisator, or ever indulged his genius so freely in the spirit of improvisation. This talent has always existed in the southern countries of Europe; and in Spain has, from the first, produced the most extraordinary results. We owe to it the invention and perfection of the old ballads, which were originally improvised, and then preserved by tradition; and we owe to it the *seguidillas*, the *boleros*, and all the other forms of popular poetry that still exist in Spain, and are daily poured forth by the fervent imaginations of the uncultivated classes of the people, and sung to the national music, that sometimes seems to fill the air by night, as the light of the sun does by day."

The life of Lope de Vega was prolonged beyond the ordinary span of human existence; but it is said that its close was clouded by a deep religious melancholy. In his last hours, he expressed his bitter regret that he had ever employed his pen on other than pious subjects; and a few days before his death he subjected himself to such a rigorous discipline, that the walls of his chamber were found sprinkled with his blood. It is supposed that this cruel flagellation hastened his death, which took place on the 25th of August, 1635. He was nearly seventy-three years old.

We do not gather that there was any cordial intercourse between Cervantes and Lope de Vega. They have indeed spoken of each other in their respective writings; but the two men occupied very different positions in the eyes of their contemporaries. The one was the idol of the hour, the spoiled favourite of a capricious public; the other was destined to fix the admiration of posterity. When the successful dramatist walked abroad, women and children ran to catch a glimpse of him; but the author of Don Quixote was regarded as nothing more than an ordinary individual. The body of Cervantes was followed to the grave by a few mourning friends alone; whilst all Madrid flocked to the funeral of Lope, and a woman who beheld the grand procession pass, without knowing whose corpse

was carried to the tomb with such unaccustomed honours, exclaimed that it was a *Lope* funeral! Of so little value is the judgment of contemporaries as a test of enduring popularity.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW RICHARD FRERE OBTAINED A SPECIMEN OF THE "*PODICEPS CORNUTUS*."

"Now for the *Podiceps Cornutus*!" exclaimed Frere, after Lewis had been made acquainted with the result of the interview with Mr. Nonpareil.

"May I ask what wonderful creature rejoices in that ineffable name?" inquired Rose.

"You may well say 'wonderful creature,'" returned Frere, enthusiastically. "It's my belief, that my precious *Podiceps* is the first specimen which has ever been obtained in this country; and, I should fancy, it will be the last, too; for I don't expect any one will be inclined to take the same amount of trouble that I took in order to get it. I was down in Lincolnshire last Christmas, at a place called Water End,—so named, I should imagine, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because there was no end of water all round it. Well, Sir," (he was addressing Rose all this time,) "Fenwick, the man with whom I was staying, told me one day, that he'd seen a bird when he was duck-shooting, which he'd never met with before; and, by the description he gave me of it, I felt almost certain it must have been a specimen of the *Podiceps Cornutus*, which, as I dare say you know, is scarcely ever met with in this latitude."

"You must excuse my lamentable ignorance," replied Rose, smiling, "but I was not even aware of its illustrious existence five minutes ago."

"Well," returned Frere, arching his eye-brows, "they do neglect women's educations shamefully, I must say! The *Podiceps Cornutus* is a species of Grebe, by no means rare in Pennsylvania, where they winter; in summer they migrate to the fur countries, to rear their young; they are web-footed; the bill is—but, however, you shall see my specimen, so I need not bother you with a long description, which I dare say you would not understand after all; and I'll tell you, instead, my adventures in pursuit of the bird. The weather was unusually cold, the ground was covered with snow and the water with ice; but as soon as I heard of the *Podiceps*, nothing would serve me but I must go after it. Accordingly, an amphibious old animal of a game-keeper was summoned to attend me, and as soon as it was light the next morning, off we set, and we walked through ice and snow till two o'clock in the afternoon, each armed with a long duck gun, that weighed as much as a

(1) Continued from p. 168.

small cannon. We saw plenty of ducks, teal, and even snipes, but nothing that could by any possibility be mistaken for a *Podiceps*. At last we came to a salt-marsh, as they call it,—that is, a place which is all water when the tide is high, and alluvium—more commonly termed mud—when it's low, which it happened to be at that particular epoch. Well, my old companion began to show signs of knocking up, and gave one or two broad hints that he considered we were engaged in a wild-goose chase, in every sense of the term, and that the sooner we relinquished it the better; when, all of a sudden, almost from under our feet, up sprang a bird, and flew away like the wind. 'The *Podiceps*, by all that's glorious!' exclaimed I; and, levelling my gun, in such excitement that I could scarcely hold it steady, I blazed away, and—of course, missed it. The old game-keeper, however, took the thing more coolly, and muttering; 'most haste worst speed,' raised his fowling-piece, and, when the bird was just at a nice killing distance, pulled the trigger—but the confounded gun hung fire, and did not go off till my *Podiceps* was all but out of shot; luckily, however, some of the shots reached him, and, just as I fancied I was about to lose sight of him for good and all, he gave a sort of lurch, as if he were tipsy, and came toppling down headlong. I marked the spot where he fell, and, the moment he reached the ground, rushed off to secure him. As I was going along, I heard the old fellow bawling something after me, of which I only caught the words, 'take care,' but as I was not in the humour just then to take care of any thing except to gain possession of my *Podiceps*, I paid no attention to him. The bird had fallen on a sort of peninsular-shaped bank, and along this, sometimes over my insteps in mud, sometimes up to my knees in water, did I make my way, as fast as the difficulties of the path would permit. The spot where the *Podiceps* had fallen proved to be much farther off than I had imagined it, and before I reached it I was completely out of breath, and almost dragged to pieces by wading through the mud in my heavy boots. However, I cared little for that when I discovered the bird lying on his back, as dead as mutton, and, on picking it up, perceived that it really was an actual *bonâ fide Podiceps Cornutus*; and no mere myth, created by my imagination. Delighted at having secured my prize, I washed the mud off it, smoothed its feathers as carefully as possible, and, wrapping it in a handkerchief, placed it in my pocket, and prepared to retrace my steps. But, lo and behold! while I had been admiring the *Podiceps*, my peninsula had become an island! and there was I, Robinson Crusoe-like, suddenly cut off from my fellow-creatures. Not a soul, or more correctly, a body could I see,—my old man had disappeared,—indeed, so altered was the face of things by the rising of the water, that I did not very well know in what quarter to look for him, or in which direction to advance in order to gain *terra firma*, while, to my annoyance, I perceived that my island was rapidly growing 'small by degrees, and beautifully less!'

"What a disagreeable position to be placed in!" exclaimed Rose, much interested. "How *did* you contrive to escape?"

"Well, I was just going to tell you if you hadn't interrupted me," returned Frere, gruffly; "I made one or two attempts to discover the route by which I had come, but in vain; advance which way I would I only got into deeper water, and in the last trial I made, I slipped souse into a hole, and was half drowned before I could contrive to scramble out again. After this rather serious failure, I began to feel that I was in an awkward predicament. I shouted, but no one answered, for the very sufficient reason that no one was within hearing. I loaded my gun and tried to discharge it; but it had become wet when I tumbled into the hole, and obstinately refused to go off. The water continued to rise rapidly, and my island was already covered: my only hope now lay in my old man; the words he had bawled after me, must evidently have been a warning against the danger in which I had so foolishly involved myself; he must therefore be aware of my situation, and would surely take some measures for my rescue. At all events, there was nothing for it but patience; I was unable to swim; the ground on which I stood appeared to be the highest point in the immediate vicinity; so there I must remain. Perhaps, after all, my imagination had exaggerated the danger; the tide might not rise much higher, and the old man, aware of this fact, might be waiting till the waters should recede, to join me and pilot me safely home. This at all events was a consolatory hypothesis, and trying to persuade myself it was the true one, I forced the barrel of my gun as deeply into the mud as I was able, leaned my elbows on the butt, and thus supported, watched with a beating heart the advance of the water. My feet were already covered, and it continued to rise almost imperceptibly, and yet, comparing one five minutes with another, with appalling rapidity, higher and higher: it gained the calf of my leg; it approached, then covered my knees; inch by inch it stole on till it reached my hip; the first button of my waistcoat was the next point, then the second, then the third, and as that also disappeared, I felt my situation was indeed becoming perilous in the extreme, and cast my eyes around in the vain hope of discovering some means of extricating myself. I might have saved myself the trouble; nothing but the still increasing water was visible on any side. A slight breeze arose and rippled the surface, and now my precaution of thrusting my gun-barrel into the mud stood me in good stead; but for it, I should have been swept away by the advancing tide, and even in spite of this support I found some difficulty in preserving my foothold. My eyes seemed riveted by some supernatural fascination to the progress made by the deepening water. My waistcoat buttoned up to the throat with eight buttons; five of these were by this time immersed, the water stood breast high, the sixth disappeared; it was with the greatest difficulty I could preserve my balance, I swayed from side to side like a drunken man. The cold

was intense, my teeth chattered and my limbs were rapidly becoming cramped and paralysed, while, to add to my catalogue of miseries, the daylight began to fade apace. I gave myself up for lost, and came to the conclusion that if ever we were fished out, the *Podiceps* and I should be alike candidates for a glass-case in some museum. A strange mixture of thoughts ran through my brain. I tried to realize the idea of death. I fancied the separation of soul and body, and speculated on how my mental self would feel when it saw strange fishes taking liberties with my bodily self, without having the slightest power to drive them away. My attention was diverted from these gloomy fancies by observing that the water appeared much longer in reaching my seventh button, than it had been in advancing from the fourth to the fifth, or from that to the sixth, and while I was casting about to find a reason for this variation, lo and behold! the sixth button once more became visible. How was this? had I unconsciously shifted to higher ground, or was it, could it be possible that the tide had turned, that the waters had begun to recede? The agonizing suspense of the next five minutes was one of the most severe mental trials I have ever experienced. Though I spoke lightly on the subject just now, I had in fact made up my mind to face death as a man and a Christian should do, and was prepared to meet my fate calmly and resolutely; but now the uncertainty, the renewed hopes of life struggling with the fear of a possibly approaching death, became almost unbearable, and had the conflict been prolonged, my presence of mind would have entirely deserted me. Less than five minutes, however, served to set the matter at rest; the sixth button was left high and dry, the fifth reappeared, and was succeeded by another, and another; certain land marks, whose immersion I had watched with anxious eyes, again became visible, and I was thinking of making a final effort to reach *terra firma* before the increasing darkness should throw new difficulties in the way, when my ears were greeted by a distant 'Halloo.' I shouted in reply, and soon had the satisfaction of perceiving a flat-bottomed boat making towards me, propelled by my host, and the old man who I had conceived barely to have deserted me. As they drew me, half crippled with cold and exhaustion, into the boat, Fenwick began haranguing me in a composite strain of upbraiding and condolence, but I cut him short by raising my head as I lay sousing in a puddle at the bottom of the punt, and murmuring in a faint voice,—"Never mind, old fellow; it's all right, for I've got the *Podiceps Cornutus*;—and touching that same bird, here we are at the stuffer's shop; so come along in, and I'll show him to you bodily."

A week had elapsed since the morning on which the above conversation took place, a week in which many events had occurred. The mighty Nonpareil, still considering the *via media* a promising investment, had condescended graciously to purchase Rose's manuscript, and when Frere, who brought her the intelligence, placed in her hands a check for £100, which,

relying on her profound ignorance of business terms, he had kindly substituted for the publisher's bill at six months, she received it with a start of delight. The girl was so happy! she had at length realised her darling project; she had, by her own exertions, helped to lighten Lewis's burden; she had done something towards shortening his period of banishment, for such she considered his enforced residence at Broadhurst. Poor Rose! she had not a particle of avarice in her whole nature, and yet never did miser rejoice over his hoards as she did over that hundred pounds;—for it was by no means to be spent;—that, fortunately, was unnecessary, as Mrs. Arundel, albeit wanting mental ballast in some points, was a notable housewife, and as for Rachel, she was a very dragon in her care of that Hesperides, the larder; so that out of the liberal allowance Lewis made to them, his mother and sister were privately saving a small fund, destined, as they fondly hoped, to advance at some future time his fortunes; and to this store Rose's hundred pounds would make a magnificent addition. And the joy it was to her thus to dedicate it! Could she have purchased with it the most desirable match in England, the hand of that identical young duke who was exhibited to correct radical tendencies at the electioneering ball at Broadhurst, his Grace might have died a bachelor ere Rose would have diverted the money from its appointed purpose. But something ought to be done with it. Rose had heard of compound interest; nay, she had even had its nature explained to her; and though at the end of the explanation she was more in the dark than at the beginning, she attributed that to her own obtuseness, and contented herself with recollecting that it was something which began by doubling itself, and went on doubling itself and something else, until—she did not know exactly what; so she supplied the blank by adding, until the desired result should be attained. And now, recalling the definition thus arrived at, she decided that the advisable thing would be to place her hundred pounds in the most favourable situation for catching that desirable epidemic, compound interest. Accordingly, with much diffidence, and a just appreciation of the very hazy nature of her dissolving views in regard to the investment of capital generally, Rose communicated her ideas to Frere. That gentleman heard her out with a good-humoured smile playing around the corners of his mouth.—"Well," he said, as she concluded, "you are but a woman after all, I see!"

"Why, what have you taken me for hitherto, then?" inquired Rose.

This very pertinent inquiry appeared somewhat to puzzle the individual to whom it was addressed, for he pushed his hair back from his forehead, and rubbed his chin with an air of perplexity ere he answered,— "If I were what they call a lady's man, which means a conceited puppy, I should grin at you to show my white teeth, and reply—'An Angel;' but seeing that *man* was made a little lower than the angels—though, by the way, that's a mis-translation—and that women are inferior to men, to call a woman an angel is to be

guilty of a logical absurdity, and is only to be excused in the case of lovers, who, as men labouring under a mental delusion—temporary monomaniacs, in fact—are scarcely to be looked upon as rational beings."

"But if you are not a puppy, and I am not an angel, both which propositions I am perfectly ready to admit, why do you consider it necessary to enunciate your apparent discovery that, after all, I am *only* a woman?" inquired Rose.

"Because, if you must know," growled Frere, at length fairly brought to bay, "you have hitherto talked so much sense, and so little nonsense, that I've looked upon you more as a man than a woman. You wanted the truth, and now you've got it," he continued in a tone like the rumbling of distant thunder, as Rose, clapping her hands in girl-like delight at having elicited this confession, replied, with a low silvery laugh, "I thought so! I fancied that was it! Oh, the conceit of these lords of the creation! And now that you have found out that I am not the mental Amazon your fancy painted me, do you intend quite to give me up?"

As she said this, half playfully, half in earnest, raising her calm grey eyes, which now sparkled with unwonted animation, to his face, Frere experienced a (to him) entirely new sensation. He was for the first time conscious of the effect produced by—

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes,"

and he felt—unreasonable as he could not but consider it—that he was better pleased with Rose as she was, than if she had been Professor Faraday himself; than whom (barring Sir Isaac Newton) Frere's mind was incapable of conceiving a more exalted type of male humanity. The way in which he expressed the gentle sentiment which had stolen into his breast was as follows—

"Don't talk such rubbish, but listen to a little common sense, and try and comprehend it, if you can, for once in your life. You want this money invested for Lewis's benefit, don't you?" Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he continued, "Well, then, have you sufficient confidence in me to trust it entirely in my hands to invest as I think best?"

"I should be indeed ungrateful if I had not," returned Rose, the tears springing to her eyes, as she remembered Frere's many acts of kindness to her father.

"Psha! stuff! I didn't mean anything of that kind," rejoined Frere, provoked with himself for having recalled such distressing recollections, "only you women are so ready to trust anybody till you've been let in for it two or three times, and then you're just as unreasonable the other way, and suspect every one whether they deserve it or not; however, as I believe I'm indifferent honest, I'll take this money, if you wish it, and do the best I can with it. Lewis shall not be always a tutor if we can help it, though it's wonderful how contented he's grown lately,—so as he kicked too when he was first put in harness."

"You've observed the change, have you, Mr. Frere?" returned Rose, interrogatively, "I have been rejoicing in it exceedingly; it is just what I could have wished, but dared not hope for. I attribute it in great measure to his affection for poor Walter."

"Well, it may be so; no doubt the lad presents an interesting psychological study," returned Frere, reflectively, "though I rather conceive it may be owing to his having taken a liking to—"

"Miss Grant and Miss Livingstone," vociferated the Colossus of plush, flinging open the door with a startling vehemence, the result of an ebullition of temper consequent upon a severe rebuke he had just received from Minerva for mis-pronouncing her patronymic, which interruption prevented Frere from expressing his innocent conviction that certain geological researches in the neighbourhood of Broadhurst constituted the charm that had so suddenly reconciled Lewis to his dependent position.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RECOUNTS "YE PLEASANTE PASTYMES AND CUNNINGE DEVYCES" OF ONE THOMAS BRACY.

ANNIE GRANT introduced herself to Rose, with that easy courtesy which adds so great a charm to the manners of a perfectly well-bred woman, and Rose, as she gazed at her, thought she had never beheld anything so lovely before. She was dressed in—*Halt là!* attention, young ladies! *favete*—no, *not linguis*; in the amiability of your natures you are always ready enough to do that—*favete auribus*, listen and learn; for I myself, the chronicler of this veritable history, am about to vindicate the good use I made of those halcyon days when—

"My only books
Were woman's looks,"

and to prove that "follics" were not *all* they taught me—for this I assert and am prepared to maintain, that good taste in dress is not in itself a folly, and only becomes so when the mind of a fool (or *fool-as* as the case may be) exalts it to an undue preeminence. Annie, be it remembered, was a *blonde*, with just enough of the rose in her cheeks to prevent the lily from producing an appearance of ill health. The month was June, the London season was at its height, and the young lady had called upon Rose in her way to the second horticultural *fête* at Chiswick Gardens. Her bonnet was of white chip, from which a small white ostrich feather tipped with blue, drooped lovingly, as though enamoured of the fair face beneath it. A *visite*, of light blue *glacé* silk, had been fashioned by the skill of an ingenious Parisian *modiste*, so as to suggest rather than conceal the exquisite form it covered, beneath which the rich folds of a gown of pale fawn-coloured *Gros de Naples*, as uncreased as if, cherub like, its wearer never sat down, completed the costume; and a very becoming one it was, as we feel sure all young ladies of good taste will allow. Richard Frere, being slightly acquainted with Minerva Livingstone, good-naturedly devoted himself to that

indurated specimen of the original granite formation, who from her name and nature might possibly possess a geological interest in his eyes, and by trying to macadamize her into small-talk, enabled the two girls to prosecute their acquaintance undisturbed. Rose, little used to society, was shy and reserved before strangers, though there was a quiet self-possession about her which prevented her manner from appearing *gauche* or unformed. Annie, on the other hand, being in the constant habit of receiving and entertaining guests, made conversation with a graceful ease which completely fascinated her companion. The only subject on which her fluency appeared to desert her was when she spoke of Lewis, his kindness to Walter, and the valuable services he had lately rendered her father; but the little she did say showed so much good taste, and evinced such genuine warmth of heart and delicacy of feeling, that his sister was more than satisfied, and settled in her own mind that if all the family were as charming in their different ways as was Miss Grant in hers, Lewis's contentment with his present situation was no longer to be wondered at.

"What a lovely fascinating creature!" exclaimed Rose, enthusiastically, as the door closed on her visitors; "she is like some bright vision of a poet's dream."

"She seems a cute hard-headed old lady, but she struck me as having rather too much vinegar in her composition to induce one to covet much of her society; olives are well enough in their way, but a man would not exactly wish to dine upon them, either," returned Frere.

"Who on earth are you talking about?" inquired Rose, in astonishment.

"Why, who should I be talking about, except Miss Livingstone?" returned Frere, gruffly; "have you 'gone stupid' all of a sudden?"

"You must have become blind," retorted Rose, "not to have observed Miss Grant's unusual grace and beauty; I wonder Lewis has never said more about her."

"Bah!" growled Frere, "do you think your brother has nothing better to do than to chatter about a woman's pretty face? Lewis is, or was, (for his opinions on the subject seem to have been modified lately,) a confirmed misogynist, and I'm very glad of it; nothing ryles me more than to hear the confounded puppies of the present day talk about this 'doosed fine woman' or that 'uncommon nice gal.' If I happened to have a sister or any other woman-kind belonging to me, and they were to make free with her name in that fashion, I should pretty soon astonish some of their exquisite delicacies. Well," he continued, buttoning up his coat all awry, "I'm off, so good bye;" and taking Rose's hand in his own, he wrung it with such force, that a flush of pain overspread her pale features. Observing this, he exclaimed, "Did I squeeze your fingers too hard? Well, I am a bear, as Lewis says, that's certain." As he spoke he laid her hand in his own broad palm, and stroking it gently, as

though trying to soothe an injured child, he continued, "Poor little thing, I didn't mean to hurt it;" then looking innocently surprised as Rose, somewhat hastily, withdrew it, he added, "What! isn't that right either? well, I see I'd better be off. I'll look you up again in a day or two, and if you want me, you know where to find me." So saying, he clattered down stairs, put on his hat hind-side before, and strode off, walking at the rate of at least five miles an hour. As he passed the church in Langham Place, he overtook two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation: regardless of this he quickened his pace and struck the younger of the two a smart blow on the back, exclaiming, "Bracy, my boy, how are you?"

The individual thus roughly saluted, immediately reeled forward as if from the effects of the blow, and encountering in his headlong career an elderly female whose dress bespoke her an upper servant or thereabouts, he seized her by the shoulders and twirled her round in the bewildering maze of an agonized and fragmentary waltz, which he continued till an opportune lamp-post interposed and checked his Terpsichorean performance. Before his astonished partner had recovered breath and presence of mind sufficient to pour forth the first words of a tide of angry remonstrance, Bracy interposed by exclaiming in a tone of the most bland civility,—

"My dear madam, excuse this apparent liberty, really I am so completely overpowered, I would sink into the ground at your feet, if it were not for the granite pavement which is—"

Here the good woman, having scarcely recovered breath, gasped vehemently, "It's very hard, so it is—"

"Which is," continued Bracy, louder and with still deeper *empressment*, "as you justly observe, so very hard; but, my dear madam, the facts of this case are yet harder. Let me assure you my offence, if you choose to stigmatize my late lamented indiscretion by so harsh a name, was perfectly involuntary; simply an effect produced by a too vehement demonstration of fraternal feeling on the part of my particular friend Mr. Frere. Allow me to introduce you—Outraged Elderly Lady, Mr. Frere—Mr. Frere, Outraged Elderly Lady. Ah, what a happy meeting! As the ever-appropriate Swan observes,—'Fair encounter of two most rare affections!' or again,—'Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love accompany your hearts.'"

"Yes, it's all very fine," exclaimed the outraged one (suddenly finding her tongue) "to go frightening of respectable parties out of their wits, and then think to smooth 'em over with your blarneying words; but if I could set eyes on one of them lazy pelisemen which is never to be found when wanted, blessed if I wouldn't give you in charge for your impudence, so I would."

During the delivery of this speech, Bracy had listened in an exaggerated theatrical attitude of entranced attention, and at its conclusion he exclaimed, in a voice so intensely impassioned that it would have ensured his success at any of the minor theatres,—

"Oh! speak again; let mine enraptured ear
Drink the sweet accents of thy silvery voice."

Which sentiment procured for him the applause of a small male spectator of the tender age of ten years, clad in much dirt, and a pair of adult trousers on their last legs in every sense of the term, who expressed his approval by nodding complacently and remarking, "Very well done; ancore, I says."

"Come along," exclaimed Frere, seizing Bracy's arm, and almost forcing him away; "you'll have a crowd round you directly. Your companion has taken himself off long ago."

"So he has," returned Bracy, looking round; "now I call that mean, to desert a friend in difficulties; more especially," he added as they walked away together, "as the said difficulties were undertaken wholly and solely on his account."

"On his account?" returned Frere in surprise, "why, I should have thought the mighty De Grandeville was the last person likely to appreciate a street row."

"For which reason I never lose an opportunity of involving him in one," replied Bracy, rubbing his hands with mischievous glee; "he can't bear walking with me, for I always get him into some scrape or other, and injure his dignity irreparably for the time being. Why, the last severe frost we had, I met him in Pall Mall, drew him on to talk of architecture, pointed out to him a mistake which didn't exist, in the front of one of the club houses, and while he was looking up at it, beguiled him on to a slide, and upset him, quite inadvertently, into an itinerent orange basket, just as Lady B——, with whom he has a bowing acquaintance, was passing in her carriage. Look at him now, prancing along as if all Regent Street belonged to him! Walk a little faster and we shall overtake him; and, by the way, lend me that wonderful cotton umbrella of yours, I'll make him carry it right down to the Home Office. You are bound for Westminster, are you not?"

"What made you guess that?" asked Frere, handing him the umbrella.

"Because there's a meeting at the Palæontological to-day at three, and I know you're one of their great guns," was the reply.

"It's my belief you know everything about everybody," returned Frere laughing.

"And you know everything about every-thing," rejoined Bracy, "so between us we form an epitome of human knowledge. I say, De Grandeville," he continued as they overtook that gentleman, "you are a treacherous ally, to desert your comrade in the moment of danger. That dangerous old woman abused me within an inch of my life, and wanted to give me in charge to a policeman."

"Knowing you have an equal aptitude for getting into and out of scrapes of that nature," returned De Grandeville, "I—ar—considered you fully competent to the situation—and—ar—having no taste for bandying slang with vituperative plebeian females, I left you to fight your own battles. Was I not justified in doing so, Mr. Frere?"

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"Well, Bracy being the aggressor, I suppose you were," was the answer, "but as I was the innocent first cause of the scrimmage, I felt bound to remain, and dragged Bracy away by main force, just in time, as I imagine, to save him from the nails of the insulted matron."

"By Jove! what a nuisance, I do believe I've broken my trouser strap," exclaimed Bracy, stopping, and elevating his boot on a door step—"hold this one moment while I try to repair damages, there's a good fellow," he continued, thrusting the umbrella into De Grandeville's unwilling hand, "I'll be with you again directly."

The damages must have been serious, judging by the length of time they took to remedy; for ere Bracy rejoined them, Frere and De Grandeville had proceeded half the length of Regent street, the latter carrying the umbrella—which he regarded from time to time with looks of the most intense disgust—so as to keep it as much out of sight as possible, even secreting it behind him whenever he perceived a fashionably-dressed man, or woman, approaching.

"I was trying to recollect that very interesting anecdote you told me of the attack on the barrack in Galway when you were staying with the 73d—Frere has never heard of it," observed Bracy, as he rejoined his companions.

Now this said anecdote related to an episode in De Grandeville's career to which he delighted to refer, and which, accordingly, most of those who boasted the honour of his acquaintance had heard more than once. Such indeed was the case with Frere, and he was just going to say so, when he caught a warning look from Bracy, which induced him to remain silent.

"Ar—really, it was a very simple thing," began De Grandeville, falling into the trap most unsuspectingly; "I happened to know several of the 73d fellows who were quartered down in Galway at a place called—ar—here's your umbrella."

"I beg your pardon! I did not quite catch the name," returned Bracy, who, having buried his fingers in the pockets of his paletot, did not seem to have such a thing as a hand about him.

"At a place called Druminabog," continued De Grandeville; "the country was in a very disturbed state; one or two attacks of a rather serious character had been made upon the police, and the military had been called out to support them; ar—here's your um—"

"Was it three or four years ago that all this took place?" inquired the still handless Bracy.

"Four years on the second of last April," returned De Grandeville.

"Are you sure it wasn't the first?" muttered Frere aside.

"I was travelling on a business tour in the sister island," continued the narrator,—"and, meeting Osborne, a 73d man, who was going down to join his regiment, he persuaded me to come on with him to Druminabog—ar—here's your—"

"Was that Tom Osborne, who sold out when the

B

rifles were going to Ceylon?" interposed Bracy, studiously ignoring the proffered umbrella.

The victimised De Grandeville replied in the affirmative, and, resuming his tale, soon grew so deeply interested in the recital of his own heroic exploits, that the umbrella ceased any longer to afflict him; nay, so absorbed did he become, that in a moment of excitement, just as he was passing the Horse Guards, he waved that article in the air, and led on an imaginary company of the 73d therewith, after the fashion of gallant commanders in panoramas of Waterloo, and battle scenes enacted at the amphitheatre of Astley. As they approached the Home Office, and De Grandeville had arrived at the concluding sentence of his narrative, which ran as follows,—“And so, sir, the Major shook me warmly by the hand, exclaiming, ‘De Grandeville, you’re worthy to be one of us, and I only wish you were, my boy!’” the trio paused, and Bracy, extracting one hand from the pocket in which it had been reposing, remarked with the air of a man who considered himself slightly aggrieved, but meant to make the best of it—

“Now, if you please, I’ll trouble you for my umbrella; I did not like to interrupt your story by asking for it sooner, but now, if you have no objection, I shall be glad of it.”

“Certainly,” replied De Grandeville, only too glad (his attention being once more attracted to it) to get rid of his incubus.

As Frere turned aside to hide a laugh, Bracy inquired—“By the way, De Grandeville, do you dine at Lady Lombard’s next Tuesday?”

“I do,” replied Frere, “and I suppose it’s to be one of her Lord Mayor’s feasts, as I hear she’s beating up recruits in all quarters.”

“Ar—really—I’ve received an invitation—but I—ar—pon my word I don’t know whether one’s justified in going to such places; one must draw the line—ar—somewhere.”

“It will be a first-rate feed,” resumed Bracy. “Lady Lombard’s *chef* is a capital hand, and her wine is by no means to be despised.”

“Yes, but the woman herself,” rejoined De Grandeville, in a tone of the deepest disgust, “just retrace her degrading career—ar—not an ancestor to begin the world with.”

“Well, I should have supposed she possessed her fair share in Adam and Noah, too,” remarked Frere drily.

“Plebeian in origin,” continued De Grandeville, not heeding the interruption, “she sinks herself still lower by espousing first a pickle-merchant, secondly a pawnbroker; the first—ar—repulsive, the second sordid.”

“She did not play her cards altogether badly, though,” observed Bracy. “Old Girkin died worth a plum, and Sir Pinchbeck Lombard was a millionaire, or thereabouts.”

“Money, sir,” returned De Grandeville sententiously, “is by no means to be despised, and those who affect indifference on the subject, usually do so to screen a grasping and avaricious temperament; but

money becomes really respectable only when it enables those who are connected with the old historical families of England, those in whose veins runs the ‘blue’ blood of aristocracy, to assert their rightful position as lords of the soil. Among the landed gentry of England are to be found——”

“Some thoroughly jolly fellows,” interposed Bracy, “especially to show you the way across country, or help to kick up a shindy at the Coal Hole. But we must part company here; Frere’s booked for the Palæontological, and I am going to attend a Committee at the House; you’ll be at Lady Lombards?”

“I shall give the matter full consideration,” returned De Grandeville. “It is—ar—by no means a step to decide on hastily. In these levelling days men of—ar—position, are forced to be particular as to the places to which they afford the—ar—sanction of their presence. I wish you a very good morning,” so saying, he raised his hat slightly to Frere, drew himself up with his broad chest well thrown forward, and marched off majestically like a concentrated squadron of heavy dragoons.

“Here’s your umbrella, Frere,” remarked Bracy, handing it to him as he spoke, “many thanks for the loan. I don’t wonder you are careful of it; it’s a most inestimable property, and has afforded me half an hour’s deep and tranquil enjoyment; but of all the pompons fools that ever walked this earth, Grandeville is *facile princeps*.”

“He’s no fool either,” returned Frere.

“Then why does he behave as *sick*?” demanded Bracy. “His conceit and egotism are inconceivable. He’s a regular modern Cyclops; he has one great ‘I’ in the middle of his forehead, through the medium of which he looks at everything. One really feels an obligation to poke fun at that man. Well, I can’t accuse myself of neglect of duty in that particular, that’s a consolatory reflection; but he’s enough to convert the slowest old anchorite that ever chewed peas into a practical joker.”

“He was severe on the excellent Lady Lombard,” observed his companion.

“Did you not notice his remark about riches being respectable only when in the possession of—ar—those connected with the old historical families of England?” that gave me a new idea.”

“A thing always worth having, if but from its rarity,” replied Frere. “What was it?”

“Why, it occurred to me what fun it would be to marry him to Lady Lombard—more particularly after his abuse of her to-day.”

“A project more easy to conceive than to execute,” returned Frere laughing.

“I don’t know that,” answered Bracy confidently; “if I once set my mind on a thing, I generally contrive to accomplish it; it did not at first sight appear likely that De Grandeville would carry your old cotton umbrella through some of the most fashionable streets in London at 3 o’clock in the afternoon, yet you see he did it.”

“You’re a remarkable man, my dear Bracy, and

there is no use in *denying* of it; but if you can induce Marmaduke de Grandeville to marry the widow of the pawnbroker and the pickle-man, you must be the very—well, never mind who—here we are at the Paleontological."

So saying, Frere shook hands with Bracy, and the oddly consorted companions, between whom their very eccentricities appeared to constitute a bond of sympathy, each went his way, the practical joker to apply his acute intellect to the details of that mighty machine, the executive government of England, and the *savant* to investigate the recently discovered small rib (it was only eight feet long) of a peculiar species of something-osaurus, the original proprietor of the rib being popularly supposed to have "lived and loved," cut its awful teeth, and been gathered to its amphibious fossil forefathers, two thousand years and some odd months before the creation of man.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDISM.¹

THIS is one of Mr. Bohn's excellent publications; and it is a marvel for cheapness. We must needs congratulate such of our readers as have but limited means for making themselves masters of those inestimable sources of intellectual enjoyment, and indispensable requisites for intellectual cultivation, *good books*, on the facilities for procuring them that every day now presents, as if for their special benefit;—even though it is by a retaliation of "privateering" (as Mr. Bohn remarks in his advertisement to this volume), that so many works of this class are thus put within the reach of all. We should heartily rejoice to see our great living authors addressing themselves to all the nation, instead of speaking by their costly volumes to a select few alone; and we can but hope, that the taste for the highest kind of literature will be so cultivated by the publication of reprints and translations of foreign works, in a cheap form, that publishers will find it possible to bring out "*People's Editions*" of books which ought to be household and fireside friends, instead of being cloistered recluses in libraries, to be consulted only upon rare occasions, and not without abundance of idle ceremony. We consider this "*Life of Mahomet*" an exceedingly well-timed book; for there is a species of cant recently imported from other countries, in the way in which he and many other great and wise men are spoken of by certain writers, that is becoming worse than offensive. It is high time that our miscellaneous readers should know what manner of man this Arabian prophet actually was, and what was his doctrine; for the insidious method of merely alluding to these subjects, and of classing them in a single sentence with things from which they are most essentially different, has produced a vague im-

pression,—all the deeper, and less easy to eradicate, because vague,—that he and his *Islam* would afford just as safe replies to the inquiries of the spirit respecting its position and duties here, and its hopes hereafter, as those which our fathers have told us were once esteemed in England the only guide to holiness and heaven.

Now, there can be no more complete safeguard against these errors, nor any surer remedy for such false teaching, than a candid study of the history of Mohammed; and for this purpose we can recommend this biography by Mr. Washington Irving. It is eminently a *popular* work; and by the transparency and gracefulness of its style—qualities which mark all the productions of this deservedly favourite author—will beguile the task of all its weariness. Mr Irving has wisely abstained from all those hard words, by which writers so frequently prejudice or disgust their readers; yet he indicates very clearly what his own opinion of Mohammed is, and has indeed plainly declared it in the "speculations on his prophetic career," with which he concludes. One feature in this work a little detracts from its biographical value, while it enhances its popularity,—the insertion of many of the legends, with which the Mussulman doctors of after ages sought to add to the renown of their great leader; and they are not always so narrated, as to make it easy to separate the mythical chaff from the historical wheat. But if this be a drawback from the worth of Mr. Irving's "*Life*," it is amply compensated by the insight into the earnestness of reverence with which Mohammed was regarded by the inventors of the stories, for such legends all originate in intense admiration; and the real blame of their invention, if we must impute blame, must rest on the monkish mythologists; for it is evident that these incredible and absurd tales about Mohammed were made in rivalrous imitation of the profane and lying fables which even now are related amongst ignorant Romanists respecting the Apostles and first preachers of the gospel, and even respecting our Lord himself. In addition,—and this over-compensates for the insertion of the Mohammedan legends,—Mr. Irving has not given insertion to any of the *counter-legends*, by which Christian writers have sought to misrepresent the character and work of Mohammed, and which so learned a man as Prideaux had not the ingenuousness to discard.

Before we turn to our subject, we may remark that students as well as general readers may take up this work with advantage. Mohammedism occupies so large a space in the history of the world, (and it has maintained its position for now twelve hundred years,) that it cannot be neglected, and ought not to be cursorily glanced at. And the interest with which the power that gave the *coup de grâce* to the empire of the Cæsars must needs be regarded, grows rather than declines, now that it in its turn is tottering in its throne, and is indebted for its continued existence to the exigencies of European diplomacy, instead of to any, even the faintest relics of its ancient might.

(1) *Life of Mahomet*. By Washington Irving. Bohn's Shilling Series.

The price of this book makes it unnecessary for us to give any sketch of Mohammed's life; we shall therefore furnish our readers with a specimen or two of Mr. Irving's way of [telling it; and then offer a few remarks of our own respecting the character and "mission" of this extraordinary man.

The battle of Beder is thus narrated.

"The scouts of Mahomet brought him notice of the approach of [the Koreishites]. The hearts of some of his followers failed them. They had come forth in the expectation of little fighting and much plunder, and were dismayed at the thought of such an overwhelming host; but Mahomet bade them be of good cheer, for Allah had promised him an easy victory.

"The Moslems posted themselves on a rising ground, with water at the foot of it. A hut, or shelter of the branches of trees, had been hastily erected on the summit for Mahomet, and a dromedary stood before it, on which he might fly to Medina in case of defeat.

"The vanguard of the enemy entered the valley, panting with thirst, and hastened to the stream to drink; but Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet, set upon them with a number of his men, and slew the leader with his own hand. Only one of the vanguard escaped, who was afterwards converted to the faith.

"The main body of the enemy now approached, with sound of trumpet. Three Koreishite warriors, advancing in front, defied the bravest of the Moslems to equal combat. Two of these challengers were Otha, the father-in-law of Abu Sofian, and Al Walid, his brother-in-law. The third challenger was Shaiba, the brother of Otha. These, it will be recollected, had been instigated to sally forth from Mecca by Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian. They were all men of rank in their tribe.

"Three warriors of Medina stepped forward and accepted their challenge; but they cried, 'No, let the renegades of our own city of Mecca advance, if they dare!' Upon this Hamza and Ali, the uncle and cousin of Mahomet, and Obaidah Ibn al Hareth, undertook the fight. After a fierce and obstinate contest, Hamza and Ali each slew his antagonist. They then went to the aid of Obaidah, who was severely wounded and nearly overcome by Otha. They slew the Koreishite, and bore away their associate, but he presently died of his wounds.

"The battle now became general. The Moslems, aware of the inferiority of their number, at first merely stood on the defensive, maintaining their position on the rising ground, and galling the enemy with flights of arrows whenever they sought to slake their intolerable thirst at the stream below. Mahomet remained in his hut on the hill, accompanied by Abu Beker, and earnestly engaged in prayer. In the course of the battle he had a paroxysm, or fell into a kind of trance. Coming to himself, he declared that God in a vision had promised him the victory. Rushing out of the hut, he caught up a handful of dust, and cast it into the air toward the Koreishites, exclaiming, 'May confusion light upon their faces!' Then ordering his followers to charge down upon the enemy; 'Fight, and fear not,' cried he, 'the gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords. He will assuredly find instant admission who falls fighting for the faith.'

"In the shock of battle which ensued, Abu Jahl, who was urging his horse into the thickest of the conflict, received a blow of a scimeter in the thigh, which brought him to the ground. Abdallah Ibn Masoud put his foot upon his breast, and while the fiery veteran was still uttering imprecations and curses on Mahomet, severed his head from his body. The Koreishites now gave way and fled. Seventy remained dead on the field, and nearly the same number were taken prisoners. Fourteen Moslems were slain, whose names remain on record as martyrs to the faith.

"This signal victory was easily to be accounted for

on natural principles, the Moslems being fresh and unwearied, and having the advantage of a rising ground and a supply of water, while the Koreishites were fatigued by a hasty march, parched with thirst, and diminished in force by the loss of numbers who had turned back to Mecca. Moslem writers, however, attribute this early triumph of the faith to supernatural agency. When Mahomet scattered dust in the air, say they, three thousand angelic warriors, in white and yellow turbans and long dazzling robes, and mounted on black and white steeds, came rushing like a blast, and swept the Koreishites before them. Nor is this affirmed on Moslem testimony alone, but given on the word of an idolater,—a peasant who was attending sheep on an adjacent hill. 'I was with a companion, my cousin,' said the peasant, 'upon the fold of the mountain, watching the conflict, and waiting to join with the conquerors and share the spoil. Suddenly we beheld a great cloud sailing towards us, and within it were the neighing of steeds and braying of trumpets. As it approached, squadrons of angels sallied forth, and we heard the terrific voice of the archangel as he urged his mare Haizum, "Speed! speed! O Haizum!" At which awful sound the heart of my companion burst with terror, and he died on the spot; and I had well nigh shared his fate.'

"Such are the particulars of the famous battle of Bedir, the first victory of the Saracens under the standard of Mahomet; inconsiderable, perhaps, in itself, but stupendous in its results, being the commencement of a career of victories which changed the destinies of the world."—Pp. 99—101, 103.

And this is Mr. Irving's account of Mohammed's final pilgrimage to Mecca:—

"The announcement of his pious intention brought devotees from all parts of Arabia to follow the pilgrim-prophet." He "was accompanied by his nine wives," and "departed at the head of an immense train, some say of fifty-five,—others ninety,—and others a hundred and fourteen thousand pilgrims." "The first night's halt was a few miles from Medina, at the village of Dhu'l Holaf, where, on a former occasion, he and his followers had laid aside their weapons, and assumed the pilgrim garb. Early on the following morning, after praying in the mosque, he mounted his camel, Al Aswa, and, entering the plain of Baida, uttered the prayer or invocation called in Arabic *Talbijah*, in which he was joined by all his followers."

"In this way the pilgrim host pursued its course, winding in a lengthened train of miles, over mountain and valley, and making the deserts vocal at times with united prayers and ejaculations. There were no longer any hostile armies to impede or molest it, for by this time the Islam faith reigned serenely over all Arabia. Mahomet approached the sacred city over the same heights which he had traversed in capturing it, and he entered through the gate Beni Scheiba, which still bears the name of The Holy.

"A few days after his arrival, he was joined by Ali, who had hastened back from Yemen, and who brought with him a number of camels to be slain in sacrifice. As this was to be a model pilgrimage, Mahomet rigorously observed all the rites which he had continued in compliance with patriarchal usage, or introduced in compliance with revelation. Being too weak and infirm to go on foot, he mounted his camel, and thus performed the circuits round the Caaba, and the journeyings to and fro between the hills of Safa and Merwa.

"When the camels were to be offered up in sacrifice, he slew sixty-three with his own hand, one for each year of his age; and Ali, at the same time, slew thirty-seven on his own account. Mahomet then shaved his head, beginning on the right side and ending on the left. The locks thus shorn away were equally divided among his disciples, and treasured up as sacred relics. Con-

scious that life was waning away within him, Mahomet during this last sojourn in the sacred city of his faith, sought to engrave his doctrines deeply in the minds and hearts of his followers. For this purpose he preached frequently in the Caaba from the pulpit, or in the open air from the back of his camel. 'Listen to my words,' would he say, 'for I know not whether, after this year, we shall ever meet here again. Oh, my hearers, I am but a man like yourselves; the angel of death may at any time appear, and I must obey his summons.' He would then proceed to inculcate not merely religious doctrines and ceremonies, but rules for conduct in all the concerns of life, public and domestic; and the precepts laid down and enforced on this occasion have had a vast and durable influence on the morals, manners, and habits of the whole Moslem world.

"It was at the conclusion of one of his discourses in the open air, from the back of his camel, that the famous verse of the Koran is said to have come down from heaven in the very voice of the Deity. 'Evil to those this day who have denied your religion. Fear them not; fear me. This day I have perfected your religion, and accomplished in you my grace. It is my good pleasure that Islamism be your faith.' On hearing these words, say the Arabian historians, the camel, Al Karwa, on which the prophet was seated, fell on its knees in adoration. These words, add they, were the seal and conclusion of the law, for after them there were no further revelations.

"Having thus fulfilled all the rites and ceremonies of pilgrimage, and made a full exposition of his faith, Mahomet bade a last farewell to his native city, and, putting himself at the head of his pilgrim-army, set out on his return to Medina. As he came in sight of it, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed—'God is great! God is great! There is but one God; he has no companion. His is the kingdom; to him alone belongeth praise; he is almighty. He hath fulfilled his promise; he has stood by his servant, and alone dispersed his enemies. Let us return to our homes, and worship and praise him!'

"Thus ended what has been termed the valedictory pilgrimage, being the last made by the prophet."—Pp. 187—189.

We are extremely anxious that none of our readers should mistake our object in what we have to offer them respecting the character and work of Mohammed. We feel that it is not enough to say, "there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mohammedans;" that is not the form under which a mistake in this matter is at all likely to appear. And this is not the place in which it would be proper to contrast these subjects of contemplation, with the pure and spiritual faith which it is our lot to have learnt, and with its Divine founder, for the purpose of forefending any against real danger. We can, therefore, do no more than explain the intention with which we write. Here is a great historical fact—the existence of a particular faith for twelve hundred years; now, we have before us, in the life of the man with whom it originated, all the means of judging respecting the secret of his astonishing success; and as it is not even rational to sweep such a question as this contemptuously on one side, with the vague and empty verdict of "Imposture!" "Hallucination!" we will look calmly at it, and we may thus not only be so happy as to discern how it was that Mohammed achieved so astounding a victory, and how his conquests have been so durable; but also the design that was accomplished by those triumphs,

the blessings of which we may even now be enjoying. And we trust by a few words respecting the Mohammedan faith, yet more satisfactorily to prevent our purpose from being misunderstood.

Mohammed was one of those rare beings, whose appearance in the world always works revolutions. The "ground-element" of his character, as it is under one form or another of all such men, and as his whole career testifies, was a quick and clear perception of fact, and a resolute trust in that as the representative of truth, rather than the thousand-fold fancies and absurdities that were current in his times. He was born in a nation whose pastoral and predatory habits had been preserved almost unmodified from a very remote antiquity; whose language was all poetry; whose religion was idolatry grafted upon star-worship, around which, and with which, warred and jargoned the adorers of fire, the slaves of the Talmud and the Tar-gums, and opposing sects of so-called Christians, maintaining unbelievable creeds, who had polluted the simple records of the life and teaching of Jesus with the most senseless legends. He was born in the most distinguished family of his people; and it was his lot to be taught early, by the loss of both parents, the hard lesson of self-reliance. Book learning, even as it existed in Arabia, he had none; his mind was informed, and his intellect cultivated, by trade and travel. And so he grew up a man of clear insight and profound meditation, not unversed in self-knowledge, with no scanty acquaintance with men and things, familiar with the wonder-works of God, his memory filled with Bible stories and eastern legends, and habituated to view all he knew and saw through the medium of his richly poetical imagination. By his marriage with Khadija he acquired both wealth and social standing, and, what was of far greater moment, a long and untroubled experience of the tranquil endearments and joys of home. Such was the man and such his training; the slightest consideration of which,—joined with the recollection that he was past the years when fulness of life and exuberance of spirits naturally prompt the desire for change, and impel to restless action to secure it, and had entered upon that stage when the regrets and satisfactions of the past and hopes respecting the future, without more activity than old habits sustain, reign—is more than sufficient to drive away the bare thought of imposture, and to give assurance that in what he undertook he must have been moved by nothing lower than a conviction of imperious duty.

The character of the revolutions which men of such a stamp work, is always determined as much by the circumstances amid which they are placed, and by the materials they have ready fitted for their use, as it is by the education and discipline they have passed through. In Mohammed's case it was of necessity a religious revolution. The only matter of public interest was religion; and every force that had acted upon his spirit impelled it in that direction. All things called for the interposition of some one who knew, not by blind hearsay, but by living and direct communion with the fountain of all such knowledge, what was the fact

(if the very truth could not be reached) of religion for men. It did not require any great spirituality to discern that the idols of the Kaaba were nothing,—that to worship the stars, and forget Him that made and sustained them, was evil,—that fire could only typify household utility, or vengeful and insatiable wrath,—that the faith of the Jews had become drivelling credulity,—and that the creeds of Nestorians and Monophysites, of Arians and Orthodox, were vain attempts to express what was incomprehensible, and utterly valueless for practical guidance in the conflict of life. And such spirituality even was not found *originally*, save in Mohammed. His discovery of these things and his announcement of them, with a “rough draught” of bare *Natural Religion*, adorned with all that could be preserved without inconsistency of the old national faith, and with all that could in the same way be borrowed from magian or guebre, from prophet or rabbi, from evangelist or apostle, from history or tradition, to replace what was ignominiously and deservedly rejected,—these made him the religious reformer of Arabia in the seventh century, and the founder of a wide and enduring empire; they were the weapons with which he fought and gained his victories, and the magic by which he transformed every tribe that received him, into some resemblance, however distant, of himself; and with these same weapons and magic, his successors have to this day maintained a place in the history of mankind.

It was inevitable for Mohammed, who thoroughly believed in his own religious discoveries, with such knowledge as he had of sacred history, that, seeing the deeply marked contrast between his belief and the superstitions prevailing around him, he should attribute his knowledge to revelation from above, and should designate himself the prophet of God; (not boasting, so much as in token of his resolution to abide through life and in death by what he had proved to be better than all else he knew,) and should exalt his mission above that of any preceding prophet whom he recognised as a true one, since what he held, and fain would make all believe, appeared to him more fully to satisfy the wants of men, from its striking contrast with what was so evidently empty both of the life and the power of truth. Personal and political ambition manifestly took no part in his first announcement of his prophetic call and message, neither is it clear that it entered into his purposes even when he appealed to the sword as the argument for his faith. His desire was to have his religious convictions the rule of men's conduct. His manner of life to its very close evinced no sympathy with imperial pomp and sway; nor any thing more than his enthusiastic regard of himself as the head and representative model of his religion. His profound belief in his own mission would of itself lead him, after he found his message scornfully rejected and his life endangered, as soon as he possessed the power of the sword, (and it was his earnestness and whatever truth there was in his teaching alone that won it for him,) eagerly to seize it, and unaparingly to employ it, for the enforcement

of his claims, and for the punishment of opponents and gainsayers. The establishment of an empire by his successors has misled men's judgment respecting the wars of Mohammed. Looking simply at his life, and calling to mind the Crusades and the Inquisition; the religious wars of Germany and Switzerland, of France, and Spain, and England; the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the persecutions of dissidents by every Church and sect ever possessed of secular power; the private and domestic persecution that has been employed in defence of every doctrine and form of faith in Christendom; and, above all, that deep stream of malignant passion which flows through every human breast, and which nothing but Omnipotence has ever restrained or dried up;—looking at his life, with these recollections, we see not how it is possible to fix upon Mohammed the mark of special and singular reprobation, as if his employment of the brand alone arose from fanaticism, and his creed were the only one that had prejudiced its claims to be received as true by recourse to such a support. The Saracenic empire, although as a worldly power it was a departure from the clearly expressed purpose of Mohammed, derived its chief strength, both for increase and permanence, from the creed of the Prophet. And the proof of this is patent to all readers of Church history. The part taken by this grand and enduring (though not wholly pure) realization of Mohammed's thought, in the history of mankind, is too great a subject for discussion here; yet some hints which the thoughtful amongst our readers may be glad to avail themselves of, we must give. James Douglas, of Cavers, in his “*Advancement of Society*,” thus brilliantly sketches the plainest and most evident view of their achievements:—

“The Saracens had stretched over the nations like a thunder-cloud, and like an electrical arch they had lightened at once at both extremities; thus forming a conductor between the East and the West, they brought into contact and combination the discoveries of races who lived on opposite sides of the earth. The formation of gunpowder and paper, printing, and other arts, which had long remained inert in the East, became animated with European intelligence; and society has changed its face less from any new invention, than from two elements entering into a new combination,—the empirical discoveries of the East, and the ingenuity of Europe, fertile in improvement and application. But the brevity of their career was equal to its brilliancy. The Saracens were but scholars, and never held in their own hand the key of the information they had obtained,—that is, the Greek language; the learning of the Greeks was crushed beneath the yoke of their pupils. When the Greeks ceased to communicate, the Saracens ceased to advance; the Arabic translations of Greek authors became to them the boundary of the mind,—truths which it was impossible to transcend, limits impassable to the most exalted intelligence. Even this portion of Arabian science has existed chiefly without the confines of Arabia; and when its foreign empire fell to the ground, these translated records perished with it, or existed only in those fragments which had been a second time translated into the barbarous Latin of the scholastics.”—Part I. § 9.

Their last great conquest, the capture of Constantinople, broke up the slumbers into which Europe had

fallen after the overthrow of Roman civilization, and stands in history as one of the most fruitful events in that century of marvels,—the dawn of modern times. And, that we may show in how many various ways Mohammed affected the world, let this fact be noted, —a hundred years after the Hegira, Leo, the Isaurian, commenced in earnest the Iconoclast controversy at Constantinople, perceiving that the worship of images in churches rendered the Christians a reproach to both Jews and Saracens.

That Mohammed's earnestness was not of the highest or purest order, a very cursory glance at his life will show. He tolerated customs and beliefs which were too deeply rooted for even his authority to extirpate. He made use of his asserted communication with heaven to justify what had shocked even his followers' ready faith. His voluptuous sensuality after Khudija's death, although in part to be accounted for by his passionate desire for male offspring, would alone disqualify him for the dignity of religious teacher to the world; whilst the rudeness of his creed, the admission of legendary fables, the sensuous forms under which much that is worthy of belief is concealed, the purely external nature of the religious duties that he enjoined, and the entire absence from the doctrinal part of it of all but the faintest traditional vestiges of any truths higher than those which are commonly known as *natural religion*, would render it unfit for permanent and universal religious instruction. Indeed, he could have been a prophet, and his creed could have triumphed, only amongst such superstitious idolatries as we know to have fallen before him in willing or compelled submission. Yet, whilst the so-called Christians were diligently threshing straw and chaff, and stoutly maintaining that the chaff and husks they struck off were pure wheat; and the Sabians, wandering in one direction, and the Guebres in another, were gathering but useless or poisonous herbs and berries; and the Jews were pretending to be fed on "angels' food," which they had preserved till all was mere putrefaction; it was Mohammed's honour to take living grain, and, planting it and nurturing it, to gather in a plentiful harvest; and if that grain were mere oats and rye, and largely mixed with thistles and dandelion, still, it was *living*. We will not turn, even in thought, from our "bread of life" to his coarse fare, but we will imitate him in sowing "beside all waters," and in engaging in no labours save such as tend to richly-stored and overflowing granaries of genuine seed, which will witness the fidelity of our labour, and abundantly reward our toil.

MEMORIALS OF WESTMINSTER.

THERE is no portion of our great metropolis so rich in association as that which Mr. Walcott has selected for historical illustration; and the reader will find

(1) "Westminster: Memorials of the City, Saint Peter's College, the Parish Churches, Palaces, Streets, and Worthies." By the Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott. 1849.

that his work is crowded with interesting matter, and displays a considerable amount of antiquarian lore. He has availed himself with great tact and skill of the labours of his predecessors in the same field, and turned to good purpose the dullest details preserved by industrious, pains-taking collectors. His style, though, perhaps, occasionally too florid, is usually graceful and vigorous, and many passages display a warm-hearted earnestness of purpose, and genuine poetical feeling, which will be sure to attract and engage the attention of a large class of readers.

We have always felt that the most interesting department of antiquarian lore is that which relates to the manners, habits, and domestic life of the generations who have successively inhabited the same town, or city, in which we happen to dwell,—through whose busy streets we are continually hurrying, and with whose features we are so intimate and familiar. How pleasant it seems to be transported, in imagination, to the London of three centuries since,—and to contrast in fancy our over-grown "desert of brick" with the picturesque city of those days! Within what comparatively narrow limits was its vast population comprised! The extension of the metropolis, indeed, was in former times regarded as a serious evil; and the policy of legislation was often directed to check the rapid growth of its suburbs, and to prevent its connecting itself with the neighbouring towns and villages. In the middle of the sixteenth century, we find that the number of houses springing up between London and Westminster occasioned considerable consternation and astonishment.

"Early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," says Mr. Walcott, "about A.D. 1560, as appears by a Map republished by Vertue in 1737, Westminster had greatly extended itself, and Charing Cross was in the midst of an unbroken line of houses reaching from Whitehall to London. But though near Westminster Hall and the Abbey, which like tutelary guardians rose gigantic above the low grey towers of the Palace close and old Whitehall, forming the nucleus of the City, new buildings had started up, and formed a close town of many streets, still for many years green lanes, winding lanes, and a breezy country, dotted with wayside inns and quiet homesteads peeping through the partings of the trees, spread round its furthest dwellings, stretching up in far distance beyond them, until they faded away beneath the blue misty heights of Highgate and Hampstead.

"In 1580 Queen Elizabeth prohibited the erection of any new buildings within three miles of the City-gates, and suffered only one family to inhabit each house. In July, A.D. 1583, no fresh building was to be suffered to proceed within three miles of the gates of London and Westminster; no single dwelling-house was to be divided into two or more parts, and the commons within three miles of London were to be left unenclosed. In June 1602 the order was repeated."—P. 16.

In order to give our readers a fair idea of the nature of Mr. Walcott's "Memorials," we will accompany him to a few of the most celebrated spots in the ancient city of Westminster. Our remarks must, of course, be brief and cursory, and we have not space for any lengthened extracts from his valuable volumes.

The palace of Whitehall has many august and pathetic memories. It was here, about midnight, on

the 25th of January, 1533, that the capricious king who "spared neither man in his anger, nor woman in his lust," was clandestinely married to Anna Boleyn, by Doctor Rowland Lee, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Chester. The memory of that injured woman and her wrongs disturbed his death-bed.

"On December 30, A.D. 1546, he signed his will, and on the 28th of January expired. Before the last, he at times muttered the name of Anna Boleyn, then in darker intervals of agony, with fixed and horror-stricken eyes, shrieked 'Monks, monks, monks.' A few hours, and with the words 'All is lost,' his spirit passed from earth. 'Thursday,' says Aubrey, 'was a fatal day to Henry VIII. and so also to his posterity. He died on Thursday, January 28. King Edward VI. on Thursday, July 6. Queen Mary on Thursday, November 17. Queen Elizabeth on Thursday, March 24.'—Pp. 30, 31.

In Whitehall Queen Elizabeth amused herself with divers gay and grotesque pageants. Here too, in 1561, the first regular English tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex," was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. In 1559, when the Speaker and Commons' House resorted hither, with a delicate message, "the speciall matter wherof was to moove her Grace to marriage," her majesty delivered to them "in the great gallery," the memorable answer,—“This shall be for mee sufficient, that a marble stone shall declare that a Queene, having raigned such a time, lived and died a virgine.” And at last, after the lapse of many years, on the 24th of March, 1603, (a *fatal Tudor Thursday*.)—

"She had her unwilling wish accomplished; for she 'then deceased, and her corps was privily conveyed to Whitehall, and there remained till the 28th of April.' Taylor, bargeman to King Charles I., called 'the water-poet,' thus celebrated the event:—

"The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall!
More clung about the barge: fish under water
Wept out their cyne of pearl, and swam blind after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have rowed her hither in her people's eyes;
For, howsoe'en, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
She had come by water had she come by land."

The tragedy of the 30th of January, 1649, we need hardly refer to. On that day Charles I. was beheaded "before the Banqueting House, which his father had built for the royal festivities of Whitehall." In the gay reign of Charles II. this palace was "the focus of political intrigue and fashionable gaiety," and here the popular monarch went through the form of "touching for the evil." "So great was the concourse of men, women, and children, upon such occasions, that in March, 1684, several persons were crushed to death at the doors."

The parish church of St. Margaret has many interesting traditions of its own. King Edward the Confessor is said to have built the first church which stood upon the present site, and not before it was required; for, "owing to the privilege of Sanctuary attached to the Abbey by that monarch, and which became the asylum of men of blood and sin, a dangerous community had sprung up round the monastic buildings, composed of the most infamous and degraded persons, living in an open defiance of justice:—

the bankrupt, the traitor, the robber, and the murderer." Many eloquent divines have preached in this church, and some curious scenes have taken place there. In the Puritan times, among others, Calamy, Baxter, and Case, ("who censured Cromwell to his face, and when discoursing before General Monk cried out,—'There are some will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake,' and threw his handkerchief into the general's pew,") occasionally occupied this pulpit. After the Restoration, the eloquent and loyal Dr. Spratt was, for some time, rector of the parish.

"Burnet and Spratt," says Dr. Johnson, 'were old rivals. On some public occasion they both preached before the House of Commons. There prevailed in those days an indecent custom. When the preacher touched any favourite topic in a manner that delighted his audiences, their approbation was expressed by a loud hum, continued in proportion to their zeal or pleasure. When Burnet preached, part of his congregation hummed so loudly, and so long, that he sat down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Spratt preached, he likewise was honoured with a like animating hum; but he stretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried, "Peace, peace; I pray you, peace." 'Burnet's sermon,' says Salmon, 'was remarkable for sedition, and Spratt's for loyalty. Burnet had the thanks of the House. Spratt had no thanks, but a good living from the King, which he said was of as much value as the thanks of the Commons.'—Pp. 99, 100.

Some curious extracts from the parochial registers are published by Mr. Walcott, commencing the "1st day of Januarie, in the year of our Lord God 1538." In 1556, a series of entries occur, which furnish some interesting information respecting the ordinary causes of mortality at that period, and the diseases to which the parishioners were then subject. We have selected a few of these at random:—

"Maii xxx die.	Thomas Lawne, off a fervint ague.
" xxxi die.	Robert Jones, off a pynnyng sickness.
Junij vij die.	Elizabeth Hethe, of the ague with Godd's marks.
" x die.	Wyllyam Foster, off very povertye.
" xijij die.	Johen Mydleton, off a browce [bruise?]
" xxijij die.	Joh'n Bympanye, off famyne.
Julii xx die.	Alyce [blank], a strangere, of bled- ynge.
Nov. xj die.	Agnes Knape, of the age of lxxv, of this new decease [influenza?].
" xxiv die.	Jone Comber, of the newe sycknes "
	—P. 152.

This "newe sycknes" proved in the following year a fatal scourge to Westminster, and to the metropolis:—

"In 1557 broke out the influenza, a violent catarrhal fever, so called by the Italians, who recognised the inscrutable influence which it exerted on numberless persons at the same time. The disease prevailed very generally during the dry and unfavourable summer. The causes of this and the sweating-sickness were chiefly the following:—1. The peculiarly susceptible disposition produced by the climate on the constitution of the English. 2. Unhealthy seasons, and a poisoned misty atmosphere. 3. Intemperance, then a general vice. 4. The coarse and heating nature of the diet then generally used. 5. The immoderately warm clothing then in fashion, especially about the head. 6. The excessive

(1) "They have the plague. . . .
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see."
Love's Labour Lost, Act v. sc. 2.

indulgence in hot-baths. 7. The effects of diaphoretic medicines, employed in most disorders. 8. The rare use of soap. 9. The high price of linen-clothes. 10. The extreme indigence of the poorer classes. 11. The utterly miserable state of the dwellings, seething in filth and decomposition. (Erasm. Ep., lib. xxij., ep. 12, col. 1140.) 12. The over-crowded state of London. Such a number of foreign artisans were imported in 1517 into London as to cause the 'Evill May-Day' Insurrection. 13. The extravagant dearth and scarcity of provisions. (See Hecker's 'Epidemics of the Middle Ages,' p. 212.)—P. 153.

Among the entries of births, marriages, and deaths, the following, relative to our great poet, may be read with interest.

"1656. Between John Milton of this parish, Esq., and Mrs. Katherine Woodcocke of the parish of Aldermanbury, spinster. The banns of marriage were published Oct. 22, 27, Nov. 3.

"She died about a year after her marriage, leaving a daughter, and was buried Feb. 10, 1658.

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alceas, from the grave. . .
Mine, such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven, without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veild; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shind'."—P. 159.

The College of St. Peter, Westminster, is another point of attraction, round which many interesting associations gather. "None but a kindred 'Westminster,'" says Mr. Walcott, "warm with the full-hearted affectionateness of a son nurtured within her walls could rightly sing her praise;" and his own volume affords proof that she has had many sons becomingly jealous of her honour and reputation. We meet with a recent example of the exercise of this spirit of warm partisanship:—

"The following is an amusing instance of old rivalry between the schools of Eton and Westminster maintained on paper,—not, as now, on the Thames. The 'Westminsters' represented in a caricature three of their body outweighing three Etonians in a pair of scales. George Canning immediately retorted,—

"What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous!
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows?"

"The laugh, however, was cleverly thus turned by Hook,—

"Cease, ye Etonians, and no more
With rival wits contend;
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend."

The name of the renowned Busby—the greatest of pedagogues,—"who boasted his rod to be the sieve to prove good scholars,"—is inseparably associated with Westminster school. "Dr. Busby!" says Sir Roger de Coverley, in the *Spectator*, "a great man! he whipped my grandfather: a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a block-head: a very great man!" It was the boast of this famous schoolmaster, that out of the bench of Bishops he had taught sixteen. Westminster has had several other masters of note and name; among them, Camden, author of the "Britannia;" and Dr. Alexander

Nowell, of whom the following singular story is told:—

"He was the improver of the first Catechism published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for thirty years preached the first and last Lent Sermons before her Majesty. He was represented in his college 'with his hooks and other tackling, lying in a round on one hand, and his angles of several sorts on the other: but,' says Fuller, 'whilst Nowell was catching of fishes, Bonner was catching of Nowell, and understanding who he was, designed him to the shambles.' Nowell was fishing upon the banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dared not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. 'Like an honest angler, he had taken with him provision for the day; and when in the first year of England's deliverance he returned to his own country, and his own haunts, he remembered that on the day of his flight he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank: there he looked for it, and 'found it no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof; and this,' adds veracious Fuller, 'is believed (casualty is mother of more inventions than industry) the original of bottled ale in England.'"—P. 184.

The following anecdote is a beautiful illustration of the enduring character of the impressions which are left on the mind by the occurrences of youth and boyhood. For the honour of human nature, we hope that it is true:—

"The Upper and Lower Schools are divided by a bar of demarcation; over which, on Shrove Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, the college-cook, attended by a verger, having made his obeisance to the Masters, proceeds to toss a pancake in the Upper School, once a warning to proceed to dinner in the hall.

"An interesting tradition is attached to the bar at the time when it bore a curtain. Two boys at play, by chance, made a grievous rent in the pendent drapery; and one of the delinquents suffered his generous companion to bear the penalty of the offence—a severe flogging. Long years went by; the Civil War had parted chief friends; and the boys had grown up to manhood, unknown to each other. One of them, now a Judge and sturdy Republican, was presiding at the trial of some captive cavaliers, and was ready to upbraid and sentence them, when he recognised in the worn features of one grey-haired veteran the well remembered look of the gallant boy, who had once borne punishment for him. By certain answers, which in the examination he elicited, his suspicions were confirmed; and with an immediate resolve he posted to London, where, by his influence with Oliver Cromwell, he succeeded in preserving his early friend from the scaffold."—P. 176.

Westminster Hall is, next to the Abbey, the principal object of interest in the city of Westminster. We need not dwell on its size and symmetry, and on its grand historical associations. "Its dark old roof has rung with the shouts that hailed many a successive heir inaugurated to 'Merrie England's' throne; its walls have trembled to triumphant strains of joyous music and kingly revelry, at coronation feasts, and assemblies of the Court; its floor has been trodden by many a noble prisoner, with the brief respite of his trial,—and the barred cell of the fatal Tower awaiting him,—ere long to give up his life upon the scaffold." As the locality of our superior law courts, it is, at the present time, an interesting place of resort. Here foreigners are taken to behold the administration

of English justice, and to admire the dignified demeanour of English judges. Amongst others, the great Peter of Russia was once conducted here, and a characteristic observation is said to have escaped him, which is thus reported by Mr. Walcott:—

"The Czar Peter the Great was taken into the Hall during Term-time, and was much amused by seeing what he described as 'busy people in long black gowns and wigs with tails.' He inquired what they were doing. Being told that they were lawyers,—'Lawyers!' replied the despot, half-questioning, 'why, I have but two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them up the instant I get home again.' The Czar would not have been so much offended, could he have anticipated his visit by some years; for in Michaelmas Term, the fifth year of Queen Mary's reign, Stow says, quite pathetically, 'men might have seen at the King's Bench barre not two men of law before the Judges: there was but one, named Foster, who looked about and had nothing to do, the Judges looking about them. In the Common Place no mo sergeants but one, which was Sergeant Boulouse, who looked about him. There was elbow-room enough, which made the lawyers complain of their miseries in that Terme.' What halcyon days of white gloves and Maiden Assize!"—Pp. 265, 266.

In the Almonry of Westminster the first printing-press, worked with moveable types, was set up by William Caxton. Several of his early books purport to have been printed in "thabbey of Westmynstre;" and it is not, says Mr. Walcott, "wholly improbable that, at first, he erected his press near one of the little chapels attached to the aisles of the Abbey, or in the ancient Scriptorium." In the library of Brasenose College, Oxford, one of his hand-bills is still preserved, and runs thus,—

"If it please any man spiriuel or temporel to have any pres or commemorative (Misæ) of Salisburi use, emprinted after the form of this pre-set letter, which be wel and truly correct, late hym come to Westmonester into the Almonestrye, at the Reed Pale, and he shall have them good chepe. Supplico stet Cedula."—P. 279

We need not call over the muster-roll of the illustrious dead whose remains have found an honoured resting-place in the Abbey Church of Westminster. Monarchs and statesmen, warriors and divines, poets, painters, actors, and historians—the far-famed worthies of our father-land—"after life's fitful fever," there sleep calmly side by side. A visit to Westminster Abbey is a lesson to the schoolboy; and no one, we presume, either gentle or simple, can pace its solemn aisles, linger in its chapels, or survey its monuments, without being sensible of some hallowed emotions, or affected by a feeling of pensive awe.

SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN HUNGARY.¹

If we recommend this volume to our readers as one full of interest, we are at a loss whether to recommend it as a striking and well-written narrative of real adventure, or a startling and well-wrought fiction. We say, we are very dubious on this point, and we warn those who may be induced to peruse the book,

to look for strong confirmation of its testimony, before they accept it as historical evidence. It bears a deep stamp of suspicious character. It is without the writer's name, and without date. Nor is Mr. F. Shoberl's preface of any value as an assistance on this point. The individuals alluded to are most frequently expressed only by initials, and the translator's ridiculously inconsistent remarks lend us little hope of aid from him. He first informs us that the question whether the inhabitants of Hungary "had any real grievances, any oppressive acts of their government to complain of," appears to him very doubtful. Then, after several sagacious remarks on "mob-rule," which the public will take for what they are worth, he proceeds to add, by way of entertaining us with a contradiction, that the Protestant population were "deprived successively of their equal political and civil rights, robbed of their churches, and subjected to a series of the most oppressive regulations," besides being forbidden to institute Bible-societies, or to print the sacred volume in the Hungarian language. So much for the translator's wisdom, and we only think it worth while to allude to his preface, because, after being convinced of the equivocal value of the book itself, the reader might possibly turn to this introduction for information. It will be at once seen what is the calibre of Mr. F. Shoberl's sagacity.

But we are not about to criticise the volume. We can draw from it matter for the entertainment of our readers, and shall at once enter on the writer's narrative, real or fictitious, as it may be.

After the imperial *razzias* in Italy, he was called to serve against liberty and the Hungarians. We meet him first at Agram, in command of the advanced guard of the Austrian army, with a flying corps of eighty horsemen. Of these, thirty five were Serassans, among the most singular soldiers in Europe. A lofty cap of brown fur, a face of the same hue, well-bearded, a jacket of kindred colour, bordered with red braid, immensely wide white trousers, tied at the ankle, and sandal shoes, constitute their dress. A crimson sash, a broadsword hung in a superb sheath, a long-barrelled gun, adorned with gold and silver studs—these form their arms and decorations, while over all is thrown a long cloak, that gives these riders the name of Red Mantles. Altogether they form, when sweeping over a plain, in pursuit or flight, a brilliant and dashing spectacle. With these wild horsemen and a party of the soberly attired Croats, our military author started off on his equestrian cruise, to lead the romantic and independent life of an Imperial bandit, sometimes "revelling like princes, surrounded by abundance of every kind, dwelling in splendid mansions, quaffing generous Tokay; then again, for weeks together, without house or harbour, scarcely finding a few heads of maize for our horses; a large wooden bottle, filled with half-putrid marsh-water, instead of wine."

Our hero appears to have been quite of the fire-eating *genus*—a very amateur in battle, with its sweet accompaniments of outrage and pillage. He entered on the campaign with vigorous alacrity, computing the

(1) "Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, in 1843 and 1849. With the Personal Adventures of an Austrian Officer in the Army of the Ban of Croatia." Third Edition. London: Shoberl, 1850.

enemy at more than forty thousand of the country-people, joined by ten thousand imperialist troops, somewhat sickened of the revolting tyranny of Austria. But whether right or not in his calculations, he was off on his errand, rushing in no time upon a body of three or four hundred peasants, who fought for a whole day, and were then dispersed. This is the first taste we have of our author in his heroic capacity—hewing down the people of Hungary.

Then, riding onwards from sunset until dark, the party, wearied, lost its way, and about ten o'clock it was resolved to bivouac, when the scouts brought intelligence that not far off was a great mansion, near a village—a more comfortable place than an open heath. The commander then ordered a party to ride forth in search of prisoners. They speedily brought in a trembling and weeping damsel, who stood like a frightened fawn before the uncouth soldiers who interrogated her. She replied that not a solitary armed man was in the neighbourhood, and led the way into the vast courtyard of the mansion. The troop galloped in, and the noise of the hoofs clattering over the stones, with the jingle of swords, brought an old man to the door. He appeared to be the steward, and was followed by several servants with large lanterns, and on being ordered to lead the way to the master of the mansion, he obeyed with evident reluctance, and our author stalked into a spacious hall, where, by the dim light of a lamp, were seen enormous pictures, antique swords, old guns, armour, and obsolete weapons which hung on walls that bore the impress of time on all their features. It seemed the museum of ancestral relics, belonging to some ancient family.

"Here the castellan bade me wait while he went to announce me; and I availed myself of this moment to take off my cloak, to set my hair to rights a little, to fasten my dolman close about me, to tie my sash properly—in short, to make myself as smart as I could. The old man presently came back, conducted me along a corridor, and then opened the folding-doors of an apartment, whence issued the brilliant light of tapers.

"Somewhat dazzled, I entered the apartment, which was most elegantly fitted up, where a tall handsome lady received me with a polite, but proud obeisance. I was just about to introduce myself, and to apologise for my unbidden visit, when she extended her hand to me with the loud exclamation of joy—'Ah! Baron W——'"

This lone beauty was, we are told, the Countess St. — the wife of St. — who once saved the author's life at Bologna, and who, after his marriage with the fair Marchesa — had retired out of the service and into Hungary. Being called by his wife, he appeared—a true Magyar, who had not openly ranked with Kossuth, lest he should have to fight his old friends—a poor excuse for a patriot—but protested he should yet do so. Our hero advised silence on political subjects, and when the Comtesse Helene entered the room, was wrapt in the contemplation of her startling beauty, so that he found himself "in Paradise, between two beautiful and amiable females, opposite to a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, and before a glass of exquisite Tokay.

All weariness vanished, and we laughed and joked half the night, forgetting the war, and Kossuth, and national hatred." Quite as romantic, at any rate, as the adventure of Haroun Al Raschid in Bagdad, and still more in the sequel. While his troop was comfortably quartered near at hand, our hero spent two days in this fascinating abode, until the eyes of the lovely Helene had pierced him through, and he felt, in its full force, the syren power of her beauty. On the third morning, however, he remembered that on earth the soldier has no rest, and with a tear in his eye—an eye that seldom wept over the desolation of the poor, and the slaughter of the innocent—he pressed his friend to his heart, kissed the cheeks of the two countesses, and received from the younger beauty a rose-bud, plucked from a bush, as a token, which he seized with joy, and then dashed away with a furious flourish of trumpets, from the seductive pleasures of this new Calypso's palace.

Immediately the scene changes. Scouring over a green level heath, the troop is opposed by a body of Hungarian patriots. They rushed one at another, the Croats winding the loud blasts of war from their trumpets, as the first shock of conflict took place. There was a fierce struggle; but the imperialists were victorious for the hour.

Foremost in their ranks was a courageous young Croatian damsel, who, perhaps, was not then aware of her royal master's woman-flogging propensities. She was as fearless a rider as any hussar, and headed a desperate charge against the enemy. They made up to meet her attack, when her brother would have hastened to assist; but she cried out, riding by, "'Tis only one, brother, never fear," and dashed at a Hungarian *jurat* who inflicted a cut on her right cheek. She returned it with a severe blow on the arm, seized the bridle of her enemy's horse, made the man prisoner, and took the beast as a prize. She was proud of that grey steed, and refused afterwards to sell him for forty ducats!

The Hungarians, though at first repulsed, now thickened on the plain, and compelled our imperial heroes to alter their course a little. They fell back in a slow retreat, and encamped on the wide level meadow, under the star-studded roof of heaven, where, on the banks of a rivulet they laid out the bivouac. The sentinels were posted, the horses picketed, and vast fires soon blazed up, throwing their red glare through the dusky atmosphere. Then meat, wine, and maize-flour were unpacked from the great tilted wagon, drawn by six Hungarian horses, that served as an itinerant magazine, store-room for implements, smithy, and hospital.

Although they despised the patriotism, they loved the cookery of the Hungarians, and feasted royally on gigantic stews of beef cut in squares, onions, cummin, red Spanish pepper, with wine, water, or whatever else was at hand. Then the soldiers and officers regaling themselves, so that none lacked of the equal meal, made up for the laborious day.

"After supper, they mended saddles, bridles, clothes,

looked to the shoes of the horses, or, seated round the watch-fire, sang, frequently for hours together, their melancholy national songs, in not disagreeable chorus. I then stretched myself upon a horse-cloth, wrapped myself in my cloak, leant my head upon my saddle, and watched the smoke of my cigar curling about before me, till darkness gradually stole over the busy scene.

"Often have I lain for hours awake, absorbed in reverie; above me the vast dark firmament, with its innumerable twinkling stars, around me the immense plain, whence, in the distance, was heard at times the call of our advanced posts and patrols; near me, the high-blazing fires, about which lay the sleeping forms of the Serassans, in the red and white cloaks; not far off, their horses fastened with the snaffle, some lying down, some, with bowed heads, resting as they stood, some neighing and pawing the ground. If the march had not been too fatiguing, or if we had had a day of repose, two or three hussars would play upon the Jews' harp, while others sang, and the rest danced their pretty national dances, at the same time clanking their broad spurs, and clashing their swords together, so as to resound far over the heath."

Thus this little troop of wild soldiers campaigned day after day over the plain, losing many of their number in skirmishes, but still hoping to annihilate Kossuth, and wipe out all disgraces, all losses, all weariness and pain, in one grand, tremendous, joyful slaughter of the Hungarian patriots!

From these lone bivouacs on the plain, they rode to Vienna, a city which our hero loved, because of some jolly men and lovely women he had met there. Now, alas! how changed. The spirit of freedom was awake there, and the population no longer felt proud of its idolatry of the Austrian Emperor—the flogger of women. One of the gentlemen who was most indignant at the insurrection was a fantastic dandy, who was pre-eminently courageous when concealed behind double ranks of the imperial flesh-hewers. This royal bravo, in primrose gloves, and with a glass at his eye, strutted to and fro, enlarging on the profusion of rebels he intended to hack to pieces; but our military author, who,—if not as ideal a personage as Presto John,—was a brave man, took an opportunity of silencing him. He was weary of listening to the vaunts of this dainty dandy's intended bravery, and seizing an old, greasy fur cap of a Red Mantle trooper, clapped it on his befrizzled head, saying, "That fits admirably. If you want to fight against the insurgents, you can enter at once among my Red Mantles; there is a vacancy at this moment;" and while he spoke, another soldier flung an ancient red cloak over the graceful shoulders of the delicate Achilles, who stood silent and confounded, while the Serassans hailed their new comrade with peals of tumultuous laughter.

Another of these aristocratic puppies made familiar advances to the valiant and beautiful maiden we have already mentioned, and receiving a slap from her pretty hand, which made his cheek blush and tingle, came to the officer in command, and lodged a complaint against this amazon. Our hero, who was witty in his way, placed his horse and sword at the command of the offended dandy, giving him full leave to revenge the insult; but the noble young Ajax shrunk

from the engagement, and slunk away. These bold and fiery maidens of Croatia had no taste for the "pretty men" of Vienna, leaving them to the sad soft loyal ladies of the Austrian capital.

Darning and mending, polishing arms, assaulting barricades, playing practical jokes, and passing the time in various other military occupations, our author was at length drawn into a whirlwind of battle, in which some splendid charges of cavalry were borne by the Hungarians with invincible bravery. He dwells, with the enthusiasm of an amateur, on the numbers that were cut to pieces on that occasion. He dilates on the squadrons of horse, in long, close, glittering array, with lines of flashing swords, dashing over the plain, in the face of pike and cannon, and then rolling upon and breaking against the masses of the foe.

"Among the many incidents of this day, one scene is vividly present to my view. A very young Hungarian lad, evidently belonging to the nobility of the country, was engaged in fight with two cuirassiers. He contrived to turn his superb horse about with such dexterity, that his antagonists, on their heavy beasts, could not get at him, while he had dealt many blows, which, it is true, mostly fell harmless upon the breast-plate and helmet. At last, one of the cuirassiers, waiting for the proper moment, prepared for a thrust with the pallasch, and the broad pointed blade was driven with such force into the breast of the youth, that he sank on the spot lifeless from his horse, without uttering a word.

"What maternal heart may mourn for him? What bright eye may be filled with tears for his loss? His horse, with bloodstained saddle, ran snorting away, and could not be caught. His rider we afterwards buried. He had about him nothing but a handsome gold watch, and a ring with hair, which I bought from the cuirassiers for a couple of ducats."

We hear of thousands slaughtered on the plains of battle, of whole squadrons hewn to pieces, and vast armies overthrown; but it is only when, as in this instance, the individual is brought before us, that we realize a full idea of the melancholy horrors of war. But this young Hungarian patriot, whatever mother mourned him, whatever eye wept for him, died in a cause worthy of the sacrifice, in fighting along with free men against hateful and inhuman tyrants.

From Vienna they marched to Raab, whence the enemy had vanished, thence to the plains beyond Moor, where a tremendous battle took place between the Imperial troops and the Hungarian army under Perczel. The earth quaked as the heavy squadrons of horsemen in armour, mounted on immense steeds, thundered over the hard frozen ground to charge the enemy. Cuirass, helmet, sword and pike, flashing in the sun, red mantle and white caftan flying in the air; the mingled ranks swaying to and fro in the variations of fortune—all these formed features in a real battle picture. At length the superior force of the Imperial army bore down the valiant ranks of the enemy, and the Croat cavalry swept over the plain in pursuit of them. While in hot chase, our hero paused in a field to watch a Hungarian hussar, who, followed by two Austrian cuirassiers, dashed through a thicket, and rode to the edge of a broad deep ditch that separated him from the officer who had formerly been

his commander, as he belonged to a regiment once in the Emperor's service. In courtesy the hussar saluted with his sword, and drew up to receive his two enemies. They rode upon him with savage fierceness, and a battle ensued of dramatic interest.

"The hussar, who rode a handsome stallion of the best Hungarian breed—and many of the insurgents were extremely well mounted—managed his swift steed with wonderful dexterity. He turned him so round upon his hind legs, and dodged so quickly to the right or to the left, that for a long time the cuirassiers, on their clumsier horses, could not come at him, though they had dealt many a tremendous blow. The Hungarian, too, had aimed many a one at them, with his glittering blade, but it had always glided off with a loud droning sound from the impenetrable breast armour.

"At length, the hussar's *tschako* was struck off, and he was covered with blood from a wound on his forehead. 'Take quarter!' repeatedly cried the cuirassiers; but raising himself upright in his saddle, he replied, 'I am an Hungarian!' and levelled fresh blows at his antagonists. His very horse seemed to participate in his master's ardour for fighting. His black hide was dotted with foam; his red nostrils were widely distended; his long mane flickered wildly in the wind; his large eye seemed to flash."

At length, as the hussar rode by his antagonists to inflict a desperate blow, one of the cuirassiers, with sudden force, thrust the long, keen, glistening blade of his *pallasch* into the right arm-pit of the courageous soldier, so that the point appeared on the outside. "Jesus Maria!" exclaimed the hussar, as he rose on his saddle, and then fell dead to the earth.

When describing these episodes of the war, our author is compelled to illustrate the magnanimous bravery of the Hungarian army, although he seldom misses an opportunity to pour out the full vial of his libels against Kossuth and his followers. But even he felt tenderly towards them when one day his exhausted troops came upon a detachment of baggage wagons weakly guarded, which they took possession of. Among other welcome captures, was a hamper with fifty bottles of champagne. Ah! the ardent joy that thrilled through these soldiers' hearts at the seizure of this splendid prize. None of them had ever before tasted champagne. The necks of the bottles were knocked off, and the sweet foaming wine was drunk in long delightful draughts, though some of these martial heathens swore they would rather have drunk brandy. Whatever the reader may think, and whether it be or be not orthodox, we take this opportunity to affirm that to prefer flaming cognac to German champagne, is to look longingly out of the gates of Eden on the bleak and rugged wilderness of earth.

Well pleased, however, with the wine, the heroes fell to roasting and boiling, while the literary and military Baron consoled himself with waltzing several rounds with the lovely Scroscan maiden who had bruised the Honved's arm, captured the grey horse, and slapped the dandy's face at Vienna. Distinguished by these achievements, the damsel was now honoured by a dance with a baron. He lost her shortly after, when, her father being wounded in another province, she left the camp to tend his couch of pain.

After this, all readers will desire to know a little of

the *personnel* of our hero. Fighting, drinking, dancing, making love, reverieing, riding, kissing countesses, &c., he must have been an interesting man, and somewhat conscious of his beauty too, as most men are—when they have any to boast of:—

"But how do I look myself?"

"Frightful! hideous!"

"I could not forbear laughing, when I first saw my figure again in the glass. A long beard-covered chin, cheeks, and lip, forming not the most graceful curls, the hair of the head wretchedly cut by an hussar, the forehead bound with a black handkerchief, on account of a slight cut which I had received from an Hungarian hussar a few days before, my white cloak covered with spots, grey, black, and yellow, marked with streaks of blood; in holes from sword cuts, balls, and fire-brands from the *bivouac*; the *tschako* cut through and bent, instead of the neat *tschismen*, clumsy fishermen's boots over the trousers, having a broad border of leather, and the black and yellow sash stripped of all its fringe.

"My sword, from the many strokes that it has dealt and parried, is full of notches, and covered with blood-rusty stains; my excellent Ali, my noble charger, is dry as a cat, and deprived of one ear."

Very shortly after, our hero and his band of imperial banditti had to test the courage of Kossuth's army, which cost them many a life; but we allude to these battles principally to notice a confession made by our Croatian Baron, which is curious, considering its source. He admits that the Imperial throne of Austria, the paternal government of the Hapsburgh family, rests only on bayonets, "all other props are rotten." Nothing could be more true. Popular affection and all similar pillars of power have fallen away, and the Austrian crown is upheld only by columns of steel,—well washed in blood.

In one battle with the Magyars, our author, after repeated mutual charges had taken place, particularly observed the leader of one impetuous column of cavalry, that swept like the blast of the sirocco against the most formidable Imperial squares, in spite of those tremendous moving batteries that roll in the van of modern warfare. He was a man of tall and graceful form, elegantly attired, and of unflinching bravery. His figure seemed familiar, and as he led charge after charge against the enemy, wheeling his bright sword in all directions, our author's eyes followed him with an undefined feeling of interest. After a defeat, which the writer cleverly abstains from characterising, he lay by the watch-fire weary and sleepy, when he was told that one of the rebel officers, desperately wounded and taken prisoner, desired to see him.

In one corner of a long, dark, low, hurdle shed, filled with the wounded, lay the Count — whom the Baron had met in the mansion, with his lovely wife and sister. He was sinking fast into the arms of death. Thanking his friend for coming, he desired him to send his pocket-book, containing a will and other papers, to Marie, and answering an inquiry after Helena, fell back on his couch and died. The soldier, accustomed as he was to blood and death, wept over him, directed his decent burial, and was again on the march over a vast undulating snow-clad moor. A skirmish took place; some wagons were

captured, and a merry encampment was made. Moody and sorrowful he walked the rounds, to keep the sentinels alert.

"The moon shining tolerably bright, we perceived a human figure lying at the foot of a tree.

"We went nearer. It was a woman, dressed as a man, in the costume of an Hungarian magnate; the long hair which fell over her shoulders, betrayed her sex. My Serassans turned her round, and by the pale moon-beams, I recognised Helena, the lovely sister of my friend, St ——. Inexpressible anguish thrilled me at that moment, and I was well-nigh throwing myself upon the corpse.

"Swiftly mustering my spirits, I ordered my men to carry the body to the fire. There we examined it more closely, and with extreme anxiety I sought to ascertain whether there was any hope of reviving her. Vain hope! It was several hours since her spirit had departed; the ball of one of our riflemen had gone through her heart. From the small red wound the blood was still oozing in single drops, which I carefully caught in my handkerchief, to be preserved as a relic.

"My only consolation was, that the deceased could not have suffered long; that she must have expired the very moment she was struck. Those pure, noble, still wondrous beautiful features—on her brow dwelt peace and composure, and the lips almost smiled."

This beautiful woman, lying a cold corpse on the snow by the bivouac fire, drew sympathy even from the Croat soldiers, many of whom remembered her in another and a happier time. The ground near a maple tree was thawed, and the whole night passed in the digging a large deep grave, with hand bills and swords. As the light dawned, the work was done, while an hussar constructed a rough rude cross of maple wood. Then the frozen remains, still lovely as in life, were lifted from the ground. In full uniform, with a helmet plumed with heron's feathers at the head, and a light Turkish sabre by the side, it was wrapped in a blanket, and laid in the grave. A salute of pistol-shots was fired, and the cross planted on the spot. Our author confesses that at that moment his heart was convulsed by feelings too tumultuous to describe. He took a ring from the finger, and a lock from the hair, as memorials of the dead.

Careering through an infinity of wild adventures in strange variety, the soldier met everywhere proofs that the Hungarians are a generous and noble people. We could, did space permit, quote many passages of singular novelty and interest, from the volume, which, certainly, whether genuine or fictitious, is full of entertainment; but must conclude by a few lines describing the horrible circumstance of this Imperial officer contributing to the support of a patriotic war! Having experienced great kindness at a house, he requested to be allowed to pay for his entertainment. The beautiful maiden whom he asked looked proudly at him, saying gravely, "How can you, a German, offer a Magyar money for entertainment? But hold! Our country needs money just now for war; give a ducat a week—I will send it to the military chest." Ashamed, he handed her the seven ducats.

What an impertinent English lawyer would have done in reply to this solid speech from the pretty maiden we shall not guess; but *revenons à nos moutons*.

TUPPER'S BALLADS FOR THE TIMES.¹

This is a collection of the scattered poetical productions of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and to our mind they display the same characteristics as that well-known and popular work. Mr. Tupper is unquestionably a man of genius; but his productions are by no means equal. When in his best vein, few can excel him, either for thought or expression; but he is sometimes too careless and trivial both in theme and style. We know not where to look for a more truly *Anglo-Saxon* (to use a word the significance of which he will not undervalue) heartiness and manliness of spirit than in his works. They breathe the air of England and of English country life, and will come home to a wide circle of admirers; while not a few will gratify the more fastidious taste of the select judges of poetry. The volume contains a very great variety from which we might make a selection which would be gratifying to our readers, but we confine ourselves to an extract from a descriptive poem, which is among the most beautiful in its way that we are acquainted with.

ST. MARTHA'S.

"Holy precinct, mount of God,
Where saints have bled, and pilgrims trod,
Martyr's hill—thy nobler name,
Martyr's hill—thy fairer fame
Than as call'd of her, whose heart
Chose but late the better part,—
Unto thee my praise I bring,
Thee my soul delights to sing.

"Lo, the glorious landscape round!
Tread we not enchanted ground?
From this bold and breezy height
The charm'd eye sends its eagle flight
O'er the panoramic scene,
Undulating, rich, and green;
And with various pleasure roves
From hill and dale, to fields and groves,
Till the prospect mingling grey
With the horizon fades away,
Shutting in the distant view
By fainter lines of glimmering blue.

"Start we from the warm South-East;
Spread the fine pictorial feast:
There the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath;
Nearer, Holmbury's moated hill,
Highden-hall, and Ewhurst mill,
Dewy Hascomb's fir-fringed knoll,
Hind-head, and the Devil's-Bowl,
With peeps of far South-downs between
Seaward closing up the scene.

"Like a thunder-cloud, beneath
Stretches drear the broad Blackheath:
Scatter'd coins have seal'd the sod
A classic site that Rome has trod,
Field of many a desperate strife
For conquest, liberty, or life,
When the legion's sullen tramp
Echoed oft from Farley-camp,
And some Cæsar's ruthless sword
Reap'd the rude barbarian horde,
Britons, patriots, free brave men,
But unskill'd to conquer—then."

"And, while thy spirit praises Earth
Its precious gifts, its wealth and worth,

(1) "Ballads for the Times. Geraldine, &c." By M. F. Tupper.

Forget not thou this glorious Sky,
Oh ! lift thine eyes, thy heart on high ;
Forget not Him, whose mercy gave
All the good we hope, or have ;
Him, whose Presence, far and near,
Man's best wisdom learns to fear
Where above the green glad world
Heaven's banners float unfurl'd,
Gorgeous in each mighty fold
Bathed in black, or fringed with gold ;
Or, as clouds of fleecy white
Sail in seas of azure light ;
Or, as streamers hurrying by
Tell of tempests in the Sky ;
Or, like snow-clad mountains, stand
Giant wardens of the Land.

" Earthward once again ; the North !
Draw its good, its evil forth :
Mile beyond mile of waving field,
Rare to see and rich to yield ;
The frequent village round its spire ;
The snug domain of rural squire ;
Yon dusky tract of Waste and Moss ;
That iron road-way drawn across ;
Windsor, throned o'er half the land ;
And gambling Epsom's far-famed stand ;
While the dim distance in a shroud
Is wrapp'd by London's smoky cloud.

" Near us, Guildford's ancient town
Between the hills is hiding down ;
Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged about its castle-keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower.
Like some warden at his post
Honest Booker's lofty boast
Fine and feudal, shames outright
Puny's telegraphic height.
While it overtops with pride
All the vassal scene beside,
And above that verdant swell,
Sainted Catherine's Gothic cell.

" Westward thence, a narrow track,
Stretches far the bare Hog's-back :
Ridging up, with hilly sides,
Lo, the bristling Boar divides
Right and left a kindred scene,
Purple moors and meadows green,
Or those seeming-vineyards wide,
Farnham's wealth, and Surrey's pride.

" Forth from Merroe's happy plain
And noble Clandon's rich domain,
Newland's heights, and Coombe beyond,
And nutty Sherbourne's crystal pond,
Eastward to the landscape's end
The sloping chalky Downs extend,
Primal still, by man untamed,
Fresh, unbounded, unclaim'd :
Now a lawn of herbage sweet,
Smooth as velvet to the feet,
Now a jungle, matted dense,
A wilderness of briar-fence ;
Here, an earthwork, fosse and mound ;
There, a race-course curving round ;
Hollow'd pits, where in old times
Bad marauders hid their crimes :
Sad sepulchral groves of yew
Solemn ranged in order due,
Seeming of primeval birth,
Solid as the ribs of earth,
Where white Druids, years of yore,
Roam'd those mystic circles o'er,
Or calm kneeling on the sod
Wisely worshipp'd Nature's God.

" Let then a lateborn son of Time
Shadow forth the Past sublime,
And while, the greensward laid along,
He weaves his meditative song,
Tell what various tribes have trod
With various hopes this ancient sod.
The painted Briton, long of yore,
Hunting down the wolf or boar ;
The Roman watcher, posted here
Leaning on his iron spear ;
The fair-hair'd Angle, piling high
Beacon-fires against the sky ;
With vulture-eyes the hungry Dane
Gloating o'er the fertile plain ;
Patriot Saxons, who withstood
The Norman, conquering for good ;
Monks, to bless with book and bell ;
Crusaders, bidding all farewell ;
Foot-ore Pilgrims, hither come
Midway from St. Becket's tomb ;
Round-heads, chaunting rebel prayers ;
Gay devoted Cavaliers ;
Rustics, on the Sabbath-day
Duly toiling up to pray ;
Mourners, weeping round the bier
Brought for humble burial here ;
And thousands, more, in denser quaint,
Than tongue can tell, or pencil paint,
Have laugh'd or wept, or fought their fill,
Or lived, or died, on Martyrs' Hill.

" Martyrs' Hill !—before my mind
Rise the triumphs of Mankind ;
Martyrs' Hill !—and to my thought
Back the crimes of men are brought :
Yea :—for on this sacred sod
Doubtless perish'd saints of God,
And Elijah's chariot came
Mingling with the martyrs' flame,
To bear them from that awe-struck crowd
In robes of light, on thrones of cloud.

" Then, the seed of holy blood
Gave its hundredfold of good ;
Barbarians heard, and thought, and felt,
Glow'd, admired, and mourn'd, and knelt ;
Their very murderers came in fear
To bless the sainted victims here,
Penitent, with zealous haste
Aloft the rustic temple placed
Keyless arches, rough and round
Spanning high the blood-stain'd ground,
Of iron sandstone rudely built,
Memorial of their grief—and guilt.

" Thereafter, Newark's princely priest
Added all this Gothic East,—
The modest choir and transepts twain,
Fitting well the Christian fane,
Windows, deck'd in colours rich,
The pointed arch and florid niche,—
Contrast to yon Saxon nave
That simply mark'd the martyr's grave.

" Ruin, I have loved thee long,
And owed for years this humble song ;
While I pay the grateful debt,
Hear me one petition yet.
When in God's good time and way
I wake upon my dying day,
Should I still beneath thee dwell,
As my spirit sighs farewell,
Let the shadows from thy wall
Be my hallow'd funeral pall ;
Let no city's close church-yard
Steal from thee thy native bard ;
But where now I careless lie
Make me welcome when I die :

On this thyme-enamell'd height
 Let me bid the world good-night;
 Sacred to my memory be
 All the scene that circles thee;
 And plant o'er me, in goodwill,
 A plain stone cross on Martyrs' Hill."

"Thoughts from the Inner Circle."—We have here a small and unpretending collection of verses which displays at any rate, considerable powers of thought and some poetic spirit. The preface informs us that the volume originated in the monthly meetings of a few congenial friends, who, in the summer of 1848, agreed to assemble "for the purpose of obtaining close and intimate intercourse upon the great questions affecting the interests of humanity." To these meetings they gave the name of "The Inner Circle," and hence the title of the volume. The poems are contributed by different authors, and are by no means of equal merit. We have not space to criticise the philosophy introduced, but shall content ourselves with transcribing a few graphic stanzas, penned in the Tennysonian style and metre, from one of the poems on "The Railway."

"Wondrous is the march of ages; wondrous is the growth of mind;
 Between the savage and the sage what an awful gulph we find.

Take a survey of the nations; see the progress of mankind,
 In whatever casts a halo round the workings of the mind.

See the heavens mapped and charted, see their mysteries descried;
 O'er the restless, boundless ocean, see the navies proudly ride.

See the earth, e'en from her centre, all her hidden treasures yield;
 O'er the death-compelling lightning, see man high dominion wield.

Not the least too of our triumphs, the triumph of this later day,
 See man over vale and mountain stretch his mighty iron way.

Like a net-work o'er the nation, iron threads are strangely woven;
 And, unconsciously, the workers for a holy end have stroven.

Never hath the world beheld, since the earth her course began,
 Such a manifest display of the skill and power of man.

See the dragon-engine foaming, with a fury fierce and wild;
 Yet, unto his master's willing, as obedient as a child.

With a speed the wind's surpassing, on and on it ever bears;
 All the work of man's achieving, works of anxious hopes and fears.

Strange the thoughts which crowd upon us, as its fleeting course we view;
 Realizing ancient legends, making ancient fables true.

See those mystic wires extending, how at time and space they laugh,
 As the peoples, in amazement, breathe, "The Electric Telegraph!"

How they smile at Ariel's vaunting! Put a girdle round the earth
 In forty long and dreary minutes! Proper subject that for mirth.

In a moment will their tendrils creep along her lovely face,
 Linking nation unto nation in a firm and fond embrace.

In a moment will they carry, from the north unto the south,
 All the lovings, hopings, yearnings, falling from a people's mouth.

Who shall say what high results, in the holiest sense sublime,
 Still are left for their achieving, in the fruitful womb of time?

Wonders never yet imagined, e'en in fancy's wildest flight,
 Shall these instruments accomplish for the triumph of the Right.

They shall be the iron levers, aiding aye the good and wise,
 To make this dædal earth of ours a type of that beyond the skies.

Humanity will ever bless them; will sing poems to the day
 When first were laid their deep foundations,—first was wrought an iron way."

"Latter Day Pamphlets." Edited by Thomas Carlyle. Two of these have already appeared, and have created a great deal of talking and wonderment, and no little of strong disapprobation among the readers of the remarkable productions of the day. Anything bearing the name of Thomas Carlyle on its title-page must be considered among these. "The Present Time" and "Model Prisons" are full of the author's deep, fiery spirit, in which none but the mentally near-sighted can see nothing but hatred and all uncharitableness. The address to the "indigent incompetent of this land" in the former pamphlet sounds severe; but is it always wrong to be severe? Do not some things demand severity, as the truest kindness? The tone of "Model Prisons" is severe too, but very sad. Indeed, it is impossible to read these outpourings of a thinker, and not be convinced that it is out of the fulness of the heart that he speaketh—that he does not sit alone in his closet, and disregard the toils and troubles and perils of the country in which he lives, of the world to which he can address himself. Carlyle is not a self-absorbed philosopher, nor hard-hearted, though he has said some hard words lately. We would recommend our readers to listen to him, and if they listen in a right spirit, they will find good matter as well as bad or doubtful. Very little that is bad, say we, in spite of the loud cries to the contrary that are being uttered around on every side.

"More Verse and Prose." By the Corn-law Rhymer. Although this verse and prose is not among the best that we have seen from Ebenezer Elliot, yet there are many very good things. We recommend these volumes to all those who took delight in the song of the late lamented Sheffield bard.

CONVERSATION.

BY J. M. W.

"Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk."—FULLER.

THE most ardent admirers of England and every thing English cannot say very much for our improvement in the art of conversation since the days of the great Church historian. We have arrived at the middle of the nineteenth century; we are a very industrious and enlightened people,—“civilized Englishmen” (as we fancy); and yet are still “savage” enough in our talk, for the most part. We exercise our great national talent for silence, to a considerable extent, when a proper exercise of the faculty of speech is the one thing demanded by circumstances; and we make a display of the “savage nakedness” of our “talk” on occasions when speech, properly arrayed and tastefully ornamented, is the one thing to be preferred to silence. In the hope that it may be permitted to one of the most insignificant of the community to whisper a little truth into its large ear, I venture to offer the following remarks. Potentates, in general, cannot well bear to have the truth about themselves, even in trifles, told out plainly; but the potentate I address is already getting accustomed to hear facts about its own nature, and has already learned that, in the end, an ounce of truth is of more value than a pound of falsehood.

There are few European nations who do not excel the British in the art of conversation, except, perhaps, the Turks, whom, being half Asiatic, and wholly un-Christian, we will exclude from the comparison. They belong to a social system altogether different from our own. It is one that has, no doubt, many advantages, but among them is not that of what we call *general society*, i.e. the free intercourse of the various educated classes and both sexes, in polite assemblies of all kinds, from morning calls and wedding breakfasts to literary conversaziones and æsthetic tea-parties. I do not on this account despise the Turks; I wish it to be particularly understood that I have a great respect for them on many accounts. Not the least on this, that they are a nation of bearded men who know how to be silent when they have nothing to say, which is more than I, or any much bolder person, can venture to assert of another race of bearded men nearer our own island. On some other occasion it will give me pleasure to pay due honour to our Ottoman brethren for their hearty recognition of the maxim that “silence is better than speech.” But at present my business lies in an opposite direction.

Setting the Turks aside, then, we may challenge all Europe to produce worse *talkers* than ourselves. We are “naked savages in our talk,” in the sense of being unable to clothe our thoughts decently. We do not cultivate the faculty of verbal expression; we are, for all ordinary intents and purposes, exactly what Carlyle declares us to be,—viz. “an inarticulate nation.” Now this is certainly not a thing to take pride in; it is not a pleasing peculiarity; it is a positive defect.

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Go into an ordinary evening party, where the guests are collected for no other purpose than that of passing a few hours in social converse; what is the state of matters there?

“The circle form’d, we sit in solemn state,
Like figures carved upon a dial-plate.
‘Yes, Ma’am,’ and ‘No, Ma’am,’ utter’d softly, show,
Every five minutes, how the minutes go.”

Any one who recollects the rest of Cowper’s very clever description of an evening party will be ready to admit, at once, its applicability to similar réunions at the present day, and its perfect freedom from exaggeration. They, too, will sympathise with him in his delight when the hour of departure comes, and when, as he expresses it, he hastens

“As from a seven years’ transportation home.”

Now what is the cause of this entire failure in the object proposed in bringing people together? They are brought together for social conversation, and they do *not* converse. Why is this? Either they cannot, or they will not converse, or there is some powerful hindrance to the exercise of their ability and will, to do that which they have met together to do. If we look into the cause narrowly, we shall perhaps discover that it is a little of all three combined. They cannot converse, they will not converse, and certain circumstances prevent them from conversing.

Let us begin with the last preventive cause, the “certain circumstances that prevent people from conversing.” One of the chief of these I take to be the fact that they *are* brought together to converse; that they are set down to do that, upon compulsion, and at a given time, which can only be done properly spontaneously, and without premeditation. That which, if it were left to itself to spring up naturally out of some interest of the moment, would be one of the greatest pleasures, one of the most charming relaxations and most healthful exercises of the mind, is converted into the dulllest and most fatiguing of operations. It is much the same with the act of walking. The best physicians will tell you that a mere *duty walk*, imposed upon you, as is the custom in young ladies’ boarding-schools, at a stated time and within certain prescribed limits, is neither remarkably pleasurable nor healthful. You should go out for a walk, not as a business or mere cut-and-dried duty, but as a pleasure; either you should have something to walk out for, or the mere act of walking, of feeling your “life in every limb,” should be delightful to you. When that is the case, walking is healthful. But when you set out on a walk as if it were a penance, it would often be better for your health to stay at home. So it is with conversation. If people do not enter into it naturally, either because they have something important to learn or to impart, or because they take a delight in the mere exercise of the mind which it demands, they had better be silent and stay away from conversation parties. They should not go there to *make* talk, however small. Nothing is more tedious or offensive to persons of taste, than listening to a

repetition of the stereotyped phrases of people who have nothing to say at that precise moment, yet think it necessary to go about the room saying something to everybody, which everybody is tired of hearing, and which nobody cares to listen to.

To be obliged to take one's pleasure "on compulsion," is a grievous infringement of the rights of man; and at many an English party have I been reminded of an anecdote related of Talleyrand. When present at one of the emperor Napoleon's grand soirées at the Tuilleries, at which all sorts of people of the *ancien* and of the *nouveau régime* were present, and everything was very fine, and very solemn, and very dull (just like an ordinary English party), Napoleon was much annoyed at the want of conversation, and at the comparisons which he felt sure the company was making between this and former gay and witty réunions in the same place. He could not coerce his guests into a brilliant and lively conversational vein. Parisian as the party was, his imperial majesty knew that it was what the Parisians could not forgive; it was dull, emphatically flat, *Anglais*. Talleyrand, who knew his master's mind, and also felt the comedy of the thing, like a thorough Frenchman, is said to have gone about among the various groups, encouraging them to converse gaily, with the following remark, "*L'Empereur ne plaisante pas; il veut que l'on s'amuse.*" "The emperor is not joking at all. *It is his will* that you should amuse yourselves." And people were obliged to set themselves seriously to work to get up a conversation, and appear amused. Now, though we have no Talleyrands to go about in drawing rooms, and tell us that the host and hostess "expect every man will do his duty" in the talking way, yet do we not all feel at a heavy party that we ought to be appearing amused, and that we shall be a burden on our hosts if we do not achieve that business of the hour?

Another preventive cause to conversation on these occasions is, that the people who give parties in this country are apt to invite the guests without any regard to their fitness for each other, or, if they have some regard to that matter, they want the necessary discrimination. They generally assemble heterogeneous crowds; "a combination of disjointed things," in which there is no attraction of cohesion. In these gatherings every one feels out of his element, and looks in vain for some one whom he is glad to see, and longs to talk to. It is in vain that the various members of the host's family glide about, trying to produce something like a mixture of the company. The men get together, and the women get together. Some of the men talk politics, as it is called, *i.e.* they tell each other what was in the leading article in yesterday's "Times;" others go in twos and threes and are silent, or (in slang phraseology), *talk shop*. The women are generally distributed as follows: young ladies, who sit in corners and giggle; their mothers, who talk about babies, husbands, and servants; and other ladies, old and young, and neither the one nor the other, who wonder when the men are coming to

make themselves agreeable, when the supper will be announced, and where on earth Mrs. This or Miss That bought that frightful gown she wears. A great many witty things might be said about the absurdly incongruous nature of the elements out of which many good sort of people attempt to make a social conversational party. It is in vain they mutter the charm—

"Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may;"

it is powerless, for there is a more potent counter-charm at work, one that lies in the nature of things; a want of kindred in the spirits, a positive inability to mingle. Where it is otherwise,—in small coteries of people interested in the same thing; in parties composed exclusively of military people and their belongings, or of persons connected with the law, or with medicine, or with the church, or with literature,—in these cases there is no want of fellowship and animated talk; there is a bond of union between the various members of the society; but the fault in these narrow and exclusive circles is, that social conversation, instead of dissipating the prejudices of individuals, tends to foster and consolidate them. That which should be used as a means of exciting and enlarging the mind upon all subjects disconnected with the special business of a man's daily life, so as to make his sympathies and views tend as far as possible to universality, becomes a powerful agent in shutting him up within the circle of his professional business and usual mode of thought and feeling. He finds his own views of men and things reflected with little variety in the minds of those with whom he converses. The *esprit de corps* is so strong in these coteries that they cannot tolerate what does not belong to themselves. The very language they use becomes impregnated with a certain slang, unintelligible to any stray visitor from the world beyond the exclusive circle. To such a visitor much of the talk he hears will be little more agreeable than that of what is called general society, alluded to above.

It does not appear very difficult to remove these two hindrances to social converse, when they are recognised. Let those who give parties be careful to select the guests with a view to their fitness for each other's society, and let them be brought together with some general object in view, not merely to talk. Let there be a short but good musical performance, if your guests love music. It will cost but a few guineas more, and if you cannot well afford the addition, spend a little less upon your supper table. You will find yourself amply repaid by the effect produced among your guests. They will all be pleased, for the grand secret of pleasure is to have the mind agreeably occupied. Conversation will arise naturally out of the performance, and will soon pass freely to other subjects. Even those whose dispositions are taciturn will have enjoyed the music, and will feel that the time has been well employed. The exhibition of curiosities or novelties in mechanical invention would, in like manner, interest another class of guests, and

lead to animated and entertaining conversation. One or two new pictures, or a statue from the studio of a first-rate artist, shown to a private party of persons who possess knowledge and taste in art, would set the conversation going. For those who have no interest in art or science, and who do not readily talk about matters of general interest, there are various games which may be introduced with advantage into evening parties,—chess, whist, backgammon, and even round games of cards. For the younger portion of the guests, dancing and charades tastefully got up will almost always induce conversation. In proportion to the intellectual faculties and higher affections of our nature brought out in communion with our fellows, will be the positive pleasure we derive from that communion. And we may depend upon this, that if our higher faculties are *not* called into action in what are named amusements, we shall not be amused, for even children do not like what they call *stupid* play. Therefore it follows that conversation will be amusing and satisfactory to the company just in proportion to the amount of intellectual force and grace, to the happy mixture of reason and feeling, of liveliness and earnestness, and of moral truth and goodness of character brought into play by it. The author of "Friends in Council" is one who speaks with authority upon the "Art of Living" generally. In this great subject is included that of conversation and social intercourse. In his late admirable essay, he mentions, among other hindrances to social intercourse, two important things, besides one of those we have just spoken of. We cannot do better than give them in his own words:—"In all social intercourse there is an implied faithfulness of the members of the society one to another; and if this faithfulness were well maintained, not only would a great deal of pain and mischief be prevented, but men, knowing that they were surrounded by people with a nice sense of honour in this respect, would be more frank and explicit in all they said and did. As it is, a thoughtful and kind-hearted man is often obliged to make his discourse very barren, lest it should be repeated to a circle for whom it was not intended, by whom it could not be understood, and who can rarely have before them the circumstance which led to its being uttered."

From this cause social intercourse is rendered superficial and half-true, if not wholly untrue, and thus anything like free or eloquent conversation is prevented. The other hindrance is thus spoken of by Mr. Helps:—"There is a light, jesting, slippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation, and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability, as if men came together chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing their neighbours, and of talking slightly about matters of great concern. I am not sure that this conduct in society is not a result rather than a cause, a result of vanity, want of truth, want of faithfulness, and other hindrances which we have been considering. It

certainly bespeaks a lamentable want of charity, and shows that those who indulge in it are sadly ignorant of the dignity of social intercourse, and of what a grand thing it might be."

"A grand thing," indeed! But it will never be *that*, and conversation will never be anything but mean and contemptible, as long as the foolish desire to be always funny, the desecrating love of the ridiculous, continues to prevail amongst us. Let us have *wit*, if you will, *humour*, if you will, spontaneous drollery and high spirits within graceful limits, if you will, neat satire, if you will, fair and well directed; but perish all unfair and ill-natured satire, and every atom of that lively stupidity which thinks itself so very clever that it may turn all things, in heaven and earth, into food for silly laughter and sillier sneers. There may be noisy talk, but there can be no good conversation in the midst of buffoonery or petty giggling.

Having thus glanced at some of those circumstances which prevail in society to the prevention of conversation,—the communion of mind with mind by means of truthful living words, let us proceed to the consideration of the remainder of our argument, viz, that people in this country *can* not converse and *will* not converse in society.

To excel in any art we must practise it, and no one will practise an art who does not attach importance to it, either through natural inclination, or because reason tells him that it is good to do so. Now, the art of speaking in one that is much neglected of us. *Res non verba*, is our national motto. Because things, in some respects, are of more importance than words, we underrate the value of words, and we do not care to possess a complete mastery over them. This is altogether an error. The faculty of speech is one of the highest given to man; without it there could have been no communication of thought, and society, except as among monkeys and beavers, could not have existed at all. In very few cases can a great thought become action, become a *thing*, without the intervention of the living word, into which the thought must be translated before it can be apprehended by another thinking being. Only by means of the fine arts (which are also manifestations of thought), and by the art of speech, can we learn what is in the minds and hearts of our fellow men. What the fair statue is to the mind of the sculptor, (the expression of his inner thought and feeling), is fair speech, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," to the mind of the thinker. Without "the spoken words," he would be an isolated creature, and could not impart the truth and beauty which would lie pent up within him. Words are indeed things, and things of the most enduring and most precious kind, if they be rightly considered. Indeed some philosophers have doubted whether we can think without words, and, indeed, it seems scarcely doubtful that words are necessary to the completion of thought; that that thought is but half matured which is not, or cannot, be expressed in fitting words.

By *thought* I mean something distinct from feeling or passion. Words are by no means mere breath, unsubstantial, shadowy, and good for nothing. They are for good and for evil; they are real entities. It would be well that we changed our national motto, and wrote in our text books *Res et verba*. Once let us get to a rightful understanding of the value of words, and we should learn to use them well; we should be taught early the art of expressing our thoughts and feelings, instead of never being taught anything of the kind. Instead of being "naked savages in our talk," clothing our meaning scantily in the first rag of utterance that comes to hand, we should be civilized men in our words as well as in our actions. At present we *will* not talk well, and we *can* not talk well, because we do not appreciate the art of conversation. This is one of those things (generally among the highest we have to do with on earth), which we must learn to love and to admire, before we shall be able to practise it. England is inarticulate, not because she wants the faculty of speech, but because she does not value it enough to use it.

These observations do not apply to exceptional cases. One swallow does not make a summer, nor do Sir James Mackintosh and Sidney Smith, and a dozen other brilliant conversationalists, make a generation of men who can talk well. These and such as these, of whom there are, I believe, a few specimens afloat upon society in the present day, are to be considered as *rara aves*. They stand proudly preeminent amidst the great national inaptitude for conversation. They are talked of and sought after as wonders. But this would not be the case in all countries. What may have befallen the art of conversation since February 1848, I cannot say, but before that time I believe any Parisian *salon* of reputation could produce rivals (in talking—my comparison goes no farther,) to most of our celebrated wits, except, perhaps, Sydney Smith, who was *sui generis*. But to converse it is not necessary to be a great wit. The art of conversation may be very gracefully practised by people who are not at all witty. It is quite sufficient that a man be well educated, well informed, with a decided taste for, and interest in, one or two pursuits beyond his profession, and that he be of a *genial* and *truthful* character, with good temper, and a readiness to impart and to receive ideas. These qualities, with a little study and practice in the art of extempore expression will enable a man to make a good figure in general conversation, and to derive from it as much pleasure as he gives. The qualities just enumerated are precisely those which are required to make a *man* and a *gentleman*, not a mere professor of this or that, who is well acquainted with one corner of the world of human knowledge and interests, but is ignorant of the rest. The present evil result of the division of labour, moral as well as physical, is the tethering down of each individual to a certain allotment of the field of knowledge, beyond which he has, at first, no time and

subsequently no desire to wander. Hence a want of common interests and of enlarged views, out of which, alone, anything worthy the name of conversation can spring. A person of the kind that is best fitted for social intercourse is thus described in a conversation of the "Friends in Council." It is Milverton, the author, who speaks:—

"I do not think sufficient credit is given to people of eminence in social qualities. To take an instance; you know our old college friend ——. Well, you know what a serviceable man he is in society, how sure he is in any company to promote the happiness and amusement of all around. His wit is of the lambent and not of the forked kind; it lights up every topic with grace and variety, and it hurts nobody. I suppose no one ever left his company aggrieved by any saying of his. Very often you can carry away nothing that he has said, for his humour has been continuous, and a pailful of water from any river will no more give a notion of its beauty, than a quotation from his conversation of its richness, grace, and drollery. I do not know whether — is, or will be, successful in his profession; that greatly depends upon other people; but to my mind he is a successful man. If he does not, however, obtain professional success, he may have all the graces and merits in the world; most people will pronounce his life a failure."

That is because most people are too apt to consider that merit lies in what a man *does*, and not in what he *is*. This error in judgment is one that is excusable enough in a complicated system of society like our own, in which it is not easy to know what men are, except by their actions, and in which that man who takes no share in the divided labour of the age, who does not employ part of his time in some one thing for the general good, is likely to stand still on the bank while the rapid stream of human interests runs by him. A life of contemplation, of indefinite work and general interest, without a special employment, is not a safe or wholesome life for ordinary people, although here and there individuals may be found who are exactly fitted for such a mode of existence. These people, if of a genial communicative nature, are among the very best conversationalists, because they are among the best men; their talk is sunny, and full of warmth, of light and shadow, like a summer day, when you have no thought of turning the powers of nature to a money account; when you do not think how much corn the sun will ripen, or the wind will grind.

If any one were to ask me to define good conversation, I should be very much puzzled to do it, and probably should not succeed in satisfying either my readers or myself with a definition. But of two things I am almost certain. One is, that conversation, to be good, must be *characteristic*, that is, it should reflect the character of the speaker; any want of truthfulness in that respect is a want of vitality, a want of the projectile force, by which the thing said strikes against the brain and heart of the hearer. For this reason no prepared or made up talk ever reaches its object, unless that object be to affect the inferior orders of mind, and no person who talks *beneath* himself can talk well; it would be better to talk over the

heads of the company. The other thing about conversation, of which I feel tolerably certain, is, that if my readers will refer to Bacon's essay on Discourse, they will find there the very best rules laid down for general and particular conversation. If any one will take the trouble to study that wise and brilliant composition, he will not fail to perceive in what good conversation consists. If every person capable of understanding it were obliged to read that essay before he went out to a dinner or an evening party, I cannot help thinking there would be a marked improvement in the talking. It will perhaps be allowed me to quote a few sentences by way of finishing well, *i.e.* leaving the best thing to the last. "It is good in discourse and speech of conversation to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. And generally men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom and well chosen. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used: for discourse ought to be as a field without coming home to any man. Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order."

J. M. W.

FRED SHIRLEY'S MAY DAY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY W. M.

"There's many a cloudy morning turns out a very fine day."—*Old Saw.*

At thirteen Fred Shirley was an orphan with a grandmother, thirty-four cousins, from the first degree downwards, and two thousand pounds in the three-and-a-half per cents. His guardian was a lawyer, with a family of his own, and a tolerably extensive practice; and although he had been a great friend of Fred's father, (indeed, they were almost brothers at school,) the affection did not descend to the son, and he cared little enough about his young charge. Perhaps it was better for Fred that it was so; for though with powers enough to act for himself if obliged to do so, yet his fault through life was a disinclination for voluntary and unforced exertion.

And so after the funeral, when Fred was staying at his guardian's house, they had a business interview; and the boy got through it pretty well, too.

"Well, Frederic," said the man of law, "you know, I suppose, your poor father's wish about your

education—some good public school for you before you enter at Oxford—don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Fred.

"Now, the interest of your money will never be sufficient to cover these expenses. You will have, therefore, to draw upon your principal."

"Yes, Sir," said Fred.

"Suppose, then, we put by 1,000*l.* for your college expenses, and devote the remainder to the payment of your school bills. I think, with the running interest, we shall find the sum ample."

"Yes, Sir," said Fred.

"Then I'll write to Winchester to-night; and you had better spend the remainder of your time before school begins with your grandmother in Worcestershire. I'll take your place as I go along."

"Yes, Sir," said Fred, and walked home to the private house; for this conversation had taken place in Gray's Inn. Mr. Rawlinson never talked business except in chambers.

At nineteen Fred Shirley still had a grandmother, more cousins than six years before, and one thousand pounds in the three-and-a-quarter per cents. Fred withdrew his support from the government, he said, immediately they reduced the three-and-a-half. It was unconstitutional, and he could not, and would not, countenance it.

At twenty-three Fred Shirley was in the same condition, with the exception that he had nothing in the three-and-a-quarter per cents, and ten pounds in his pocket, and had been duly allowed by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford to write, and have his name written, Frederic Shirley, B.A.

Fred Shirley gave a parting dinner to some twenty of his most intimate friends, all of whom were very happy to come, for the dinner was good, and Shirley was a pleasant host; but eighteen out of these twenty voted him a fool for the expense, and some few of them cut him dead in London three months after. Indeed, the only lasting effect of the dinner was the diminution of our friend's exchequer, as we have said, to the sum of ten pounds. But for this Fred cared little; he had not the slightest doubt that there were innumerable situations merely waiting for him to accept them, and he even looked forward with pleasure to have really something to do. So with a light heart Fred Shirley entered London, put up at his usual hotel, and answered every eligible advertisement in the *Times* for the next succeeding three days, and received no reply. This won't do, thought Fred, I must insert a few lines myself, and then I shall have the choice of all the answers; and he paid seven shillings for a neatly worded notice that a graduate of Oxford, having a few hours disengaged, would be happy, &c. &c.

As a general rule I should say, when you read of these few hours disengaged you may rest satisfied that the advertiser's whole time is totally and entirely unoccupied. It is one of the *ruses* of life, like "Vacancies for one," "Early application for the few copies left," "Property of a gentleman leaving the

country," and so on. This, however, by way of digression. No one seemed to want the few disengaged hours of an Oxford graduate, and Master Shirley became just a trifle uneasy.

He returned oftener to the coffee-room to look for letters; he read the advertising sides of the papers first; he did not like going to bed early lest he should brood over unpleasant thoughts, and he slept on perforce as long as he could in the morning to avoid thought at all.

He was a very different man from the Shirley who used to come in and out so gaily in days gone by; the very waiters saw it and guessed the reason. They are sharp fellows these waiters.

One cannot live for life at an hotel upon ten pounds; so like a wise man our friend spent a whole day wandering about the northern and western parts of London looking for lodgings. It was the pleasantest day he had spent for some time, for he had an object in view, and when this was the case Fred generally succeeded; so that by ten o'clock that evening he had paid his bill, moved his property, and taken possession of two rooms on the third floor of a house in Judd Street, New Road. And a gleam of satisfaction shot through his heart, and he looked round again on a spot he could call his own. His rooms at Oxford had been much better, certainly, still here was private and sole possession, and this is a wonderful comfort.

And Fred drew the old sofa before the fire, (for it was January, and a cold January, too,) pulled off his boots, threw up his legs, and pondered on his ways and means. He thought of the cousins, but there was little comfort there; he thought of Mr. Rawlinson, but only for a moment; he was not the man for a difficulty, (unless for a rich client in difficulties, then he was admirable,) and then he thought of his grandmother, and jumped up with something of his old vigour about him, and, as he termed it, "polished off a letter to her." And, really, to do Fred justice, it was a very good letter—open, straightforward—not presumptuous, but tolerably confident, and with some touches positively affecting. Just the letter to interest an old lady like Mrs. Shirley, who was very eccentric, very prejudiced, very much behind the day, but with a very good heart at bottom. And, for my own part, I care very little about eccentricities and prejudices if I can but find the good heart at the bottom.

Fred Shirley liked the letter, too; sealed it, hoped much from it, and went to bed.

Three months have passed. It is May-day morning, very early, for the clocks have but just chimed the passing-bell of April, but it is May-day all the same, and Fred Shirley is slowly walking through Russell-Square.

And what has he been doing all this time since we left him on his sofa in January? His grandmother had sent him a five-pound note—she was too much behind the day to know anything of post-office orders, and the transmission of the one half, the acknowledgment of the same, and the forwarding the other, had

occupied some eight days, to her grandson's great disgust—and had promised the same on the first of every month; and it was very liberal of the old lady, for she was by no means rich, and was particularly scandalized at the disappearance of Fred's two thousand pounds. Now, there are a vast number of persons who live in London, some single, some married and with large families, on five and twenty shillings a-week. Some, too, no doubt, put by money and invest it in profitable ways; and many of these people dress well, too, and have their enjoyments on certain days. Shirley knew this, and made some very excellent plans for doing likewise, but, alas! they failed.

He did not put by money. I am afraid his landlady's bills were somewhat in arrear, and his laundress had sent a message or two to him. What was the consequence? Why, Shirley became one of those wretched beings, a "mooner" about London. He would walk to the Bank in the morning, and take two hours and a half to stroll up to Piccadilly, then stroll back again to the city for his dinner, and waste and loiter away the evening as he could. He became learned in different chop-houses, and knew where the best ordinaries were held at low prices.

Poor Fred! directly he got into difficulties he lost all system, and would have an expensive dinner at the beginning of the month, and then go without one for two or three days. Depend on it, reader, there is nothing much more detrimental to self-respect than to go without dinner from compulsion.

Poor Fred! I say again. What! uncharitable one, do you demur? Do you say he ought to have been more careful? So he ought, no doubt; but, O Draco! stern lawgiver and judge, did you ever try to live in London upon five pounds a-month? If you were to do so, and had led anything like Fred Shirley's life before, you would do just as he did, I feel morally certain.

And Fred is in Russell Square all this time. No; he has passed through it and is in one of the private streets near the Foundling, and he has backed off the pavement, and is looking up at a bright drawing-room window, from which float pleasantly the sounds of music and the soft murmur of female tones. One man's voice he thought he recognised, but it must have been imagination. There were shadows on the blinds, too, and there was one head,—magnified enormously, 'tis true,—but Fred took quite a fancy for it, and as he watched the dancing curls he wondered what the face was like.

"I suppose it would be no good ringing the bell and sending up my card," thought Fred; "I could make myself tolerably agreeable once; but I dare say I have forgotten the way. No; I'll go home."

Home! Poor Fred, the home looked very dull and very ghastly as he drew a lucifer-match and lit a candle. "Any letters, I wonder. No. Well, I might have heard, I hoped, from that Anti-Ramoneur Association to-night." And very low, very hopeless, and with a very sinking heart, Fred Shirley sought his pillow on May-day morning.

THE TOWER



THE TOWER

Fred Shirley was a mighty dreamer; he said his dreams were his greatest comfort. No sooner were his eyes closed than he was transported far away from that bed in Judd Street; and so on this May morning, in ten minutes he was one of the presiding genii of the hilarity of the evening in that well-lit drawing-room he had so enviously gazed at; and his chosen and most pleasant companion was a bright face with waving curls.

It was a very bright sun that shone into Fred Shirley's bed-room when he woke, and this same sun blazed so warmly into his eyes that he could not shut them again, and so thoroughly roused him that he was out and dressed much more expeditiously than usual. The usual anxious, hurried glance on his table for letters—yes, there was one! Frederic Shirley, Esq. (he always answered advertisements in his own name,) very large, too, very business-like, and a great oblong official seal, with "Anti-Ramoneur Association," in deeply cut letters round a brick-broom and scraper salient-wise.

Drowning men catch at straws; Fred Shirley caught at the letter, and was immediately, in imagination, Secretary of this said Association, with a salary of 300 guineas a year, rooms, coals, and candles free.

Live on, Fred Shirley, in the imaginary purport of that letter; the reality will be scarcely so pleasant to thee. And what were the contents of this large business-like epistle? Why, a long prospectus of this Society, which was in course of formation, and for the proper carrying on of which, if formed according to the plans of the originators, one hundred clerks would be required at salaries varying from 500*l.* to 100*l.* a-year; and Mr. Shirley was informed that his name was placed seventeenth on the list, and he was respectfully requested to use his influence in behalf of a Society which would so materially conduce to the happiness and well-being of mankind as the Anti-Ramoneur Association.

And this was all Fred Shirley ever saw of his secretaryship and its appurtenances. And so it had been with all the attempts he had made during the last three months.

His appetite was not very good after this, and as he loitered over his breakfast, he took, as was his custom, the first book which lay near his hand. It was an old volume of a Guide to the Almanac, and he opened on the article on May-day, and read:—"The young people of both sexes go out early in the morning of the first of May, to gather the flowering thorns and the dew on the grass, which they bring home with music and acclamations, and having dressed a pole on the town green with garlands, dance round it. The dew is considered a grand cosmetic, and preserves the face from wrinkles."

"By Jove! why, it's the first of May to-day. I wonder whether 'the young people of both sexes' in London keep up this custom; tolerably improbable, I should say, but I'll stick to it, and I'll go and gather 'the flowering thorns and the dew on the grass' by myself. The latter, at any rate, will be useful,

for, if this life lasts much longer, my visage will be as wrinkled and furrowed as a ploughed field."

Ever energetic in his movements, in a very short space of time Fred Shirley had his hat and boots on, had taken his stick and was wending his way up the New Road. King's Cross, that noble structure, called forth no smile on his gloomy visage; he had seen it too often to appreciate now its great practical facetiousness. Rival omnibuses having a spurt up the rise by Claremont Square, had no interest for him; the continual bustle and confusion of the Angel Inn, Islington, brought not one trace of pleasurable excitement to him. No; although all was so bright around, there was little sunshine in poor Shirley's heart—his case was an unfortunate one. When he was in his rooms he was uneasy and fidgety to be out, and when he was out he was equally dissatisfied with himself, and wondered that he could have ever left the house. The streets were a perpetual source of annoyance to him; everything brought his lamentable case before his mind. There were the shops—he was always wishing to buy, but, alas! never able; there was the general look of employment about the faces of all he met, the air of 'something to do,' which is so enviable to the man idle from necessity; and then,—for though it is doubtless a weakness, it is yet a common and natural one,—most of the passers by, who had any pretensions to dress at all, were better dressed than he.

He found London different from Oxford, and without the same facilities for adorning his person which that seat of wisdom afforded; for London tailors are shy of poorly dressed men, who come to them without introductions; and so he had lived on upon his original wardrobe, and to his grief he discovered that the originality of each article was rapidly failing, and sinking into sere and yellow seediness. All this was gall and wormwood to Fred Shirley; his mind had got into that morbid state that he looked on everything with aversion; it was not in his idea that others were deserving, but that he was unfortunate.

"Look at that contemptible wretch riding down to the city," soliloquized he, as the mud from the horses' feet slightly spattered his sleeve; "now that man, I dare say, has not more brains than I have, if so much; has had not one quarter the education, and nothing like the gentlemanlike tastes and habits; and yet he rides gaily along,—by the bye, if that seat can be called riding,—while I — pshaw!"

Now, you were wrong there, Frederic Shirley; that young man was at Eton; he was at a better college than yourself at Oxford; he has twenty times your talent, and bids fair to be one of the most rising barristers of the day. So learn a lesson, Shirley, and do not let your jaundiced eye give such an ungenerous hue to all things.

And this was simply and entirely from the poor fellow's comparative poverty. It requires a very strong mind to bear, without injury to its moral sense, a reverse of fortune. How many a man there is who once was held up as a pattern of delicacy and strict

honour, reduced by straitened circumstances to allow and to perform actions which once he would have scouted in others and deemed impossible in himself!

Mind, reader, there are, and ever will be, noble exceptions, where the waters of reverse and disappointments, instead of quenching or dimming the flame of noble spirit and high purpose, have been rather as oil to make that flame burn more brightly and clearly; but, depend on it, these are the exceptions, and Fred Shirley's is no uncommon case.

On with thee, Fred; there may yet be something in store for thee on May-day. He half seemed to think so himself; he had reached Highgate Hill, and he sat himself down on the mile-stone, and, with a smile on his face, (the first for the day,) turned his ear towards dusky London, to discover if there were any Whittingtonian bells ringing forth for him to "turn again."

There were bells ringing, but these words were not in their tones, and yet the idea seemed to have done him good; the smile had done him good; and the idea expanded, and he believed that some turn must soon take place, and that brighter days would come; and the smile expanded, and Fred Shirley laughed. Yes, he laughed at all his bad temper and ill-feeling, and the bad temper and the ill feeling fled away, as such things always do when treated in this manner.

"He that has no time to mourn has no time to mend:" I have read that somewhere," thought Shirley. "Well, I have mourned for three months or more, but I'll begin to mend now. And, first, for some bold stroke to turn the tables, to give me something to do. I'll write a book, or a comedy, or a farce, or a paper for a magazine, or a leading article for some weekly paper. Let me think," and he sat himself on a gate by the lane into which he had wandered, somewhere near Hornsey. He had formed a general outline of the character of the comedy, a strong idea of the plot of the book, two or three excellent situations for the farce, a glowing notion of the magazine paper, and a glimmering of the leading article, and was just going back to work up the comedy a little when he sprang from the gate as if the top had suddenly become red-hot.

"Fred Shirley, by all that's glorious!"

"Williams, my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you!"

It was the first effervescence of his heart startled from its cynical frigidity; for one moment he *was* very glad to see his friend, the next he hated the chance which had led to this meeting. His pride was touched; he did not choose that one of his former gayest friends should know or guess his present condition and prospects. He had reversed the order of nature, had enjoyed his butterfly state first, and was now merged in the chrysalis, and he repudiated the chrysalis, and would rather be remembered or forgotten, as the case might be, as the butterfly.

And up dashed two ladies on horseback, (Williams was mounted,) and not seeing, or not noticing Fred, called out:—

"Oh, Harry! what a chase you have given us; we are blown to the winds."

This completed Fred's annoyance; and, with a "Good day, now; we shall meet again; I have a particular engagement," he was turning away.

"Why, in the name of fortune, are you going, man? I've a hundred things to talk to you about. Ellen—Fanny—my most intimate and light-hearted friend, Fred Shirley. Fred, my sisters."

The intimate and light-hearted friend would have been delighted if some mysterious power had removed him in bodily shape to the centre of the largest haystack in the adjoining fields; but no such power came to his relief, and he had nothing left but to bow and mutter a few words in a low and unsatisfactory manner.

There was no possible reason, though, why Shirley should have been discontented with his lot; the young ladies were very pretty and very agreeable; one with hair in black and massive bands, the other with light waving curls leaping and frolicking round her hat in the wildest way imaginable.

"And now, old fellow, tell me all about yourself—what are you doing? where are you staying? how long have you been in London? why have you not found me out before? how are all the old set? how did you all get on the year after I left Oxford? have you met Spiller in town?—he would have told me, though, if you had."

"My dear Harry," said Fanny, "how can Mr. Shirley answer all these questions at once? Begin in order, for very pity's sake."

"I will. Well, Fred, what are you doing?"

"Reading for the bar, but not very hard, I'm afraid," was the reply.

Oh, Fred Shirley! why so weak?—why not confess that you are doing nothing? And this thought shot across his conscience, and he was ashamed of himself for the subterfuge. So he satisfied his scruples by the reflection that a deep knowledge of nature was one of the most important requirements at the bar; "and do I not study nature in the streets, hedges, and by-ways daily?" reasoned Fred. By the way, this reading for the bar was no invention of Shirley's; it is a cloak which covers and screens the idleness of many a man; there is something so beautifully undefined in the expression, and the really correct way of acting up to the profession is so little generally known that the chances of detection are small. I don't myself believe much in men when they tell me they are reading for the bar; but then I am partly behind the scenes, for I knew Fred Shirley and one or two others of the same class.

And then Fred told them he had rooms in Judd Street; and Fanny Williams remarked that they must have been very near him on the evening before, for that they were at a party close to that street. And, like a flash of lightning, it burst upon Fred Shirley; he had never seen the curls before, but he had seen their shadow on the blind, and the voice he fancied he recognised was his friend Williams's; there was not a

doubt about it in his mind; but he did not confess now he had stood in the road and looked at the windows, and had gone away saddened in heart from envy of so much happiness he could not share. At least he did not tell them *then*: long afterwards, perhaps, it may have been mentioned with other confessions.

But the effect of the discovery was mighty upon him. "Oh, there's decidedly fate in this; *kismet*, as the Turks say. I'll resign myself to the stream of circumstance." And Fred floated down the stream as gaily as the gilded galley of a Cleopatra, with its silken sails and pennons floating in the sunbeams. And when they reached Springfield Lodge, he walked into the house as coolly and naturally as if he had received a regular invitation three weeks before, and had come dressed and prepared for the very purpose of dining there.

Any friend of Harry's was certain of a warm reception, particularly if he came just at dinner-time; for there was always a good dinner at the Williams's, and the old man was proud of it, and felt his heart glow with an innocent pride as he made his customary remark, "Now, Sir, here you find us just as we always are—no preparation—a family leg of mutton in a quiet way." But, oh! reader, if you had dined at that table as often as I have, your ideas would be materially expanded as to the comprehensive signification of a "family leg of mutton."

Shirley rose with the occasion. Circumstances make the man; at any rate he had found the reverse true, for the circumstances of the last few months had nearly unmade him, and the revulsion was all the more powerful. The old gentleman was a first-rate man of business; his opinion was good sterling currency on 'Change; but he never talked business in his own house. He was a wretched attempt at a farmer, and he talked of farming incessantly. Perhaps at times he might have been considered slightly a bore on that point; but it is strange what a vast deal of boring one can stand at such a table as his, when your host is the inflieter.

A short account of the habits of the Hampshire hog, which Fred had read years back in White's "Selbourne," went directly to the heart of the worthy merchant, and when, in the course of conversation, he mentioned a successful plan he had seen adopted in Worcestershire of rearing guinea-fowls, Mr. Williams decided him to be a very superior and well-informed young man, and gave secret intimation that the claret was to be taken from bin No. 9. Mrs. Williams, like some other ladies of her age and position, had a deep and absorbing interest in the royal family. Now, Fred was not on visiting terms at the palace, but he had once entered those revered precincts on occasion of an address being presented from the University, and a vivid description of this, in which I confess he drew rather largely from his imagination in his account of the fittings and ornaments of the rooms, won the old lady's regard for life. As to the young ladies, it seems utterly impossible not to be agreeable in their

company; so cheerful, unaffected, and ready to be pleased, that as Fred closed the door, as the last of the waving ringlets floated out, he even heaved a sigh, and would have preferred following to the drawing-room at once. But there was the claret from bin No. 9 to be discussed first.

If Frederic Shirley, when he left Judd Street that morning, had been told by some weird person that he would meet a gentleman and two ladies riding; that he would go home with them, dine, and before half-past eight that evening (although all the parties were strangers to him except one) have fully disclosed his plans, hopes, disappointments, and prospects, Fred Shirley would have spurned the weird person from his path, as a melancholy satire on a profession to the knowledge of future events.

Yet so it was. And he told all, too, in such an honest, unaffected manner, that Mr. Williams was at one moment laughing heartily at the droll way in which Fred would describe some of his failures, and at the next sympathising so deeply with his ill fortune that he was on the point of drawing a check for some handsome sum, only he knew well enough that such a mode of assistance was utterly impracticable.

But when the claret was finished, the evening was by no means over too; there were bright eyes waiting for you, Fred Shirley, and a remark had been made, how odd it was papa would take so long after dinner. And they had talked you over, and imagined all sorts of things about your present, past, and future life; and Fanny had openly avowed that, for her part, she was quite convinced you were not reading much, and never intended going to the bar. "Not a bit of it," said Fanny; "I know a lawyer, or a future one, at first sight; there's something about their brow and eyes; and young barristers always speak to you as if you were in a witness box; they think it good practice, I fancy, to be suspicious, and ask your reasons for what you say. Oh dear, no; Mr. Shirley will never wear a wig."

"And a great pity he should, my dear, with such a nice head of hair of his own," murmured old Mrs. Williams, who was half asleep.

But when the gentlemen joined them, there was not the slightest appearance of their being expected. Mary sprang from her chair to ring for coffee, and Fanny was at the piano deeply buried in a mass of music, apparently intent on searching for some particular song. And Fred Shirley certainly made the best use of his time; he chatted with Mrs. Williams, turned over music for the young ladies, tried a *bass* to three or four songs, had a long confidential talk to his old friend Harry, and played three or four rubbers with papa or mamma. It was the worst thing he did that evening, for he revoked twice, and nearly invariably trumped his partner's trick; but that partner was Fanny, and that rather added to the old people's pleasure than the contrary. A nice little supper—for, though they dined at four, the Williams's were old-fashioned people, and always had supper—

and the day was gone; it was over, and Fred Shirley felt that he must go. And a hearty good-bye he received from each of the family, with a warm invitation to come and see them very often, which he assured them most sincerely he fully intended to do, and left the house with a lighter step than he had for many a day. The last omnibus was gone; but he did not care for that; he rather enjoyed the idea of quietly walking home in the cool pleasant starlight, and thinking over again and again the unexpected events of the day.

May-day was numbered with its predecessors when Fred jumped into bed, and it was rather a singular coincidence that on this night, as on the preceding, he should have dreamt of those same waving ringlets.

Night and morning! 'Tis the epitome of life! Fred Shirley woke with that feeling of something on the mind which rests for some moments in an undefined shape till it resolves itself into pleasure or pain. What was it which made the difference between this morning's first consciousness and that of many preceding ones? In one flood it burst upon him, and he was broad awake.

Broad awake to a sensation of intense dissatisfaction. The impulses of the night had passed away, and the sober reflections of morning had arrived. The gloom around him was deeper from the gleam of light which had shone. "And I was simpleton enough to confess everything about myself to that unimaginative strict business-man of money who would, of course, think me first a fool for not being able to earn my daily bread, and next a greater fool for telling him, a stranger, of it. I thought I knew the world better; but Harry was most affectionate. Pooh! how could he help it in his own house? His sisters—pshaw! they had not heard my confession. And now I shall have the whole family driving through the street, to look at the place where the man lives who, living like a beggar as he is, with nothing in the wide world to do, was reading for the bar, forsooth! Inconceivable ninny that I am!"

And yet his conscience would smite him for this doubt of his friends; and so the struggle went on the whole day as he wandered about far away from Hornsey; and, wearied and worn out, he returned to his lodgings earlier than usual that evening. He ran up stairs with a beating heart, though saying to himself, "How absurd of me to suppose that he would call!" and yet eager was his glance to the table, and bitter his disappointment as no card or letter lay there.

"No one called to-day on me, of course?" asked he in a careless tone of the servant who came to light his lamp.

The girl stared at the unusual question as she answered in the negative.

"And better that no one should," muttered he; "better leave me alone and unheeded in my misery than come to look at me in it, and perhaps despise me for it. And yet, Harry Williams," he apostrophized aloud, as he paced the room rapidly, "I would

have called the man a liar who had said you would cut an old friend because he was poor!"

Poor Fred Shirley! your temper and your patience were sorely tried, and your confidence in human nature must have been firm indeed not to have tottered on its base, when day after day passed by and nothing occurred otherwise than if May-day had been a *dies non*, and the year had leaped from April 30 to May 2.

Yes, *something* did occur. He was sauntering up Judd Street in the middle of the day, about the tenth of the month, when, turning round at the sound of a carriage, he caught sight of a face in it. With one bound Fred was in the nearest shop, (it was a linen-draper's,) and there he stood behind a pile of flannel, while it rolled by. It cost him a couple of yards of shoe ribbon, and the miserable reflection that the Williamses had cut him dead, without forgetting his existence, as he had seen them looking at the windows of the houses on each side. He would have changed his lodgings, but there were difficulties in the way, hinted at in the commencement of our acquaintance with him.

Thirteen days have passed, and the rays of the fourteenth of May seem struggling in vain to pierce the low clouds and drizzling mist which give warning in London of a wet day; and a letter lay waiting for Fred Shirley on his breakfast table, while Fred Shirley himself lay lingering in bed. He had no object to rise, that he knew of, and when he could sleep no longer, he took a novel from the chair by his side and began to read. To be reduced to such a proceeding as this betokens a low ebb of a man's mental resources; and he felt it at last, for he cast off his torpor and wandered to his sitting-room.

"A letter! and I have been lying like a log in bed. Post-mark, Hornsey;" and he tore open the envelope, and this was the letter:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—You must indeed have thought us a most extraordinary race of people, and have imagined no end of strange things, from not having seen or heard of us since the day on which I fell upon you—by-the-bye, I shall never forget your jump from the gate. The fact is, I was called away suddenly on business (I'm a business man now, really, you know, Fred) the morning after we met, and only returned last evening. And here have I, while away, been soothing my filial feelings by the idea of how excellently you were taking my place, and filling the part of *le bon fils* in my absence; and when I come back I find you have been neither seen nor heard of. It appears you did not tell us your whereabouts in Judd Street, and my good family, not having the same confidence as myself in the wonderful-discovery powers of the Post-Office, never thought of directing to you without the number.

"Nevertheless, to do my good mother justice, she has taken the carriage through your street daily (to the astonishment of John), in the hope that she by some happy fortune might light on you." ("Confound that pile of flannel!" thought Shirley.)

"And now, my dear fellow, for a bit of seriousness. My good father, wise man that he is, has been bitten by this speculating mania, though, mind you, he is not the man to aid in any dishonourable or truckling scheme; and the consequence is that he has some considerable influence in many railway companies. Hence has come to him the offer for me of the secretaryship to a new line, which promises very well, they say—the South-West Anglian, or some such name. He won't hear of my leaving his own concern, and assures me of his immediate intention of changing the firm from 'Williams & Co.' (that Co. always puzzles me—I'll be hanged if I know who our Co. are) to Williams, Son & Co. with some material increase to my allowance. 'But,' said the dear old gentleman, 'will it do for your friend, Shirley, for a time, you know, till he is called to the bar, if he positively intends entering that profession?' By-the-bye, my sister Fanny says she has very little belief in your hard reading for the bar, and says you'll never make a lawyer. (She has just looked over me, seen this, boxed my ears, and ordered me to tear this up; but I have not time for rough copies of letters, so you must forgive her.) Therefore, my dear Fred, think it over; the salary is 250*l.* and, if the thing rises, will of course rise too. Dine with us to-morrow, and we will discuss the affair over some of bin No. 9. Till then, with kind regards from all our circle,

"Believe me,

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"HARRY WILLIAMS.

"P.S. If we don't see you at dinner I shall conclude that this never reached you, and shall commence at 6 A.M. the next morning by knocking at No. 1, Judd Street, and may hope, with fair luck, to drop on you at breakfast time, about 9. Rather Irish, my postscript, I'm afraid.—H. W."

Reader, you must have been in Fred Shirley's condition previously to have appreciated this letter as he did. He *did* dine at Springfield Lodge, and the result of the discussion was, he commenced his duties on the following day, and during the next week wrote innumerable letters, all signed "Frederic Shirley, S. S. W. A. R. C." Secretary of the South-West-Anglian Railway Company.

The company prospered, and Fred prospered with it; it was just the work which suited him. He made an admirable secretary, and had the satisfaction not long after of placing Mrs. Williams within four yards of royalty, when, in company with the Chairman and Vice Chairman he conducted Her Most Gracious Majesty to the "magnificent carriage constructed for her special use," and of which the curious may no doubt find an exact representation in one of the back numbers of the "Illustrated News."

Five years have winged their flight away, and it is again May-day, just such a bright joyous one as the first we told of. In one of the streets near the

Foundling, a very neat little phaeton, with a pair of ponies, is standing at the door of a house where there was a certain evening party five years back; but the house has apparently changed tenants, for there is a brass plate on the door, with "Mr. Shirley" on it. A gentleman was standing in the drawing-room—the drawing-room where the light shone so brightly on that May early morning. A lady, a very pretty one, enters, with long waving ringlets, and behind her follows a nurse with something mysteriously enveloped and hidden in shawls in her arms, which we may presume to be a baby.

"Why, Fanny dear," said the gentleman, "are you going to take baby?"

"Going to take baby, Fred? Why, what are you thinking of, silly man? What would darling do without mamma all day, and what would grandpapa say if we left his boy behind? But, of course, Freddy, love, if *you* have any particular objection to Springfield Lodge on May-day, and would not wish your son to —"

There was a wicked little meaning smile on the pretty mouth, so the husband lovingly chased it away with a kiss.

* * * * *

And this, reader, is what came of Fred Shirley's May-day.

LINES.

BY L. A. H.

"Give true hearts but hearth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die."

"In thee and in this quiet mead
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resign'd than blest."

KEBLE.

THERE is a calm November day,
When Heaven is veild in softest grey,
That to a thoughtful spirit seems
More soothing than June's brightest beams.

Still mingle on the wood's dark screen
Autumn's bright tints with faded green,
But not a wintry breath is there,
To chill the mild and balmy air.

'Tis peace on such a day to stand,
And gaze upon the quiet land,
Or listen in the stillness round,
To catch each low and distant sound:

Some note from village, farm, or fold,
A winding horn, a church-bell toll'd;
Or clear and sweet from some near brake
A lonely bird its music make.

And then to wander far and free,
O'er the wide heath and grassy len,
To find, or give, a magic power,
To simplest form of tree and flower.

Soft lights, sweet sounds unmark'd before
When Summer spread her dazzling store,
Have now a power to charm and bless
That fills the heart with thankfulness.

'Tis like old age in peace declining,
Content its summer joys resigning;
'Tis like the smile that "sickness wears,"
That gleams through sorrow's patient tears.

Oh, had we God's good works alone
That we could love and call our own,
Though friends forsake us, foes oppress,
He has not left us comfortless.

His hand around, beneath, above,
Has traced its characters of love,
Alike in storm, in sun, in shower,
We see His mercy and His power.

For every mood of every mind
Some sympathetic chord we find,
Some whisper of the "still, small voice,"
That bids us worship and rejoice!

A WINTER'S DRIVE TO BEAULIEU ABBEY.

BY E. O.

THE winter's morning was bright and inspiring, and as we stood round a blazing wood fire after breakfast, to decide on which of the plans proposed during that cheerful meal was most worthy of being carried into immediate execution, our hostess suggested that I had yet to visit Beaulieu Abbey before I left Hampshire.

"Oh! but summer is the time to see it!" was the general exclamation.

"Yes; a picnic when the trees are all in leaf, and you can stroll about the ruins, and sit upon the grass, is delightful!" cried one.

"And then the sail down the river would be so beautiful, with Clara's guitar to cheer us, if we happened to be becalmed, as is usually the case on such occasions."

"But then," sensibly observed Clara herself, breaking in upon this pleasant dream of green shades and summer trees, "there is no chance that Miss Damer will be with us."

"No, indeed," I added, "long before the orthodox time for a visit to Beaulieu Abbey arrives, I shall be far away in the north; so pray let me enjoy a drive there while I may."

And finally it was settled that Clara should drive me there that very afternoon in the pony carriage, and that we should boldly defy cold blasts upon the heath, bad roads through the forest, and damp grass round the ruins, so that we might fully satisfy our wish to investigate together all that now remains of this famous monastic structure, the account of which forms an epitome of some of the most interesting parts of English history. This point was no sooner arranged, than Clara, with her bright young face beaming with pleasure, brought down from its place in the library a large, old-fashioned looking book, entitled, "Warner's Collections for a History of Hampshire:" it was the first volume of a work now become somewhat rare, as well as expensive; and we turned with great interest to the accounts of the Monastery which it contained; they were selected from a great variety of writers, Matthew Paris, Browne Willis's *Mitred Abbies*, *The Monasticon*, Lord Verulam's *History*, &c., and occupied us very pleasantly for some time; but when we actually set off, we were more intent on the peculiar charac-

teristics of the scenery through which we passed, than on the records we had read.

Our way lay through the pretty village of Eling, with its grey church-tower crowning the steep hill, and its shaded churchyard sloping down to the edge of the Southampton Water; past the beautiful church lately built at Marchwood, in the revived Gothic taste of the present day; then round the park of its munificent founder, out upon the heath, a wide tract of forest land, with here and there one stunted tree left, bent by the sea wind, against which its gnarled branches had made so valiant a stand, but still serving as a landmark through the waste. The clouds hung over us, not like a leaden canopy, but broken by patches of blue sky, and softened into every shade of grey; the light fell through them in broad beams, as from a hidden glory, and touched the distant undulating lines of the New Forest, bringing out each feature of the landscape in rapid succession. We stopped at the end of the first four or five miles to look at the town of Southampton, on the opposite shore, with its pier, and quays, and shipping, and the long line of the High Street, marked chiefly by smoke: before us were the blue hills of the Isle of Wight;—to the right was the forest; and where was Beaulieu? Sheltered by hill and wood, far out of sight, nestled down by its own quiet river, and surrounded by its own secluded beauties. We ought, by rights, to have been thinking of the days of King John, who founded the abbey in 1204, and brought thirty monks from Cisteria to inhabit it; but we actually were thinking and talking of the heather of Scotland, and of the wild heaths of Denmark, with their wandering tribes of gipsies, and of the green lanes of Bedfordshire, which seem expressly intended for gipsy encampments. We were the more strongly reminded of this picturesque people, by the broad margins of the lane down which we descended towards Beaulieu; the trees threw their wide-spreading branches over them, affording still the beauties of chequered shade upon the grass; for all the varied hues of summer, there were the glossy leaves and berries of the holly, the spotted bark of the young birch, and here and there the living gold of the furze, which was just coming into bloom; and everywhere the hoary lichens, and the fresh green moss, and the tall fern, supplied in their degree the place of flower and leaf, and suggested visions of warm sunny days that had been, and should be again: and so the scene we had come nine miles to visit stole gradually upon us, in its natural loveliness, before we well knew where we were. The Beaulieu river is an arm of the sea, and therefore much depends on the tide, which fortunately for us was quite high, and washing up almost to the foot of the old walls, leaving only the road between itself and them. Giving the pony in charge to the servant, who was to take it across the bridge, to the little town that stands at the head of the river, we eagerly turned our steps towards the church, sending only for the key. We were informed that the clerk was out, but that a neighbour "kept he," and we were not sorry to dispense with the

services of the rustic cicerone. Never was a fairer spot chosen for a monastic retreat! In front is a lake-like reach of the river, surrounded by hanging woods, through which are glimpses, every now and then, of smiling meadows; on either hand rise gentle slopes, and the New Forest forms the back-ground. To the right is the Abbot's house, looking much as it did in the time of Thomas Stephens, the last abbot, who surrendered the abbey and its rich possessions to Henry VIII., in the 29th year of his reign; it then became the family residence of the grantee, Thomas Wriothsley, unto whom "the king granted all that manor of Beaulieu, with its rights, members, and appurtenances (the rectory of the parish church, and the right of patronage, alone excepted), in as full and ample a manner as any abbot thereof, before it came into the hands of the king, held and enjoyed the same." There it stands, with its broad green moat, its terraced garden, and avenue of beech trees: even the canopied niche over the doorway is left entire, though the image of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the abbey was dedicated, has long been withdrawn from it. As we entered the inclosure, the clock over the fine old gateway struck four, and the tremulous sound was in itself a token of age, and harmonized well with the surrounding scene of past magnificence, and of "calm decay." Three hundred years have gone by, since "the great arched chamber" accommodated the abbot's guests, or re-echoed to the song of the minstrel, and to the merriment of jests and mummeries; but the house is kept in habitable order, as it is still from time to time the residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, to whom it now belongs. The estate itself is twenty-eight miles in circumference, and enclosed within a ring fence; it is finely wooded, with large and valuable timber, and yields a considerable income: it is no marvel that its possessors should now and then exchange their splendid abodes for this sylvan solitude. The abbey walls, which may be traced throughout the greatest part of their extent, though thickly mantled with ivy, are still in many places almost entire; they enclose an area of sixteen or seventeen acres, finely wooded and watered, which is full of the foundations of ruined buildings. About three miles to the south-west are the ruins of a chapel, and those also of an immense barn, built chiefly of stone. These we had no time to visit, nor yet the more interesting spot from which the monks brought their supply of spring water; well provided, as one might have supposed them to be, with that element, nearer home. At the distance of half a mile, in an almost inaccessible nook of a deep wood, is "a cove" formed of smooth stones, which shelters a copious and transparent spring: the little building measures seven feet by ten, and is five in height, and the water rushes from the entrance into a small dell, where it was formerly received by a chain of stone pipes, and thus conveyed to the abbey. Long, however, we lingered in the church, and round the cloisters. The sun shone out while we were there in fuller brightness, and a thrush sang as merrily from

the leafless boughs as if spring were come in good earnest.

The site of the ancient church can now only be traced by the remains of the graves that were made in and around it: the present one was formerly the refectory, or "the abbot's dining hall;" and if the reveries in which we might, perhaps, have indulged, had it not been for our morning studies, were dispelled by remembering its original destination, there was still enough of interest connected with it, to enable us to conjure up a vivid picture of the scene which it once presented.

A note I had copied from the above-mentioned work by Warner ran thus:—"The ancient and sayre parish Church of Bello Loco Regis, alias Bewley in the county of Southampton, being destroyed with the Abbey wherein it stood; at the south side of the said old church's foundations stands the new parish church, southe and northe, having been the Abbot's dyning-hall. On the west side of the same is an ancient Pulpette which stands in the hall, leading up to it; which was the place wherein the Abbott's Bible-clarke did exercise his function, and is situate over against the new pulpette and reading-place but higher upp. This Church is a spacious room, the walls of stone, the roof of timber and covered with slates, but ruinous; it hath no steeple, and but one small bell hunge in a small wooden frame at the north end of the Church, in a square part thereof." This note, taken from a MS. in the Harleian collection, bore the date of 1648; and, but for the ruinous condition it describes, is still a correct account of the building; happily, however, it was restored in excellent taste about eight years ago, so that while every trace of antiquity has been carefully preserved, it is now in admirable order. The roof is flat, and of carved oak, and the windows are remarkable for the delicacy of their mouldings, and afford a fine specimen of the early English style. We ascended by steps, worn by many a foot, and many a century, to the large stone pulpit, (or, as it is commonly called, "The Martin's Nest,") through a narrow gallery opening with five graceful arches on the church; they are curiously arched and ribbed overhead; and the ancient rostrum itself is of a demi-octagonal form, with a vaulted roof, and a good window, filled with modern stained glass. Here, then, while the monks sat at their meal, keeping (according to the rule) "their hands upon the table, their ears with the Reader, and their hearts with God," did the abbot's clerk entertain their mental faculties, with "history, read in a sonorous voice, or homilies and sermons, in a more gentle and engaging one." He was enjoined to stand before his book, with his face turned towards the east. When the brethren bowed at the Gloria Patri and the Lord's Prayer, he also was to incline himself, turning his face towards the assembly; and by no means to seat himself till the head of the Convent was seated.

The most beautiful remains of this once splendid abbey are found round the space occupied by the

cloisters; the mouldings of the great western gateway, its clustered pillars, rich capitals, and highly finished arch, attest the ancient magnificence of a pile remarkable not only for its extent, but also for having been finished in the highest style of the architecture of the 13th century. The ground behind these ruins rises in park-like slopes, adorned by trees of stately growth, towards the edge of the forest; at some distance from them is a lovely little lake, with a floating island; and nearer to the church, stand upon the smooth turf the two high gabled ends of a building, which was once imagined to have been the Abbey-church. It appears probable that they formed part of the apartment in which the monks manufactured their wine; there is a bank running from them in a northerly direction for about seventy yards, which has been found to be a ruinous aqueduct, communicating with a spring at a small distance from the building: and that wine was made in England from the time of the Saxon kings, there is abundant evidence; but the clearest proof of its having been enjoyed in tolerable perfection by the recluses of Beaulieu, lies in the fact of some warm and sheltered fields near the abbey still retaining the name of "The Vineyards." Brandy was made from the vines growing there, a hundred years ago.

The fish-ponds, which were of yet more importance to the comfort of the establishment, remain in good preservation, and abound with excellent fish. In short, a more desirable residence for men severed from the world and its ties, could scarcely have been found throughout the whole realm of Old England. The reasons which induced so tyrannical and godless a monarch as John to found this noble abbey must remain wholly unknown to us, unless we choose to adopt the following version of this part of his history, in the *Monasticon*:—

"In the sixth year of the reign of King John, that king built a certain monastery of the Cistercian order in England, and named it Beaulieu; and this was the cause of his building it:—The king being beyond measure, though without cause, enraged at the Abbots and Monks of the Cistercian order, after various oppressive measures, summoned the heads of the order to a parliament which he held at Lincoln. They obeyed the summons, flattering themselves that he now at last relented, and would confer on them some marks of his grace; but instead of this, as soon as he beheld them, the savage monarch ordered the Abbots to be trodden to death by horses. None of his attendants, however, being found sufficiently cruel to obey the bloody command, the ecclesiastics, dreadfully alarmed, and despairing of any favour from John, retired to their inn. In the course of the ensuing night, when the monarch slumbered on his bed, he dreamed that he was led before a judge, around whom the Cistercian Abbots were standing; which judge commanded the Monks to stripe the back of the King with rods and thongs; a beating of which he declared he felt the effects when he awoke the next morning. This dream he related to a certain ecclesiastic

of his court; the priest assured him that the Almighty had been above measure kind and merciful to him, who had thought fit to afford this paternal correction in the present life, and to reveal to him the mysteries of His dispensation. He therefore advised John to send immediately for the Abbots, whom he had hitherto cruelly treated; and humbly to crave pardon of them for his barbarous conduct. The King, adopting this counsel, ordered the Abbots instantly to attend him; a message which they received with fear and trembling, thinking they should now certainly be banished from the kingdom. God, however, who will never forsake His servants, had ordered things otherwise. And the king, instead of venting his indignation upon them, as they feared, received them with kindness and complacency." Shortly after this event, John granted a charter for the foundation of Beaulieu Abbey; endowing it with a large tract of country in the neighbourhood; together with the manors of Great and Little Farendon, Great and Little Cokeswell, the villages of Schulton and Inglesham, the churches of the same places, and the chapel of Cokeswell, and part of the village of Langeford, all in Berkshire. No less than forty years elapsed, however, from the time of foundation, to the completion and dedication of Beaulieu Abbey. This ceremony took place in the year 1246 on the Festival of St. John the Baptist; King Henry III. and his Queen, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, his brother, several prelates, and a long retinue of nobility, being present on the occasion.

Among the privileges which papal power had conferred on this monastery, was that questionable one of the Sanctuary; or of affording, within the hallowed precincts of its church, protection to such persons as fled from the arm of justice, or the avenger of blood.

Hither came the lion-hearted Margaret of Anjou, with her princely boy, when, on landing at Weymouth, she found the Earl of Warwick dead, her husband a captive, and Edward IV. upon the throne of England. It was within the sanctuary of Beaulieu that she first gave way to womanly tears and despondency, and remained for a time unnerved by her many sorrows; until, roused by the presence of the Earl of Devon, she resumed her wonted equanimity and prepared for fresh exertions.

Perkin Warbeck also, the reputed son of her mortal foe, sought shelter here. After a check received by his little army before the gates of Exeter, he was seized by a sudden panic, which was increased by the report of the preparations made against him by Henry VII.; and he fled during the night, accompanied only by a few friends, and never relaxed his speed till he reached Beaulieu sanctuary. Within its walls he was safe from violence; but Lord Daubeney, investing the place with three hundred men, precluded all hope of escape from them, and he was at length induced by the promises of the king to surrender himself into his hands. He was lodged in the Tower after making a full confession of his imposture, from whence he was only removed to the place of execution, in 1499.

These, and many other recollections connected with the abbey in the days of its splendour, and in those also when its last monks went forth from its cloisters, poor pensioners on the bounty of their spoiler—came into our minds, as we wandered about the ruins, and drove home over the long tract of heath and forest by which they are surrounded. The moon shone bright on Eling church, with the old-fashioned avenue of cleft elm-trees, and on the high-peaked gables of the neighbouring farm-house, as we again passed by; the broad expanse of the river lay in her light like an antique silver mirror set in a dark filigree of leafless wood; brightly too she shone through the fir-trees, and on shrubbery and lawn, as we approached the hospitable house to which we were bound; but none the less welcome for all her cold radiance, was the sight that presented itself as the hall doors flew open, and disclosed the blazing fires and glowing lamps within, and a party of merry children assembled to act charades. And so ended our drive to Beaulieu Abbey on the 12th of February, 1848.

BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS CHALMERS.

BY JOHN LEAF.

THE lives of eminent and distinguished men are commonly admitted to be interesting. There is a natural disposition in mankind which inclines them to seek to become acquainted with the doings, endeavourings, and circumstances of all persons who have in any way become objects of popular renown. As a rational satisfaction for such a curiosity, the practice of publishing written memoirs or biographies of noted individuals appears to have been originally and principally intended; and it must be admitted that the world is rarely disposed to be unthankful for any contributions of the kind, from whomsoever they may happen to proceed. It may accordingly be presumed, that the present memorials of Dr. Chalmers, furnished by his son-in-law, will be at least acceptable to a considerable class of readers. Though a clumsy and most unelaborate performance, the volume here before us, which is apparently designed to be the first of *three* similar fabrications, contains certain passages of interest; and though utterly inartistic, and in nearly all respects imperfect, the work may be nevertheless considered to have an unquestionable value as a collection of biographical materials. The author or editor is indeed no architect or ingenious literary builder, but he is competent enough to carry bricks, and may have a share of praise awarded him as what the Germans are apt to call a literary "hodman." The particulars which he has amassed, or may hereafter bring together, may serve, perhaps, eventually for the construction of a sufficient and appropriate biography. It is obvious that nothing of this sort ought to be attempted or could possibly be accomplished within the limits open to us in the present magazine, even did we pretend to be qualified for such an enterprise. Inasmuch, however, as it is conceived

that certain readers will probably be glad to learn a few particulars respecting the outward and inward history of so notable a man as Chalmers, it is proposed to present here such an outline and general picture of his life, as we, with our limited ability and too contracted space, may be able to shape out of the matter now before us. Whosoever, therefore, may be disposed to read, let him patiently proceed with us as follows.

Thomas Chalmers was the son of Mr. John Chalmers, who on the 17th of March, 1780, (the day of the boy's birth,) had been for some years settled as a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant, in the town of Anstruther, one of a number of small boroughs clustered together on the south-eastern coast of the county of Fife. Mr. Chalmers and Elizabeth his wife were ultimately the parents of a "crowded household" of fourteen children, of whom Thomas was the sixth. He is said to have gone to school "of his own accord, when only three years of age; not drawn by his love of learning, but driven by the fear of domestic persecution;" for a certain abominable old nurse (worthy of initiation into the mysteries of witchcraft), to whose care he had been committed, treated him with a most severe and inhuman cruelty. His schoolmaster was the parish dominie, a certain Mr. Bryce, who "had a fair enough reputation as a Latin scholar," and an excessive celebrity for "flogging." In Chalmers's time his days as an effective teacher had gone by, he being at that time nearly blind, though his "thirst for flogging" was nowise in decline. Eager in the pursuit of all delinquents, "the sightless tyrant used to creep stealthily along behind a row of his little victims, listening for each indication given by word or motion of punishable offence, and ready, soon as ever the centre of emanation was settled, to inflict the avenging blow." But the quicker witted urchins were frequently too cunning for him, and concerted such a plan as was calculated signally to disconcert the enemy. "In the row opposite to that behind which the master took his furtive walk, one of the boys was set to watch, and whenever, by sudden stop or uplifted arm, any token of the intention to strike appeared, a preconcerted sign given quickly to the intended victim enabled him to step at once, but noiselessly, out of his place, so that, to Mr. Bryce's enraged discomfiture, and to the no small amusement of his scholars, his best aimed blows fell not unfrequently upon the hard unflinching desk," where of course they inflicted no particular harm. Ultimately, the worthy dominie "furnished himself with an assistant," a Mr. Daniel Ramsay, who in his treatment to the pupils "was as easy as his superior was harsh." As teachers they are reported to have been equally inefficient; so that of course young Chalmers profited little under their united discipline.

By those of his school-fellows who survived him, Chalmers is remembered as "one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school." Careless about lessons, which

he could learn well enough when he set himself to do so, he was often in disgrace for shameful negligence in that department; but though frequently consigned to ignominious durance in the "coal-hole," he was rarely long in gaining his liberation, by a rapid and successful discharge of his neglected duties. In the playground, and in the streets of old Anstruther, he was a very prince of frolic. Wheresoever any kind of fun was going forward there was Tom Chalmers sure to be found. He is said, however, to have been altogether unmischievous in his mirth, and always displayed a fixed repugnancy to falsehood or the use of "naughty words." He employed his superior strength in defence of the weak or injured, who accordingly looked to him as their natural protector; and whenever in its heated overflow play passed into passion, he hastened from the ungenial region, to avoid unpleasant consequences. Once when he was assailed by a hostile party with "a whole storm of mussel-shell," he fled into a neighbouring house, declaring as he sheltered himself, "I'm no' for powder and ball," a saying which the good old woman who gave him refuge was wont, in later years, to quote in his behalf, when less friendly neighbours were charging him with being "a man of strife."

Father and mother Chalmers were devout and worthy people. Regularly every Sunday they went at the head of a family procession to the kirk, and at home were daily mindful of pious and christian exercises. Sitting in the congregation of Anstruther, Tom, at a very early period, thought how fine a thing it would be could he some day become a "minister." Not to be wanting in timely preparation, he set up a private pulpit, and preached to all that would please to listen. The sister of one of his school-fellows still remembers breaking into a room, to which her brother and the future orator had retired, and finding Tom (then a very little boy) standing grandly upon a chair, and holding forth most vigorously to his single auditor. The considerate parents, taking thought of it, resolved to give encouragement to the boy's apparent tendency.

Accordingly, in November 1791, while not yet twelve years of age, he was enrolled with an elder brother as a student in the United College of St. Andrews. A letter written during the summer which succeeded his first session is still preserved—the earliest extant specimen of his writing—and "abounds in errors both in orthography and grammar," proving abundantly that "the work of learning to write his own tongue with ordinary correctness had still to be begun." His knowledge of Latin was equally imperfect—"unsuited him during his first two sessions to profit as he might otherwise have done from the prelections of that distinguished philosophical grammarian, Dr. Hunter, who was then the chief ornament of St. Andrew's University." His third session at college, however, which commenced in 1793, has been described as Thomas's "intellectual birth-time." "That intelligence which never afterwards knew a

season of slumbering inactivity then awoke. That extreme ardour of impulse, and that strong force of will, which had shown themselves from infancy, took now a new direction, urging on and upholding him in his mathematical studies." Chalmers became excited and absorbed in the study of geometry. He was ably assisted by a very excellent teacher, who was some time after known as Dr. James Brown, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow. Of all his living instructors, Chalmers said as lately as 1833, that he ever reckoned Dr. Brown as first, then Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and lastly Dr. Hunter of St. Andrews, "as far the most influential, both in the formation of his taste and intellectual habits."

In November 1795, he was entered as a student of divinity. "Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts." Having during the preceding autumn learned enough of the French language to be able to read it "fluently and intelligently," he preferred to spend his time in perusing works on the higher branches of mathematics in that tongue. The present "venerable minister of Kilsyth," who entered the Divinity Hall along with him, says that Chalmers had got the notion strongly into his mind that the orthodoxy of the divinity lecturer was "formed in conformity to the standards, rather than as the truth most surely believed." It seems the professor had sometime expressed an opinion that "Calvinism should not be too broadly brought forward in the pulpit addresses, lest it should be repulsive." Tom could not see the sense of this. "If it be truth," said he, "why not be above-board with it?" On it being remarked that the professor had one day delivered "a really masterly defence of one of the deepest points of Calvinistic doctrine, upon the scheme of Jonathan Edwards," the party speaking of the matter was much surprised when Chalmers said, "I was not paying attention to it, but thinking of something else," probably, as the venerable minister of Kilsyth inclines to think, "following out some mathematical problem." "But why, Thomas, did you not attend to so able a disquisition?" "Because," was the abrupt reply, "I question the sincerity of the lecturer."

Here is a lad evidently who designs to think a little for himself, and in some sort can see what is really worth respecting. What's the good of all these fine-spun logic-webs in defence of the "scheme of Jonathan Edwards," if the poor logician be uninspired by any principle of lively virtue? One would "rather be a kitten and cry mew," than spend one's time in heeding such empty declamations. So, apparently, thinks Thomas Chalmers, with the healthy natural instinct of a stripling of fifteen. He seems to have given an early attention to the writings of William Godwin, and to have embraced several of his peculiar and ardent views. Subsequently, "he studied Edwards on Free Will with such ardour that he could scarcely talk of anything else;" and some of his acquaintances were indeed "afraid of his mind

losing its balance." Edwards's Theory of Necessity fell in with the reasonings of his earlier favourite Godwin, and he entirely embraced it as the system of his metaphysical faith. He spent nearly a twelvemonth in what he afterwards called a sort of intellectual elysium; and "the one idea," says he, "which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting the creation."

This mental fever, however, gradually gave way to a less elevated state of feeling. In three years' time he has nearly done with college, and is standing at the threshold of the world, looking out for fortune. During his preceding winters of attendance at St. Andrews, the family at Anstruther had been rapidly increasing; and therefore, not to be more of a burden to his father than was necessary, Thomas resolved to seek some kind of temporary employment, whereby to sustain himself until such time as he should be old enough for ordination. Seven sessions at college had been passed; and during the eighth, a three months' instead of a six months' residence was held to be sufficient. Having got provided with a situation as a family tutor, he left home in May 1798, to enter upon the duties of his engagement.

The day of his departure was naturally one of some emotion in the parental household. The whole family turned out in tears to see him start. His luggage being already despatched before him, he was to travel after it on horseback to the ferry at Dundee. Taking a tender farewell look at all before him, he turned to mount his horse, which was waiting at the door. He turned and mounted—when lo! the whole tearful tendency of the assembled family was suddenly dispersed, and first there ran a universal titter, and at last, a downright general roar of laughter, at the horseman's particular expense; for Tom, in his deep emotion, had mounted with his face to the horse's tail! Blessed be the powers of laughter! Instead of going away under a heavy shower of tears, he rode off under peals of merriment, in which he himself joined gladly; and thus he journeys forth from old Anstruther, not to be seen again for many days.

The tutorship afforded him an intelligible taste of purgatory. "The people of the house don't seem to know the place in which a tutor ought to stand; hence," says Tom, "a cold, distant, contemptuous reserve, to which I never was accustomed, and which exposes me to feelings extremely disagreeable." He strives to possess his soul in patience, but finds he cannot do it. It is beyond the power of mortal self-respect to brook the marked indignity whereof he is constantly the object. The proud, conceited laird (or whatever he might be), with his fussy vanities and pompousness—the pampered quality-puppyism of all the lairdlings, (nine of them in number)—the haughty, intolerant indifference of the laird's guid wife—the insolent superciliousness of the flunkies, who never fail to show their consciousness of a tutor's inferiority—all together make up a complication of detestable annoy-

ances, such as the flesh and blood unsanctified of an honest, intelligent youth of eighteen years of age cannot find in him to put up with. It being impossible to be upon a good understanding with people who did not properly respect his position, or appreciate his services, he resolved to act towards them, on his own part, with something of decided "dignity and effect." He tried remonstrances, but remonstrances were utterly in vain. A very palpable indignity, and one which irritated him exceedingly, was the circumstance that, on all occasions when there was any company in the house, he was excluded from the supper-table, and had a cheerless repast served to him in his own room. Against this he at length determined to have a remedy. Having picked up some few acquaintances in the neighbourhood, he made a point of inviting some of them to supper at an inn, at his own expense, whenever he knew there was going to be a supper in the house, to which he would not be admitted. To make his purpose the more manifest, he always waited till the servant entered with his solitary meal, and then ordered it away with something of an emphasis, saying, "I shall sup elsewhere to-night." These "curiously-timed tutorship suppers" were not long in coming to the knowledge of the governor, who, with magnificent disapprobation, charged the tutor with unseemly and unreasonable pride. "Sir," said he, "the very servants are complaining of your haughtiness. You have too much pride by far." "There are two kinds of pride, sir," retorted Chalmers. "There's a pride which lords it over dependants and inferiors; and there's another pride, which rejoices in repressing the insolence of superiors: the first I have none of—the second I am inclined to glory in." After this, there was not likely to follow any reconciliation that could be safely considered lasting. At the end of the year, Chalmers shook the dust from off his feet, and joyfully turned him homewards.

Pleasant, as we imagine, were the greetings which awaited him, under the old familiar roof-tree. Sweet, inexpressibly consoling, during that old Christmas season of 1798, were the words and looks of kindness from friends and kindred, to the harassed and exasperated spirit which could say, that throughout the foregone year, it had not known the meaning of enjoyment. After a brief respite of precious rest, however, he has to get ready for examination before St. Andrew's Presbytery, preparatory to the obtaining of a "licence to preach the gospel." As he had not yet completed his nineteenth year of age, some difficulties were raised against his immediate admission to the ministry. Presbyteries were not wont to admit students into probation till they had attained the age of twenty-one. Under the circumstances, one of his friends luckily brought forward an old statute of the church, which ordains, "That none be admitted to the ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and thereof worthy;"—and under cover of the

terminating clause, it was pleaded for Mr. Chalmers that his reception would be justified on the ground that he was "a lad o' pregnant parts." Accordingly, after the customary formalities, he was licensed on the 31st July, 1799.

"No strong desire," says Dr. Hanna, "was shown to exercise the privilege thus conferred." The newly appointed preacher set out to visit a brother then residing at Liverpool. On the 21st August he writes to inform his father, that he and his brother design going on the following Saturday to Wigan, "where," said he, "I intend to make my first public exhibition in Mr. Dinwiddie's pulpit." The place of exhibition was "Chapel Lane Chapel, or the Scotch Church,"—a place of worship still standing in Wigan. Here, on the Sabbath day, 25th August, 1799, did the since so celebrated Thomas Chalmers preach his first public sermon, with what acceptance the present writer knoweth not.

In the course of the next winter, we find him hunting about Edinburgh, in quest of a situation, and meanwhile prosecuting his mathematical studies under Professor Playfair, at the University. He had a notion of employing himself in the capacity of a private teacher, but informs a friend that he had "been much disappointed in the article of pupils." He remained in Edinburgh, however, for that and the succeeding session, studying, amongst other things, Natural and Moral Philosophy, under Professors Robison and Dugald Stewart. With respect to the latter, Chalmers gave proof of his natural independence of mind, and also of a considerable scientific penetration. At a time when Stewart's fame was at its height, and when he was considered universally in Scotland as the "very prince of metaphysicians," the young country student of twenty-one had the boldness to write of him as follows: "I attend his lectures regularly, and I must confess I have been rather disappointed. I never heard a single discussion of Mr. Stewart's which made up one masterly and comprehensive whole. His lectures seem to be made up of detached hints and incomplete outlines, and he almost uniformly avoids every subject which involves any difficult discussion. I have acquired from him, however, a much clearer idea than I ever had of the distinctive character of Reid's philosophy. I think it tends to a useless multiplication of principles, and shrinks even from an appearance of simplicity."

Visits to Liverpool and Teviotdale, and a brief engagement as an assistant preacher in a parish in Roxburghshire, take up the time till November, 1802; when Chalmers got appointed to the living of Kilmany, a village lying in a sequestered valley behind a low range of hills, which, in looking from Dundee, across the Frith of Tay, "is seen to run from east to west along the Fifeshire coast." He had a short time previously been engaged as an assistant mathematical teacher in the college of St. Andrews, and throughout the session, devoted himself steadily to the conduct of his classes. His method of teaching, however, which diversified mathematical instructions with frequent vehement appeals to the moral sense and

imagination of the students, was rather jealously regarded by the authorities, and eventually led to his dismissal from the assistantship, as well as to other consequences, which will presently be mentioned.

On the 12th May, 1803, Chalmers was ordained as minister of his parish, by the Presbytery of Cupar, and was mainly engaged throughout the summer in getting his manse in order, and in extending his acquaintance with his new parishioners. He had calculated on retaining the mathematical assistantship in conjunction with his living, and might perhaps have not been hindered, had his college prelections of the previous session been properly appreciated. As it was, he received an intimation that his services would not be required further, and to justify this summary dismissal, his inefficiency as a teacher was made the pretext—an allegation obviously calculated to damage his fair fame, and to blast all the prospects he might entertain of academical distinction.

But now, shall a man who believes himself to have ably and effectually fulfilled his duty, sit quietly down under so gross an imputation? Not, certainly, a man of mettle, like our Thomas Chalmers. Let the prosy heads of old St. Andrew's see to it, lest their soft customary repose be somewhat singularly interrupted. To clear his impeached reputation from the reproach which had been cast upon it, Chalmers resolved to open in St. Andrew's, mathematical classes of his own, rivals to those of the University! "The professors met in hurried consultation,—the students were agitated and divided—the hearts of many siding with the youthful devotee, who came to redeem his scientific honour. The general public, dependent either for actual subsistence, or for all social fellowship, upon the colleges, looked with wonder at the sight of an open and declared rivalry establishing itself within the very shadow of the University."

On the first of November, Chalmers delivered his introductory lecture to a tolerable concourse of such of the students as were sufficiently independent of their colleges to brave the displeasure of Professors. All winter long he lectures with ability and zeal, gathering, as he proceeds, more and more encouragement. In addition to mathematics, he announces his intention of also teaching chemistry; and on the 19th of December, delivers the first of a course of lectures "to a full and respectable audience." Considerable is the noise and conversation thereupon, throughout the town; many declare that this Quixotical professor—elevated to professorship by mere personal election—must certainly be utterly inefficient to teach chemistry, since perfection in that science is work for a man's lifetime, and the present lecturer is but a newly-ordained parson, of the age of twenty-three. Nevertheless, success attends his efforts: he can, at least, make the science eminently *interesting*; and by the 6th of February is able to record it in his journal, that, "Dr. Brown tells me that all over the town the impression is most decidedly in favour of me, and of my chemistry."

So far, therefore, matters are not amiss. He seems

to have succeeded pretty satisfactorily in demonstrating to an enlightened public that he is not so incompetent a fellow as those envious old professors had represented him to be. The tide of opposition began gradually to subside, and another tide of popular applause arose and flowed up to the shores of his position. At last the very professors themselves gave in, and acknowledged, in corroboration of his friend's former testimony, that beyond all questioning, this Chalmers was a bold chiel, and also, to all appearance, "a lad o' pregnant pairs."

But while the day is thus brightening in the direction of St. Andrew's, there is a dark cloud gathering up behind him at Kilmany. Some of the ministers of his Presbytery, thinking his recent turbulent way of life not sufficiently in keeping with the calling of a priest, resolved to bring his conduct before the provincial synod, and get, if possible, an ecclesiastical extinguisher put upon his eccentricities. When the discussion was introduced, however, in May 1804, it met with the fate which it deserved, being, as Chalmers said, "quashed and reprobated." Still, the business was not allowed to rest. As the chemical lectures had been highly relished, Chalmers had been requested to repeat them during the next winter session, at St. Andrew's, and had readily consented to do so. But, meanwhile, at a meeting of the Presbytery of Cupar, on the 4th of September, one Dr. Martin, apparently a very strait-laced Presbyter, "begged the Presbytery to insert in their minutes that, in his opinion, Mr. Chalmers' giving lectures in chemistry is improper and ought to be discontinued:"—a request to which the presbytery acceded; whereupon Mr. Chalmers also "begged it to be inserted in the minutes, that after the punctual discharge of his professional duties, his time was his own; and he conceived that no man or court had a right to control him in the distribution of it." Chalmers, moreover, made a speech, in which he quite indignantly protested against all such stupid interferences, and defied the objector to find a single person who could substantiate the charge of negligence in regard to any of his proper duties. "I will defy him," said he, "to find a single individual who will say that I have been outstripped by any of my predecessors in the regularity of my ministerial attentions, or who will say that he has discovered anything in my conduct which betokened a contempt for religion or indifference to its sacred interests. What more will the gentleman require of me? Has he any right to control me in the distribution of my spare time? I maintain he has none. I spurn at the attempt as I would at the petty insolence of a tyrant; I reject it as the interference of an officious intermeddler. To the last sigh of my heart I will struggle for independence, and eye with proud disdain the man who presumes to invade it." Evidently the Presbytery is not constituted which will be able to manage such a man. With a magnificent unconcern for consequences, Chalmers resumed the chemical lectures at St. Andrew's in November.

About this time, Dr. Rotheram, the Professor of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrew's University, fell into his last sleep, and left his vacant chair to the occupation of anybody who might chance to be elected to it. Chalmers offered himself with other candidates, but had not the fortune to succeed. "I confess," said he, on writing to his father, "I am not much affected by the disappointment, as my university prospects have upon the whole brightened up within the last fortnight,—as my election would have involved me in the embarrassment of a law process,—and above all, as my contempt for the low shuffling artifices of college politics supports and elevates my mind against the vexation of regret."

In February, 1805, we find him coming forward as a candidate for the professorship of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, then vacant by the appointment of Professor Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy, after the death of Dr. Robison. Here again there is no success. The canvassing and the election, however, afford one an opportunity for displaying one's growing powers of authorship. Professor Playfair had taken occasion to allege that there were "very few Scottish clergymen eminent in mathematics or natural philosophy," and that "the vigorous and successful pursuit of those sciences was incompatible with clerical duties and habits." So crushing and illiberal an insinuation against "the whole order of churchmen" was not to be endured. Accordingly, Thomas Chalmers writes his first pamphlet, which is entitled, "Observations on a Passage in Mr. Playfair's Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, relative to the mathematical pretensions of the Scottish Clergy." Touching this production his father writes: "As to Thomas's publication, it is acknowledged on all hands to be clever enough; but as to serving his own ends, whatever these may be, I scarcely think he has taken the mode that now leads to preferment, for he flatters no man." Not he, indeed; if success depends on flattery, it is likely Thomas never will succeed. The truth, however, was, that "the writer had no ends of his own to serve," beyond the simple one of "unburdening himself of the indignation which Mr. Playfair's allegations had excited."

The pamphlet had the luck to sell, to an extent beyond the author's expectation. The aspiration dawned upon him that he may possibly live to achieve distinction in the ranks of literature. Meanwhile, however, he is bent to become a little more famous nearer home. The chemical lectures have been successful in St. Andrews; why shouldn't they be repeated and reap a measure of success elsewhere? Let us try the capacities of our parishioners at Kilmany, and see whether or not some scientific elements may be instilled into some of the heads there. A course of chemical lectures is accordingly delivered to all such as please to come to listen and see experiments. Among other experiments, the powers of the bleaching liquids were exhibited,—not without the admiration of two old women. "Our

minister," said the one, "is naething short o' a warlock; he was teachin' the folk to clean claes *but* (anglicè, *without*) soap!" "Aye, woman," returned the other, "I wish he wad teach me to make parritch *but* meal." That would be a beautiful discovery. Equal, or superior, as Dr. Hanna thinks, to any of the wondrous exploits of Count Rumford, whom Peter Pindar thus apostrophised:—

"Say, canst thou make, whose brains have not their fellows,

Fire blow itself without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a haunch, with equal wit,
Turn round and roast itself without a spit;
Fish without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themselves without a pot."

After lecturing at Kilmany, you might (had you been living then and there) have heard and seen him doing the like in the county-town of Cupar, to an audience a trifle more intelligent. Once, on going thither, with his chemical apparatus packed before him on his horse, one of those unlucky accidents which will occur in spite of all precautions gave a disagreeable diversity to the journey. A bottle, containing a burning liquid, somehow sustained a fracture, and the contents, pouring over the horse's shoulder, left upon his hide "a discoloured belt to tell of the strange catastrophe."

Thus, by a diligent activity, do we contrive to bring about the time, and to enliven the "dulness" of our ministerial existence. For doubt it not, good people, that here in our lonely, almost uninhabitable manse, with little or no society except two sisters, not particularly learned, we have many a dull day. Nay, there is now coming over our sequestered household a cloud of actual sorrow, which it will need numberless bright hours to make us utterly forget. News has come that "brother George" has lately returned from sea with the seeds of consumption in him growing rapidly towards death. He has come, as a last resource, to try his native air. He lingered through the spring and summer months, spending part of the time in our secluded parsonage; but in the following December he closed his eyes and died. Joyfully, in that last sickness, had he experienced the consolations of the christian faith; uttering with his pale and trembling lips in his last hours, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that in hiding these things from the wise and prudent, thou hast revealed them unto babes." Farewell to thee, thou pleasant brother George! Never again, while this terrestrial existence is prolonged, shall we see thy buried and remembered face. Yet thou wast beautiful in thy life, with thy manliness and shaggy honesty, thy rough unpolished sailor courtesies, and rich amenities of heart and soul: and in thy death thou wast most beautiful; for with thy foot upon the tomb thou didst spurn from thee all thy earthly trammels, and art now, as we believe, a spirit glorified, in that better land,—

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly."

Lie on, in thy cold but quiet slumber; and if, as our faith teaches, at the resurrection of the just, the bodies of men are restored to the spirits which did inhabit them, then, perchance, through patience and well-doing, we may at last behold thee, where the sighings of our distress shall be hushed in boundless and immortal gladness!

Turning from this new-made grave, let us now, in the spring of 1807, accept brother James's invitation, and visit the "Babylon of Fog"—that wondrous immeasurable London, of whose glories we have had repeated intimations in reveries and dreams. James is living there, and doing a reasonable spell of business as a merchant. The traveller goes by Liverpool and Birmingham: and from thence to Woodstock; and afterwards walks to Oxford—where he hears that the Fellows there "are sometimes very noisy, and keep it up till two in the morning." On Saturday the 2d of May, he "left Oxford at seven in the morning, and landed in Ludgate Hill about seven in the evening." That was the rate of travelling in 1807.

Having arrived, he spends his time mainly in visiting all the public institutions, and in seeing the general great sights, and, for one thing, ascends the Monument and has a "most gratifying view of London." From what he saw at a lecture room and exhibition of gas-lights in Pall Mall—where, though the lecturer was "a mere empiric without a particle of science, the Londoners listened with delight"—he pronounces the metropolis to be the "best mart" in the world for impudence and ignorant pretension. We find from his journal that on May the 23d he "repaired to the Albany, and dined with Mr. Sheridan and 150 of his admirers." "The dinner," says he, "was wretched, too little of it, and the worst conducted I ever saw. Great tumult and confusion among the company. I was disappointed in all the speeches, and much shocked with the extreme incorrectness of feeling discovered by several of the company. When the venerable name of Fox was announced by Mr. Sheridan the toastmaster, it was received with the most ridiculous shouts and huzzas, which were at last drowned by the hisses of the majority. A most offensive degree of vulgarity prevailed among my immediate neighbours. It seemed to be their great entertainment to throw the waiters into trouble and confusion. It was strongly suspected that there were people stationed at one part of the room for the purpose of disturbing the harmony of the electors. I left them at nine, and bent my steps homewards." As far as one can see, London was then, in regard to matters of this sort, pretty much as it is now.

Coming home, towards the end of May, by way of Cambridge, he is better pleased with it than with Oxford, inasmuch as everything about the place "wears a simplicity and chasteness allied to the character of philosophy." He says, "it smells of learning all over, and I breathe a fragrance most congenial to me. The very women have an air of academic mildness and simplicity." Going from Stamford on the great north road, he distinctly sees "Sir Isaac Newton's house"

at Woolsthorpe, and says he "felt a glow and an enthusiasm" at the prospect, from the veneration which he entertained for the character and talents of the great philosopher. Early in June he has reached Berwick; "and walking along the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, found himself, about a week afterwards, in the hospitable manse of Roberton"—the residence of Mr. Shaw, a college and clerical friend of long standing, and with whom he had formerly lived while engaged as an assistant preacher in the neighbourhood.

And here we get a glimpse of some of the whimsical features of a Scottish parson's way of life. Chalmers was in the hey-day blood of twenty-seven; his friend was also young; and the two together were a merry pair. As the visitor was about to leave, "I proposed," says Mr. Shaw, "to accompany him to Dr. Hardie's, (about six miles distant,) whence he intended to get to Pennycuik next day. We set out accordingly on a Monday after breakfast. The next morning I expressed a wish that we should go as far as Galashiels, and call on Dr. Douglas; to which he consented, on condition that it must be only a short call. There, however, we were induced to spend the day. Next morning we took our departure on the way to Peebles; but in passing the hospitable residence of a family with whom I was intimately connected, I prevailed on him to call; and being much delighted with our kind reception, we remained till next morning, when we took our leave after breakfast. On our way up the Tweed, I suggested the propriety of our calling on my friend Nicol of Traquair, whose manse was situated only about half a mile off the road. 'Well, sir,' was the reply, 'but it must be only for a minute or two, as I must get to Pennycuik this night.' There, however, we spent the day most comfortably; and in the evening, were so delighted with the music of the piano, that we could not refrain dancing a few merry reels [with some interesting young ladies, as we guess]. At last, Chalmers took hold of my arm, and exclaimed, 'It's out of the question my getting home this week. You have a good horse, so you must just proceed to-morrow morning to Kilmany, and I will go back to Roberton.' To his proposal I readily agreed. Nicol was amazed, and seemed to think we were both getting deranged. On awakening next morning, and perceiving that it rained, I began to groan a little, when my friend pulled me out of bed, and ordered me to set off with all convenient speed. Off I accordingly rode, and reached Kilmany about eight o'clock at night. Chalmers went from Nicol's to Hardie's on the Friday, and on Saturday to Roberton parish, where he wrote a poetical farewell to Teviotdale, and preached a brilliant sermon on 'Look not on the wine when it is red.' Afterwards, on his way home, he called at Abbotshall, and gave me a minute and amusing account of all his proceedings, concluding with high glee and emphasis, 'This famous exploit will immortalize us.'"

Chalmers returned to Kilmany in July, and immediately began to write a book. His mind does not appear to have been laid hold of very impressively by any particular subject; only his brother had suggested

to him "the propriety of making some effort in the way of publication"; and he himself had long been smitten with a touch of authormania. Having some inclination towards Political Economy, he resolved to write an "Inquiry into the Strength and Stability of National Resources,"—which, though intended chiefly to "elucidate some questions in the science of political economy," was designed likewise to contain "a number of allusions to the present aspect of affairs." The writer thought he could make it appear that Great Britain might be utterly independent of foreign trade; and that thus Napoleon, who had shut the continent against us, might be successfully defied. By the end of January of the next year the labour of composition was completed, and in February Chalmers went to Edinburgh to revise the work while passing through the press. On the 28th of March, 1808, the volume was published, and shortly experienced a tolerably brisk sale. He had some intentions of bringing out a second edition in London, and was on the eve of going thither in the month of August to negotiate preliminaries, when his purpose was changed suddenly by the death of one of his sisters. It is a memorable circumstance that for this book the Farmer's Magazine "belaboured him with twenty pages of abuse,"—"a coarse and ignorant invective," said Chalmers, naming it contemptuously.

In the autumn of 1808, Chalmers removed out of his dilapidated manse, for better comfort, to a place called Woodmuir, a house "lying close upon the Fifeshire coast of the Frith of Tay," and commanding a prospect "of Dundee and the shipping of the river." From thence, in February, 1809, he writes that the people in that neighbourhood were experiencing a hard winter—"another desperate attack of frost and snow within the last few days—the very beer freezing in the bottles": whereat doubtless hard drinkers were much discomfited. Among the recent occurrences of the world at large had been the famous battle of Corunna, in which a distinguished British general had fallen—Sir John Moore, namely, whose burial has been so well commemorated in Wolfe's rude but stirring lines:

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

* * *

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But left him alone in his glory!"

As a suitable accompaniment to the consequences of this battle, it was thought advisable by the powers in high places that there should be a national fast proclaimed, to give the general population of the kingdom an opportunity of humiliating themselves, and of profitably lamenting their recent loss. "Like every other minister in Scotland, Mr. Chalmers had to open his church for public worship, and to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion. To discharge this duty, he

had the cold and snow of a five miles' walk to brave." "I made my way," says he, "through the drift from Woodsmuir to Kilmany;" but having none but the villagers to preach to he convened them in his dining room. "And it was," says Dr. Hanna, "to that shivering group, convened in the dining room of the old and uninhabited manse, that he preached as eloquent a sermon as was delivered that day from the best of British pulpits, or was listened to by the most brilliant audience in the land."

From the scene of so much wasted eloquence—for evidently Dr. Hanna thinks it was a waste of eloquence to deliver a good sermon to a few shivering people in a dining room—let us now behold our orator in the attitude of making his "maiden speech in the General Assembly." Chalmers appeared there to expose the defect of a recent act of legislature affecting the augmentation of church livings; he having an eye meanwhile to some little augmentation of his own stipend. "The topic," says Hanna, "was a sufficiently dry and barren one, fit enough for a good legal pleading, but ill calculated, we should have thought, for eloquence or illustration. Nevertheless, a few sentences only had been uttered when the singular ingenuity and eloquence of the pleader arrested the whole house. Vigorous reasoning, genial humour, practical sagacity, large and generous sentiment, all broke out in the fervid and rapidly spoken utterance." All which occasions some impression, so that high dignitaries are inquiring of each other,—“Do you know this man? Who is he? He is surely a most extraordinary person.” Methinks, brethren, you will come to know him tolerably by-and-by. Meanwhile, however, listen to what he says,—Chalmers, like Sydney Smith, contended that virtue in a parson was not sufficient of itself to render him respectable. "It is quite ridiculous," said he, on winding up his speech, "to say that the worth of the clergy will suffice to keep them up in the estimation of society. This worth must be combined with importance. Now, it is our part to supply the element of worth, and it is the part of the Court of Session to supply the element of importance. Give both worth and importance to the same individual, and what are the terms employed in describing him? 'A distinguished member of society, the ornament of a most respectable profession, the virtuous companion of the great, and a generous consolation to all the sickness and poverty around him.' These, Moderator, appear to me to be the terms peculiarly descriptive of the appropriate character of a clergyman, and they serve to mark the place which he ought to occupy; but take away the importance, and leave only the worth, and what do you make of him? What is the descriptive term applied to him now? Precisely the term which I often find applied to many of my brethren, and which galls me to the very bone every moment I hear it—'*a fine body*;' a being whom you may like, but whom I defy you to esteem; a mere object of endearment; a being whom the great may at times honour with a dinner, but whom they

will never admit as a respectable addition to their society. Now, all that I demand of the Court of Teinds, is to be raised, and that as speedily as possible, above the imputation of being '*a fine body*;'—that they would add importance to my worth, and give splendour and efficacy to those exertions which have for their object the most exalted interests of the species." The motion which this address was intended to support fell, notwithstanding, to the ground, owing to the speaker's "ignorance of the forms of the house." When some one complimented him the next day on his "well-reasoned and brilliant speech," he observed, "Yes, but what did it signify?—it had no effect—nothing followed upon it." This man evidently understands what is the end of all speaking; discerns plainly that unless it can effect something, silence is far better.

The loss of his motion was not the worst thing that happened to Chalmers on this occasion; for on coming home from the assembly he caught cold, and fell afterwards into a severe and lingering illness. "For four months he never left his room; for upwards of half a year he never entered his pulpit; it was more than a twelvemonth before all the duties of his parish were again regularly discharged by him." An apparently sad prostration, and distressing interruption to his contemplated literary pursuits, as well as to all other interests in which he desired to be engaged. And yet, who does not see, that to such a man as Chalmers this long and painful illness might prove a salutary and most edifying season? Hitherto he had been occupied almost exclusively with outward things. His fervour and impetuosity of character made a continued succession of employments needful to him; and these were prosecuted with an ardour and intentness which left little time to look intimately into the inner depths of his own soul. But now he is called upon to pause. He, in his sick chamber, has to find a strength which shall be competent to fortify him against pain, weariness, and the gloom of sick imaginings. A strong man, hurled suddenly from the heights of health to the very brink of dissolution—with what thoughts, what feelings is he likely to contemplate his new and not unperilous position? His first impression is a mortifying sense of his personal impotence—of the paltriness and frivolity of many of the concerns which have till now principally filled up the measure of his occupation. What is time, with all its plans and vanities, its deep-laid ambitions, its pleasures of hope or memory; of what significance is all this towered world of projects, wherein we seek to build our little sanctuaries of contentment, and to possess a place in the affections or admiration of our fellows? A fleeting, inconstant, most empty, and inexplicable phenomenon,—a dim speck in that large invisible economy whereon time and all its interests rest—a bubble on the billow: of immensity! How trivial and insignificant, compared with the vastness of that grand eternity, towards which time, like a river to the ocean, is hourly and incessantly hastening to be merged and

swallowed up. What are these dread solemnities of life and death? What this huge unfathomable mystery wherein we dwell?—dwell only for an instant and then are gone? Is there anywhere within the bounds of the wide creation, within all this dark and inextricable coil of things, amid which we spin like fire-sparks on the wheel of some everlasting engine of necessity,—is there any place or covert of stability, where the wearied soul may rest, and breathe some breath of peace? So does the sick and distracted spirit, in that sick chamber of the body, ponder and inquire. And from the abyssal, unsounded depths of consciousness, from the throne as it seems of the eternal God, there comes a voice of wonder and of ecstasy, as though the spherical harmonies were audible, proclaiming a sweet, most consolatory evangel. O man, God is above thee: on His love and on His mercy thou shalt rely, and it shall be well with thee. Let *self* within thee be annihilated; thou shalt renounce the world; and with thy eyes upon the lodestars of immortal truth, thou shalt travel forward to thy fate in cheerfulness, through all the mazes of this checkered scene, through all the intricacies of the ulterior worlds; for it is the strength and inspiration of the Almighty which enlightens and sustains thee. By cultivating a faith in the invisible, the incongruities of the visible shall be rendered clear to thy apprehension.

This is what, in theological phraseology, is called Chalmers's conversion. It is a change which every true and sufficient man cannot fail, under one or another form, to undergo; a change by which a man is instructed and informed concerning the profound significance of life; and how, for its appropriate unfolding, his aims and aspirations must lay hold on something which is beyond it. By such evangelical methods as were open to him did Chalmers learn to apprehend the mysterious Redemption of the Cross, the saving power of that religious and consecrated sorrow, which has been the beacon-light and guiding star of earnest souls these eighteen hundred years. The meaning of the Infinite was revealed to him, and by the light of that revelation the Finite was no longer unintelligible. "Strip human life," said he, "of its connexion with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects, and convulsive effort, which terminate in nothing." Time, then, is the fore-court of eternity—the preliminary scene of preparation and probation for an ultimate and grander scene wherein time shall be no more. In the face of this great conviction, he can say with all humility, "My prayer to heaven is, that my temper, and my passions, and my conversation may be brought under the habitual regulation of principle; that the labours of my mind may be subservient to the interests of the gospel; that from this moment I may shake off caprice and indolence, and the mischief of ill-regulated passions; and that with the blessing of the divine assistance, I may be enabled to soar above the littleness of time, and give all for eternity." So stands it

written, on "March 17th, 1810," the day on which the writer had completed his thirtieth year of age.

With a clearer purpose, profounder aims, and loftier aspirations, he can now pursue his calling. As a preacher, as an author, he comes to entertain a higher end than that of personal celebrity or ambition. The cause of truth is seen to be a pre-eminent and sacred one; an immeasurable, and altogether infinite concern. With restored health comes a time of greater effort and more resolute activity. He seeks to realize his new ideal; to live in a lively conformity to the principles which he has embraced with the whole strength of his understanding, with the deep intentness of exalted feeling. He is sensible, doubtless, of manifold short-comings—some of which are recorded in his journal with an almost morbid susceptibility; but his effort after a completer worthiness is henceforth earnest, strenuous, and sincere.

In 1811, we find him re-established in his manse, (which had lately been rebuilt,) exercising a liberal and genial hospitality, and occupying his leisure hours in writing articles for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. One of the pleasantest things about Chalmers, is, that he never lost a relish for a joke. In the course of this autumn, when his sister Jane, his "favourite housekeeper," had left him for a month or two, (on the eve of her expected marriage,) to manage the hospitality of the manse by his single ingenuity, he was visited by two gentlemen from Dundee, who were prepared with excellent appetites for dinner. On inquiry, and examination of his larder, Chalmers found, not without dismay, that he had "nothing whatever in the house but two separate parcels of salt fish." To make the best of these, however, he ordered each to be cooked separately; and the same were afterwards served up in "two large and most promising cover-dishes, flourishing at the head and foot of the table." "And now, gentlemen," said the host, as the covers were removed, "you have variety to choose among: that is hard fish from St. Andrews, and this is hard fish from Dundee."

It would have been agreeable had this volume of Dr. Hanna's introduced us a little more distinctly into the households of Kilmany, so that we might have seen the minister's ingoings and outgoings among at least a few of his parishioners. The journal itself is in this respect extremely unsatisfactory and imperfect; there being scarcely any entries from which we can gather the slightest notion of the sort of life which was then and there going forward. By dint of keen inspection, however, we perceive that in the summer months of 1812, the worthy pastor is frequently in the habit of calling at a house in the place or hamlet named Starbank, the residence of one Mr. Simson—to all appearance a highly respectable and worthy kind of man. But it does not appear to us, looking at the matter retrospectively, that Chalmers can be particularly anxious about enjoying this gentleman's conversation, nor even the wine or whisky which at stated seasons every day are probably brought on the table. There is, as we con-

ceive, a far more spiritual and interesting attraction. Mr. Simson has, in fact, a rather pleasant niece residing with him, and, to all appearance, nowise indisposed to marry; provided she can find a man who takes her fancy, not disinclined to put the question. The Reverend Thomas Chalmers—a "personable man" of two-and-thirty, with undoubted talents and unblemished reputation, seems likely to be the man, and is evidently intending something of the sort. Though he had declared he would die a bachelor, he is beginning to think with Benedick, that when he made that foolish resolution he had no conception of ever living to be married. Miss Grace Pratt (second daughter of Captain Pratt of the First Royal Veteran Battalion) is the lady's name—a name which it were apparently highly pleasant and expedient to transform into "Mrs. Chalmers." Accordingly, after some preliminary dalliances, the parties come to speech about the matter; and Chalmers thus announces the result, in a somewhat mystifying letter to his sister Jane:—

"You know that, when you left Edinburgh, I was engaged with a process before the court of teinds, and that the issue of that process was not just so favourable as I could have wished; since which period I have been carrying on another process before another court, and after the delay of some vexatious forms, and some tedious unlooked-for evasions, I have the joy to announce to you that the issue has been in the highest degree triumphant. I had really no time for answering your letter. My whole time was occupied with the business of the law-suit, and with a most constant and fatiguing attendance upon the forms of court. I had to draw out the summonses; I had to plead repeatedly in person. When I met with any discouraging appearance on the part of the judge, I had to renew my appeal, and betake myself to another line of argument. I had to frame replies and dupes, and thought at one time that I would be cast upon the necessity of resting the whole merits of the cause upon a reclaiming petition. The memorials I had to write out and give into court were innumerable. At length appearances began to dawn more favourably upon me. Anxiety brightened into hope, and hope now reposes in all the certainty of the long-wished and well-fought-for decision. Nothing now remains but to carry forward the decision into accomplishment as speedily as possible."

There being thus no reasonable "cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony," the marriage accordingly came off, on the morning of the 4th of August, 1812, at Starbank aforesaid—the parson and his bride going home with their party to Kilmany in the evening; and eight days afterwards we find him writing,—“Peace, harmony, and affection reign in my abode.”

Thus far only can we at present follow Chalmers. When another volume of materials has been published, perhaps, if readers be not wearied, we may again take up the theme.

DEBORAH'S DIARY.

May 12.

YESTERDAY, being the Lord's day, mother was hugely scared during morning service, by seeing an old lady put her kerchief to her nose, look hither and thither, and, finally, walk out of church. One whispered another,—“A plague-smell, perchance.” “No doubt on't;”—and soe, one after another left, as, at length, did mother, who declared she beganne to feel herself ill. On the cloth being drawn after dinner, she made a serious attack on my father, upon the subject of country lodgings, which he stoutly resisted at first, saying,—“If, wife and daughters, either the danger were so immediate, or the escape from it soe facile as to justify these womanish clamours, reason would that I should listen to you. But, since that the Lord is about our bed, and about our path, in the capital noe less than in the country, and knoweth them that are his, and hideth them under the shadowe of his wings,—and since that, if the fiat be indeede issued agaynst us, no stronghold, though guarded with triple walls of circumvallation, like Echatana, nor pastoral valley, that might inspire Theocritus with a new Idyl, can hide us, either by its strength or its obscurity, from the arrow of the destroying angel; ye, therefore, seeing these things cannot be spoken agaynst, ought to be quiet, and do nothing rashly. Wherefore, I pray you, wife and daughters, get you to your knees, before Him who alone can deliver you from these terrors; and, having cast your burthen upon Him, eat your bread in peacefulness and cheerfulness of heart.”

However, we really are preparing for country quarters, for young Elwood hath this morning brought us note of a rustick abode at Chalfont, in Bucks, the charges of which suit my father's limited means; and we hope to enter on it by the end of the week. We part with one maid, and take the other. Betty was very forward to be left in charge; and profest herself willing to abide any risk for the sake of the family; more by token she thoughte there was noe risk at alle, having boughte a sovereign charm of Mother Shipton. Howbeit, on inducing her, much agaynst her will, to open it, nought was founde within but a wretched little print of a ship, with the words, scrawled beneath it,—“By virtue of the above sign.” Father called her a silly baggage, and sayd, he was glad, at anie rate, there was no profanitic in it; but, in spite of Betty, and Polly, and mother too, he is resolved to leave y^e house under the sole charge of Nurse Jellycott. Indeed, there will probably be more rather than less work to do at Chalfont; but mother means to get a little boy, such as will be glad to come for threepence a-week, to fetch the milk, post the letters, get flour from the mill and barm from the brew-house, carry pies to the oven, clean boots and shoes, bring in wood, sweep up the garden, roll the grass, turn the spit, draw the water, lift boxes and heavy

weights, chase away beggars and infectious persons, and any little odd matter of the kind.

Mother has drowned the cats, and poisoned the rats. The latter have revenged 'emselves by dying behind the wainscot, which makes y^e lower part of the house soe unbearable, 'speciallic to father, that we are impatient to be off. Mother, intending to turn Chalfont into a besieged garrison, is laying in stock of sope, candles, cheesc, butter, salt, sugar, raisins, pease, and bacon, besides resin, sulphur, and Benjamin, agaynst y^e infection; and pill, ruff, and Venice treacle, in case it comes.

As to father, his thoughts naturallic run more on food for y^e mind; soe he hath layd in goodlie store of pens, paper, and ink, and sett me to pack his books. At first, he sayd he s^d onlic require a few, and good ones. These were alle of y^e biggest; and three or four folios broke out the bottom of the box. Soe then mother sayd y^e onlic way was to cord 'em up in sacking; which greatlie relaxed y^e bounds of his self-denial, and ended in his having a load packed that w^d break a horse's back. Alsoe, hath had his organ taken to peeces, but as it must goe in two severall loads, and we cannot get a bigger wagon, everie cart and carriage, large or little, being on such hard duty in these times, I'm to be left behind till the wagon returns, and till I've finished cataloguing y^e books; after which, Ned Phillips hath promised to take me down on a pillion.

Nurse Jellycott, being sent for from Wapping, looked in this forenoon, for father's commands. Such years have passed since we lost sight of her, that I remembered not her face in y^e least, but had an instant recollection of her chearfull, gentle voyce. Spite of her steeple hat, and short scarlet cloke, which gave her an antiquated ayr, her cleare hazel eyes and smooth-parted silver locks gave her an engaging appearance. The world having gone ill with her, she thankfullie takes charge of y^e premises; and though her eyes filled with tears, 'twas with looking at father. He, for his part, spake most kindlie, and gave her his hand, which she kissed.

They are all off. Never was house in such a pickle! The carpets rolled up, but y^e boards beneath 'em unswept, and black with dirt; as Nurse gladlie undertook everie office of that kind, and sayd 'twould help to amuse her when we were away. But she has tidied up the little chamber, over the house-door, she means to occupy, and sett a beau-pot on the mantell of fresh flowers she brought with her. The whole house smells of aromattick herbs, we have burnt soe many of late for fumigation; and, though we fear to open y^e window, yet, being on y^e shady side, we doe not feel the heat much.

Yesterday, while in y^e thick of packing, and nobody being with father but me, a messenger arrived, with a few lines, writ privily by a friend of poor Ellwood, saying he was in Aylesbury Gaol, not for debt, but for his opinions, and praying father to send him

twenty or thirty shillings for immediate necessaries. Mother having gone to my Lord Mayor for passports, and father having long given up to her his purse, . . . (for us girls, we rarelie have a crown,) he was in a strait, and at length sayd,—“This poor young fellow must not be denied. . . . A friend in need is a friend indeed. . . . Tye on thy hood, child, and step out with the volume thou hadst in thy hand but now, to the stall at y^e corner. See Isaac himself; shew him Tasso's autograph on y^e fly-leaf, and ask him for thirty or forty shillings on it till I come back; but bid him on noe pretence to part with it.”

I did soe, not much liking y^e job,—there are often such queer people there; for old Isaac deals not onlie in old books, but old silver spoons. Howbeit, I took the volume to his shop, and, as I went in, Betty came out! What had been her businesse I know not; but she lookt at me and my book as though she s^d like to know mine; but, with her usuall demure curtsey, made way for me, and walked off. I got the money with much waiting, but not much other difficultie, and took it to father, who sent twenty shillings to Ellwood, and gave me five for my payns.

Mother was soe worried by y^e odour of y^e rats, that they alle started off a day sooner than was first intended, leaving me merelic a little extra packing. Consequence was, that, this morning, before dawn, being earlic at my task, there taps me at the window an old harridan that mother can't abide, who is always a crying, “Anie kitchen-stuff have you, maids?”

Quoth I, “We've nothing for you.”

“Sure, my deary,” answers she, in a cajoling voyce, “there's the dripping and candles you promised me this morning, along with the pot-liquor.”

“Dear heart, Mrs. Deb!” says Nurse, laughing, “there is, indeed, a lot of kitchen-stuff hid up near the sink, which I dare say your maid told her she was to have; and, as it will onlic make y^e house smell worse, I don't see why she s^d not have it, and pay for it, too.”

Soe I laught, and gave it her forthwith, and she put into my hand two shillings; but then says,—“Why, where's the cheesc?”

“We've no cheesc for you,” sayd I.

“Well,” says she, “it's a dear bargain; but . . .” peering towards me, “is t'other mayd gone, then?”

“Oh, yes! both of 'em,” says I; “and I'm the mistress,” soe burst out a laughing, and shut the window, while she stumped off, with something between a grunt and a grone. Of course, I gave the money to Nurse.

We had much talk overnight of my poor dear mother. Nurse came to her when Anne was born, and remained in y^e family till after the death of father's second wife. She was a fayr and delicate gentlewoman, by Nurse's account, soft in speech, fond of father, and kind to us and the servants; but alle Nurse's suffrages were in favour of mine owne mother.

I askt Nurse how there came to have beene a

separation between father and mother, soon after their marriage. She made answer, she never c^d understand the rights of it, having been before her time; but they were both soe good, and tenderly affectioned, she never c^d believe there had been anie reall wrong on either side. She always thought my grandmother must have promoted a misunderstanding. Men were seldom fond of their mothers-in-law. He was very kind to the whole family the winter before Anne was born, when, but for him, they would not have had a roof over their heads. Old Mr. Powell died in his house, the very day before Christmase, which cast a gloom over alle, insomuch that my mother would never after keep Christmas Eve; and, as none of the Puritans did, they were alle of a mind. My other grandfather dropt off a few months after; he was very fond of mother. At this time, grandmother was going to law for her widow's thirds, which were little worth y^e striving for, except to one soe extreme poor; yet, spite of gratitude and interest, she must quarrel with father, and remove herself from his house; which even her own daughter thought very wrong. Howbeit, mother w^d have her first child baptized after her; and sent her alle y^e little helps she could from her owne purse, from time to time, with father's privitie and concurrence. He would have his next girl called Mary, after mother; though the name *she* ever went by with him was "sweet Moll;"—'tis now always "poor Moll," or "your mother." Her health fayled about that time, and they summered at Forest Hill,—a place she was always hankering after; but when she came back she told Nurse she never wished to see it agayn, 'twas soe altered. Father's sight was, meantime, getting worse and worse. She read to him, and wrote for him often. He had become Cromwell's secretary, and had received the public thanks of the Commonwealth. . . Great as his reputation was at home, 'twas greater abroad; and foreigners came to see him, as they still occasionally doe, from all parts. My mother not onlie loved him, but was proud of him. All her pleasures were in home. From my birth to that of y^e little boy who died, her health and spiritts were good; after that, they failed; but she always tried to be chearfulle with father. She read her Bible much, and was good to the poor. Nurse says 'twas almost miraculous how much good she did at how little cost, except of forethought and trouble; and alle soe secretlie. She began to have an impression she was for an early grave, but did not seem to lament it. One night, Nurse, being beside her, awoke her from what she supposed an uneasie dream, as she was crying in her sleep; but as soone as she oped her eyes, she looked surprised, and said 'twas a vision of peace. She thought the Redeemer of alle men had been talking with her, face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, and that she had fallen at his feet in grateful joy, and was saying, "Oh! I can't express. . . I can't express—" About a week after, she dyed, without any particular warning, except a short prick or two at the

heart. My father was by. 'Twas much talked of at y^e time, she being soe young.

Discoursing of this and that, 'twas midnight ere we went to bed.

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE IN THE TEXAS.

DURING the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Ferguson of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardihood and success in the terrible hunting of the Indians. The following incident will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still waging in the New World, between civilization and barbarism.

A small band of volunteers, among whom was Captain Ferguson, spent several days exploring Texas, and had wandered far into the interior without meeting a solitary Indian track. Tired of this pacific journey, they resolved to separate, and seek adventures singly, before returning to the camp.

Accordingly, the following morning, Captain Ferguson, mounted on an excellent horse, left his companions, and directed his course across a vast prairie, towards a cluster of hills, hemmed in by thick woods which bounded the horizon. Arrived at the foot of one of the hills, the Captain perceived a troop of wild horses slowly advancing towards him. Suddenly they broke into a gallop: a manœuvre which appeared suspicious, and induced our hero to watch them closely.

They soon gained the level ground, and the dull sound of their hoofs striking the soil, became distinctly audible. The Captain looked, and saw clinging to the flanks of each horse, an Indian suspended horizontally by an arm and a leg. This is a common stratagem among the Indians, but luckily for Ferguson, he was still at a considerable distance from these unpleasant-looking cavaliers.

Perceiving, by the sudden rapidity of his flight, that they were discovered, the Indians climbed nimbly on their horses, and pursued our hero at full speed, shouting their terrible war-cry.

Looking back, Ferguson observed that his enemies spread themselves across the prairie, with the evident intention of cutting off his retreat to the hills. He saw that his only chance of safety consisted in gaining the woods; whither his pursuers durst not follow him, lest they might encounter the out-posts of the American troops.

He did not again look behind, but with his eyes eagerly fixed on the yet distant goal, he spurred on his horse to its utmost speed. The animal stumbled, and the cry of the Indians became more distinct; but the noble animal rose again, and with a loud neigh, as though conscious of the peril that menaced his master, he made a prodigious forward bound, and cleared the space which divided him from the wood, with the speed of an arrow.

As Ferguson had foreseen, the Indians, fearing to enter the woods, came to a sudden halt. Although now comparatively out of danger, he did not esteem the neighbourhood perfectly safe, and therefore pursued his course for five or six miles without drawing bridle. Evening was closing in when he judged it proper to pause. He tried in vain to discover where he was; but he was not a man to vex himself for trifles, so he quietly resolved to pass the night in the open air, and defer till the morrow the task of finding his way. A clear stream bordered with shrubs ran near, and Ferguson, having unbridled his horse, wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down on the grass.

At daybreak he resumed his journey, following the course of the stream. When he had gone about four miles, he found the corpse of one of his companions. The poor fellow had been scalped, and Ferguson's first thought was that all his friends had probably been surprised, and massacred singly. Indeed, the numerous hoof-prints of horses, some shod and some unshod, indicated plainly the recent passage of both white-men and Indians. Slowly and cautiously he followed these traces without making any discoveries; until towards the middle of the day, having climbed up a slight eminence, he saw on the plain, at about a mile's distance, a large Indian encampment.

At the same moment the Indians perceived the Captain, and leaped on their horses. Cursing his own imprudence, Ferguson turned bridle, and began as quickly as possible to retrace his steps. Arrived at the outer border of the wood, he saw on the plain which he was about to cross, a dense cloud of lurid smoke extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. It was a prairie on fire. What was he to do? To return was death: to go forward, destruction no less inevitable.

In this terrible emergency, Ferguson did not lose his presence of mind, but continued to advance rapidly in the direction of the fire. When he met the black advanced guard of smoke, behind which the flame wound and darted like some monstrous hydra-headed serpent, Ferguson checked his horse and dismounted. He tore his mantle into pieces, fastened one as a bandage round his horse's eyes, and another so as to envelop the animal's mouth and nostrils; then he covered his own face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments—precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparation made, Ferguson remounted, and facing his horse towards the fire, spurred him on with the energy of despair. The noble beast bounded onwards, the fierce flames enveloping him and his rider; but the arm of the latter was of iron strength; he held up his horse, and impelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds, and the torture was over.

The fresh cool air, how delicious it was! Ferguson tore off the bandages which covered his own head and his horse's, and threw himself on the ground. He is saved! he has accomplished an unparalleled exploit!

But above the roaring and crackling of the flames, he hears the triumphant cries of his pursuers, who think they have precipitated him into the ocean of fire. He made an effort to give back a defying shout, but his voice died on his lips.

Half suffocated, both horse and man had scarcely strength to move across the blackened plain; yet Ferguson knew that without water they must inevitably perish. He therefore summoned his remaining energies, and crept on, leading his horse by the bridle. All the poor creature's hair was singed off, and large pieces of his hide came away at the slightest touch.

Tormented by a raging thirst, Ferguson dragged himself towards the farthest extremity of the plain; and when there, he perceived a band of wolves advancing with savage howls. This new peril roused both the horse and his rider. A clear fresh stream was flowing by: into it plunged the animal, and Ferguson also dipped his head into the delicious bath. Its restorative effect was magical. He recollected that the wolves in these vast deserts are accustomed to flock towards a prairie on fire, in order to prey on the animals escaping from the flames. The Captain examined his horse, and found with pleasure that the poor creature was much recovered, and even neighed in reply to the wolves' howling. More moved by this plaintive neigh than he had ever been by a human cry, Ferguson gently caressed the head of his steed, and then mounting, urged him towards the forest. The wolves meanwhile were crossing the stream in hot pursuit, their hoarse yells sounding a thousand times more terrible than the whistling of bullets on a battle-field.

A cold shuddering seized Ferguson. "If my horse should fall!" he thought. But thanks to his vigilance, and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained on their pursuers; for the speed of a prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet horse.

But the powers of the noble creature were nearly spent, his breathing became rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he still made a wondrous effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be found among the trees.

At length the wood was gained. Ferguson gave a joyous shout, for now he could take refuge in a tree. Tying his horse to a lower branch, our hero climbed one quickly, and loaded his carabine and pistols, with a faint hope of defending the poor animal from the wolves' attack.

From the lofty branch on which he had taken up his position, Ferguson watched the monsters' approach—they were of the fiercest species, white with glowing red eyes; and he saw that all was over with his faithful horse. They rushed on their victim—Ferguson fired among them; but in a moment the animal was devoured, and the empty bridle left hanging on the branch.

The wolves, with gaping throats, and their white tusks grinning horribly, remained round the tree; for

the horse had scarcely furnished each with a single mouthful. On the Captain's slightest movement they jumped up, as if to seize him before he could touch the ground. Ferguson enjoyed a sort of feverish pleasure in killing a number of them with his carabine. But night was closing in, and quite exhausted, unable even to reload his arms, he was seized with a sudden giddiness. He was forced to close his eyes, lest he should fall from his green fortress.

Then a deep roaring was heard in the neighbouring prairie. At the sound, the wolves pricked up their ears, and darted off simultaneously in pursuit of a new prey. In a short time Ferguson opened his eyes, and descried in the plain on the border of the wood, an enormous buffalo, surrounded by the ravenous wolves, who were tearing him to pieces, despite his furious efforts to escape.

The Captain, profiting by this fortunate diversion, descended from his tree, and hastened to kindle the dried branches scattered on the ground. He shortly succeeded in surrounding himself with a rampart of fire.

Feeling then in comparative safety, he roasted one of the dead wolves, and ate a small portion of the flesh, notwithstanding the natural repugnance inspired by such unclean food. Being somewhat strengthened by his strange repast, he collected a supply of wood for the night.

In about an hour afterwards, the wolves returned to the charge, but Ferguson, thanks to his flaming fortification, was in such perfect safety, that despite the continued howling, he slept profoundly until morning.

On awaking, he found that the wolves were gone, in pursuit, doubtless, of some easier prey; and the Captain was able to resume his journey on foot, carrying with him his pistols, his cutlass, and his carabine.

After a week of incredible fatigue and privation, he arrived in safety at the American camp; but no tidings were ever heard of his unfortunate companions. They probably had either been massacred by the Indians, or devoured by the wolves. As to Captain Ferguson, he was seized with a fever which confined him to bed during many weeks. When convalescent, he happened one day to look in a mirror, and started back affrighted. His beard remained black, but the hair of his head had become white as snow.

A FEW WORDS ON CORALS.

BY M. B.

It is the object of the following papers to illustrate the natural history of the ocean, and to introduce to the reader a few of the forms of life which the naturalist meets with in the deep sea. The sea that bathes the globe contains as countless multitudes of living beings as does the land we tread, and each possesses an organization as interesting and as peculiar to itself, as any of the higher forms of the animal creation. But the interest does not cease here, for

these marine invertebrata play an important part in the vast economy of nature, some living but to afford food for the larger kinds, others devouring all matter devoid of vitality, and so removing all putrescent materials, with which the sea would otherwise be surcharged; while others, again, living in large communities, surely and slowly, by their gradual growth, so alter the physical construction of the globe as to render seas and harbours unnavigable, and in many cases even to give rise in course of ages to those islands, apparently of spontaneous growth, which are so common in the Southern Seas.

Corals and Madrepores first claim our attention, because they occupy the lowest place, with the exception of sponges, in the animal scale. Indeed, so low is their organization, that former naturalists denied their animal character, and from superficial examination of their external appearance, placed them among the wonders of the vegetable world. And from the arborescent and plant-like form assumed by many kinds, in the *Flustra* and others, in which the resemblance to sea-weeds is so strong as generally to cause them to be confounded together under the same group, and being fixed to submarine rocks, or marine shells, observers might easily have been led to the mistake, had not modern research rectified the error. Corals and Madrepores, as they are known to us, consist but of the stony skeletons of the animals themselves, for in the living state, while dwelling in the ocean, each portion of the stony framework was covered with an animal coating of gelatinous matter, which, closely investing it, was the living portion of the animal. But the structure of the animal is not simply this, for attached to different portions of it in the living state are to be found a countless number of little cells, which, armed with tentacles of great prehensile and tactile powers, are the apertures through which the particles of food are conveyed for the sustenance of the animal. These bodies, as they may be called, are the analogues of that simple polyp, the common hydra, which, abounding in almost every pond, has been long known to naturalists. It consists of a single dilated gelatinous vesicle, which is terminated at one extremity by a sucker, and at the other by a number of contractile filaments, which serve as the tentaculae, by which it seizes its prey. This is all that represents the animal, the dilated portion of the tube being the part in which the process of digestion is carried on, and where the food is assimilated to the wants of the little creature. These hydræ live singly, each animal being independent of another, and each possesses the power of self-reparation; so that should it happen that a tentacle is lost, another sprouts to supply its place, or should the naturalist by way of experiment divide it in half, each portion immediately reproduces the wanting section. Such then is briefly the structure of the simple fresh-water hydra, a polyp of common occurrence, and from this description the reader will gain some idea of the polyps of the Coral family before us; but he must remember that in the case

now under discussion, the polyps are aggregated together, a number on one common stem, each possessing independent life, but all ministering to the support of the compound animal.

The hydra, then, of the Coral and Madrepor, thus explained, would appear to be the parts through which food is absorbed for the general nourishment of the body, which, as before observed, consists simply of a gelatinous film of animal matter, possessing but little evidence of vitality. Here then is a community of nourishment, and with it also a community of sensation, for if one portion be irritated, contiguous portions of the animal are apt to sympathise. When the Coral polyps are not in an active state, or in other words, when they are not in want of food, these hydra-form polyps may not be visible, but being retracted into cells found as depressions in the skeletons of the Madrepor, they are lost to observation, and it is only when in quest of food and nourishment that their contractile tentacles are expanded, and distinctly prominent.

The physiology of the growth of the skeleton, both in the Madrepor, and the Coral, is the same. The entire skeleton, however ramified it may be, or whatever form it may assume, is secreted by the living matter with which it is invested, the materials for its formation being derived from the element in which it lives; and as its deposition takes place at different times, the central stem of some corals is apt to assume a beautiful concentric arrangement of laminae. But the material deposited or secreted need not necessarily be hard or calcareous, but even may partake of the character of horn or other flexible materials, as is the case with some of the coral family. In other cases there is an alternation of each material; and the necessity of this change in the character of the skeleton will now demand our attention.

The common coral of the Mediterranean, possessing a stony skeleton, is found in situations where its stunted form and its extreme hardness sufficiently preserve it from the violence of the waves; but place a coral under other circumstances, and expose it to the storms of the Indian Ocean, where the waves rage with fury, dashing on and uprooting all things within their power, and the structure of the simple corallum would fail to withstand their violence. Here then, under such circumstances, in the case of the Gorgonia, nature has provided a horny and flexible skeleton, which, spreading majestically in the sea, shall be capable of bending beneath the weight of the superincumbent waves, and so yielding to the storms. Nature has thus adapted herself to each contingent circumstance.

The next point to which we shall advert will be coral formations, which form so interesting a study to the naturalist and geologist. When we consider that we have at hand only a soft gelatinous covering, stretched on a hard stony frame-work,—that the material on which this animal substance exists, is furnished by the sea in which it lives,—we cannot but be surprised at the smallness of the means which

nature uses for the execution of her great designs. But time compensates for the insignificance of the means employed, and the continued activity of nature's architects, during continuous ages, accomplishes these stupendous results, which have at various times excited the wonder of the navigator, and aroused the attention of the naturalist. Many examples of these are to be found in the Pacific Archipelago. Seas and shallows, once navigable, become in the process of time so filled by these living animals, as to become impassable, their stony skeletons forming hard massy rocks and impenetrable barriers, which, rising from the bottom of the sea and shallows, constitute solid masonry of living stones.

But besides thus aggregating in the neighbourhood of land and continents, formations similarly produced are constantly met with during the circumnavigation of the globe. Not only barriers and reefs owe their origin to these humble means, but large lands, stretching for miles in the centre of the ocean, rise gradually from beneath the surface of the sea, and, becoming clothed with verdure and vegetation, at last offer a resting-place for the daring seafarer. But now occurs the interesting question, How happens it that these islands are found in situations where the sea is too deep to allow of any animal life to exist? And yet these corals must have grown upwards from some resting-place. The researches of Darwin have shown that the greatest depth in which corals live, is between thirty and forty fathoms beneath the surface of the sea; hence it is absolutely certain that for every island some foundation must exist in the sea for these reef-building animals to attach themselves to. Such foundation, from the observation of Darwin, would appear to be provided by submarine mountains which have gradually subsided into the sea, having originally existed above its surface. Upon these foundations the reef-building saxigenous corals have become attached, and slowly accumulating in large numbers, and gradually depositing their carbonate of lime, during the lapse of ages, by degrees construct these large piles, which, at last emerging from the ocean's bosom, appear as newly-formed continents and islands. Once above the surface, the work of the corals is at an end; no longer exposed to the salt water, the emerged portion dies, and then new agencies are called into play, before its surface can be clothed with vegetable life. The storms of the ocean and the rising waves gradually deposit on its surface the sand and mud torn up from the bottom of the sea, and the sea-weed too that is cast upon its tenantless shores soon crumbles into mould, and unites with the debris of the former polyps. At last, some seeds from neighbouring lands are driven to its strand, and there finding a soil suited for their growth, soon sprout, under the influence of a tropical sun, into fresh life, and clothe the ocean isle with verdure and vegetation.

Then *last*, man comes, and taking possession of the land, erects him a house to dwell in, and cultivating the soil he finds, soon converts the ocean-rescued land into cultivated plains. Islands thus

formed are constantly increased in circumference by the same means as those that gave them birth; the same agency is ever at work, adding particle on particle to the rising land. But is it not strange that such simple means can resist the ever-flowing and roaring ocean—that such simple animals can uprear a masonry which shall resist the violence of the waves and defy the power of the breakers? Is it not strange that a simple polyp can form a structure in the bosom of the ocean, which shall stand, a victorious antagonist to the storm when works of man and other “inanimate works of nature” would have crumbled into nothing before the relentless fury of a disturbed ocean? “Let the hurricane tear up its thousand huge fragments, yet what will that tell against the accumulated labour of myriads of architects at work day and night, month after month?” for here organic force is opposed to the raging elements, and opposing, is victorious.

UNEXPECTED DISCLOSURES.

A VERY entertaining volume might be written on unexpected disclosures. There are few who could not contribute from their own experience, or from that of their friends, some amusing exemplification. It has not unfrequently happened, that a secret believed to be locked in the bosom of one only confidant has escaped, and gone through the length and breadth of the land by some strange chance, and not from any breach of faith in the one whose duty it was to guard it. Thus it was with an unfortunate secret which Peter the Great confided to the empress and to Menchikoff, under the promise of inviolable fidelity. “We are going to march against the Persians,” said his Majesty, who had resolved on the measure, “but it is absolutely necessary that we should keep this entirely to ourselves, till the plans can be considered.” A few days after this confidential communication, the emperor inquired of an attendant if there were any news. “The news that every one has, your Majesty,” replied he, “is, that we are going to march against the Persians.” The Czar, naturally concluding that one or other of the only two persons in whom he had confided had betrayed him, desired their attendance in the same apartment where he had before received them in private. He upbraided them with their breach of confidence; they protested their innocence;—“Not one syllable of what he had told them had ever passed their lips; how could he suppose them guilty of such perfidy?” Their protestations were vain, and he was about to leave the room in displeasure, when the parrot who was in the cage began to flutter and to call out, “*We’ll march against the Persians—we’ll march against the Persians—*” words which he had picked up by hearing them from the Czar at his interview with the empress and Menchikoff, and which he had repeated so often that all the domestics in the royal palace had heard them again and again. The mystery was now solved, and the Czar determined that Poll should never be taken

into his confidence again, for it was plain that he had no talent for keeping a secret. How often by an inadvertent word, which would have been gladly recalled at the cost of the whole world, has some disclosure been made, which turned the tide of justice against a culprit! how often has such a one been committed on some unexpected disclosure made unguardedly by himself! But this would be a sad chapter, and we pass to less gloomy instances.

From sheer carelessness disclosures have been made to the last persons in the world who should have known anything of the matter. Frederic once picked up a letter which had been dropped by the Hussar who attended on him. He sent for the man, and asked him whether he could write, “A little,” replied the Hussar. “No matter,” replied the king, “take this pen, and write, as well as you can, what I shall dictate.” Frederic then dictated from the fatal letter, which was addressed to the Hussar’s mistress,

“My dear Charlotte, it will not be in my power to call upon you either to-day or so soon as I could wish, having to stay at home to take care of the old Brummen Bar (growing bear). I hope, however, towards the end of the week to make good this loss.” The man fell on his knees, and attempted to excuse himself. “Write on,” resumed the king, “and add, ‘My dear Charlotte, it is probable several weeks may pass over before I can have the pleasure of seeing you, being obliged at this very moment to set off for Spandau.’” The king signed the letter, and sent him with it to prison. However, he left him there no longer than it was necessary to give him a fright.

King Charles, who enjoyed anything clever, said one day, “Come, Rochester, let me see one of your last lampoons.” Eager to gratify his Majesty, and to show his own ability, he flew in haste to his desk, and laying his hands on one, he presented it to the king. He had taken the wrong one; it was a lampoon on his Majesty! Papers falling into hands for which they were never intended, have indeed caused the greatest embarrassment.

Mr. Hawkshaw, a friend of ours, who was on a visit with a neighbouring nobleman, picked up a piece of paper as he was going down stairs one morning. As he was rather inquisitive, he looked into the contents, with which he was highly amused. It was an account of house expenses kept by one of the servants. Among various items he found the following:—

To fresh eggs for my master and mistress. 1s. 6d.
To stale ditto for Mr. Hawkshaw 0s. 4d.

Mr. Hawkshaw entered the room where his host and hostess were sitting, and pretending to think they were privy to the servants’ mode of entertaining him, made great amusement for himself.

Among unexpected disclosures, that which took place at the house of a family where we were intimate caused much laughing at the time of its occurrence. Here there were large evening parties occasionally, to which Mr. J., the master of the house, had a particular

dislike. From these entertainments he always sought the privacy of his own chamber, leaving his wife to apologise for his absence in the best manner she could. She generally accounted for it by saying he had been suddenly called from home on professional business. One evening a very large company had assembled, and Mrs. J. apologised for her husband as usual;—"Most urgent business some miles off in the country had required his most special attendance, which had been a very great disappointment to him—he would have been so glad to have had his friends about him," &c. The guests, as politeness demanded, chimed in with his regrets. Supper was laid for a great number on two tables which extended the length of the room; the space between the two was sufficient for the servants to pass up and down to the sideboard, which was at the top of the room. It was during the few moments' silence which has been sometimes observed to prevail even in the largest companies, and it was now near the conclusion of supper, when the door flew open with a great swing, a strange gaunt figure deliberately bent his way between the tables, and as the room was brilliantly lit up, he was visible to all the company, and every eye was fixed on him. He wore no garment but a shirt, which did not reach to his knees, and a white cotton cap, surrounded by an imposing tassel. When he reached the sideboard, he poured out a glass of water, and drank it off, then retracing his footsteps, he passed out of the room. If the guests at first mistook him for a ghost, they had ample time to be undeceived as he passed in review before them, and to recognise the master of the house. He was a somnambulist, and when his wife flattered herself that he was asleep in bed, he appeared among his guests, giving the lie direct to all that she had asserted about his unwilling absence.

It has sometimes happened to those who have wished to make an appearance above their means, that unexpected disclosures have marred their attempts. Mrs. S. was in straitened circumstances, and was obliged to do many things for herself, which she would have left to a servant, had she not been so situated. Still she delighted in fashionable society, and in such it was her great object to keep up an appearance. A large coarse rubber was still in her hand, with which she had been dusting some of the furniture, when she heard Lady Mary on the stairs. To be seen on such intimate terms with the horror in her hand was dreadful; but there was neither time nor place to hide it, so she thrust it at once into her pocket, and met her visitor with tolerable ease, but could not but perceive that she wore a suppressed smile all the time of her stay. This was accounted for after she took leave, for there was the coarse soiled rubber dangling at considerable length from her pocket hole. On another occasion she was at a loss to find a proper conveyance for an answer to an invitation she had received from the wife of a nobleman. She had written it on the nicest paper, and in her very best style. Her maid undertook to despatch it by a smart footman of her acquaintance, who wore a handsome livery. The lady

was quite satisfied on the subject, but some hours after was told, a person waited to see her. A woman with dirty face and hands, a tattered gown, and a cap so soiled and smoked that it might have been guessed any colour but white, appeared to demand payment for the errand on which she had been sent from the huckster's shop by the faithless footman. She had carried the answer to the lady, and as she had been told to take care that it was delivered, she absolutely refused to give it into any hands but hers, saying that "her mistress" had bid her "for her life, give it to nobody else." It may be supposed with what cheerfulness the lady answered the demand.

Poor Astley the artist, when in very low circumstances, took the greatest pains to conceal his situation from his intimates, and to keep up a respectable appearance. He was reduced to many shifts to accomplish this object. One day he joined a party of artists in an excursion into the country; Sir Joshua Reynolds was among them. The day being oppressively warm, there was a general call to "cast off coats." Astley for some time refused to comply; at length, overcome by the bantering of his companions, he very reluctantly suffered them to pull off his coat. The waistcoat whose repairs he had hoped would never have met mortal eyes, was now exhibited to view. The back, made out of one of his landscapes, represented a foaming cascade, and elicited shouts of laughter.

"James," said a friend of ours to his servant, as he was going out one day, "take those birds to my uncle, and say that I hope he will eat them for his dinner." As he spoke he pointed to some game which had been just sent to him from the country, and which lay on a table near the window. In the evening, when he returned home, the first thing he did, according to his custom, was to go over to the window to look at his pet canary birds; but cage and birds were gone. "Where are my canaries?" he called to the servant. "Sir," said James, "you bid me for to take them to your uncle, and to say that you sent them for his dinner." The uncle was a precise old gentleman, that *would* be treated with deference, more particularly by his nephew. Moreover, he was an invalid, and as his appetite had to be coaxed, and his dinner was a matter of interest, "How kind and thoughtful!" said he, as the servant laid the basket down, with his nephew's compliments, that he hoped he would eat the birds which he sent, for his dinner. The basket was opened; there was the cage, and the two little canary birds, fluttering and chirping about in it. The old gentleman glared and stamped; at first he concluded that his nephew was gone mad, but soon looked on the affair as a stupid bad joke—a notion that his nephew could never get thoroughly out of his head.

A bird-catcher in Plymouth used to conceal the birds, as he caught them, in his hat, but one day meeting Northcote on the road, he wished to make a respectful bow, and doffing his hat, out flew a whole bevy of birds, chirping and flapping their wings, to the no slight confusion of the man, and the amusement of the artist.

Children sometimes make unexpected disclosures, which produce great awkwardness. A gentleman dining with a friend one day, was struck by the earnestness with which one of the little girls regarded him, and taking her on his lap, he caressed her. "Please, sir," said she, "tell me what is in the house next to you; I'd like very much to know, and to see it?" "And tell me, my little dear, why you wish to know?" "Because I heard mamma say, Sir, that you were next door to a brute." We may suppose how mamma felt when she heard herself thus quoted.

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sidling along the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandmamma, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting that one see it," said he, pointing to the gentleman, "for papa wants him to think that he is out."

When George IV. was in Ireland, he was one morning entertained by a nobleman at his beautiful seat. There was great anxiety that the *déjeuner* should go off with the greatest *éclat*. Along the splendid hall, tables were spread, at which every delicacy that wealth could procure, and every ornament that taste could devise, might be seen. A table specially set for the royal guest was so placed that he could be seen by all the company. A gallery was erected at the extremity of the hall, where numbers who were not of a sufficiently high grade to make part of the assembly, had still the advantage of hearing and seeing all that passed. The hostess had placed her lovely children where they could be seen by his Majesty, and she felt a thrill of pleasure when she heard him call one of her young beauties to his side. Taking her on his knee, he spoke to her in the gracious manner for which he was distinguished. He asked her for a kiss, but the honour was most bluntly declined by a decided *No*. He pressed on the subject. The same repulsive *No* was repeated, "And why, my dear," said the king, who had set her down in his mind as a premature prude, "and why, my dear, won't you give me a kiss?" "Because," said the child, staring full in his face, and speaking in an energetic tone, "because you are the ugliest man I ever saw in my life." This was probably the first time in the course of his existence, that he had been treated with so little ceremony. The company felt confused, and the mother horrified. Had she been like some that we have known, we might have wound up the story by saying, that after the banquet was over, the child was well whipped, and sent supperless to bed; but the fair lady was too gentle and loving to adopt harsh measures.

In the country part of Ireland where we resided for some years, we remember a wedding which was much talked of at the time. A young man, who visited at the house of a farmer, became deeply smitten with the personal charms of his younger daughter, and proposed to him for her. As he was well to do in the world, he was accepted. It was in the good times before famine and pestilence had

spread such a universal gloom over that unfortunate country, and, as was the custom, great preparations were made for the marriage feast, and cousins to the fortieth generation and all the neighbours were invited to join in the festivities. On such occasions it was no unusual thing to see tables laid out in the barn for the accommodation of 150 persons, and if ever tables were excusable for being so rude as to groan in the face of their guests, these were, when the ponderous weight of provisions which they sustained is taken into consideration. The preparations for the wedding feast, to which we have alluded, were at least equal to anything of the kind which had taken place in that part of the country for a long time. The ceremony was performed in presence of all the company. The priest had bestowed his benediction, and the bridegroom, impatient to be the first to salute his bride, threw aside the thick veil which concealed her face. When oh! horror of horrors, he beheld, not the fair girl whom he had chosen, but her elder sister, who was blind of an eye and dreadfully pitted with the small-pox. He looked indignantly at the father, who could only say, "it was all fair that the elder should go first." He looked imploringly at the priest, who could only say, "there was no help, and that the rite just performed was in his church a holy sacrament." He looked furiously at his bride, who could only murmur out that "she would do her best to be a good wife." The neighbours observed that if he didn't eat heartily of the feast set before him, it wasn't the fault of those who provided it, for *the best of everything was there*, and if he didn't dance with all his heart, it wasn't the fault of the pipers, who *played up their merriest lilt*.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHES.

MY DEAR READER,

If thou art indeed willing confidently to consign thyself to my capricious hobby-horse, and to launch forth with me into pure ether, we will wend our way together from this our land of clouds, to where brighter suns shine out from more intensely azure skies; there to mark what the art of favoured man hath accomplished, as an offering of gratitude toward the Giver of all good. We take our flight over strait and strand, over champaign and mountain barrier, over fertile plain and sluggish lagoon, and alight in an immense piazza surrounded with palaces. Pillar rests upon pillar, arch ranges by arch, in endless succession. Truly the beauty of uniformity is here, and that grandeur produced by interminable repetition. Grim figures, too, here and there reposing on the sides of the arches, look down with an air of calm dignity on the busy, bustling crowds, passing and repassing in the arcades around them; thus have they gazed for centuries, and thus will they gaze until their stony couches crumble beneath the attacks of time, or shiver under them, through some grand catastrophe of nature.

But what is this strange building before us, whose leaden cupolas mingle in colour with the sky? this mixture of mosque and cathedral, contrasting so violently with the neighbouring edifices, its harlequin hues of unrivalled brilliancy, with their shades of sober grey; its clusters of thin banded shafts, with their columns of classical proportion; its picturesque forms with their stately regularity. It appears to be a magnificent medley of all things "rare and strange." There are arches round, and others pointed; here are pictures apparently enlarged from the slim grotesque illuminations of the 13th century; and there rampant bronze horses, from the top of some Roman arch of triumph; here the "contemplative dome" of the East, and there the "aspiring pinnacle" of the northern nations. The materials of the structure are mosaic work, gold, and the richest and most variegated marbles. Is it mosque, church, palace or glittering bazaar? Let us enter by one of these doorways, and ascertain. We find ourselves in a narrow vestibule, running the whole width of the building, and divided by columns and arches into three square compartments, each covered by a domed ceiling, enriched with mosaics on a gold ground. The pillars, walls, and pavement, are of polished marbles.

This is no mosque, or we should not see the human figure depicted above us. It may be a palace. Let us advance circumspectly, lest we suddenly intrude into some princely presence. No, we are still mistaken; the tread and aspect of yon squalid beggar, who, brushing past us, penetrates with firm yet humble confidence into the inmost recesses, undecieve us, and assure us that we are in the habitation of no earthly potentate, but in the house of Him in whose sight all men are equal,—of his Father, and our Father, of his God and our God. Can we prevent a transient film of envy at the man whose privilege it is to worship day by day in so glorious a temple, from dimming the clearness of our mental vision, or can we restrain "the vermillion of shamefacedness" from tinging our cheek, when we call to mind the coldness and nakedness of the whitewashed walls, and the inhospitality of the closed doors, of our churches at home? This is in truth a church, and you will most probably have guessed ere now, that it is the St. Mark's of Venice,—of the Christian world, whose pavements have been trodden by the feet of pilgrim popes, and whose walls have witnessed, for a longer succession of years than those of any other edifice in the world, the gorgeous displays of religious ceremonial. For to and from this building, the heart of the queen of cities, of the "sea-born Venus," have streamed and returned for centuries, through those vast veins and arteries, the branching and intersecting canals, multitudinous processions of prince and priest, of patriarch and doge, nun and noble lady, inspired by religious zeal or warlike enthusiasm, and glittering with all the wealth of this once richest of republics. At one time, no expedition could be undertaken, nor public act of importance performed, without the sanction and sanctification of the Church, so that on every great occasion, the mag-

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nates of Venice repaired to their cathedral, to obtain the blessing of their patriarch, and to solicit the approval and intercession of their evangelistic patron, whose mortal remains therein reposed, in a jewelled shrine. Hence St. Mark's became the fount of vitality, whence this great body received all its energy and animation. The Venetians owed much of their boldness and consequent success to the belief, that their possession of the corrupt and earthly saint entitled them to the favour and protection of the heavenly and glorified saint; this belief nerved their arm in conflict, and gave them courage for their hazardous commercial enterprises. No wonder, then, that their gratitude rendered their saint's mausoleum one of the richest on the face of the earth. It was made "the heir of dead doges," and its treasury was filled, and its walls adorned, with the gold of pious merchants, the trophies of despoiled enemies, and the offerings of zealous pilgrims.

The building itself is as unique and isolated in its character as the city it graces; it is the only perfect specimen existing of a style of Christian architecture, which, having had its origin in the East, became the parent of a numerous offspring, indeed of all the grades of the Moorish style, even down to the modern Turkish; it afterwards was wedded to the Romanesque of the Western Empire, and its features are to be traced in many of the descendants of these two parents of Christian architecture. We will not pause to deduce the pedigree of this style,—called the Byzantine, from Byzantium the city of its birth; still, we may stop to consider in what manner it arose. In old Rome there were many deserted temples, ruined courts of justice, (basilicæ,) and other places of public assembly, into which the tender young congregations of Christians, as soon as they ventured to forsake their burrows in the sand—the catacombs, were permitted to creep, until they grew sufficiently strong and healthy to possess shells of their own, to erect independent places of worship.

In Constantine's new city, there were no halls, no available buildings; so the converted were compelled to erect churches for themselves, and, from their necessity, a new style arose, adapted to the requirements of their worship, though containing in its details some vestiges of the architecture of the old seat of the empire. The dome, however, was a new feature, and it therefore became the distinguishing characteristic of the Byzantine style. The religion of Christ was triumphant, consequently, these first temples were magnificent; Constantine built many churches, that of the Divine Wisdom (Sancta Sophia) was the chief. It, however, was entirely rebuilt by Justinian, in the year 537. Inasmuch as St. Sophia was the counterpart of St. Mark's, which was erected by architects from Constantinople, in the year that Justinian commenced his work, and, as the present mosque consists of that emperor's building, with but few additions, (though shorn of its ornaments, by the infidel Turk,) I shall take the liberty of drawing a comparison between it and St. Mark's, during our progress,—trusting to the description of the former by other observers; for

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I am not one of those who have beheld either the interior, or exterior, of that renowned pile.

To return to our description: we were in the narthex, or porch of the cathedral. Here it was, in the earliest periods of the Church, that the penitent, catechumen, or uninitiated person, and new convert congregated, during the more solemn services to a participation in which they were not admitted. They were not, however, left here without instruction, for they had but to raise their eyes to the roof, to behold a pictorial history of the creation of the patriarchal world, a chronicle of the earliest times, written in no obscure characters, but in an universal language, with the alphabet of form, equally legible to the rude savage and to the man of civilization. The pictures form a consecutive series, commencing on the south dome,—that is, that to the right on entering by one of the western doors; for old churches were universally so erected, that the worshippers might face at the same time the altar, and the rising-place of the Sun of righteousness. This dome has three rows of pictures, the two uppermost representing the Acts of Creation, the lowest the Temptation and Expulsion. The soffit, or lower part of the arch separating this from the central ceiling, together with the pictures on that ceiling, exhibit scenes from the life of Noah. In that compartment representing the building of the Ark, we see that the implements employed are very similar to those of the present day; (the mosaics are of the 12th century.) A common long saw, with top and bottom sawyers, appear very conspicuously. In the Dispersion, the Saviour is represented as descending attended by angels, dividing the people into four companies. In this and throughout the whole series, the Saviour is the Agent, the presence of the Father being indicated only by the appearance of a hand from heaven. The reason of this is, because the work was executed by Greek artists, who always, with the proper delicacy of their Church, abstained from any direct representation of the First Person of the Holy Trinity. I am indebted to Lord Lindsay's "History of Christian Art" for this observation. The pictures are continued on the north dome and on two or three others, which cover a passage or continuation of the narthex on the north side of the nave, extending as far as the transept, and they end rather abruptly with the History of the Rock in Horeb. The whole of the mosaics in this portion of the building are of one period of art. The figures are soft and conventional in outline; the heads having that peculiar twist we notice in illuminations of the Norman times, and which it would be impossible for any human being correctly to imitate. Still they answer and always have answered the purpose of instruction as well, if not better than the more laboured productions of later times. The backgrounds for the figures are of gold, formed by placing laminæ of the metal on the small stones which form the basis, and covering them with a vitreous coating: the figures are executed with very small squares of coloured stone, and (to use a simile which will at once explain the matter to my lady readers) have exactly the same effect that patterns

for Berlin wool-work on very large "point paper" would have, when seen from a moderate distance.

But let us proceed, and instead of returning to enter the nave by the "royal or beautiful gate" at the west end, let us pass, by this door at the east end of this passage, from the twilight of the porch to the night of the interior. A deep mysterious gloom indeed prevails around, and it is rendered more perceptible by the lights from many gold and silver lamps, scattered up and down in the space, which shine and twinkle beneath the over-arching dome, like stars and planets beneath the vaster hemisphere of heaven. Beam on, pure lights of the sanctuary, ever casting a little halo of glory round you; fit emblems of the calm and holy lives of those who, devoted to religion, consume the oil of existence in the service of their Maker, and by the brightness of their individual example create a sphere of mild radiance around them, visible through all the thick obscurity of a vicious world. In a few moments our eyes become accustomed to the darkness, and column and capital, arch and cupola, loom upon them in large and massive proportions. The materials are even richer than those we have previously seen. The immense slabs forming the walls, and the monolithic pillars are of porphyry and verd antique, the undulating pavement has lapis lazuli, agate and jasper in its interlacing circles; the pillars near the altar are of alabaster, and the roofs are of gold mosaic with richly coloured figures. Yet with this great variety of hue, there is no glare, no gaudiness,—all is subdued and harmonized. Few direct rays of light can struggle through the narrow apertures of windows, and these, before they travel very far, are overpowered by the richness of colour, and compelled to partake in the warm auriferous hue that pervades every part of the building; even the pure whiteness of alabaster is changed to a delicate rose, by the combined reflection of the multifarious tints around it.

How often, when children, have our young imaginations been dazzled and confused by descriptions of genii palaces, (or, as Mr. Lane would have them, *gin* palaces,) built of gold and silver, and precious stones, which we from time to time encountered in tales of Eastern romance! Being beyond our conception, they ever tended to give a gorgeous improbability to the story, and even to render what appeared to us within the limits of credibility most evidently fabulous. The little self-deception that we had been nursing up, of the possibility of the history being a veritable one, was not proof against the extravagant idea, of houses built with the rarities of our mineralogical cabinets, and set with the jewels which our mammas and sisters seemed to consider invaluable; so fancy and reason generally quarrelled, and the story-book was cast to the ground between them. Now had we but seen St. Mark's before-hand, we should have had a model for our dreams, our imagination and reasoning powers would have been reconciled, and its splendid scenes of costly brilliancy would again and again have been "hailed up" from the scene-store of memory, to form the back-grounds to many a marvellous tale of romantic

fiction. Were there such an edifice in England, it would be guarded day and night, to preserve it from the depredations of the godless wretches whom frequently the prize of a little church-plate will tempt to commit the awful sin of sacrilege. Richly do these men deserve the punishment with which this crime was visited in the Middle Ages, that of having their hides "tanned," not in the figurative school-boy sense, but after a literal interpretation; not by the process of "thrashing," but by that of flaying, and nailing "the hides" to the church doors, to be tanned by wind and weather! This has been lately proved, by the diligent researches of an eminent amiable archæologist, to have been the fate of the sacrilegious in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Were there such an edifice in England, it would swarm with a set of licensed showmen, to exhibit its wonders "for a consideration," to tyrannize over unfortunate antiquaries, and to— But I feel I am waxing warm when writing of these gentlemen, and being an irascible old man, I may digress so far as to trespass even upon *your* patience, my dear Reader; so I will bottle up my wrath for the time being, and will take the opportunity of pouring it upon their devoted heads in some future chapter, returning for the present full of grumbling and growling, to the point where I left you ready to drop on your knees from the awe-compelling grandeur of all around you.

You were in the north transept or arm of a Greek cross,—that is to say, of one in which the arms are of equal length. The centre or intersection of the cross is crowned by an immense cupola, and each branch by one of smaller dimensions. There are aisles to the nave, and transepts, separated from them by a sort of screen of pillars, arches and wall above, not reaching to the main vaulting. The east end has an apsidal, or semicircular termination. There is little sculptured ornament, the arches being almost destitute of mouldings; the columns are of elegant proportions, but the rest of the work is remarkable only for its massiveness and appearance of great solidity; without the embellishment of mosaics and marbles its general effect would be heavy. Of St. Sophia, Gibbon remarks, it was "a Greek cross inscribed in a quadrangle." This form is precisely that of St. Mark's, the corners being filled up by the continuation of the porch through which we passed on the north side, by the baptistery and the oratory of St. Zeno on the south-west side, and by chapels and vestries on the north-east and south-east sides. The roof of St. Sophia also, says Gyllius, the Byzantine historian, like this, was "a surprising piece of mosaic work," and encrusted with "delectable marbles."

Many of the pictures remained in the year 1683, when a Frenchman, a M. Grelot, paid a visit to the mosque. He enumerates amongst others a figure of the Virgin and Child, with adoring angels, on the roof of the chancel, and four cherubim on the largest dome. I should think the hearts of the few modern travellers who have had the courage to enter the forbidden precincts would have palpitated too violently

to allow them to notice these minutiae of the building, and to ascertain if these figures still existed. Our Frenchman took the matter coolly enough, according to his own account; for, disguised in his Mussulman robe, he sought out some retired corner; and while the faithful were performing their ablutions, he was sketching—while they were drinking in the words of the imaan, he was imbibing the forbidden juice of the grape—while they were mumbling their prayers, he was munching pork sausages; for he had had the foresight to smuggle in the wherewithal to assuage the attacks of the enemy hunger. When thus employed, he beheld a man approach. For a Christian to be caught in the holy place was instant death. What then would be the terrible end of the "infidel dog" who was discovered committing there the three chief abominations of figure-making, wine-sipping, and swine-flesh-eating, and that after so *nonchalant* a fashion? With admirable presence of mind, Monsieur Grelot pocketed his dainties, pulled out his beads and "his Peter Gyllius," and pretended to "patter" his prayers—ah hypocrite that he was! But hypocrisy, alas! was of no avail; the savage Turk in solemn tones exclaimed, "Infidel dog, what makest thou here?" The intruder was almost nonplussed. Still he contrived to stammer out a lame excuse about his being attracted by the beauty of the building. But what was his delight to behold the grim features of the questioner relax into a smile! In his terror, Grelot had not recognised the man whom he had bribed to introduce him, and who had played off this little hoax upon him for his own peculiar satisfaction and entertainment.

Trusting to the accuracy of the descriptions of Gyllius, Grelot, and Gibbon, we perceive that the present St. Mark's is very similar in plan and decoration to what St. Sophia was, in the most prosperous times of Byzantium.

But, to continue our catalogue of the subjects of the mosaics. On the top of the central dome is a figure of Christ in the act of benediction; lower down, are the figures of the Apostles standing between "the Palms of Paradise;" in that to the west is a representation of the Pentecost,—the Holy Spirit descending on seated figures of the Twelve; beneath are groups of every nation under heaven. Some of the pictures in the transepts are in a later style, said to be by Titian and Paolo Veronese; but, however excellent as exhibiting the talents of these masters applied to an unusual material, they do not appear so fit and appropriate in the eye of an antiquarian to the character of the building, as those containing the personages in damp garments whom we remarked so particularly in the porch. There is a gigantic figure of our Saviour on the ceiling of the apse. A rood-screen of marble surmounted by figures separates the nave from the choir.

Crossing the nave, we enter the baptistery, which is walled out from it, and approachable only through a doorway in the south aisle. This, like the porch, is in the form of a parallelogram, with three divisions

formed by arches. In the centre is a huge circular brass font on a base of steps. It is so large and so high that it passes our comprehension how it can be made use of. The cover is of bronze, shield-shaped, supporting a beautifully executed figure of St. John the Baptist. The greater part of the mosaics around illustrate the life of this saint. Those on the dome above the central division exhibit the Apostles baptizing diminutive figures in tub-shaped fonts. In the crown is the Redeemer holding the banner of the resurrection; and in the spandrels, or curved surfaces between the arches which sustain the dome, are placed figures of the four doctors of the Church, seated at their desks. We behold in the easternmost ceiling the nine orders of the heavenly hierarchy, depicted as engaged in the several offices attributed to them. In the westernmost, which is what is technically and expressively termed "waggon-head," is a representation of the Deity with rays proceeding from Him towards half-length figures of Apostles. In the soffits of the arches and lunettes, or those spaces on the wall circumscribed by the lines of the arches, in addition to the passages from the life of St. John, we find the Adoration, Flight into Egypt, Wise Men before Herod, and Massacre of the Innocents. Wherever there are not figures, there are arabesques of the brightest colours and most graceful patterns; those in the adjoining chantry of St. Zeno are remarkable for their beauty.

Having now completed our hasty survey of this most interesting of cathedrals, we may make our exit by a side-door which opens on the piazza close to the doge's palace. We have been tedious, possibly, in our detailed notices of the subjects of the mosaics. We have looked upon them, and described them, perhaps, as though they were the chief attractions, and the shell of the building a mere gilded frame for their reception; but such, indeed, was our impression when viewing them, and such, there is little doubt, would be the prevalent idea of most travellers who have beheld them. Durable as the walls in which they are inserted, they stand as perpetual memorials of the period antecedent to adoption of the readier process of painting for the purposes of decoration; accomplished with great labour and no little skill, they remain as everlasting monuments of the piety of those who sacrificed their talents and possessions for the greater glory of the place where God's "honour dwelleth." We specified the subjects in order that those who study such things might gather from the catalogue some inkling of the general arrangement, composition, and grouping adopted by the designers of the Middle Ages. In the porch we saw initiatory histories from the Old Testament,—in the nave, passages from the New Testament,—in the baptistery, the operations of the Holy Spirit and the life of the Baptist. There seems to have been a regular system pursued throughout, well worthy a more complete investigation.

Should you wish, dear reader, to obtain a more accurate idea of either St. Mark's or St. Sophia, for the former I refer you to Howell's "Survey of the Signorie

of Venice," and Lord Lindsay's excellent "History of Christian Art"—for the latter to Symeon Gyllius, Du Cange, and Grelot. A few years, however, will render Venice as accessible as any one could reasonably desire, and a trip to it will be as little thought of as a journey from Newcastle to London was in my young days. If you are not so sanguine as to believe that ere five revolutions of the globe be accomplished St. Paul's and St. Mark's will be neighbours, and that you will be able to travel to Venice on a steam-Pegasus almost as rapidly as my own hobby-horse; and if you are anxious to have a peep at this glorious duomo, more lasting than that which I hope to have afforded you, hie to the enchanter's cell in ———, Regent's Park—say what you would like to behold—seat yourself in darkness in the revolving magic circle, regardless of the subterraneous, unearthly groanings which assault your ears, and, in a few minutes, you will be transported into the dusky nave of St. Mark's, and will be listening to the notes of the many-mouthed organ rolling through its vaulted ceilings. When your rapture has, in some measure, subsided, and while you are watching the dark shadows of night chased away by the less obscure shadows of day, let fancy wave her fairy wand and people the vast space before you with innumerable figures. Look carefully,—there are old men, women, and children, prostrate in prayer. But where are the healthy and strong? where active youth and robust manhood? where the mailed warriors of Venice, and her robed nobles? and why is the doge himself absent when a pope honours St. Mark's by his presence? In that dim adytum of the choir a pope is performing mass, and you see indistinctly the forms of white-robed priests, flitting to and fro around him, revealed by the mournful light of a few fitful lamps, which also cast now and then their sickly glare on the pallid faces of the prostrate crowd. A low monotonous chanting is carried on in the choir, lost occasionally amid the sighs and murmurings of prayer that proceed from those before you. Many anxious eyes are turned towards the door. Why these wistful, hopeful glances? why these sighs of sorrow? why these mutterings of prayer? The sighs are for the danger, the hopes and prayers for the success, of the fathers, sons, or husbands of these prostrate ones; for the hosts of Venice, who are gone out to battle. Even at this moment their galleys grapple with those of their enemies outside the mole, like huge sea-serpents entwined in grasp of deadly hatred on the peaceful bosom of the deep. They fight for yon fugitive pontiff, against the son of the Emperor Frederick, who, at his father's behest, does battle for the false against the lawful pope.

The service proceeds. Suddenly, a noise like the roll of distant thunder reaches the ears of those kneeling. It is the murmur of a multitude; louder and louder it swells, nearer and nearer it approaches, causing many hearts to leap between fear and hope. Louder and louder it swells; yet above all its roar the low, quiet chanting of the mass continues to be heard. Now it is finished, and "with solemn



step and "slow," the stolid ecclesiastics, with the venerable father at their head, file towards the door, from which the helpless multitude instinctively shrink. With hands clasped in prayer, with eyes uplifted, and with resigned mien, that majestic man awaits patiently the advent to him either of grateful joy or of extreme sorrow. Now the roar is deafening. The clear voice of the silver clarion is to be distinguished from the hoarse acclamation of the crowd. Now the clank of armed heels rings upon the pavement; the doors burst open, and unfold to the gaze of all, cause, indeed, for rejoicing; for the trumpeters of Venice are sounding in triumph, and the lion standard of St. Mark waves victoriously. The notes of victory are hushed, and the standard is lowered as the procession enters. The ranks of warriors unfold, and two noble figures advance, side by side, up the lane of people; the one, half-senator half-warrior, by his dress, the other, a prince by his carriage. The bold step and flushed brow of the one proclaim the victor; the downcast eye, compressed lip, and pale cheek of the other, signify the vanquished. Approaching the pontiff, the doge kneels to present his captive's sword, and to ask a blessing of the Church. The prince stands erect, with head averted, unwilling to kneel to him whom he has been taught to consider an usurper of the highest dignity in Christendom. Raising his right hand to heaven with marked majesty, the holy man begins, "Receive the blessing of the Church, my sons;" and, after pronouncing it, adds these memorable words, "Take, Ciani, this ring, and by my advice give it to the sea, obliging it thereby unto thee; which both thou and thy successors, for ever hereafter, likewise shall do yearly on the same day, to the end that posterity may know that thou hast in time past by right of war purchased the entire dominion over the sea, making it subject unto thee as a woman unto her husband."

But, lo! kindness hath conquered that spirit which the fate of arms could not vanquish. To find himself placed side by side with his generous conqueror, had softened his spirit; but to find himself addressed as a son by the man whom he had persecuted, subdues it, and he kneels down, to rise no longer a foe, but a friend; no longer an enemy, but an ally,—a faithful son of his spiritual mother, the Church, and yet of his temporal father, the Emperor. Filial obedience, the religion of nature, ever prepares the way for the religion of grace.

Now, resuming their places in the choir, the priests raise the loud song of triumph, and the increased concourse respond with hearts gushing with gratitude and mouths filled with praise. The penitential glimmer of lamps is exchanged for the blaze of a thousand candles, and the organ's peal reverberates so loudly and so prolongedly through the arched aisles, that many eyes are turned upwards as though to see if the saints on the ceiling were not taking up and perpetuating the song of praise. And it would not be wonderful if to some, these saints may appear to smile with responsive joy, when seen through the refracting medium of salt tears of gratitude. The

captive prince is afterwards sent to conciliate his father, taking with him a rich peace-offering from the well-stocked treasury, an *angel* of peace with a pax of gold.

ITALIAN PEASANT GIRLS AT A FOUNTAIN.

THE dwellers in a northern clime and humid sky can scarce form an idea of the value of a fountain in the sunny south. To the Italian peasantry it is not merely a luxury and an ornament—it is a permanent and enduring good, an essential to their every-day existence. In those districts where fountains are not common, the toil of the poor is materially increased, and their comforts at the same time proportionably abridged. Water, in many instances, can only be procured with severe labour from deep wells or distant streams, and, when obtained, is frequently so much impregnated with earthy salts as to act injuriously upon the health of those who are compelled to use it as a daily beverage. In the event of a failure of the wells, which the thirsty soil in some seasons of the year occasionally refuses to supply, recourse must be had to stagnant pools and ditches, often swarming with the products of animal life to an extent sufficient to disgust the most accommodating appetite. What a treasure then, in such circumstances, must be a spring like that depicted by our artist! one which unceasingly pours forth a stream of the liquid element sufficient for the wants of all comers, and available with the least possible exertion.

The painter has taken care that the fountain should not want its attendant nymphs—not the fabled immortals of a worn-out mythology, but real living and loving maidens and mothers, who rejoice in its bounties and turn them to the best account—the advantage of their fellow-creatures. One has filled her vessel, and, poising it carefully on her head, (which is protected from undue pressure by a small circlet of straw or other softer material,) is departing for her cottage home, attended by a chubby faced bare-footed urchin, whose whole attention is absorbed by a large bunch of grapes which the mother has just plucked from the overhanging vine. We have also an illustration of another of the benefits of a fountain, in the bright-eyed girl who, seated on the steps, has taken the opportunity of making her toilet where she can so readily obtain not only water for her ablutions but the aid of a natural mirror. The clustering grapes around give unmistakeable evidence that it is the season of the vintage,—a time of rustic festivity; and the little coquette is doubtless anxious to render her charms as captivating as possible in the eyes of her bachelor friends when they meet for a dance or other recreation after the labours of the day. Another damsel is kindly engaged in lifting the heavy picher on the head of a companion, who stoops to receive the burthen. The graceful walk and apparent ease with which many of the young females of Italy carry their vessels on their heads for considerable distances, excites the astonishment of strangers, who have been

accustomed only to see water carried in a couple of pails, swinging from the yoke across the sturdy shoulders of a porter.

The back-ground of the picture is occupied by a calm sun-lit bay, bounded by the distant outline of a mass of buildings. The tranquil appearance of the water, and the absence of figures, contrast well with the bustle and activity which pervade the foreground, and combine to render the whole a charming picture of southern landscape. The merits of the engraver are sufficiently known to render anything more than the mention of the name of Englehart unnecessary; and those who are familiar with the original painting will at once acknowledge that he has successfully transferred to the steel the beauties with which Mr. Williams has adorned his canvass.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS FAITHFULLY DEPICTED THE CONSTANCY OF THE TURTLE DOVE.

It was the important Thursday on which Lady Lombard's chief dinner-party of the season was to take place, and the mighty coming event cast a proportionate shadow before—for a day or two previous, a gloom, as of an approaching tempest, hung over the devoted mansion; visitors were scarce, the invited would not call because they *were* invited, and the non-invited avoided the place as though it were haunted, lest it should be supposed they wished to be invited, which for the most part they did. As the event drew nearer, signs appeared heralding its approach; shoals of fishmongers, laden with the treasures of the deep, poured down the area steps; the number of oysters which entered that house would have surprised Neptune himself; squadrons of poulterer's men brought flocks of feathered fowls, and of fowls unfeathered; there was not a single species of edible ornithology of which Lady Lombard did not possess one or more specimens—she would have ordered a *Podiceps Cornutus* had she ever heard of such a creature. The eighty-guinea advertisement-horse, with the plated harness, in Messrs. Fortnum & Mason's spring cart, began to think his masters must have established a *dépôt* in the far west, and that he was engaged in transporting thither the major portion of their seductive stock. In the interior of that dwelling house, confusion reigned supreme. Up-stairs, Mrs. Perquisite, the housekeeper, rendered life a burden to the female servants, and tyrannized over her hapless mistress till free-will became a mockery mentioned in connexion with that much-thwarted widow. It was enough for Lady Lombard to express a wish; Mrs. Perquisite, a living embodi-

ment of the antagonistic principle, was instantly in arms to oppose it.

"What, your Ladyship!" would she exclaim, (and be it observed, her voice was at least an octave higher than any good-tempered woman's ever was, and pitched in a most aggravating key;) "What! not uncover the marble table! I never heard of such a thing! Her Ladyship *will* have it taken off, Jane—not uncover that bootiful Paria marble! inlaid with Lappuss Lazily. Why, your Ladyship must be a-dreaming!"

"I thought that the satin cover matching the chairs, and having poor dear Sir Pinchbeck's arms embroidered on it, perhaps it might have been better to leave in on, Mrs. Perquisite," pleaded Lady Lombard, meekly.

"Of course your Ladyship can do as you! Ladyship pleases; if your Ladyship likes to let yourself down by looking after such things, which was never the case when I lived with the Dowager Marchioness of Doubledutch, now no more, having remembered all her faithful servants handsomely on her death-bed, without a dry eye about her in the 76th year of her age. Perhaps I had better go down stairs, which am only in the way, and your Ladyship can direct Jane to set out the rooms according to your Ladyship's fancy."

Poor Lady Lombard, when once that defunct Dowager Marchioness was let loose upon her, felt that her fate was sealed. It was not for her, the widow of a man who had been knighted, to fly in the face of the peerage; so she humbly authorized the removal of the Lombard arms, implored Perquisite to arrange the rooms as she had been accustomed to set out those of the poor dear Marchioness, and betook herself to the sanctity of her own boudoir, leaving the field to the virago, to whom she paid 60*l.* per annum for keeping her in a continual state of moral bondage.

But while such scenes as the foregoing were enacting in the upper portions of the establishment, the French *chef de cuisine*, Monsieur Hector Achille Abelard d'Haricots, was making a perfect Pandemonium of the lower regions. The physical energy displayed by that ardent foreigner was truly admirable; his ubiquity was marvellous; the tassel at the top of his white night-cap appeared to have been multiplied infinitesimally, and to pervade space—the sound of his polyglot exhortations and reflections re-echoed through the lofty servants' offices. Wonderful were the strange oaths he poured forth, when Antoine, a long, limp, shambling French lad, "*son élève, zic son of —hélas! baigne des larmes*, he even till at present scarcely could pronounce her name—his angelic sister, since some time entombed, having espoused *un brave Anglais*, his long-lost Rose Amélie Marie-Antoinette de Brownsmit, née d'Haricots,"—when this unworthy offspring of international alliance committed some unpardonable artistic error, and, unlike "Polly" of lyrical celebrity, did *not* "put the kettle on," or "take it off again," exactly at the critical moment. Deep and nasal were his ejaculations when some obtuse butcher's boy would not understand his "Anglishe," which that somewhat apocry-

(1) Continued from p. 243.

phal personage "*ce brave garçon Brownsmit*" (who was Hector Achille's Mrs. Harris, and was consequently brought forward on all occasions) had declared he spoke like a native.

"*Mais, que diable ! vot is zies ?*" he would exclaim, raising his eye-glass to examine with a face of deep disgust a shin of beef; "*vot is zies ? Did I not ordinaire ~~un~~ gigot, vot you call a leg of ship, and 'ere you 'ave transported to me,—ah, que c'est dégoûtant !*—zic stump of a cow: *qu'ils sont bêtes, ces Anglais*—takes 'im away."

But if there were earthquakes and tornados in the culinary and decorative departments, difficulties hydra-headed had arisen in the boudoir of Lady Lombard, where sat a council of three, Rose merely acting as secretary, and writing just what she was bidden. The third privy councillor (besides the giver of the feast and Mrs. Arundel) was a certain Mrs. Colonel Brahmin, relict of the late Colonel Brahmin, which gallant officer had been cut off in the prime of life, together with 200 tawny privates of the —th native infantry, by falling into an ambush of armed Sikhs, headed by Meer Ikan Chopimatoo at Choakum-surree. After this afflicting event, Mrs. Colonel Brahmin returned to England, in the thirty-third year of her age, with a small pension, a very becoming widow's cap, and an earnest desire to replace the victim of Ikan Chopimatoo's scimitar without loss of time.

Now, in bygone hours, the lamented Sir Pinchbeck Lombard, in his capacity of East India director, had known and patronized the lamented Brahmin; what, therefore, could be more natural than that their disconsolate widows should desire to mingle their tears? And, indeed, Mrs. Colonel Brahmin was so anxious to insure the effectual working of this Mutual-misery-mingling Association, that, on her return to England, she was good enough to stay six months with Lady Lombard; and although, during the whole of that period, she told every one she was anxiously looking out for a house, so few edifices are there in London and its vicinity, that she was unable to find one till the very week before her hostess was about to start on a self-defensive tour to the lakes. Since then, she had been vizier-in-chief to her wealthy sister in affliction,—riding in her carriage, eating her dinners, and entertaining her guests, especially such eligible males as appeared likely to succeed to the (nominal) command left vacant by the cut-off colonel; but, up to the present time, these young eligibles had remained unattached, and the appointment was still to be filled up. Mrs. Brahmin was not really pretty, though, by dint of a pair of fine eyes, glossy hair, a telling smile, and little white hands, she contrived to pass as such. In her manner, she affected the youthful and innocent; and very well she did it, considering her natural astuteness, and the amount of experience and *savoir vivre* she had acquired when following the world-wide fortunes of the cut-off one. Lady Lombard believed in her to a great extent, and liked her better than she deserved. Perquisite saw at a glance, not only through,

but considerably *beyond* her, and hated her with all the rancour of a vulgar mind. But Mrs. Brahmin was too strong for Perquisite, and with her soft voice and imperturbable simplicity put her down more thoroughly than the veriest virago could have done;—the house-keeper's most bitter speeches and cutting innuendoes producing much the same effect on the mild Susanna, that a blow might have done upon an air-cushion—viz. exhausting the aggressor's strength, without making the slightest impression on her opponent.

Mrs. Brahmin had been prepared to find in Mrs. Arundel a dangerous rival, and was ready to defend her position to the death, and do battle *à l'outrance* for her portion of the Lombard leaves and fishes. But her courage was not destined to be put to the proof, the present being an occasion on which an appeal to arms was unnecessary,—diplomacy would suit her purpose better, and on diplomacy, therefore, she fell back. She had not been ten minutes in Mrs. Arundel's company ere she discovered her weak point,—she was unmistakably vain. Accordingly, with artless simplicity, Mrs. Brahmin indirectly praised every thing Mrs. Arundel said or did, and Mrs. Arundel straightway suffered her discrimination to be tickled to sleep, took Mrs. Brahmin at her own price, and doated on her from that time forth, until—but we will leave events to develop themselves in their due course.

Rose and Mrs. Brahmin were mutual enigmas—neither could comprehend the other. Rose had heard the details of the "Chopimatoo" affair, and all her sympathies were ready to be enlisted in behalf of the interesting widow; but the "sweet simplicity," cleverly as it was done, did not deceive her. With the instinct of a true nature, she felt that it was assumed, and that beneath it lay the real character. What that might be, remained to be discovered,—and she suspended her judgment till opportunity might afford her a glimpse of that which was so studiously concealed. On the other hand, the character of Rose was one which Mrs. Brahmin could by no means comprehend, perhaps because, in its entireness, it was beyond and above her comprehension; but parts of it she discerned clearly enough, and most particularly did they puzzle her. For instance, she perceived that Rose had a mind, properly so called,—that her ideas and opinions were *bonâ fide* the product of her own intellect, and not like those of too many girls, a dim reflex of somebody else's; but the straightforward, earnest truthfulness of her nature she could by no means fathom, such a quality being essentially foreign to her own disposition; accordingly, she deemed it put on for a purpose, which purpose it behoved her to find out. But her investigations did not prosper well, from the simple fact that *ex nihilo nil fit*;—Rose, having nothing to conceal, concealed it most effectually.

Many and important were the consultations held in the boudoir by this council of three, as to who should, and who should not, be invited. Lady Lombard's smooth brow grew furrowed with the unwonted demand upon her powers (?) of mind.

"Sir Benjamin and Lady Boucher regret exceedingly that a previous engagement prevents their accepting Lady Lombard's kind invitation for Thursday, the —th."

"Dear me, how dreadfully provoking!" sighed the perplexed "invitress." "My dear Susanna," (the Brahmin's Christian name,) "the Bouchers are engaged, and there'll be nobody fit to meet the General Gudgeons. What are we to do?"

"Would you ask the Dackerels? They're such very nice people, and live in such very good style, dear Lady Lombard," cooed Mrs. Brahmin, (for, be it observed, that bereaved one's method of speaking, together with the low, gentle, sleepy, caressing tones of her soft voice, involuntarily reminded her hearers of the cooing of a dove, or the purring of a cat.)

"They're only lieutenant-colonels, are they, my love?" inquired Lady Lombard, doubtingly.

"Oh! my dear Lady Lombard, surely you must recollect, he has been a full colonel, by purchase, these five years, *vice* Rawbone Featherbed, who sold out, and married an heiress,—at least," murmured Innocence, remembering herself, or rather her *part*, "she was said to be very rich; but, of course, it must have been a love match. I cannot believe people are so—so horrid as to marry from any other motive."

"Well, then, we'd better ask the Dackerels. Miss Arundel, my love, will you request the pleasure of Colonel and Mrs. Dackerel's company,—(with one I only),—at seven o'clock. That shy son with the long legs. I suppose we need not ask him, my dear."

"He's late'y come into a large Yorkshire property from an uncle on the mother's side, and has taken the surname of Dace, and, perhaps, as he's so shy, he might feel hurt at not being asked. I feel such sympathy with shyness, you know; besides somebody said he was an author," rejoined Susanna, dropping her eyelids, and looking as unconscious and disinterested as if John Dace Dackerel Dace, Esq., Barrister at Law, still depended upon that ghost of nothing, his professional income, instead of the rent-roll of the manor of Roachpool, in the West Riding.

"If they come, they'll make—let me see," mused Lady Lombard, "what did I say the Fitzsimmons's were? yes, twelve; well, then, they'll make fifteen, and the table only holds three more, and that tiresome Mr. De Grandeville hasn't sent an answer yet, and I shall be so disappointed if he does not come, for he knows everybody, and moves in such high society, and is such a tall, noble, military-looking creature."

This eulogium, recalling, probably by contrast, (seeing that the lamented Brahmin had been remarkably small of his age all through his boyhood, and never outgrown it afterwards,) sad recollections of the fair Susanna's killed and wounded, produced a little embroidered handkerchief which just held the two tears its owner felt called upon to shed on such occasions. The memory of the victim had been so often before embalmed by pearly drops in her presence, that Lady Lombard had grown rather

callous on the subject, and she abruptly invaded the sanctity of grief, by exclaiming,

"It lies between the Lombard Browns and the Horace Hiccorys, my dear. The Hiccorys live in better style, I know; Mrs. Hiccory was to have been presented at court last year, only little Curatius was born instead,—the most lovely child! but the Lombard Browns are godsons, at least *he* is, of poor dear Sir Pinchbeck's, and they've not dined here this season."

"I think, dear Lady Lombard, if I might venture to advise, the Horace Hiccorys would do best. Mrs. General Gudgeon would get on so well with Mrs. Hiccory, I'm sure; and I'm afraid Mrs. Dackerel,—you know, she's very clever,—writes poetry, those sweet things in the *Bijou*—all clever people are sarcastic, you know—I'm afraid Mrs. Dackerel might laugh at poor dear Mr. Lombard Brown's little eccentricity about his H's."

"Ah yes, that's true," returned Lady Lombard, "yes, I forgot his H's."

"As he probably does himself," whispered Mrs. Arundel, aside to Rose.

"Then, my dear Miss Arundel, may I trouble you to write a note to the Horace Hiccorys,—with one I, my love,—15, Bellairs Terrace, Park Village West. What a pretty hand you write, and so quick! Then, if Mr. De Grandeville will only come, the table will be filled properly."

"And a dear charming party it will be," cooed the bereaved one, who had manœuvred herself into an invitation at an early stage of the proceedings.

"Yes, my love, I hope it will," replied the giver of the feast anxiously, "and if I was quite sure that Perquisite and Harriot would not quarrel, and that General Gudgeon would not take too much port wine after dinner, and tell his gentleman's stories to the ladies up in the drawing-room, more particularly since I hear Miss Mac Salvo has taken an extra-serious turn lately, I should feel quite happy about it all."

"You'd better add a postscript to the great Gudgeon's note, mentioning the port wine, and its alarming consequences, Rose," whispered the incorrigible Mrs. Arundel. Her daughter smiled reprovingly, and the sitting concluded.

Exactly at the time when Lady Lombard had completely given him up, and was revolving in her anxious mind how she might best supply his loss, De Grandeville condescended graciously to vouchsafe a favourable answer.

On the afternoon of the eventful day, as Frere was returning from his place of business, he met—of course, accidentally—Tom Bracy, who immediately took possession of his vacant arm, and engaged him in a disquisition on the use of formic acid as an anæsthetic agent, which discussion proved so deeply interesting to his companion, that in less than five minutes he was completely lost to all outward objects, and reduced (for all practical purposes) to the intellectual level of a docile child of three years old.

"Well," continued Frere, eagerly, as Bracy paused

before a hairdresser's shop, "well, supposing, for the sake of argument, I consent to waive my objection; supposing I allow that by the process you describe, you've produced your acid—"

"Excuse my interrupting you one moment, but I was going in here to have my hair cut: if you're not in a particular hurry, perhaps you'll come in with me, and I think I can show you where you are wrong."

"Yes—no, I'm not in a hurry; come along, I'm convinced there's a mistake in your theory which upsets your whole argument,—merely subject to the common analyzing process—"

"By the way," observed Bracy, carelessly, "you'd be all the better for a little judicious trimming yourself; besides, it's more sociable. This gentleman and I both want our hair cut—Sit down, Frere."

"Eh? nonsense; I never have my hair cut except when the hot weather sets in," remonstrated that individual; but he was fairly in the toils. Bracy set a garrulous hairdresser's man at him, who deprived him of his hat, popped him down in the appointed chair, and enveloped him in a blue-striped wrapper, before he very well knew where he was, or had arrived at any kind of decision whatsoever on the subject. No sooner was he seated than Bracy administered a fresh dose of his anæsthetic agent; Frere resumed his argument, and long ere he had exhausted the catalogue of chemical tests to which his opponent's theory (invented for the occasion) might be subjected, the hair-cutter (previously instructed) had reduced his hair and whiskers to the latitude and longitude usually assigned to such capillary attractions by the "manners and customs of ye English in ye nineteenth century." And thus Frere became, for the time being, a reasonable looking mortal, and Bracy won a new hat, which he had betted that morning with a mutual acquaintance, on the apparently rash speculation, that he would, before the day was over, administer an anæsthetic agent to Richard Frere, under the influence of which he should have his hair cut.

Dear Rose Arundel, (excuse us the adjective, kind reader, but we own to being very fond of her,) having been a perfect godsend to everybody all day long, having thought of everything, and done everything, and looked on the bright side of everything, and sacrificed herself so pleasantly that an uninitiated beholder might have believed she was intensely selfish, and doing it all for her own personal gratification,—Rose having, amongst other gymnastics of self-devotion, run up and down stairs forty-three times in pursuit of waifs and strays from Lady Lombard's memory, committed the first bit of selfishness she had been guilty of all day, by sitting down to rest for five minutes before she began her toilet; and leaning her forehead on her hand, she thought over her own chances of pleasure or amusement during the evening. She had had one disappointment; Lewis had been invited, and Lewis would not come. He did not say he could not come, but he put on what Mrs. Arundel called his "iron face," and said shortly "the thing was impossible;" and no one could have looked on

his compressed lips, and doubted the truth of the assertion. It grieved Rose, for she read his soul as it were an open book before her, and she saw there pride, that curse of noble minds, still unsubdued. Lady Lombard patronized them, and Lewis could not submit to witness it. Rose had hoped better things than this; she had not failed to observe the change that had taken place in her brother, during his residence at Broadhurst; she saw that from an ardent impetuous boy, he had become an earnest-minded, high-souled man, and in the calm dignity of his look and bearing, she recognised the evidence of conscious power, chastened by the discipline of a mind great enough to rule itself. Nor was she wrong in her conjectures; only she mistook a part for the whole, and arguing with the gentle sophistry of a woman's loving heart, concluded that to be finished, which was but in fact begun. Lewis had learned to control (except in rare instances) his haughty nature, but he relied too much on his own strength, and so he had failed as yet to subdue it. Rose was too honest to disguise the truth from herself, when it was fairly placed before her, and she acknowledged with an aching heart, that the great fault of her brother's character yet remained unconquered. Poor Rose! as this conviction forced itself upon her, how she sorrowed over it. He was so good, so noble, and she loved him so entirely—oh! why was he not perfect? If Lewis could have read her thoughts at that moment, he would have assuredly made one of the guests at Lady Lombard's hospitable board.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DESCRIBES THE HUMOURS OF A LONDON DINNER PARTY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

As the clock struck the half-hour, forming the *juste milieu* between seven and eight, post meridiem, the goodly company assembled in Lady Lombard's drawing-room, being warned by the portly butler that dinner was served, paired off and betook themselves two by two (like the animals 'coming out of Noah's Ark, as represented on the dissecting puzzles of childhood) to the lofty dining-room, where much English good cheer, disguised under absurd French names, awaited them. During the short time that Bracy had been in the house, he had not been altogether idle. He first took an opportunity of informing Lady Lombard that De Grandeville was directly descended from Charlemagne, and that he was only waiting till the death of an opulent relative should render him independent of his profession, to revive a dormant peerage, when it was generally supposed his colossal intellect, and unparalleled legal acumen, would render him political leader of the house of Lords; he then congratulated her on her good fortune in having secured the presence of this illustrious individual, who, he assured her, was in such request amongst the aristocracy of the kingdom, that he was scarcely ever to be found disengaged; and wound up by running glibly through a long list of noble names, with whom he declared the mighty Marmaduke to be hand and glove. Accordingly, good

Lady Lombard, believing it all faithfully, mentally elected De Grandeville to the post of honour at her right hand, deposing for the purpose no less a personage than General Gudgeon. When we say, no less a personage, we speak advisedly, for that gallant officer, weighing sixteen stone without his snuffbox, and being fully six feet high, was, if not exactly "a Triton amongst minnows," at all events a Goliath amongst gudgeons, which we conceive to be much the same thing.

Having achieved his object of placing De Grandeville in exactly the position he wished him to occupy, Bracy next proceeded to frustrate a scheme which he perceived the fair Susanna (who was his pet detestation) to have originated for the amatory subjugation and matrimonial acquisition of John Dace Dackerel Dace, Esq., of Roachpool, in the West Riding. John D. D. had a weakness, bordering indeed on a mental hallucination; he fancied he was born to be a popular author,—"to go down to posterity upon the tongues of men," as he himself was wont to express it,—and the way in which he attempted to fulfil his exalted destiny, and effect the wished-for transit, *via* these unruly members of his fellow-mortals, was by writing mild dull articles, signed J. D. D., and sending them to the editors of various magazines, by whom they were always unhesitatingly rejected. The frequent repetition of these most unkind rebuffs, and the consequent delay in the fulfilment of his mission, had tended to depress the spirit (at no time an intensely ardent one) of John Dace Dackerel, and had induced a morbid habit of mind, through which, as through a yellow veil, he took a jaundiced view of society at large; and even the acquisition of the surname of Dace, and his accession to the glories of Roachpool, had scarcely restored cheerfulness to this victim of a postponed destiny. Bracy, from his connexion with *Blunt's Magazine*, knew him well, and had rejected, only a fortnight since, a forlorn little paper, entitled "The Curse of Genius, or the trammelled Soul's Remonstrance;" in which his own cruel position was touchingly shadowed forth in the weakest possible English. Accosting this son of sorrow in a confidential tone of voice, Bracy began:—

"As soon as you can spare a minute to listen to me, I've something rather particular to tell you!"

"To tell *me*?" returned the blighted barrister in a hollow voice, suggestive of any amount of black crape handkerchiefs; "what ill news have I now to arm, or I may say, to steel my soul against?" and here he observed, that it was a habit with this pseudo-author to talk, as it were, a rough copy of conversation, which he from time to time corrected by the substitution of some word or phrase which he conceived to be an improvement upon the original text.

"Perhaps it may be good news instead of bad!" remarked Bracy, encouragingly. The blighted one shook his head.

"Not for *me*," he murmured; then turning to Susanna he continued,—"Excuse my interrupting our conversation, but this gentleman has some intelligence to impart—or I may say, to break to me."

Mrs. Brahmin smiled sweetly such a sympathetic smile, that it went straight through a black satin waistcoat, with a cypress wreath embroidered on it in sad-coloured silk, and reached the "crushed and withered" heart of J. D. D.

"You know," continued Bracy, "I was obliged, most unwillingly, to decline that touching little thing of yours. The—what was it? the Cough of Genius?"

"The Curse," suggested its author gloomily.

"Ah! yes. I read it cough—you don't write very clearly—yes, 'the Cursing Genius.' You know, my dear Dace, we editors are placed in a very trying position. A great responsibility devolves upon us; we are scarcely free agents. Now, your article affected me deeply," (this was strictly true, for he had laughed over the most tragic touches, till the tears ran down his cheeks;) "but I was forced to decline it. I could not have put it in if my own brother had written it. You will naturally ask, Why?—*Because it did not suit the tone of Blunt's Magazine!*"—and as Bracy pronounced these awful and mysterious words, he shook his head and looked unutterable things; while the "child of a postponed destiny," seeing the shadow of a still farther postponement clouding his dark horizon, shook his head likewise, and relieved his clabberately-worked shirt-front of a sigh.

"But," resumed Bracy, "thinking the paper much too original to be lost, I took the liberty of handing it over to Bullbait, the Editor of the *Olla Podrida*. Well, sir, I saw him this morning, and he said—"

"What?" exclaimed the fated one eagerly, a hectic tinge colouring his sallow cheek.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear Dace," rejoined Bracy anxiously; "you're looking pale; too much brain work, I'm afraid. You must take care of yourself; so many of our greatest geniuses have died young. But I see you're impatient. Bullbait said,—he's a very close, cautious character, never likes to commit himself, but he actually said, *he'd think about it!*"

"Was that all?" groaned the disappointed Dace, relapsing into despondency.

"All! my dear sir? all! Why, what would you have? When a man like Bullbait says he'll think about a thing, I consider it a case of *opus operatum*—reckon the deed done. If he meant to refuse your paper, what need has he to think about it? No, Mr. Dace, if you're not correcting a proof of the 'Cough'—psia, 'Curse,' I mean—(when one once takes a wrong idea into one's head, how difficult it is to get it out again!) before the week is over, I'm no prophet. By the way," he continued, as Rose, looking better than pretty in the whitest of muslin frocks, resigned a comfortable seat to a cross old lady in a gaudy turban, which gave her the appearance, from the neck upwards, of a plain male Turk, liberally endowed with the attributes commonly assigned to his nation by writers of fairy tales and other light literature for the nursery, amongst which man-stealing and cannibalism are two of the least atrocious,—“by the way, I must introduce you to this young lady; a kindred soul, sir, one of the most rising authoresses of the day.”

"No, I really—" began the Dace, flapping about in the extremity of his shyness like one of his fishy namesakes abstracted from its native element.

"Nonsense," resumed Bracy, enjoying his embarrassment. "Miss Arundel, let me have the pleasure of making you acquainted with one of our youths of genius, a man to whom a liberal posterity will no doubt do justice, however the trammelled sycophants of a clique may combine to delay his intellectual triumphs." Then in an aside to J. D. D. he added, "Make play with her, Bullbait wants her particularly to write for the Olla, and she hangs back at present: she would merely have to say a word to him, and you might obtain the run of the magazine."

Thus urged, John Dace Dackercel Dace, Esq. called up all the energies of his nature, and by their assistance overcoming his habitual sheepishness, he caused to descend upon Rose a torrent of pathetic small-talk, which overwhelmed that young lady till dinner was announced, when he claimed her arm and floated with her down the stream of descending humanity until he found himself safely moored by her side at the dinner-table. Having thus, as he would himself have expressed it, taken the change out of that odd fish Dace, and frustrated, for the time being, the matrimonial tactics of the Brahmin's widow, Bracy was making his way through the various groups of people in search of Miss Mac Salvo, which ardent Protestant might, he considered, afford him some sport if judiciously handled, when he was suddenly intercepted by the innocent Susanna, who inquired, "Pray, Mr. Bracy, can you explain this wonderful metamorphosis in your friend Mr. Frere? he's grown quite handsome."

Thus appealed to, Bracy regarded attentively the individual in question, who was good-naturedly turning over a book of prints for Lady Gudgeon, a little shrivelled old lady, so deaf as to render conversation with her a pursuit of politeness under difficulties. Having apparently satisfied himself by this investigation, Bracy replied, "To the best of my belief, I should say he had only had his hair cut, and was for once dressed like a gentleman."

"He is wonderfully clever, is he not?" inquired the lady.

"Clever!" repeated Bracy, "that's a mild word to apply to such acquirements as Frere possesses. He knows all the languages living or dead, has gained an intimate acquaintance with the arts and sciences, has all the 'ologies' at his fingers' ends, and is not only well up in the history of man since the creation, but will tell you to a fraction, how many feeds a-day kept a Mastodon in good condition, two or three thousand years before we tailless monkeys came into possession of our landed property."

"I suppose, as he dresses so strangely in general, that he's very poor; all clever people are, I believe," returned Susanna with an air of the most artless *naïveté*, the idea having for the first time occurred to her that, *faute de mieux*, the philosopher might do to replace the man of war.

Bracy read her thoughts, and kindly invented a few facts and figures, by which he increased Frere's income about sevenfold, and gave him a magnificent stock of expectations, of the realization whereof not the most forlorn hope ever existed.

Having done this small piece of mischief also, he continued his search after Miss Mac Salvo. The result of these machinations was, that Lady Lombard signified to De Grandeville that he was to hand her down to dinner; John Dace Dackercel Dace, Esquire, performed the same office by Rose, much to the disgust of Richard Frere, who had intended to secure that pleasure for himself, and who being, at the moment in which he first became aware of his misfortune, captured by the Brahminical widow, whose silky manner he could not endure, went down stairs in a frame of mind anything but seraphic. Mrs. Arundel contrived to gain possession of General Gudgeon, with a view, as she observed to Bracy, to discover, firstly, his system of feeding, which, from its results, she felt sure must be an excellent one; and, secondly, to insure his obtaining a liberal supply of port wine, to the end that she might satisfy a reprehensible curiosity as to the precise nature of the "gentlemen's stories." Lady Lombard was so anxious to suppress; which act of un-*English*-woman-like *espégle* must be set down to the score of a foreign education, than which we know not a better receipt for unsexing the minds of the daughters of Albion. When we add that Bracy, with a face of prim decorum, escorted Miss Mac Salvo, a gaunt female, whose strict principles appeared to have warred with her flesh so effectually, that there was little more than skin and bone left, we believe we have accounted for every member of the party for whom our readers are likely to feel the slightest interest.

During the era of the fish and soup, by which our modern dinners are invariably commenced, little is discussed except the viands; but after the first glass of sherry, mute lips begin to unclose, and conversation flows more freely. Thus it came about that John Dace Dackercel Dace, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, (we admire his name so much, that we lose no opportunity of repeating it,) having revolved in his anxious mind some fitting speech wherewith to accost the talented young authoress, of whom he felt no inconsiderable degree of dread, fortified himself with an additional sip of sherry ere he propounded the very original inquiry, "Whether Miss Arundel was fond of poetry?" Before Rose could answer this query, her neighbour on the other side, one Mr. James Kasper, a very strong young man, with a broad, good-natured, dullish face, demanded, abruptly, in a jovial tone of voice, "Whether she was fond of riding?"

As soon as she could collect her senses, scattered by the raking fire of this cross-examination, Rose replied, "that she was particularly fond of some kinds of poetry," which admission she qualified by the apparently inapposite restriction,—"When she was on a very quiet horse."

J. D. D. was about to follow up his attack by a

leading question about the gushing pathos of the bard of Rydal, when Rasper prevented him, by exclaiming, "No!—Do you really?" (which he called "rally.") "Then I know just the animal that would suit you." And, having thus mounted his hobby-horse, he dashed at every thing, as was his wont when once fairly off, and rattled away, without stopping, till dinner was finished, and he had talked Rose completely stupid; while the unfortunate Dace, foiled in his weak attempt to captivate the influential authoress, plunged again into the deep waters of affliction, where, pondering over this farther postponement of his destiny, he sank, and was heard no more.

Exactly opposite to Rose and her companions, sat Frere and the simple Susanna, who, labouring zealously at her vocation—viz. husband-hunting—threw away much flattery, and wasted an incalculable amount of "sweetness on the desert air." To all her pretty speeches Frere returned monosyllabic replies, in a tone of voice suggestive of whole forests-full of bears with sore heads, while a cloud hung heavy on his brow, and his bright eyes flashed envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, at the unconscious James Rasper. At last Susanna chanced to inquire whether he were fond of music; and as, without falsifying facts, he could not answer this negatively, he was forced to reply, "Yes; I like some sort of music well enough."

"Some sort only," returned Susanna, in a tone of infantine artlessness. "Oh! you should like every kind, Mr. Frere. I never hear a merry tune without longing to dance to it; and pathetic music affects me even to tears. But, what class of music is it that you particularly prefer?—though I need scarcely ask,—operatic, of course."

"Not I," growled Frere; "I hate your operas."

"Oh, Mr. Frere!" exclaimed Simplicity, fixing its large eyes reproachfully upon him, "you can't mean what you say. Not like operas! Why, they are perfectly delicious. Look at a well-filled house,—what a magnificent *coup d'œil*!"

"A set of pigeon-holes full of fools, and a long row of fiddlers," rejoined Frere; "I can't say I see much to admire in that. I went to one of your operas last year, and a rare waste of time I thought it. It was one of Walter Scott's Scotch stories bewitched into Italian. There was poor Lucy of Lammermoor dressed out like a fashionable drawing-room belle, singing duets all about love and murder, with a pale-faced moustachioed puppy, about as much like Edgar Ravenswood as I am like the Belvidero Apollo; a brute engaged on the strength of a tenor voice, to make love to all and sundry for the space of four calendar months, for which "labour of love" he is paid to the tune of 500*l.* a-month, a salary on which better men than himself contrive to live for a whole year. Then Lucy's cruel mamma, who is the great feature in the novel, is metamorphosed into a rascally brother, who growls baritone atrocities into the ears of a sympathising chorus of indigent needle-women and assistant carpenters, who act the nobility and gentry of Scotland, at half-a-crown a head and their

beer. The first act is all love—the second all cursing and confusion, and the third all murder and suicide; and that's what people call a pleasant evening's amusement. The only thing that amused me, was in the last scene, when the stipendiary lover kills himself first, and sings a long scena afterwards. I thought that very praiseworthy and persevering of him, and if I'd been Lucy, such a little attention as that would have touched me particularly, and I daresay it would have done her; only—seeing that she had died raving mad some five minutes before, and was then drinking bottled porter for the good of her voice,—she was perhaps scarcely in a situation to appreciate it."

"But if you don't like the singing, I dare say you prefer the ballet?" suggested Susanna.

"No, I don't," was the short, sharp, and decisive reply.

"Not like the ballet? Oh! Mr. Frere, what can be your reason?" inquired the surprised turtle-dove.

"Well, I have a reason good and sufficient, but I sha'n't tell it to you," growled Frere; then muttered as an aside, which was, however, sufficiently audible—"A set of jumping Jezebels, skipping about in white muslin kilts, for they're nothing more; respectable people ought to be ashamed of looking at 'em." Having enunciated this opinion, Frere cast a doubly ferocious glance at Mr. Rasper, then eloquently describing to Rose the points of his favourite hunter, and relapsed into surly monosyllables, beyond which no amount of cooing could again tempt him.

Marmaduke de Grandeville, enthroned in state on the right hand of the lady of the house, gazed regally around him, and, in the plenitude of his magnificence, was wonderful to behold. But, after all, he *was* human, and the evident depth and reality of Lady Lombard's admiration and respect softened even him, and, ere long, he graciously condescended to eat, drink, and talk,—not like an ordinary mortal, for that he never did; but like himself. For instance, the topic under discussion being the new Houses of Parliament, then in even a more unfinished state than they are at present, De Grandeville elaborately explained the whole design, every detail of which he appeared to have at his fingers' ends—a fact for which he accounted when he allowed it to be understood, that—"Ar—he had—ar—given Barry a hint or two,—ar—that Barry was a very sensible fellow, and not above—ar—acting upon an idea when he saw it to be a good one;" and it must be owned that as De Grandeville had only once been in Mr. Barry's company, on which occasion he had sat opposite to him at a public dinner, he had made the best use of his time, and not suffered his powers of penetration to rust for want of use. Having in imagination put the finishing-stroke to the Victoria Tower, (one of the farthest stretches of fancy on record, we should conceive,) he contrived to work the conversation round to military matters, set General Gudgeon right on several points referring to battles in the Peninsula at which the General had himself been present, and gave so graphic an account of Waterloo, that to this day

Lady Lombard declares he acted as Amateur Aid-du-Camp and Privy Counsellor-in-Chief to the Duke of Wellington on that memorable occasion. He then talked about the De Grandeville estates till every one present believed him to be an immense landed proprietor, and wound up by the anecdote of William of Normandy and the original De Grandeville, which, with a slight biographical sketch of certain later worthies of the family, (one of whom, Sir Solomon de Grandeville, he declared to have suggested to King Charles the advisability of hiding in the oak,) lasted till the ladies quitted the room, when, by Lady Lombard's request, he assumed her vacant chair, and did the honours with dignified courtesy.

Bracy, who during dinner had appeared most devoted to Miss Mac Salvo, now endeavoured to render himself universally agreeable. He applauded General Gudgeon's stories, and plied him vigorously with port wine, which, as Mrs. Arundel had taken care the servants did not neglect to replenish his wine-glass at dinner, began to tell upon him visibly. He elicited the names, pedigrees, and performances of all Mr. James Rasper's horses, and received from that fast young man a confidential statement of his last year's betting account, together with a minute detail of how he had executed that singular horticultural operation yecept "hedging on the Oaks," during which dry recital his throat required constantly moistening with wine, in spite of which precaution his voice grew exceedingly thick and husky before the sitting concluded. On two individuals of the party, however, all Bracy's efforts were thrown away;—Frere continued silent and moody, only opening his lips occasionally, shortly and sternly to contradict some assertion, and relapsing into his former taciturnity; while J. D. D. sat silently bewailing his postponed destiny over a glass of water and two ratifia cakes, which seemed to possess the singular property of never diminishing.

At length the gentlemen rose to go up stairs, a matter easily accomplished by every one but General Gudgeon, who made three unsuccessful attempts to get under weigh, and then looked helplessly round for assistance. Bracy, the ever-ready, was at hand in an instant.

"My dear General, let me lend you an arm. You're cramped from sitting so long."

"Tha-a-ank you, my dear bo-o-o-y," returned the gallant officer, who appeared to have been seized with a sudden wild determination to alter the English language by dividing monosyllables into three parts, and otherwise fancifully to embellish his mother-tongue. "Tha-a-ank you! It's that confou-wow-wow-nded gun-shot wound in my knee-ee. I got it at Bu-Bu-Bu—no! not Bucellas. What is it, eh?"

"Busaco," suggested Bracy, fearing he had over-dosed his patient.

However, when once the General got upon his legs, he used them to better advantage than might have been expected, and proceeded up-stairs, "rolling grand," as that prince of clever-simple biographers, (to use one of Mrs. Browning's adjectives,) Boswell, said

of his ponderous idol. Encountering Frere at the foot of the staircase, he stumbled against that gentleman with so much force as nearly to knock him down. As he recovered his footing, Frere turned angrily towards his assailant; but his irritation changed to an expression of contemptuous pity as his eye fell upon the white hair of General Gudgeon, and stepping on one side, he allowed him to pass. He was quietly following, when Mr. James Rasper, who had witnessed his discomfiture with an ill-bred laugh, attempted, by way of a stupid practical joke, to repeat General Gudgeon's involuntary assault, and reckoning Frere a good-natured quiet sort of person, not likely to resent such a jest, pretended to stumble against him, and pushed past him when about half-way up the first flight of stairs. Never did a man (to use a common but forcible expression) "mistake his customer" more completely. In an instant Frere had collared him, dragged him down a step or two, then, retaining his grasp of the coat-collar, seized him by the waist-band of his trousers, and by a great exertion of strength, swung him clear over the banisters, lowered him till his feet were about a yard from the floor, and then let him drop. After which performance, having glanced round to see that his victim was not injured by the fall, he coolly pursued his way up-stairs.

(To be continued.)

"WILL IS POWER."

BY E. J. B.

SUCH is said to have been the maxim of one of the most persevering and fortunate women who ever existed.¹ Upon it she acted from childhood to old age, and was rewarded by a success in life seldom attained even by the most resolute. All things bent to the magic of her determined and unscrupulous will. Even homeliness of person, that great barrier to advancement, was no effectual obstacle to her. She had fixed her powerful and ambitious heart upon the goal of greatness, and she reached it. All great successes, and all great minds, have so resolved, so come to pass. A feeble will, like a feeble hand, achieves nothing. And why? The great ingredient of success is firmness of purpose, self-concentration; two things utterly unknown to the irresolute and feeble. Besides these, there must be that rarer quality than either—self-knowledge. Honesty with ourselves, is to the full as needful as honesty with our neighbours, and without this too we cannot succeed. We must read ourselves faithfully, thoroughly, *honestly*. We must measure our capabilities against the end we wish for. We must as it were lay the pattern of our powers and weaknesses upon the cloth of the success we wish to cover, and with unblinded and unloving eyes see if it does so. If it does, no matter what the obstacles, success is ours ultimately if we choose.

A man may bend circumstances, but if he would

(1) Madame de Maintenon.

triumph, he must not bend to them. But to make this unflinching perseverance rational, he must have been honest with himself, honest in his self-appreciation from the first. He must not have undertaken an impossibility. He must have borne in mind that what is perfectly possible, almost easy to one man, is not so to another. Will is only power when directed against a battery, for the subjugation of which *our* capabilities will avail. For instance; a man with the quiet un-speculative eye and cool head of an engineer, might toil on for ever and for ever, wear out life and hope, energy and existence, in the wild wish to become a Chantry. *Something* must ever come of resolution, and he might at last achieve some tolerable copy; but more he would never do. Life would be fretted out in a vain battle against SELF. Not against circumstances, not against fortune, not against ill-usage, but against SELF. The man has been his own enemy, the one sole cause of his own failure, and all for want of honesty—the courage to take himself as it were to pieces, and faithfully judge the fragments. “What has been done may be done again,” is an old maxim, and true as it is old; but it must be effected by having the right thing done by the right people. The celebrated John Hunter, in his lectures, took continued pains to impress this upon his pupils, and was accustomed to instance himself as a proof of its truth and practicability. “When I want to do a thing,” he said, “I first consider if it *can be done*; then, if I can do it: I think well what there is for and against me; what powers I have that other men have not, and what they have that I have not. Upon this I make up my mind. If the thing can be done, and I can do it, I do it; if not, I dismiss the idea at once, and never give the matter another thought.” This was the advice and experience of a man, whose indomitable energy, and bold self-searching, raised him from a poor cabinet-maker’s apprentice in a wretched Scottish town, to the position of Surgeon-extraordinary to the British Army, and to be one of the first authorities of his profession. Without the brave self-scrutiny which told him when he had power and when none, and without the earnest purpose, that never swerved from the calm rational determination to which knowledge so earned led him, John Hunter would have been a cabinet-maker at his death.

Every where, spread over all creation, are the means of progress for all sorts of people. Into all corners the grappling irons by which we may pull ourselves up can be cast. But the same hooks are not for all men, nor the same irons for all purposes. It is reported of Buonaparte, that he was wont to exclaim; “‘Impossible’ is the adjective of fools.” And Armand Richelieu, that man of mighty will and indomitable self-reliance, has been made to say by his biographers, “There is no such word as ‘fail’.” Daring as these bold aphorisms are, and smoothly and fate-defying as they sound, they are only true in a certain sense, and with certain reservations. If John Hunter’s hand had trembled at the cold hard touch of a scalpel, or his heart fainted at the tortured groans of the operating-

table, “impossible” would have been his adjective, and he would have been *so* fool to apply it to his surgical ambition. Again: what but “fail” would be the right term to employ to any man’s scheme, even were it Brunel’s, who should propose throwing a tunnel from Dover to Calais, or constructing a viaduct over the Bay of Biscay. Yet both these great men have achieved wonders, things impossible to other minds, and to them, if they had read themselves less truly. It was by self-knowledge, no less than by WILL, that they accomplished their determination. “Can this thing be done, and can I do it?”—was the question honestly put, and faithfully answered of each to his own mind, and so it must ever be with those who would bear down to all opposition.

A blind man, with all the will of all the Cæsars, might determine to be a Claude Lorraine, but *could* he? He might spend life and thought, care and resolution, in his vain scheme, and people would laugh at his folly as they gazed upon the blurred and blotted canvass; but he would be no more ridiculous than the man, who with the feeble ideas and wavering decision of a harmless, helpless nonentity, took into his head to be a statesman or a warrior.—No; if a man would succeed in life, he may for a while let his fancy roam whither it listeth, but when it settles, and would make its home and his, in any trade, profession, or employment, let him weigh his capabilities, against his wish. Let him judge himself as he would judge another; taking into account first the *reasons* for his fancy, and then his power and resolution. No need to weigh opportunities and means, impediments and fears. The first of these last two, unless they are in the nature of physical defects, must be as nothing; the last, if they obtain one moment’s hearing, are of themselves enough to prove his unfitness for the position he covets; the first he must make, the second he must struggle for. He must count up against the difficulties, his ability of endurance, love of the end, firmness of purpose, mental and bodily qualifications. If these agree with his will, it depends solely upon himself to play the game of life successfully. For him there is but the old device and motto on the ancient seal—a pick-axe, with the words, “Either I will find a way, or I will make one,”—and if he fail, it is of himself, his own feebleness in executing what he rashly planned.

There is no such thing as “luck;” what seems so, is traceable to causes as easily discovered as their effect. God rules the world. And while Omnipotent hands hold the reins of government, there can be no *chance*. Let it not be thought, that in advocating the bold principle of our motto, we are urging or inviting recklessness of means, so the end be gained; or unscrupulousness of end, so fame and fortune be achieved. No; by success we mean full and complete success. Not prosperity here, ruin hereafter; but success before God, by using to their utmost the talents he has lent, and doing for His glory the most service with the smallest means. Nothing that *chose here*, can rightly be called success; we sow on earth to reap in heaven. But to the honest brave purpose,

the unbending perseverance, the unwavering steadiness of a true heart, will be power, for God our Maker, our Father and our Guide ordained it so.

PRIVATE LIFE AND PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DEAN SWIFT.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN.

WE have always regarded Dean Swift as a decidedly unamiable man. From all that we can learn he appears to have been cold-hearted, selfish, tyrannical, morose, and parsimonious, coarse and brutal in his manners, and singularly deficient in elevation of taste, thought, and sentiment. The closing scene of his life has warranted the supposition that there was a taint of insanity in his constitution, and attempts have been made to account for his eccentricities upon this hypothesis. This view is, however, warmly combated, upon medical grounds, in a recent production now before us,¹ in which the character of Swift is strenuously vindicated, and the true nature of his malady detailed. Without wishing to enter into any controversy, we think the subject is sufficiently interesting to be brought before the attention of our readers; and though we have met with few new facts, we feel sure that every attempt to illustrate the idiosyncrasies of genius will be received with indulgence.

We will not trouble our readers with many biographical details. At the age of fourteen, we may remind them, Swift entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was an irregular and undistinguished student; that at the usual time he applied for his Bachelor's degree, and obtained it only by *special grace*, "a term," says Johnson, "used in that university to denote want of merit;" and that his academical career, like that of many men of genius, was in other respects undignified and unfortunate. On leaving college, he secured the patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of his mother's relations. King William III. occasionally visited Temple; and "it is recorded," says Scott, "by all the poet's biographers, that William offered him a troop of horse, and showed him how to cut asparagus the Dutch way." At this time Swift devoted himself earnestly to study, working eight hours a day. At length, he was overtaken by a serious illness, (brought on by his own imprudence,) which is said to have occasioned the severe maladies from which he suffered through life.

"Writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727," says Mr. Wilde, "he thus describes the commencement of his complaint. 'About two years before you were born,'—consequently in 1690—'I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond.'"

Dr. Johnson comments on this incident in a characteristic manner:—

[1] "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life: with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." Dublin, 1849.

"Before he left Ireland (?) he contracted a disorder, as he thought, by eating too much fruit. The original of diseases is commonly obscure. *Almost everybody eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience.* The disease of Swift was giddiness with deafness, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave, deprived of reason."

It seems probable that his frequently recurring attacks of giddiness and loss of memory may be ascribed to this accident, and the medical testimony is to the same effect.

"Overloading the stomach," says Mr. Wilde, "in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints," (i. e. giddiness and deafness,) "neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift. From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration."

Whatever forms his disorder or disorders may have at times assumed, Mr. Wilde expresses his conviction, that "Swift was not, at any period of his life, not even in his last illness, what is usually termed and understood as *mad*."

We are not among those who regard every trifling eccentricity of conduct as an indication of insanity. On the contrary, we believe that men of strong mind and good sense have occasionally shown a sound discretion in breaking through social usages and conventional notions which were not obviously founded on principles of utility and practical convenience. But Swift was distinguished through life for a contemptuous disregard of the received opinions of the world, which had more the air of bravado than anything else. From his youth upwards he would seem to have affected singularity, and to have studied how he could best show his contempt for the ordinary rules of life. Numerous anecdotes are told by his biographers of his wayward disposition, eccentric habits, and parsimonious spirit. "While he lived with Temple," says Johnson, "he used to pay his mother, at Leicester, a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless some violence of weather drove him into a wagon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling." The "love of a shilling"—of strict economy in small matters—was observable, indeed, in all his conduct, and frequently subjected him to the imputation of meanness.

In after years, when he had secured the friendship of the greatest wits of his age, and lived with them on terms of friendly intercourse, a curious instance of his oddity has been preserved by Spence, as related

by Pope, which may serve to illustrate his manners and character :—

"Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature. 'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, 'Hey-day, gentlemen,' (says the Doctor,) 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave the great Lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean!'—'Because we would rather see you than any of them!'—'Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose.'—'No, Doctor, we have supped already.'—'Supped already? that's impossible! why, 'tis not 8 o'clock yet. That's very strange; but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?'—'No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.'—'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save anything by you, I am determined.' This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of everything we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

He evidently prided himself upon originality, and independence of thought and action; and he took every opportunity of setting at nought the observances of society, and the restraints of his profession. As a clergyman, it was his passion to be as unclerical as possible. He has truly described himself as

"A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care at times to run him down;
No libertine, nor over nice;
Addicted to no sort of vice;
Went where he pleased, said what he thought;
Not rich, but owed no man a groat."

He would transgress the rules of decorum to avoid the suspicion of over-strictness or hypocrisy. In Ireland, he assembled his household to morning prayers, so secretly, that his most intimate friend was six months in his house without discovering it. He was always pleased when his peculiarities provoked hostilities; and he seems never to have felt that in discarding the received notions of propriety, he was running some risk of being misled by his passions or convictions. He had no mental misgivings,—no appreciation of the solid truth sententially expressed by Dr. Johnson, that he "who indulges peculiar habits is *worse* than others, if he be *better*."

Of his over-bearing disposition and insolent bluntness a story has been told, which gives us some notion of his offensive demeanour in society :—

"The last time he was in London," says Sir W. Scott, "he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The earl being willing, it is

supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.'" The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said—"She should sing, or he would make her.—Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; *sing when I bid you*." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears, and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again, was 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered, with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, if you please.' From which time he conceived great esteem for her."

We have selected at random these anecdotes of Swift's eccentricity, as displaying by a few graphic touches the most prominent features in his character. But it may be curious to consider how far his peculiarities of temper and disposition were aggravated by his constitutional infirmities, and whether the infelicitous circumstances of his private life did not largely contribute towards the same result. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that he was a man of exquisitely nervous and excitable temperament. His perceptive faculties were clear and keen: and a habit of minute inquiry and narrow scrutiny into human motives, had familiarized him with the vices and follies of his species, and inspired him with a sullen contempt for humanity which he took no pains to disguise. We can also imagine that his temper was soured and embittered by the occurrences of his youth; by his unprosperous career at college; by his early position of dependence. And when in early manhood a serious illness prostrated his strength, and left him through life exposed to a distressing malady, we cannot wonder that his mind was clouded with a deeper gloom.

After the death of Temple, in 1699, Swift accompanied the Earl of Berkeley to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary. Having quarrelled with his patron, his anger was pacified by a presentation to the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggin, the income of which amounted to about 230*l.* per annum. It is said, that on leaving the Earl of Berkeley, he walked down to his new living, *incognito*, and astonished the poor curate by roughly announcing himself as his "master." He performed his clerical duties with punctuality and decorum, and busied himself in the restoration of the parish church, which had become dilapidated through the neglect of former incumbents. But his residence at Laracor was soon distinguished by circumstances of more romantic interest. Beneath the roof of Sir William Temple he had become acquainted with Esther Johnson—the unfortunate Stella—who, when he first beheld her, was a little bright-eyed, laughing child, the delight of all the inmates of his patron's residence. "Little Hetty," as they called her, was often thrown in his way, and gradually won upon his heart; he set her her daily tasks, and as she grew towards womanhood, his cold nature was warmed and subdued by a passion which even the prospects of worldly advance-

ment were unable to stifle. When he found himself settled at Laracor, he sighed for the society of Stella; (for so he designated her in poetical phraseology;) and as she was her own mistress it was not long before he had persuaded her to visit Ireland, in the company of a discreet, middle-aged lady, named Mrs. Dingley. A suitable residence was procured for his visitors; and when Swift was absent from the vicarage, and then only, they became its inmates. In these arrangements Stella acquiesced, under the belief, and it is to be supposed with the tacit understanding, that her admirer would offer her his hand as soon as his worldly circumstances would justify their union. At first, perhaps, an excess of prudence deterred him from marriage: he was proud and ambitious; he could not bear the idea of sinking down into a poor Irish clergyman; he was avacious and covetous, and in his scheme of worldly advancement, he probably thought that a wife might be in his way. "In the pride of talent and wisdom," says Scott, "he endeavoured to frame a new path to happiness; and the consequences have rendered him a warning, where the various virtues with which he was endowed ought to have made him a pattern."

In the meanwhile, Stella had her admirers. A neighbouring clergyman became her suitor, and applied to Swift, as the lady's guardian, to sanction his addresses. The lover was placed in a curious predicament; but, in the end, the clergyman was rejected by Stella, who, it is reasonable to suppose, considered herself engaged to the friend of her early youth. Every year that glided by, she had established a fresh claim on his sympathy and regard. The sacrifices she had made for him were of no ordinary kind; and he was by no means insensible to her devotion. More than once he acknowledged it in verse.

"Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And though, by Heaven's severe decree,
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd."

Poor Stella! Her disposition was lively and engaging; and it is said that she had a face and form of surpassing loveliness. But like many another gentle and confiding woman, she was sacrificed to cold prudential notions, and to the overweening worldly pride that does more than anything else to corrupt and degrade the heart.

In 1835 the skeletons of Swift and Stella were exhumed from the vaults of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The ghastly relics were clearly identified from several circumstances which are fully entered into by Mr. Wilde; and he observes that Stella's skull, thus irreverently rescued from the tomb, is "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty. Its outline" (he continues, in a rapturous vein,) "is one of the most graceful we have ever seen; the teeth, which, for their whiteness and regularity, were, in life, the

theme of general admiration, were, perhaps, the most perfect ever witnessed in a skull. On the whole, it is no great stretch of the imagination to clothe and decorate this skull again with its alabaster skin, on which the rose had slightly bloomed; to adorn it with its original dark hair, its white expanded forehead, level, pencilled eye-brows, and deep, dark, lustrous eyes, its high prominent nose, its delicately chiselled mouth, and pouting upper lip, its full, rounded chin, and long but gracefully swelling neck,—when we shall find it realize all that description has handed down to us of an intellectual beauty of the style of those painted by Kneller, and with an outline and form of head accurately corresponding to the pictures of Stella which still exist."

In the early years of his residence at Laracor,—the happiest term of his life,—the health of Swift was comparatively good, and he made but few complaints. But in 1710 he went to London, and plunged into politics and public business, for the space of three eventful years. Stella still occupied his thoughts; and he regularly transmitted to her his journal, in which he noted down the minutest incidents of his busy life. His energies and ambition had now full scope; but late hours and excitement made sad havoc with his constitution. He was alarmed with continual attacks of giddiness and deafness, and was forced to practise the strictest temperance. Soon also he found that something more than talent and strong conviction was necessary to secure success in the game of politics. His hopes of preferment were disappointed. "He enjoyed the shadow," says Lord Orrery, "the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest region of politics." At length, in 1713, he was promoted to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, a preferment which fell far short of what he conceived he had a right to expect, and he returned to Ireland, with a bitter and disappointed spirit.

He stayed a fortnight in Dublin to take possession of his Deanery, and we have a pitiable picture of the state of his mind at this period. "I hate the thoughts of Dublin," he writes, "and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there, which they say is mine."—"At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy; but it begins to wear off and change to dulness." And in a poem, written in sickness, in October 1714, we have a vivid picture of the pettishness and jealousy of the confirmed and inconsiderate invalid.

"My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.

* * * * *

Some formal visits, looks, and words,—
What mere humanity affords,—
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;

Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they :
But no obliging, tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own."

Though separated from the turmoils of party, it was not likely that Swift's active spirit would rest satisfied with a life of monotonous tranquillity. But his means were now ample, and every apparent obstacle being removed, it might have been expected that he would no longer defer his union with Stella. Alas! during his residence in England he had made a fresh conquest; and poor Stella had found a powerful rival in Esther Vanhomrigh, the eldest daughter of a wealthy widow lady. For a time the sacrifices, wrongs, and deep, deep affection of Stella were forgotten or disregarded, and Vanessa (for this was Miss Vanhomrigh's poetical name), usurped her place in Swift's unfeeling heart. Vanessa came to Dublin, and Stella's jealousy being excited, she demanded an explanation. In this dilemma Swift was compelled to yield something to the claims of long-tried affection; but he still made use of the same heartless cant—that his fortune was insufficient, that marriage would be imprudent, &c. &c. At length he consented to a secret union, on condition that it should never be disclosed by either of them, and that they should still "continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly."¹ Accordingly, in 1716, the ceremony was performed by his early friend and tutor the Bishop of Clogher, in the garden of the deanery.

It is said that after the performance of this ceremony, Swift's state of mind was wretched in the extreme. As for Stella, like many another woman who has "loved not wisely but too well," her fortitude supported her under every trial, and whatever may have been her mental sufferings, they were hidden beneath the outward mask of tranquillity and contentment. She is described about this time as looking "pale and pensive, but not melancholy;" she patiently attended the Dean in his frequent attacks of sickness, and regulated his table,—at which, however, she appeared only as a guest. In the meanwhile he continued to correspond with Vanessa, and to interchange verses with her. He frequently visited her at her residence at Celbridge, where she had retired, says Scott, "to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world." Strange that this haughty, sullen, and unamiable man should have inspired with such deep affection two amiable and accomplished women, who, once enslaved, seem to have lost all self-dependence, and to have readily obeyed the harshest dictates of his cruel caprice!

As Swift advanced in life, his mind became more gloomy, his temper more irritable, and his health more uncertain. He began to feel strange forebodings of the mysterious malady which was ultimately to reduce him to a state of hopeless imbecility. "So early as 1717," says Scott, "we are informed by Dr. Young,

(1) Scott's Life of Swift.

that while walking with Swift, about a mile out of Dublin, the Dean stopped short. 'We passed on,' says the author of the Night Thoughts, 'but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upwards at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it he said:—I shall be like that tree, *I shall die at the top!*'" He had a severe illness in the beginning of 1719, and in May he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke these melancholy words: "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart." When in the following year he plunged into politics, and as an Irish patriot gave vent, in a memorable pamphlet,² to his indignant sense of English injustice, his bodily health appears to have improved, and his melancholy to have been for a time dispelled. Soon afterwards, the publication of the Drapier's Letters raised him to the highest pitch of popularity. These remarkable productions were directed against an unpopular scheme for supplying the deficiency of copper coinage in Ireland. For this purpose a patent, which was said to have been obtained in a surreptitious manner, had been granted to an English contractor named Wood, empowering him to coin halfpence and farthings to the extent of £108,000. The popular feeling was aroused; Wood's worthless halfpence were denounced by the spirited Drapier; the printer of the letters prosecuted; and a large reward offered for the discovery of the author.

"But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for three hundred pound."

It was during the excitement of the public mind on this subject that a Quaker is said to have circulated the apt quotation from Scripture,—"*And the people said unto Saul, Shall JONATHAN die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not.*"³ Flattered, excited, and stunned by popular applause, he had at this period less leisure to think of his ailments, and though we have no particular account, it is reasonable to suppose his temper was more cheerful. But, as if to counterbalance these advantages, domestic afflictions at the same time deeply affected, and perhaps temporarily softened his spirit. In 1723, the hapless Vanessa bade farewell to a world of disappointment and sorrow. The loss of one beloved object was the prelude to another greater bereavement. Stella's health began to decline in the very year of the Drapier's triumph; and though she rallied from time to time, it was soon apparent that her unhappy life was drawing to a close.

In June, 1727, we find Swift in England, and giving a deplorable account of his own state of health. "I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me . . . The last act of life is always a

(2) "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England."

(3) 1 Sam. xiv. 45.

tragedy, at best, for it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friends go before them." He visited Pope for a short time at Twickenham; but left his house abruptly, saying, "that two sick friends cannot live together." Every post brought him alarming accounts of Stella's declining health, and in October, he left England, never to return.

"He turned," says Johnson, "to a home of sorrow." Stella was on her death-bed, anxiously expecting his presence, ere the hour of dissolution arrived. In her last moments she conjured him, it is said, to acknowledge their union to the world; but the accounts of their parting interview are somewhat contradictory." One witness (his niece, Mrs. Whiteway,) reports that she heard Swift say, in reply to some urgent request, "Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned;" to which Stella rejoined, "*It is too late.*" Another, (Mr. Sheridan,) relates that after she had earnestly implored him to acknowledge their marriage, he turned on his heel, and left the room. At length, on the 28th of January, 1728, in the forty-first year of her age, this injured woman "closed her weary pilgrimage, and passed," says Scott, "to that land, where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

When the grave had closed over Stella, the Dean's melancholy assumed a more sombre hue, and every hour of his life grew darker and darker. On the most ordinary occasions, he would bid his friends adieu with the gloomy words, "God bless you, I hope we shall never meet again." His natural moroseness of disposition was increased by deafness; he became irritable and impatient beyond endurance. His memory also grievously failed him.

"For poetry he's past his prime,
He takes an hour to find a rhyme."

He often described himself in words too true, "*Vertiginosus, inops surdus, male gratus amicis.*" His fits of ill-humour, even in the society of his friends, began to wear the appearance of something approaching to insanity. In 1730, he was for about six months the guest of Sir Arthur Acheson, at the town of Market Hill, and whilst staying there, it is related that "he sometimes retired from table, and had his victuals carried into his own apartment, from which he would not stir till his good-humour returned." In the following year he wrote the melancholy and prophetic verses on his own death, in which the well-known lines descriptive of his mental and bodily condition occur:—

"See how the Dean begins to break—
Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his face;
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead;
Besides, his memory decays—
He recollects not what he says.
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before."

We turn to Mr. Wilde's volume for a summary of the state of Swift's health three years afterwards.

"The tottering which first attacked him in the year 1711, returned again in 1734; and to increase his misfortunes, his eyesight at this period began to fall, and from some whim, Swift had a great dislike to the use of spectacles. Two of the avenues both of knowledge and amusement being thus shut out, need we wonder that the poor Dean's temper increased in fretfulness, and occasionally induced him to give way to those outbursts of passion which have been related of him? His *Medicina Gymnastica*, as it was termed by his friends, no longer alleviated his malady, or afforded him amusement. He well knew from experience the beneficial effects of active exercise upon his distressing complaint, and when he was not able to go abroad, he sometimes enjoyed it by chasing his friends up and down stairs, and through the large apartments in the deanery, 'till he had accomplished his usual quantity of exercise.'"

Writing to Alderman Barber, in March, 1735, he says:—

"I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men, and an old woman, in a large empty house, and dine half the week like a king, by myself You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in."

Again, in a letter to Pope, December 2d, 1736,—

"I have not been in a condition to write; years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together."

In his peculiar state of mind he also felt severely the loss of several friends with whom he had lived on terms of affectionate intimacy; and as they dropped off one by one, and "tie after tie was loosened from his heart," he became more fretful and desponding. In one of his letters to Pope, he has characteristically described the feeling of regret with which it is natural to regard the death of early and distant friends, from whom we may have been long separated, and had even little hope of seeing again.

"The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor [Arbuthnot] have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke."

Although Swift had been in early life, both from choice and necessity, remarkably abstemious, it is probable, that in his advanced years the unfavourable symptoms of his complicated disorders were aggravated by a free recourse to intoxicating beverages.

"Notwithstanding," says Mr. Wilde, "that none of his biographers have alluded to the subject, nor have his greatest enemies ever been able to say that the Dean was once seen intoxicated, or in anywise affected with liquor, it is quite evident that he took more wine

and spirituous liquors in his latter life than his medical men would now have recommended him; but whether from liking, habit, the advice of his physicians and friends, or as a stimulant and resource in those hours of gloom or despondency to which he was then subject, it is now difficult to say."

His parsimony, however, prevented him from encouraging conviviality at his own residence.

"When his friends of either sex," says Johnson, "came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland, no man visits where he cannot drink!"

The last remark is somewhat sweeping; and notorious as the boundless profusion and habitual love of conviviality of the Irish gentry of the last century may have been, savours somewhat of the Doctor's thoroughly English prejudices.

A note to Mrs. Whiteway, penned in July, 1740, is almost the last memorial which we possess of the celebrated Dean. Whilst it describes in piteous terms his bodily anguish, it exhibits the decay of his mental faculties, and foreshadows the night which was about to close over him for ever. "I hardly understand," he says, "one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26th, 1740. If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time." After this, his understanding totally failed, and he sank into that state of "second childishness and mere oblivion," which he had so long apprehended. Scott says, that "his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy;" but Mr. Wilde labours to show that the alleged fits of insanity were nothing more than the fretful ebullitions of temper, which might have been expected under the painful circumstances which marked the last scene of his "strange, eventful history." In the beginning of 1741, it was, however, thought proper to place his estate under the management of trustees, and to appoint guardians, to whose care he was for the remainder of his life confided. Mrs. Whiteway was the last person that he knew; "and when," she says, (in a letter, dated November, 1742,) "that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing anybody, that I was forced to leave him . . . He walked ten hours a-day; would not eat or drink if his servant stayed in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking." Mr. Wilde has copied the same lady's account of a fearful ophthalmic affection with which the poor Dean was attacked in the month of October, 1742.

"About six weeks ago," she says, "in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid, Mr. Nichols (his surgeon) thought, would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in is not to be described. Five persons could scarcely hold him, for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and for near a month he did

not sleep two hours in twenty-four. Yet a moderate appetite continued, and, what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and showed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him if he would give me a dinner? He said, 'To be sure, my old friend.' Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor, the surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr. Nichols thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But alas! this pleasure to me was of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him."

A sad blank followed this incident, illumined by occasional glimpses of reason. One of these occurred at the close of the year 1743. "After the Dean had continued silent a whole year," says one of his biographers, "in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th November, in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing, to celebrate it as usual. To this he immediately replied. 'It is all folly! they had better let it alone.'" Mr. Wilde maintains that this forced silence differed materially from "the sullenness of insanity;" for, according to Dr. Delany, "he would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily."

It is said that in these days of his mental alienation, he was literally made a *show* of by his unfeeling domestics, who privately took money from strangers who were anxious to see him. His relative Mr. Deane Swift has furnished some of the last anecdotes respecting him, and they are melancholy enough.

"He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant, [this was in 1744,]—(now and then he calls him by his name); at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, 'I am a fool.' Not long ago the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was; he said, 'Bring it here,' and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal: he said, 'That's a stone, you blockhead.'"

Bitter retribution! The man who in his pride of heart and undisguised selfishness, scornfully put aside the proffered cup of social happiness, disregarded all that interfered with his stubborn will, and repaid with studied cruelty the most sincere affection, was doomed to expire "a driveller and a show," the sport of domestics and unfeeling strangers,—a piteous and humiliating spectacle, of which the world affords occasional examples, as if to remind us that intellectual superiority, like everything else we admire and value here, proceeds from Him who gives and takes away at His good pleasure!

At length, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 10th of October, 1745, after several months of total silence and vacuity, the once renowned Dean of St. Patrick's ceased to breathe. According to some accounts, his dissolution was so easy that the attendants who

watched by his bedside were hardly aware of it, and only heard the death-rattle in his throat a few moments before he expired. His body was interred with strict privacy, according to the directions contained in his will, in St. Patrick's cathedral. By his will, dated 3d May, 1740, he bequeathed his whole property, amounting to about 12,000*l.* to his executors, to purchase land in Ireland, with the profits of which to erect and endow "an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands should be sufficient to maintain." This appropriate destination of his property he had long resolved on; for in the verses on his own death, written in November, 1731, the often-quoted lines occur:—

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

We have already spoken of the exhumation of the bones of Swift and Stella in 1835. According to the medical testimony in Mr. Wilde's volume, the theories of the phrenologists are not confirmed by the examinations to which the Dean's cranium has been subjected.

"On looking at Swift's skull," says one gentleman (Mr. Hamilton), "the first thing that struck me was the extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out as the *organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all*; but the head rose gradually, and was high from benevolence backwards."

The animal propensities, again, were all large and even disproportionably so. But it is admitted that "although the skull, phrenologically considered, might be thought deficient, yet its capacity was in reality very great, capable of containing such a brain as we might expect in so remarkable a genius." In the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, a bust, long believed, and now satisfactorily, to be that of Swift, identified from a cast taken from his face after death, has been preserved, and is commented on at some length by Mr. Wilde. Scott describes the expression of countenance as "most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain." But this description is, according to Mr. Wilde, a great exaggeration; "on the contrary," he says, "the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag on the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side." In summing up—and he does so most carefully—all the symptoms of the Dean's disorder, the conclusions drawn by Mr. Wilde seem to be, that he suffered from a cerebral affection, proceeding in the first instance from deranged digestion and other causes, aggravated by mental excitement and unhappiness, but never amounting to actual insanity, or utter loss of reason. His not speaking during the last years of his life, he accounts for as arising "either from paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, or from loss of

memory of the things which he wished to express, as frequently occurs in the case of cerebral disease."

The "unpublished poems of Swift," at the end of Mr. Wilde's volume, are said to be copied from a pocket-book of the Dean's, in the possession of a family named Christie, and lent to the author for the purpose of his essay. "They are nearly all political, and the greater number of them refer to the reign of James II., particularly about the period of the expected birth of the Prince of Wales. Swift was at this time a student of Trinity College; and these were probably written shortly before he went to England, in the beginning of 1689. Others are as late as the reign of Anne." We give the following as samples; both referring to James II.:—

A PAPER PUT IN THE KING'S SHOE.

The hearts of all thy friends are lost and gone,
Gazing they stand, and grieve about thy throne,
Scarcely believing thee the Martyr's son.

Those whom thou favourest merit not thy praise;
To their own gain they sacrifice thy cause,
And will in sorrow make thee end thy days.

Then, trust thou not too far, doo not relye
On force or fraud;—why shouldst thou, Monarch,
why

Live unbeliev'd, and unlamented die?

A PAPER FOUND IN THE KING'S TWALLITE (TOILET).

The King, to keep the laws, did plight his troth;
His will's his law, and thus he keeps his oath.

The following epigram ("probably by Swift") "On seeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of Divine service, to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset, on his coming to town," though frequently printed, is characteristic enough to bear quotation:—

"Lord Pain in the church (could you think it?)
kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just come to town,—
His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on His Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion."

We have in the present paper principally dwelt on the personal character of this distinguished man. As a writer, he has been admirably criticised by Scott and Jeffrey; and as a politician he has had many illustrious eulogists. Little therefore remains to be said by humbler critics. As a political writer, by a happy union of pure idiomatic English with plain good sense, he effected triumphs which can only be compared with those subsequently achieved by the rhetorical Junius. His prose fictions are unequalled for wit, humour, and accurate knowledge of mankind. The "Tale of a Tub" is the most perfect satire in the language; and well might he exclaim, as he is reported to have done, when looking over it at an advanced period of his life, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver have continued to be popular, though their hidden satire is altogether forgotten or disregarded, and are as eagerly fastened

on as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Don Quixote*, and other world-books. Whence this wide popularity? It is perhaps to be traced principally to this. Like Defoe, Swift possessed that admirable talent for circumstantial and minute narration which gives to the most improbable incidents the air of reality. We feel Captain Gulliver to be a real personage, and we are almost imposed on by his gravity and consistency; for "if," says Sir Walter Scott, "the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistency in his narrative." And it is upon record that an Irish bishop gravely censured the book, as containing *some* things which he could not prevail on himself to believe! In his most trivial productions Swift had the happy art of appearing to be in earnest, and his grave irony was frequently mistaken for truth. A singular illustration of this is afforded by the effect of a placard which he had written, in one of his jesting moods, on the execution of one Elliston, a noted street-robber. The placard was addressed, in the thief's name, to his supposed accomplices, commencing thus:—"Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man, (and, indeed, the only honest man I was ever acquainted with,) the names of all my wicked brethren, the principal places of their abode, with a short account of the crimes they have committed." It then went on to say, that he (Elliston) had "solemnly charged this honest man," that if ever he heard of any rogue being tried for robbery, he should look into the list, and if he found the name there, send the whole paper to government. The thieves, believing the document genuine, were terrified at the threatened disclosure; and the practice of street-robbery was entirely put an end to.

Though despotic and unamiable in the social circle, his powers of conversation are said to have been unrivalled. Tradition has preserved many of his pointed and humorous repartees; and two of his classical puns are especially good. To a lady who, in adjusting her mantua, had accidentally thrown down a Cremona fiddle, he applied, with wonderful readiness, the Virgilian line:—

"Mantua, vae misere nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Upon another occasion, when an old gentleman had lost his spectacles, he offered him the humorous consolation, that if it rained all night he would certainly recover them in the morning:—

"Nocte pluit tota—redeunt spectacula mane."

Many of his caustic remarks have been treasured up, and their plain good sense is worth attending to. For example: "The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies take more time in making *nets* than making *cages*." What he might have been had he been moderately considerate to others, had his imagination been purer, and his disposition gentler, it is impossible to say; as it is, we con-

fess, we have traced his life with little pleasure, and regard his memory with little of the reverence which is due to genius.

DOROTHEA.

ENGRAVED BY GOODYEAR AFTER A PAINTING BY MIDDLETON.

THE subject of this plate is familiar to all our readers, for who among them has not enjoyed the beauties of that gem of Spanish literature, the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes? A work which has an European celebrity, and one that has been translated into all the languages of the continent, must ever be a fertile source from which the painter may select with the certainty of having the story of his picture generally understood, and every probability of its awakening pleasing associations in the minds of the beholders. The present engraving, however, has no occasion to lean upon the merits of the work which has suggested its execution. It is a beautiful embodiment of the author's description, and its merits, in an artistic point of view, are sufficient to render it worthy of a place in our journal, totally independent of its connexion with the Spanish romance in which its heroine forms so pleasing a feature. We cannot, however, consent to wholly divorce our plate from its attendant story, and shall therefore conclude our brief notice with an extract from Smollett's witty, although occasionally coarse translation of the passage which the painter has chosen to illustrate:—

"They had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant, whose face, as he stooped, in order to wash his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then survey. Their approach they managed with softness and silence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two crystal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprised at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clouds, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress would have seemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremost, finding himself still unperceived by the youth, made signs to the rest to crouch down, or hide themselves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three stood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head, the hose being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he took out of his cap, and in so doing, lifted up his head, showing to the by-standers a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said in a whisper, to the curate, "Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but some celestial being!" The youth taking off his cap, and shaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himself might envy, flowed down upon his shoulders, and discovered to the spectators that the supposed peasant was no other than a woman, the most delicate and handsome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not seen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty."

Reviews.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR.¹

ALL the world has heard of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," a pleasing, popularly-written, superficial book, just fitted to captivate the imagination of the sciolist, and turn the head of the smatterer. The writer, though extremely ingenious, is by no means original; he only revives the theory of De Maillet, Lamarck, and Oken, respecting the development of plants and animals; but as the work possesses the merit of great simplicity and freedom from technicalities, no one is surprised to hear of its rapid sale, and translation into other languages. Founding on the now exploded nebular hypothesis, that the earth has arisen out of agglomerated fire mist, whirled into spherical shape by the action of opposing currents, and gradually consolidated and cooled to its present density and temperature, the author of the "Vestiges" attempts to show that the various ranks of life, animal and vegetable, instead of being *created* in their present forms, have been *developed* by purely natural laws,—from the infusorial point quickened by electricity, to the thinking and morally-responsible being Man; so that just as without a miracle the acorn becomes an oak by an inherent principle of self-development, in like manner the earth, during its earliest ages, has been pregnant with every form of being, and has needed the fiat of no immediately creative power. Fear this, ye magnates of the earth, that boast of your ancestral honours, and luxuriate beneath the shade of your proud old family tree! Your great-great-grandfathers, and equally great-grandmothers, were all monkeys,—as genuine apes as ever pelted each other with the cocoa-nuts of Cuba, or chattered amid the palm-leaves of Ceylon. Their sires, again, were happy kangaroos, leaping merrily about upon the green slopes of the Eocene period; these, in their turn, were the descendants of a fortunate turbot, that had been cast ashore in some pre-adamite storm, and which, in the desperation of its efforts to accommodate itself to its new quarters, had flounced its fins into four as fine punchy little legs as ever waddled beneath a quadruped. And so, back your genealogy must go, through oysters, crabs, zoophytes, and medusæ, till at the root of your family-tree lies a poor little infusorial point, which found itself all of a sudden startled into life one fine morning, by a smart electric shock. Nor will the supporters of the development hypothesis accuse us of unfairness in this representation of their views. "There are two kinds of generation in the world," says Oken, one of the ablest advocates of the theory,—“the creation proper, and the propagation that is sequent thereupon, or the *generatio originaria* and *secundaria*. Consequently, no organism has been *created* of larger size than an infusorial point. No organism is, or ever has been

created, which is not microscopic. Whatever is larger, has not been created, but developed. Man has not been created, but developed." Such are the doctrines circulated in the pages of the "Vestiges." Nor is there positive atheism involved in the belief of them. "God might as certainly," remarks Mr. Miller, "have *originated* the species by a law of development, as he *maintains* it by a law of development; the existence of a First Great Cause is as compatible with the one scheme as with the other . . . There are, however, beliefs, in no degree less important to the moralist or the Christian than even the being of a God, which seem wholly incompatible with the development hypothesis." These beliefs are, the immortality of the soul, and the *immediate* agency of God in creation,—*both* of which must be abandoned, on the theory of De Maillet and the "Vestiges."

The opponents of revelation have of late years shifted their ground. In a speculative age, they challenged its champions to meet them in the field of metaphysics; and it was with the weapons of abstract argument that the battle of the evidences was fought and won. But now-a-days, the world has become greatly more matter-of-fact; the age is a physical, not a metaphysical age, and it is a physical, rather than a metaphysical rationalism, that they now seek to establish; so that, driven from their old entrenchments, they call upon us to follow them to the broad field of Nature, and do battle with the weapons of scientific fact. Nor has the Bible ought to fear from the contest; the more thoroughly both are investigated, the more beautifully will the book of nature be seen to harmonize with the book of revelation. The only "opposition" is from "science falsely so called;" and future discoveries will, we doubt not, confirm what the past has established,—that Scripture and science are (to use a favourite phrase of Dr. Chalmers) "not conflicting, but conspiring forces, and that a sound philosophy is ever at one with a sound faith." The great telescope of Lord Rosse has left the Bible untouched, but it has swept away the nebular hypothesis on which the author of the "Vestiges" founds so much; and now that his geological principles are weighed in the balances of the stony science, they are found wanting.

The individual who in the present instance has applied the touchstone of physical fact to the fictions of the "Vestiges," is Mr. Hugh Miller, already well known in the world of literature and science, whose charming little treatise on the Old Red Sandstone has earned for him the well-merited title of "the Poet of Geology," and of whom Dr. Buckland said, at a meeting of the British Association, that "if it pleased Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, would certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to theology and geology."—(23d Sept. 1840.) The title of the work is, "Footprints (Lat. *vestigia*) of the Creator," in which classical scholars at least will, no doubt, recognise at once a happy

(1) "Footprints of the Creator; or, the Asterolepis of Stromness." By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "First Impressions of England and its People," &c. London, 1849. 12mo.

allusion and a pointed contrast to the "Vestiges of Creation." Nor do we know of any man so peculiarly fitted for testing the speculations of the "Vestiges," as the author of the "Footprints." Being a geologist of Nature's own teaching, his philosophy is purely inductive, and he himself is, perhaps, less indebted to mere theory than any man of equal standing in the scientific world. "Without guide or vocabulary," says he (Old Red Sandstone, p. 10), "I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all the wonders of geology for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences (the first principles of the science) were the patient gatherings of years." We might have searched half the world over before getting one so eminently qualified to test the development hypothesis as he, the rudiments of whose geological education had been gotten thus direct from Nature's own lips,—the self-taught naturalist of Cromarty.

During a visit to the Orkneys, about two years ago, while engaged in examining the fossiliferous deposits of Scotland, Mr. Miller discovered in the most ancient portion—indeed, at the very base—of the Old Red Sandstone, about one hundred yards above the granite, a singular bone, in shape like a large roofing-nail. This curious fossil, the oldest vertebrate organism as yet discovered in Orkney, measured $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches across the head, while the thickness of the stem was about 3-10ths of an inch. "This nail-like bone formed a characteristic portion of the *Asterolepis*,—so far as is yet known, the most gigantic ganoid fish of the Old Red Sandstone; and, judging from the place of this fragment, apparently one of the first." (Footprints, p. 7.) This discovery "showed me," continues he, "how unsafe it is for the geologist to base positive conclusions on merely negative data. Founding on the fact, that of many hundred ichthyolites of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, which I had disinterred and examined, all were of comparatively small size, while in the Upper Old Red many are of great mass and bulk, I had inferred that vertebrate life had been restricted to minuter forms at the commencement than at the close of the system. It had begun, I had ventured to state in the earlier editions of a little work on the 'Old Red Sandstone,' with an age of dwarfs, and had ended with an age of giants. And now here, at the very base of the system, unaccompanied by aught to establish the contemporary existence of its dwarfs,—which appear, however, in an overlying bed about one hundred feet higher up,—was there unequivocal proof of one of the most colossal of its giants."—P. 8.

A few days after this discovery, Mr. Miller extended his researches for several miles along the shores of the Loch of Stennis, a lake about fourteen miles in circumference, which gives admission to the sea by a narrow strait, and is divided into an upper and lower sheet of water by two long promontories, that jut out from opposite sides, and nearly meet in the middle, so that "the lower division of the lake is

salt in its nether reaches, and brackish in its upper ones; while the higher division is merely brackish in its nether reaches, and fresh enough in its upper ones to be potable." The fauna and flora of the lake are, therefore, of a mixed character, the marine and the lacustrine not unfrequently encroaching on each other's territories, and becoming subject to certain peculiarities in consequence; but though mingling with one another in the brackish tracts, both fauna and flora still retain their distinctions, the marine fish growing flabby and unwholesome, but never developed into the lacustrine, and the lacustrine flora becoming stunted and scanty, but never degenerating into the marine. These two striking facts,—the discovery of the fragment of *Asterolepis* at the base of the Old Red Sandstone, and the "curiously-mixed, semi-marine, semi-lacustrine vegetation of the Loch of Stennis,"—furnish Mr. Miller with a text, on which he grounds his magnificent refutation of the development hypothesis.

If the theory of Oken and the "Vestiges" be true, what ought to be the geological evidence regarding it?

"The reply seems obvious. In the first place, the earlier fossils ought to be very small in size; in the second, very low in organization. In cutting into the stony womb of nature, in order to determine what it contained, mayhap, millions of ages ago, we must expect, if the development theory be true, to look upon mere embryos and fetuses. And if we find, instead, the full-grown and the mature, then must we hold that the testimony of geology is not only *not in accordance* with the theory, but *in positive opposition* to it. Such, palpably, is the principle on which, in this matter, we ought to decide. What are the facts? The oldest organism yet discovered in the most ancient geological system in Scotland, in which vertebrate remains occur, seems to be the *Asterolepis* of Stromness. It is up to this time the most ancient Scotch witness of the great class of fishes that can in this case be brought into court; nay, it is, in all probability, the oldest ganoid witness the world has yet produced; for there appears no certain trace of this order of fishes in the great Silurian system which lies underneath, and in which, so far as geologists yet know, organic existence first began. How, then, on the two relevant points,—bulk and organization,—does it answer to the demands of the development hypothesis? Was it a mere fœtus of the finny tribe, of minute size and imperfect embryotic faculty? Or was it of at least the ordinary bulk, and, for its class, of the average organization?"—Pp. 22, 23.

The reply to these questions occupies three elaborately-written chapters, across which the author advises his non-geological readers to take a leap, springing from the latter half of the third chapter, and alighting on the sixth. In the third chapter, Mr. Miller gives the recent history of the *Asterolepis*, which had long puzzled naturalists, but of which Agassiz at length inferred, that it "was not, as had been at first supposed, a cuirassed fish" of the Cephalaspian (shield-headed) order, "but a strongly-helmed fish of the Celacanth (or hollow-spine) family;" that it was, in all probability, a broad, flat-headed animal; and that, should its head or jaw at any time be discovered, it would be found to belong to the Dendro-

dic, or tree-toothed genus of fishes. These points were all confirmed by Mr. Miller, by means of specimens received from Mr. Robert Dick, of Thurso, "one of those working-men of Scotland of active curiosity and well-developed intellect, that give character and standing to the rest."

In his next chapter, our author discusses the cerebral development of the earlier vertebrata, and sums up a most skilfully-conducted inquiry, by concluding, that while the placoid heads of the Silurian system were mere cartilaginous boxes, the succeeding system, to which the *Asterolepis* belonged, saw external plates of bone added to the internal cartilage,—“the homologues, apparently, of the opercular, maxillary, frontal, and occipital bones in the osseous fishes of a long posterior period,—fishes that were not ushered upon the scene until after the appearance of the reptile in its highest forms, and of even the marsupial quadruped.”

We have next a description of the structure, bulk, and aspect of the *Asterolepis*. Its head was covered with osseous plates, its body with bony scales, fretted with star-like tubercles,—whence its name. It must have been carnivorous in its habits, and, like the sharks and rays, possessed the spiral disposition of intestine. The size, too, of the creature, must have been very great. The fish to which the Stomion bone belonged, was as bulky as a large porpoise, or from eight to ten feet in length. Yet this is small, in comparison of others; for that to which one of the Russian specimens of Professor Asmus belonged, must have measured from *eighteen to twenty-three* feet long!

“Thus, in the not unimportant circumstance of *size*, the most ancient ganoids yet known, instead of taking their places, agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis, among the sprats, sticklebacks, and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky sword-fishes. They were giants, not dwarfs. Instead of being, as the development hypothesis would require, a fish low in its organization, the *Asterolepis* seems to have ranged on the level of the highest ichthyic-reptilian families ever called into existence.”—Pp. 104, 105.

Old, however, beyond calculation, as the *Asterolepis* must have been, there are other organisms more ancient still. The defensive spine of the onchus, discovered in 1847, by the geologists of the Government survey, in the Bala limestone, proves that vertebrate animals existed even in the hoary Cambrian rocks, below the Lower Silurian system. Of this important fact, Mr. Miller makes effective use in his sixth chapter. The author of the “*Vestiges*” declares that the earliest system contained no fish, and that crustacea and molluscs were the only tenants of the Lower Silurian seas. “I fix my opponents down,” says he, “to the consideration of this fact,” *i. e.* that of the absence of fishes from the earliest fossiliferous formations. “And I, in return,” replies the author of the “*Footprints*,” “fix you down to the consideration of the antagonist fact that fishes were *not* absent from the earliest fossiliferous formations. From none of the great geological formations were fishes absent,—

not even from the formations of the Cambrian division.”

Mr. Miller next considers the organization and bulk of the Silurian fishes. The author of the “*Vestiges*,” taking advantage of the circumstance that the spines discovered in the Wenlock Shale by Professor Phillips, were of microscopic minuteness, regarded “the little creatures to which they belonged as the foetal embryos of their class,—the tokens of Nature’s first and half-abortive efforts to make fish out of the lower animals.” But Mr. Miller clearly shows that the species to which they belonged must have been of considerable size. “The assertors of the development hypothesis appeal to the geological evidence as altogether on *their* side in the case; and straightway a few witnesses enter court. But lo, among the expected dwarfs, there appear individuals of more than the average bulk and stature.”—P. 120.

Still, the question of *organization* remains. The writer of the “*Vestiges*,” finding that the earlier fishes were all cartilaginous,—that their tails were heterocercal (finned on one side only), “an admitted feature of the salmon in an embryotic state,”—and presuming that the maxillary and intermaxillary bones, because simple, were rudimental, and that the mouth was placed on the under side of the head,—concluded that the Silurian placoids were not, as had been affirmed by an accomplished geologist, “the highest types of their class,” but “a separate series of that class, generally inferior in the *leading* features of organization, though stretching farther, both upward and downward, than the other series, when *details* of organization are regarded.” In opposition to this view, Mr. Miller holds that the standing of animals must be, and actually is, determined, not by the amount of bone, but by the development of *brain* (a principle, by the way, employed by the author of the “*Vestiges*” himself, when it happens to suit his theory); and he proves, from the large brains of the Silurian organisms, that they must have possessed a high standing among fishes; while he regards the gradually-diminishing vertebræ of the heterocercal tail as an evidence of more perfect organization than the abruptly-terminating vertebral column of the homocercal one. Our author also shows that the occipital frame-work of the Silurian placoids bears at least as close an analogy to the skulls of the higher animals as those of the osseous fishes; that simplicity of jaw is no evidence of a rudimental condition; and that the mouths of the most ancient placoids did *not* open under their heads.

In a beautiful and original chapter on the *History and Progress of Degradation*, our author shows that, judged by the test of what he calls “homological symmetry of organization,” the earliest fishes were of a higher type than their successors; that *monstrosity*, through (1) defect, (2) redundancy, and (3) displacement of parts, is met with, not during the first, but during the *subsequent* periods of Paleozoic existence.

“It would be an easy matter for an ingenious theorist, not much disposed to distinguish between the minor

and the master laws of organized being, to get up quite as unexceptionable a theory of degradation as of development. The one-eyed, one-legged Chelsea-pensioner, who had a child, unborn at the time, laid to his charge, agreed to recognise his relationship to the little creature, if, on its coming into the world, it was found to have a green patch over its eye, and a wooden leg. And in order to construct a hypothesis of progressive degradation, the theodist has but to take for granted the transmission to other generations of defects and compensating redundancies at once as extreme and accidental as the loss of eyes or limbs, and the acquisition of timber legs or green patches."—Pp. 165, 166.

We wish our space would allow us to present to our readers the beautiful close of the tenth chapter, and enable them to follow us through Mr. Miller's examination of the Lamarckian hypothesis of the origin of plants and its consequences, and his able refutation of the theory respecting the transmutation of a marine into a terrestrial flora. We should like, too, to have entertained them with that triumphant display of humour in which our author ridicules the idea that "superposition is parental relation," and proves that, although the fish precedes the reptile, the reptile precedes the bird, the bird precedes the mammiferous quadruped and the quadrumana, and these precede man,—yet precedence implied no parentage,—that the reptiles and fishes, though the predecessors, were by no means the progenitors of beasts and man.

The genealogy of the development hypothesis is next traced back to the wild dream of De Maillet, and is clearly proved to have existed, in all its perfection, long before geology had any existence as a science. Lamarck, again, though he became comparatively early in life a skilful botanist and conchologist, yet published his development hypothesis in 1802, before he became at all skilled as a zoologist, and certainly long ere he became a geologist, "for a geologist he never became." And Oken himself, the most distinguished supporter of the theory, curiously enough confesses that he wrote the first edition of his *Physio-Philosophy* in a kind of inspiration. Such is the parentage, wild and fanciful as the responses of an ancient Pythoness, of which the theory of the "Vestiges" is the worthy offspring.

"Give me your facts," said the Frenchman, "that I may accommodate them to my theory." And no one can look at the progress of the Lamarckian hypothesis, with reference to the dates when, and the men by whom it was promulgated, without recognising in it one of perhaps the most striking embodiments of the Frenchman's principle which the world ever saw. It is not the illiberal religionist that rejects and casts it off,—it is the inductive philosopher. Science addresses its assertors in the language of the possessed to the sons of Soveva the Jew; "The astronomer I know, and the geologist I know; but who are ye?"—P. 272.

The concluding chapter of the work, on "the bearing of Final Causes on Geologic History," is, perhaps, one of the finest pieces of writing and thinking in the language: it reminds us of that magnificent burst of genius, the 17th chapter of the same author's "First Impressions of England and its People." There are two intensely interesting, yet profoundly

difficult questions, on which Mr. Miller enters with at once the unshrinking courage and the genuine modesty of a philosopher. On what principle are we to account for the extinction of inferior existences, and the postponement of the higher races? And,—how explain the obvious *degradation* of organic existences, even under the moral dynasty of man?

In dealing with the former of these questions, our author shows that *nations* and *species* bear the stamp of mortality as well as individuals; he then adds,—

"We cannot yet aspire 'to the height of this great argument;' but, from the little which we can now see, as if 'in a glass darkly,' enough appears to

'Assert eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to man.'

The history of the four great monarchies of the world was typified, in the prophetic dream of the ancient Babylonish king, by a colossal image, 'terrible in its form and brightness,' of which the 'head was pure gold,' the 'breast and arms of silver,' the 'belly and thighs of brass,' 'and the legs and feet' of iron, and of 'iron mingled with clay.' The vision, in which it formed the central object, was appropriately that of a puissant monarch; and the image itself typified the merely human monarchies of the earth. It would require a widely different figure to symbolize the great monarchies of creation. And yet revelation does furnish such a figure. It is that which was witnessed by the captive prophet beside 'the river Chebar,' when 'the heavens were opened, and he saw the visions of God.' In that chariot of Deity, glowing in fire and amber, with its complex wheels, 'so high that they were dreadful,' set round about with eyes, there were living creatures, of whose four faces three were brute and one human; and high over all sat the Son of man. It would almost seem as if, in this sublime vision,—in which, with features distinct enough to impress the imagination, there mingle the elements of an awful incomprehensibility, and which even the genius of Raffaele has failed adequately to portray,—the history of all the past and of all the future had been symbolized. In the order of Providence intimated in the geologic record the brute faces, as in the vision, outnumber the human; the human dynasty is one, and the dynasties of the inferior animals are three; and yet who can doubt that they all equally compose parts of a well-ordered and perfect whole, as the four faces formed but one cherub; that they have been moving onward to a definite goal, in the unity of one grand harmonious design,—now 'lifted up high' over the comprehension of earth,—now let down to its humble level; and that the Creator of all has been ever seated over them on the throne of his providence,—a 'likeness in the appearance of a man,'—embodying the perfection of his nature in his workings, and determining the end from the beginning?"—Pp. 281—283.

After stating the curious fact that the order adopted by Cuvier, in his arrangement of the four great classes of vertebrate animals, is also that in which they occur in order of time,—the smaller-brained organisms appearing first, the larger afterwards,—Mr. Miller accounts for the postponement of the higher orders of creation, by showing that, in the earlier ages of existence, "a partially-consolidated planet, tempested by frequent earthquakes, of such terrible potency, that those of the historic ages would be but mere ripples of the earth's surface in comparison, could be no proper home for a creature" so high in the scale of being as man.

"The fish or reptile,—animals of a limited range of instinct, exceedingly tenacious of life in most of their varieties, oviparous, prolific, and whose young, immediately on their escape from the egg, can provide for themselves, might enjoy existence in such circumstances, to the full extent of their narrow capacities; and when sudden death fell upon them,—though their remains, scattered over wide areas, continue to exhibit that distortion of posture incident to violent dissolution, which seems to speak of terror and suffering,—we may safely conclude there was but little real suffering in the case: they were happy up to a certain point, and unconscious for ever after. Fishes and reptiles were the proper inhabitants of our planet during the ages of the earth-tempests; and when, under the operation of the chemical laws, these had become less frequent and terrible, the higher mammals were introduced. . . . But what could man have done on the globe at a time when such outbursts were comparatively common occurrences? . . . The reasoning brain would have been wholly at fault in a scene of things in which it could neither foresee the exterminating calamity while yet distant, nor control it when it had come; and so the reasoning brain was not produced until the scene had undergone a slow but thorough process of change, during which, at each progressive stage, it had furnished a platform for higher, and still higher life. When the coniferæ could flourish on the land, and fishes subsist in the seas, fishes and cone-bearing plants were created; when the earth became a fit habitat for reptiles and birds, reptiles and birds were produced; with the dawn of a more stable and mature state of things, the sagacious quadruped was ushered in; and, last of all, when man's house was fully prepared for him,—when the data on which it is his nature to reason and calculate had become fixed and certain,—the reasoning, calculating brain was moulded by the creative finger, and man became a living soul."—Pp. 286—289.

It is a striking circumstance, that no sooner had the earth become sufficiently consolidated to form a habitation for the mammiferous quadrupeds, than, "with a few exceptions, the reptiles appear in greatly-diminished proportions." This, as Mr Miller proves, was wisely and well arranged, for "a world which, after it had become a home of the higher herbivorous and more powerful carnivorous animals, continued to retain the gigantic reptiles of the earlier ages, would be a world of horrid exterminating war, and altogether rather a place of torment than a scene of intermediate character, in which, though it sometimes echoes the groans of suffering nature, life is, in the main, enjoyment. No sooner, therefore, was the reptile removed from his place in the fore-front of creation, and creatures of a higher order introduced into the consolidating and fast-ripening planet, of which he had been so long the monarch, than his bulk shrank, and his strength lessened, and he assumed a humility of form and aspect at once in keeping with his reduced circumstances, and compatible with the general welfare."—Pp. 296, 297.

The second question is more difficult than the first. "There hangs a mystery greatly more profound over the fact of the *degradation*, than over the *reduction* and *diminution* of classes." It is an unquestionable fact, that the several dynasties of animated being began with the symmetrical, and deteriorated into the monstrous. Of this fact Mr. Miller confesses that he can offer no explanation, but says,—

"Though I can assign neither *reason* nor *cause* for the fact, I cannot avoid the conclusion that it is associated with certain other great facts in the moral government of the universe, by those threads of analogical connexion which run through the entire tissue of creation and providence, and impart to it that character of unity which speaks of the single producing mind. The first idea of every religion on earth which has arisen out of what may be termed the spiritual instincts of man's nature, is that of a future state; the second idea is, that in this state men shall exist in two separate classes,—the one in advance of their present condition, the other far in the rear of it. It is on these two great beliefs that conscience everywhere finds the fulcrum from which it acts upon the conduct; and it is, we find, wholly inoperative as a force without them. And in that one religion among men that, instead of retiring, lifts the pale ghosts of the others, before the light of civilization, brightens and expands in its beams, and in favour of whose claims as a revelation from God the highest philosophy has declared, we find these two master ideas occupying a still more prominent place than in any of those indigenous religions that spring up in the human mind of themselves. The special lesson which the adorable Saviour, during his ministry on earth, oftenest enforced, and to which all the others bore reference, was the lesson of a final separation of mankind into two great divisions,—a division of God-like men, of whose high standing and full orb'd happiness man, in the present scene of things, can form no adequate conception; and a division of men finally lost, and doomed to unutterable misery and hopeless degradation. There is not in all revelation a single doctrine which we shall find oftener, or more clearly enforced, than that there shall continue to exist, throughout the endless cycles of the future, a race of degraded men and of degraded angels.

"Now, it is truly wonderful how thoroughly, in its general scope, the revealed pieces on to the geologic record. We know, as geologists, that the dynasty of the fish was succeeded by that of the reptile,—that the dynasty of the reptile was succeeded by that of the mammiferous quadruped,—and that the dynasty of the mammiferous quadruped was succeeded by that of man as man now exists,—a creature of mixed character, and subject, in all conditions, to wide alternations of enjoyment and suffering. We know farther,—so far, at least, as we have yet succeeded in deciphering the record,—that the several dynasties were introduced, not in their lower, but in their higher forms;—that, in short, in the imposing programme of creation, it was arranged, as a general rule, that in each of the great divisions of the procession, the magnates should walk first. We recognise yet farther the fact of degradation specially exemplified in the fish and the reptile. And then, passing on to the revealed record, we learn that the dynasty of man in the mixed state and character is not the final one, but that there is to be yet another creation, or more properly *re-creation*, known theologically as the Resurrection, which shall be connected, in its physical components, by bonds of mysterious paternity, with the dynasty which now reigns, and be bound to it mentally by the chain of identity, conscious and actual; but which, in all that constitutes superiority, shall be as vastly its superior as the dynasty of responsible man is superior to even the lowest of the preliminary dynasties. We are farther taught, that at the commencement of this last of the dynasties, there will be a re-creation of not only elevated, but also of degraded beings,—a re-creation of the *lost*. We are taught yet farther, that though the present dynasty be that of a lapsed race, which at their first introduction were placed on higher ground than that on which they now stand, and sank by their own act, it was yet part of the original design, from the beginning of all things, that they should occupy the existing platform; and that redemption is thus no after-thought, rendered necessary by the fall, but, on the

contrary, part of a general scheme for which provision had been made from the beginning; so that the Divine Man, through whom the work of restoration has been effected, was in reality, in reference to the purposes of the Eternal, what he is designated in the remarkable text, '*the Lamb slain from the foundations of the world.*' Slain from the foundations of the world! Could the assertors of the stony science ask for language more express? By piecing the two records together,—that revealed in Scripture, and that revealed in the rocks,—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great Author,—we learn that, in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each, in succession, ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of existence,—that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds, have reigned in turn,—that responsible man, 'made in the image of God,' and with dominion over all creatures, ultimately entered into a world ripened for his reception; but farther, that this passing scene, in which he forms the prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the preliminary scenes; and that that period to which the bygone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned gradations of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration. I know not how it may appear to others; but for my own part, I cannot avoid thinking that there would be a lack of proportion in the series of being, were the period of perfect and glorified humanity abruptly connected, without the introduction of an intermediate creation of *responsible* imperfection, with that of the dying irresponsible brute. That scene of things in which God became man, and suffered, *seems*, as it no doubt *is*, a necessary link in the chain."—Pp. 300—303.

"I am aware," continues he, "that I stand on the confines of a mystery which man, since the first introduction of sin into the world till now, has 'vainly aspired to comprehend.' But I have no new reading of the enigma to offer. I know not why it is that moral evil exists in the universe of the All-wise and the All-Powerful; nor through what occult law of Deity it is that perfection should come through suffering."

What, then, is the race which shall succeed the lapsed and degraded family of man? Or where is the analogue to those creative acts which more than compensated for the deteriorating process of former ages by ushering still higher forms of existence into the world? It cannot consist in a simple repetition of the past; creation has ceased with man, for that latest workmanship of the Divine fingers has been placed under a *moral* government, of which the most necessary condition is, that its subjects shall be *identical* in a world of probation, and in a world of reward. The mere provision of a higher order of beings as the successors of the human race will not serve the end of moral government. "The work analogous in its end and object to those *acts of creation* which gave to our planet its successive dynasties of higher and yet higher existences, is the work of REDEMPTION. It is the elevatory process of the present time,—the only possible provision for that final act of *re-creation* 'to everlasting life' which shall usher in the terminal dynasty."

We hail with sincere pleasure this noble vindication of the truth against the "oppositions of science

falsely so called." When we state that it has been appointed as one of the text-books at Oxford during the present session, our readers will understand the place which the work occupies in the estimation of the highest authorities. We rejoice to see that it has already reached its third edition; and right glad should we be to hear that its author had consented to throw it, in both a literary and financial sense, into a still more *popular* form. Mr. Miller has written, and rightly, for scientific readers in the first instance, knowing that by them, and according to their verdict, the development question must be virtually decided. Still, he should bear in mind that the "*Vestiges*" are chiefly formidable from their great simplicity and cheapness:—the copy which lies before us "cost, when new, but half-a-crown;" and it can find its way, not only to the hand, but to the understanding of the already too credulous, or rather too incredulous mechanic. Now, as we have seen from the Reports of the British Association, that Mr. Miller can write so as to astonish a Murchison, and excite the good-humoured envy of a Buckland, and as we see, by the work before us, that he can achieve the next to impossible feat of making a sober and patient reply to an opponent even more fascinating than the romantic theory he seeks to demolish, we feel assured that, preserving all its graphic excellence, he could so free it from technicalities, as to reach the comprehension of the dullest, and arouse the interest of the youngest. While, by compression of type, reduction of size, and, if need be, for economy's sake, divesting it of some of those very beautiful illustrations which now adorn it, he could so reduce the cost, as to send a "*People's edition*" wherever that of the "*Vestiges*" has found its way, and thus give to the antidote a circulation as wide as that of the poison.

But whether he accept our suggestion or not, we will say,—Long may the hand of Hugh Miller be spared to wield the hammer, and to guide the pen, and greater still be the services he shall yet render to Theology and Geology!

HESPEROS; OR, TRAVELS IN THE WEST.¹

APART from the race of students proper, who read books carefully and systematically, upon the principle of pursuing "noble ends by noble means," the readers of books belong, in general, to one of these two classes,—those who read for the sake of picking up useful information, novel facts, or new ideas; and those who read for the sake of amusement. It is the members of both these classes whom we now address on the subject of "*Hesperos*." Ye lovers of literary amusement! the book concerns you.—Ye seekers of useful information! the book is in your line, also. In short, to say as much about these two volumes as can well be said in one word, we can safely assert that "*Hesperos*" is a very *readable* book; that the "*reading faculty*," be it never so feeble, is not likely to

(1) "*Hesperos; or, Travels in the West.*" By Mrs. Houston, author of "*Texas and the Gulf of Mexico.*" 2 vols. post 8vo John W. Parker.

break down under it. Now, to write a *readable* book about the United States, in these days, deluged as the world has been, for the last twenty years, by an uninterrupted shower of volumes on the subject, demands more than a scribbling facility. Mrs. Houston has much more than this. As an authoress her most conspicuous quality is good sense;—added to this, she has good powers of observation, a very fair descriptive talent, and (for the most part,) good taste. Her manner of viewing things, without being startlingly original, is marked by enough of individuality to make it attractive, and her style of writing, though not always scrupulously correct, and never remarkable for artistic perfection, is always that of a gentlewoman, and is pleasant and agreeable in an uncommon degree. She always writes like a lady. To those persons who have a dislike to the slipshod *wailing-woman's English*, in vogue among so many artificers in light literature at the present day, it may be a recommendation to mention this little fact concerning "Hesperos."

With regard to the matter in this book, it will be sufficient to say, briefly, that it is very much the same as that to be found in most Travels in America that do not dive into the deep waters of political and metaphysical philosophy, or soar into the cloud-land of speculation concerning the future destiny of the young giant. Mrs. Houston keeps generally on the surface, and skims over it gracefully and skilfully enough; always carrying her readers along with her. She devotes a chapter or so to the discussion of the Slavery Question; and without saying any thing new on the subject, from her faculty of seeing two or three sides to a question, (a faculty we should like to see more general,) she contrives to make the reader believe that she is a sensible woman;—that the "beneficent whip" is not such a very contemptible figure of speech after all; and that "Slavery," "Slave Protection Service," and "Immediate Abolition," are terms signifying terrible things, not to be settled and disposed of in a paragraph or a meeting, however "monstrous" or well meant. The evil that man hath wrought on this earth, takes time to *undo*, in exact proportion to the time occupied in the doing of it.

In "Hesperos" we are taken to Boston and Philadelphia, and New York and Albany; to Niagara and Trenton Falls; afterwards to the Southern States and Texas, including a voyage down the Mississippi and another up it. The descriptions of places and persons are effective, and the observations on manners and morals are kindly, though occasionally spiced with satire. We will now select such passages as will serve to give a fair idea of the tone and style of the work.

Our authoress notices the strong involuntary reverence for rank and title, so prevalent in America. While in New York she goes to see the Museum, opposite the Astor House, and after saying that, at present, it does not contain many remarkable things, she proceeds thus:—

"Near the door of the room there hangs, in a most conspicuous place, and framed and glazed, a common official announcement, emanating from the Lord Chamberlain's office. It is an object of interest here,

solely because 'Victoria R.' is written upon it by the hand of the Queen of England.

"This reminds me of a description which a New England gentleman once gave me of his sensations, when, several years before, and during a visit which he made to England, he was presented by the American minister to William the Fourth. The Yankee was a plain-spoken, independent individual, the last man in the world (as I should have imagined) who would have been awed by such a ceremony. The undue veneration for mere rank, however, 'came out strong' in his case; for, in describing the ceremony, which he did in a most racy manner, he finished by saying—'Well, it's a truth, if I never say another word, that my hair stood on end like candles, and that I hadn't a dry thread about me.' This was at the moment of presentation, when, by his own account, his feelings were wound up to a positively painful state of excitement and fear."

Elsewhere in the book Mrs. Houston tells us of a pretty Creole lady whom she met, with her children, on one of the steamers on the Mississippi, who evinced great solicitude concerning the habits and manners of Queen Victoria:—

"She asked me innumerable questions about England, but more especially as regarded the Queen—questions which, I should imagine, no one but her Majesty herself could be qualified to answer. I gave her one piece of information with which she seemed very much struck; it was on the subject of the great simplicity of dress habitual to the royal children. I verily believe that my astonished companion had previously figured to herself that the little creatures were dragged about in ermine, velvet and jewels. I was amused by her expressing her conviction that were this 'interesting fact' generally promulgated in the United States, the extreme *finery* of the children here would be greatly modified."

It may, at first, raise a smile to read such things of a people who are so furiously republican, so in love with equality, that they will look up to no one, reverence no one, call no man master or superior. But, a little reflection will show that this love of English rank, this awe in the presence of English royalty, is but the reverse of the medal; the reaction from the unnatural excess of the contrary feeling fostered by the laws and institutions of the country; and that both are essential characteristics of extreme youth. Yes, Jonathan is very young, very green; it is a vigorous, healthy greenness, however; and there is no bitterness in our spirits when we laugh at his truculent assertion, that he is "as good as you," or "as the best;" and at his dazzled awe-struck gaze at the lion and the unicorn, and the hand-writing of one calling herself Majesty by the grace of God and *not* by the will of the people, though it be truly by their will too that she does so. What there is of romance connected with the past, mingles with England's ancient institutions; and no true-born American would wish to sweep away the long line of her sceptred kings from his memory, any more than he would sweep away Magna Charta, or the Declaration of Independence. The most offensive form which American irreverence takes, is that of childish insubordination. "Honour to father and mother," may be found in the catechism of the American child, but it is rarely to be found in his manners or conduct. We have heard of a free and enlightened citizen of eight years of age, sitting cross-legged, in a rocking-chair, in his

mother's drawing-room, and favouring a mixed circle of visitors with his opinion upon every social and political subject spoken of, unchecked by his mother; not even thought of by her, as anything approaching to a nuisance—an unlovely and pitiable object. The self-reliance and forwardness of the American child appear to greater advantage out of the cities. Take the following, *par exemple* :—

"I have seen a little fellow of ten years old, sent off alone and at night, in a high carriage, with a pair of horses to drive, and a difficult commission to execute some thirty miles off. No one (not even his mother) seemed to think the undertaking a dangerous one, and as to the necessity of any grown-up person being sent to take care of the youthful charioteer, they would have laughed at the idea. He was the son of our host, and the smartest little Yankee I ever saw. It was some time before I became aware that *smart* in Yankee-English means clever; and that the term *clever* is never applied in this part of the world, except to *good, well-meaning* people, who are rather to be pitied for being just that and nothing more."

The next quotation is an act of justice to the Americans, on the part of the authoress :—

"The intercourse of the Americans with their own countrymen is characterized by a remarkable absence of affectation, and by great kindness and courtesy of manner. *Whoever* an American may happen to meet, and *however* ignorant he may be of his position, or his antecedents, his address, if he does address him, is invariably and uniformly polite. In England, we are far too apt to utter in our most inmost hearts, the admirable speech of the Spanish satirist: 'Let me know who you are, that I may measure my civilities according to your deserts.' *Here* a man is equally civil to the President of the country, and to the Irish gentleman, who acts as his servant."

We like the following anecdote; though it seems as if we had heard it before :—

"The absurdity of the people called *helps*, is very great. The '*help*,' American born, is not often met with; but they may always be recognised by their extremely independent, not to say impertinent, air, their showy dress and familiar conversation. The help has high wages, without which she would not remain an hour in the house; and she stipulates for one or two entire holidays in the week, in default of which privilege she declines to engage herself. An English lady once told me that she had heard a '*help*' announce the arrival of a servant about to be hired into the house, in the following terms, the person she addressed being a fellow-servant: '*Amelia*, tell the *woman* in the parlour that there's a *lady* here waiting to speak to her.'"

Mrs. Houston's remarks upon the women of America are well worthy attention, because they are evidently made without malice, and with a very large share of good sense, good taste, and acute perception, as basis for the satire. In no country have women, especially *young ladies*, so much liberty of word and action, and so much of independent existence. They have, there, as in European countries, many of the intellectual and moral attributes of the men; consequently, we find all travellers agree in saying, that the American ladies are fearless, spirited, perfectly self-satisfied, busy, talkative, worldly, cheerful, free and easy. They are slender, elegantly formed, and beautiful, as regards feature and complexion; yet they seem to want that nameless charm which is essential

to European notions of female beauty, and which lies somewhere in the opposites of that *hardness* and want of deference to others which characterise the delicate-looking Americans. We have no doubt that a few years will see great changes in their manners. In the mean time, as a help towards reforming those trifling habits which mar the effect of their great natural gifts, we would advise a careful study of such observations as the following from good-natured and competent judges :—

"The Ladies' Saloon was very fully occupied all the time we were in the Hotel. [The Pavilion Hotel, Boston]. It was a large well-proportioned apartment, with a good many rocking-chairs sprinkled about, on which the fair occupants sat, and swung themselves for hours together, after the manner of restless and uneasy parrots in their huge brazen rings. The young ladies looked just as *désœuvrés*, and were quite as noisy, and very nearly as gaudy. I scarcely ever did more than look at them on my way to my own apartment, and I invariably saw them on the same chairs, and in the same attitudes, *doing nothing*, and, apparently *thinking as little*. Some of them were very pretty and delicate-looking, and, moreover, would have been well-dressed, if they could have contented themselves with fewer colours. If I could summon up a wish about them, it would be that they would pitch their voices in a lower key, and, if possible, not speak through their noses. Why is it that throughout 'the whole of this vast continent,' the nasal twang should invariably prevail? I have given up trying to account for this peculiarity, and greatly fear I shall go to my grave without being enlightened on this interesting branch of physiology. I have heard that the same manner of speaking prevails in New Holland, in quite as remarkable a degree."

Farther on, in speaking of some New York ladies on board a steamer, Mrs. Houston says :—

"Many of these were distinguished and unexceptionable in dress, manners, and appearance; ladies of whose *ladyhood* it would be impossible to doubt. But let them do anything but *speak*, anything but drawl forth their words and scream out their surprise, and say 'what!' and 'ay!' and 'ha aw!' in a lengthened tone of which it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea. This is a great pity, for the American ladies are often agreeable and almost always well read; indeed, I have every reason to think they are as superior to us in general knowledge and erudition, as they are in acuteness of observation. All these good gifts are, however, marred by a want of softness of manner, and by a deficiency of those 'good gifts which grace a gentlewoman.' The '*guessing*' and '*expecting*' are, also, by no means confined to the gentlemen, and the frequent use of those favourite verbs would, in my opinion, spoil the charm of any conversation."

We do not quite like the tone of the assertion that "the American ladies are *often* agreeable;" it is indeed a dreadfully cool style of "damning with faint praise." We fancy the Americans themselves are likely to laugh at it as the insolent condescension of a Britisher. Neither can we digest, as *fact*, Mrs. Houston's opinion that the American ladies are "always well read." There is proof enough in favour of the contrary supposition to be found in "*Hesperos*" itself. They are introduced into society in *childhood*, in early girlhood they spend half their days in running about the streets, visiting, and (as other travellers tell us) hurrying from one lecture to another; which is not a mode of study calculated to make

young ladies well read, and scarcely even moderately informed on any subject. Their physical constitution is not strong; and added to that, from the united evils of eating every day unwholesome food and eating it at a rail-road velocity, they are early subject to dyspepsia, in some form or other; finally, they marry very early; before English girls are out of the school-room. From these considerations, we are inclined to doubt that the American ladies are, on the whole, superior in mental cultivation to English or French women. Of the New York ladies, in general, Mrs. Houston speaks thus:—

"A great deal has been said of the beauties which are to be met with in Broadway; indeed, I have heard it asserted even by Englishmen, that there are more beautiful faces to be seen during a walk through that street than in any other place in the world. One reason for this may be that there are more *female* faces to be seen; for it is only in American cities that you can see the principal street literally thronged with ladies; and it would indeed be strange if among all these numbers *many* were not to be found possessed of a sufficient degree of attraction to justify these encomiums. In Broadway, during the fashionable period of the day, ladies, in parties of two and three, may be met with every second, and as their complexions are generally good, and their dress, at least, not deficient in *showiness*, their *tout ensemble* is often sufficiently attractive. The total absence of all appearance of shyness in these perambulating ladies may also partly account for some of the admiration that has been so liberally bestowed upon them; but, whatever the cause, they certainly arrogate to themselves the palm of beauty, and I have not often heard their claim to it disputed. It is, however, equally true that the reign of their charms is as short as it is brilliant. In America it would be considered absurd to talk of a lady possessing a single attraction after thirty; so accustomed are they in this country to witness the early decline of youth and loveliness. During their daily promenades, the New York ladies are rarely attended by a gentleman, and never by a servant. It is perhaps to this remarkable independence of character and habits, that they are indebted for the perfect self-possession and total absence of shyness which must be obvious to every one. To many, this would destroy the effect of half the charms they possess; not so, I imagine, with their own countrymen, for I have heard them boast of this very characteristic as a proof of the perfect freedom from prejudice on the part of the ladies of their country, and also of their conviction that there was no reason for them to be 'ashamed of themselves.' The dress of the New York ladies is generally overdone, gaudy and inappropriate; it is also costly and extravagant to the greatest degree, and to spend a large proportion of their husband's hard-earned gains in the purchase of Parisian finery seems to be one of their great pleasures. The price of every article of dress is nearly treble what it is in either London or Paris; and when it is taken into consideration that they dress much *more* than it is the custom to do in either of the above capitals, the tremendous drain upon the dollars may be in some degree appreciated. Such feathers as I have seen in Broadway!—pink, blue, and red, floating high in the air, on the winds of a cold November day. And then the satin gowns, of light and conspicuous colours, and the splendid velvets of every hue, and all this to walk in one of the dirtiest main streets in the world; the object of their promenade (always excepting the primary one of seeing and being seen) being, in all probability, to cheapen groceries in a *hookster's* store."

Our authoress's admiration of the Baltimore ladies is also qualified:—

"Baltimore is celebrated all over the union for the beauty of its women; indeed, there is a common saying of the Kentuckians, that the greatest boast of one of these gentlemen is 'to have the surest rifle in his hand, the best horse in his stable, and a Maryland gal for his wife.' I conclude that the half-horse half-alligator inhabitants of old Kentuck do not object to some of the little peculiarities of the Baltimore young ladies; or, at least, to some of the habits that we noticed among many of those we had the pleasure of seeing at meal-times. I have every wish to make allowances for the singularity of some of their customs, and perhaps it may be partly owing to the melancholy fact, that the number of prongs to the forks (even in the best hotels) is generally limited to *two*, that the fair Americans make such an undue use of their knives at dinner-time. To a stranger accustomed to the greater luxury of silver forks, of wider and more useful dimensions, it is deemed not consistent with feminine grace, to seize a large, coarse knife, and thrust it into the mouth, with peradventure a huge oyster at the end of it. It matters not that the hand is small and delicate, and the mouth one of the most beautiful in the world; that they are so, only serves to render the atrocity of the deed more apparent and striking. I cannot altogether justify my American beauties when they lean both their elbows on the dining table, and gnaw a great lump of bread, which is held firmly in the little white hand, the appendage of one of the aforesaid elbows: and lastly, it is impossible *quite* to approve of their system of helping themselves to a *public* dish, with a spoon, just come off *particular service*. 'Well! I guess I'm tired some!' said one of these pretty young ladies, throwing herself almost at full length in a lounging chair. It was immediately after dinner, and she seemed fatigued with the exertions of the repast. 'Well! I guess I'm tired some!' A—arnt you?" addressing herself to another damsel, in a sky-blue silk dress, with the very prettiest foot I ever saw, but who had just startled me by seating herself with a heavy *flump*, and with a yawn most audible and expressive. 'Well, I expect I am!' was the reply, 'I feel like sleeping and can't say that I am not quite bowled out.' Oh that yawn, and that dreadful nasal twang! I felt, then, how almost impossible it was to admire either the nose or the lips, from which issued such sounds of 'dreadful note.'"

Mrs. Houston visited Washington during the time of Congress—with express view, it appears, of hearing the debates occasionally, and of forming some opinion as to the manner of conducting public business there. Of the general appearance of the Lower House, she speaks as follows; with more to the same effect:—

"There is a great sameness both in the features and countenances of the Americans, and a *sharp* look is common to all; moreover, though a few were remarkably *smart*, (I use the word here as applied to their costume, and not to their mental qualifications,) the majority were clothed in the inevitable black silk waistcoat, which I have every where noticed, and put their thumbs (when they were not whittling) into the pockets of the said waistcoats just as usual. The noise is generally so overpowering that it is hardly possible to hear a word that proceeds from the mouth, or more properly speaking *the nose*, of the orator who flatters himself that he is addressing the House. It not unfrequently happens that two or three members rise at once, and in their zeal to hear themselves talk, almost come to blows for the possession of the floor, whilst the noises and cries made by the honourable members are wonderful in the extreme. From one part of the House the crowing of a dozen cocks enlivens the assembly, while in another the loud braying of as many donkeys, or the 'gobble gobble' of some angry turkey-cocks, is imitated to the life by the

representatives of this great People. A paper war is sometimes carried on by means of pellets hastily formed of official reports, or the newspapers of the day, and thrown dexterously at the heads of drowsy or thoughtful members; and as each of them is provided with a thing called, I believe, a *spittoon*—and also with a whittling knife, there is, on the whole, no dearth of employment.

"The Hall is covered with a rich carpet, *once* new and clean, and the members are accommodated with comfortable arm-chairs; and in addition to these luxuries, they each receive the sum of eight-dollars a day for their services, besides having their travelling expenses paid to and from the seat of government. After the description I have given you, you will at once perceive that it is neither the most talented, the most respectable, nor the wealthiest citizens who find their way into the Lower House. The truth is, that few of those belonging to the above classes are willing to submit to the necessary degradation entailed upon the candidates for such questionable honours; and, moreover, it would seem that the people themselves prefer representatives whose habits and sentiments are somewhat on an equality with their own.

"The style of eloquence which prevails in the Lower House may easily be imagined. Each member represents thirty thousand of his fellow citizens, and considers himself bound to make a certain number of speeches, both in honour of his constituency, and also as a means of ensuring his own re-election. The speeches of any individual member display generally a rare indifference to the matter in debate and also to the party to which the orator may happen to belong; for he considers that he has fulfilled his duty when he has spoken one hour about his own district, and enabled his constituents to read his speech in the newspapers."

The last part of the above observations, is, we fancy, of more general applicability than our authoress seems to suppose; and the following anecdote, which aptly enough illustrates her statement, might, with a slight variation of phraseology, have been related of many a member of a Lower and Honourable House on this side the Atlantic. Indeed, it may strike some of our readers, as it certainly does us, that some members of representative houses never open their lips at all, in the way of making a speech, except to "talk Bunkum;"—although it may be that they do the thing more gracefully, concealing the fact more carefully, than their whittling, tobacco-chewing, nasal-twangling cousins at Washington.

"It is recorded of a very long-winded gentleman, who had been boring the House till the patience of every member was exhausted, that when a friend gently hinted to him that his hour had expired, and moreover that he was not speaking on the subject before the House,—he replied with great ingenuitiveness:—"Well, I guess I arn't addressing the House at all.—I am talking to Bunkum—I am."—Now, Bunkum was the name of the district of which this single-minded gentleman was the representative, and the expression of 'talking Bunkum' has now passed into a common saying in the United States."

Of the Upper House Mrs. Houston has better things to report. According to her showing it is a highly respectable body, worthy to have a hand in making laws for a great country, even though that country be in every way the "greatest in the world," as it believes itself to be.

Our authoress gives Mrs. Trollope full credit for having, by her strictures on the domestic manners of

the Americans, done much towards promoting the improvement which has taken place since her memorable book was written. She even thinks that if Mrs. Trollope were to visit America again she would be well received there.

We have said enough about "Hesperos," and quoted enough from it, to give our readers some insight into the nature of the work; and can only add that every portion of these pages is to the full as attractive as the matter we have transferred to our own. As Mrs. Houston tells a story well, we think we cannot do better than give the following, by way of conclusion to these remarks, and as a comment upon the grand anomaly of the Land of Liberty.

"Every one knows,—or, at least, ought to know,—the story of Boyer, the ex-Prince of Hayti. In case, however, you should be among the latter, I repeat it for your edification. Boyer had been making a lengthened stay in Paris, where he had been received as a gentleman and a man of education. He had been a frequent guest at the Tuileries and had been received on familiar terms at the houses of the foreign ministers. But why recapitulate *where* he had been, and what description of reception he had met with?—He was received as a gentleman,—what more can I say!—and enjoyed himself in the best society in Paris.

"An unlucky fancy, however, seized upon Boyer; which was no other than to vary the pleasant monotony of his life by a visit to the United States. The idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon; and he and his sable suite took passage across the Atlantic and in due time arrived at New York. In communion with every one else who visits this country, he repaired to the 'City of Hotels' the Astor House. When, lo! to his astonishment and dismay, he found the doors of the establishment closed against him and his. *They did not take in Niggers!* The poor Prince next tried to gain admittance to two other hotels, with equally ill success. There was no house in the free city for the black man. At last a despised liquor shop was pointed out to him, whose owner earned a wretched livelihood by affording nightly shelter to these condemned specimens of the human race; and there the man who was in civilized Europe a *prince*, and what is a far more distinguished title—a *gentleman*, was glad to lay his head. At the theatre similar slights and indignities were offered to him. Neither pit nor boxes opened to receive him; and the next day, indignant and disgusted at the manner in which he had been treated, Boyer and his suite took their departure; and, shaking from off his feet the dust of the great republican city, declared that he must go elsewhere if he hoped to find freedom, for that *there it was not.*"

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the morrow of her coronation, went to the chapel: and in the great chamber, Sir John Rainsforth, (a knight that had the liberty of a buffoon,) set on by wiser men, besought the queen aloud—"That now this good time, when prisoners were delivered, four prisoners, amongst the rest, might likewise have their liberty who were like enough to be kept still in hold." The queen asked, "Who they were?" and he said, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who had long been imprisoned in the Latin tongue, and now he desired they might go abroad among the people in English." The queen answered, with a grave countenance, "It were good, Rainsforth, they were spoken with themselves, to know of them whether they would be set at liberty."

Bacon.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL:

BY ONE OF HIS PERSONAL FRIENDS.

"Oft let me range these gloomy aisles *alone*;
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd dust below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven!"

WE HAVE just returned from a visit to POETS' CORNER. How solemn and impressive was the scene! The morning service had not yet commenced. The solemnity was increased by the profound stillness; but every tomb, bust, and cenotaph, seemed to address us in words that, without striking the ear, passed at once to the heart. Beneath us were the ashes of heroes, statesmen, poets, and philosophers—of men whose names stand forth as landmarks in our national history—each, with his deeds emblazoned on its page, showing to future aspirants by what labours in her cause he had earned the gratitude of his country, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, the honour of "civic crowns," and the meed of immortality.

"Peace, love!—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine
Where ye are not.
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot!"

After a brief survey of the sculptured trophies that encrust the walls, or rise in breathing effigies from their pedestals, we turned to a small, black, lozenge-shaped marble, in the pavement, inscribed with the name of THOMAS CAMPBELL, in brass letters, and placed over the Poet's remains by his executors. At the sight of this—the brief memorial of a poet whom we had long known, loved and admired—we felt as if riveted to the spot: we lost sight of the finished sculptures, the laboured inscriptions, the classic elegance, the pathetic eulogies, which had thus far engrossed our attention, and felt all our thoughts concentrated on that little spot in the hallowed pavement. How many of his pure and lofty strains now rushed upon the memory! and, in accordance with the time and place, what could be more appropriate than these lines?—

"Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown—the chaos of the tomb!
Melt and diapel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul.—
The strife is o'er, the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er his woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly wings, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody:
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion Hill."

Campbell, as it now appears from a passage in his "Life and Letters,"⁽¹⁾ had in early life a strong presentiment that his dust would one day find a resting-place with that of the glorious dead in POETS' CORNER. Writing to an accomplished friend, whose correspondence occupied a large portion of his time and heart, he expresses a hope that something much better than his previous poems would yet pass from his hands before being "carried to his place in Westminster Abbey." To this, however, he never alluded but in a playful way; and in another case, when it was gravely proposed to him to bequeath his mortal remains for interment in the Glasgow "Necropolis," he facetiously declined the honour, on the ground of a prior engagement; and hoped the party who solicited this favour, would be in no hurry to disturb the virgin soil for his accommodation. Latterly, however, the subject of dissolution, as we can well remember, was never treated with levity: during the last two years he spent in London, he adverted to it as the *Rubicon*, over which he had to pass to the shores of immortality. But—

"What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile at death, if heaven-ward hope remain!"

Campbell, as we have reason to believe, paid a solitary visit to this "Corner" of the Abbey, on the very eve of his departure to Boulogne. By what train of feelings he was led to the sacred spot, may be easily imagined. He was at the time, as we learn from his own letters, neither well in health nor easy in mind. He had, in fact, a heavy load upon his spirits, a "forecast of death," which nothing could remove; and as the physical malady increased, so did the mental suffering. But with this we have at present nothing to do. It is sufficient to say, that to part with friends—few, but strongly attached, and whose society had become more and more necessary, as the lengthened shadows, and the darkening path, foreboded the close of his pilgrimage—occasioned a severe mental struggle, which, although he made a manly effort to conceal it, shook his attenuated frame, and saddened all his prospects. Could he have been rescued at that moment from the ill-advised and fatal project of expatriating himself, the black, funereal tablet, on which we now read his name, might for some years, at least, have waited for its fatal record. But the die was thrown; he had ventured his life upon the cast; and, anticipating the too probable result, he repaired to the Abbey to take a last twilight view of the sepulchral trophies and tablets, under which so many of those whom he had known in their lives, or revered in their writings, had mingled their honoured dust. The hour chosen for this act of homage, was in the stillness of a summer evening, when the vesper chimes had died away; when silence, such as we now found it, pervaded the scene; and when the slanting rays that shone through the western window threw a gleam of evanescent warmth and life into the

(1) "THOMAS CAMPBELL, died June xv. 1844, *Ætatis* 67." Surmounted by a brass wreath.

(2) *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, by Dr. Beattie, his literary executor.

cold marble, which so profusely adorns the nave and aisles. How long he lingered among these trophies, or on what particular bust or statue he dwelt with melancholy interest, we need not inquire. A considerable number of those to whom monuments have been decreed within the last twenty years, were personal friends of the Poet; and of these, no doubt, each had a parting glance, as he threaded the long-drawn aisles, crossed the chancel, and then returned to the south transept. Here, as usual, he paused before the bust of Goldsmith, whose sweet and polished numbers it had been his earliest ambition to emulate!—

“In what new region, to the just assign’d,
What new employments please th’ unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th’ etherial sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly!”

The next day the Poet took hasty leave of one or two friends, and started for Boulogne; which was destined to prove as ungenial to his mind and taste, as the scene of the *Tristia* was to the Roman poet in his exile. But as this portion of his life’s history is already before the public, we turn to the brighter side of the page; and, looking back through the long vista of scenes still familiar to the mind’s eye, endeavour to collect a few detached features of that intellectual portrait, which it has been found so difficult to paint.

In his social moments, and in the society of kindred spirits, Campbell was the delight of his circle. His happiness was never so great as when it arose from the consciousness of having promoted the interests, and added to the happiness, of others. He was a stranger to that selfishness which narrows the circle of benevolence, and withers the kindly sympathies that should unite men as members of the same brotherhood—heirs of the same hope. He never deserted the unfortunate: on the contrary, he sought them in their obscurest retreats, and never left them without some expression of practical benevolence. The consciousness of having inflicted pain by any word or sentence unadvisedly written or spoken, caused him more pain than it did to the person against whom it was directed. Strongly impulsive in feelings, he spoke often hastily, but always reflected at leisure; and, like most men who do so, frequently regretted in our hearing that the force of reason was borne down by the stronger current of his feelings. If the topic to be discussed were of sufficient weight and importance, his opinion was delivered with force and perspicuity, but rarely with that coolness which marks the practised and deliberate orator. In stating a question, such as that of “Classical Education”—a favourite subject—he always appeared to advantage, always fixed the attention of his hearers; but, in replying to objections, he was apt to become excited; and instead of refuting his antagonist, was hurried into expressions of contempt for the argument, which, although from their pointed wit they gained him momentary applause, did not raise him in the estimation of those who think profoundly, and speak soberly and advisedly. Whenever he was sure of a patient hearing, and where he was

pleased with his hearers, he seldom failed to make a most favourable impression. In presence of the “Senate of his native University,” which comprised in its members an epitome of all that is eminent in the walks of acquired science, or mental cultivation, he pronounced an inaugural discourse that will long be remembered, and quoted, as a specimen of ornate and manly eloquence which has been rarely equalled, never surpassed, by any of the master spirits who have spoken from the Rector’s chair.

Of his few surviving friends some may, no doubt, remember the passionate eloquence with which he so frequently urged his appeals in favour of the Polish refugees: and none, we will venture to say, can ever forget the consummate skill, indefatigable zeal, and lucid arrangement with which he suggested, planned, supported, and almost perfected the scheme of a London University. The honour of having originated this great national seminary was all his own; but, like other illustrious benefactors of mankind, feeble and contemptible efforts have been made to strip him of this well-merited honour, and to crown the ‘lieutenant,’ if we may so express it, ‘with those very laurels which were won, and should have been worn, by his general.’ But we leave this question in abler hands, and in the earnest hope that whenever a monument is raised to the founder of the London University, it will be inscribed with the name of Thomas Campbell. *Palmas qui meruit ferat.*

Thinking of this and other wrongs, not less flagrant though less familiar, which private pique or the virulence of party feeling have sought to inflict upon the poet’s memory, it was some consolation to observe the site chosen for erecting to his memory the splendid statue lately exhibited at the Royal Academy. This classic production is from the chisel of Mr. Marshall, who in executing a monument to the genius of Campbell, has added new testimony to his own. The site is on the east side, exactly opposite that of Addison, whose classic statue, long a principal ornament of the “Corner,” is soon to be confronted by that of a truly kindred, and no less moral poet. The pedestal is to be formed of a solid block of Carinthian marble, a votive offering from the “Polish exiles to the poet of Freedom,” the most intrepid defender of their cause. It is much to be regretted, however, that, owing to the suspicious vigilance of a northern government, the accomplishment of this design is indefinitely postponed; but a substitute for the prohibited offering is already found, and on that basis the statue of Campbell will very shortly be erected. So far, the country will have done its duty.

Here we were joined by a Scottish friend, who took a deep interest in the subject

“And have his old friends,” we inquired, “come promptly forward? Have the subscriptions poured liberally in?”

“Neither promptly nor liberally,” was the reply.

“But surely his native city—with its professors, merchants, citizens—has set a noble example.”

“Yes,” he added, “three small subscriptions from two family relations and an old pupil.”

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more;" and he handed us the list.

"But Edinburgh, the modern Athens, where the poet was so fêted, flattered, almost idolized,—surely Edinburgh has made herself prominent in the subscription?"

"Yes. Lord Jeffrey has promised five pounds, and we are encouraged to hope that the subscriptions collected between John o' Groat's and the guid town of Berwick on Tweed, for the 'Campbell Monument,' may amount at last to the braw sum o' fifty pounds."

This was a rather humiliating fact, but as love to the man does not necessarily extend to his monument, we must look to England for the nine hundred and fifty pounds to make good the thousand, and thus far we have not looked in vain.

"And what has Ireland done—I mean his admirers in that country, for he certainly had many, and deservedly."

"Why, in point of subscriptions," said our friend, "it must I fear be 'Erin go bragh,' that is, let 'Erin be scot-free;' and thus far indeed she has maintained her freedom from subscription."

To you, then, "Ye mariners of England," shall we look for a long pull and a strong pull in our endeavour to raise a monument to the poet, whose genius raises a monument to you."

Alas! half-pay leads to half-measures; hands that would have gladly held out their contributions, must be content, in these piping times of peace, to lift the wine-cup in silence to his memory, as he himself raised it to "the gallant, good Riou," singing in his trumpet-toned lyric—

"Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true;
On the deck of fame who died
With the gallant good Riou;¹
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—Glory to the souls
Of the Brave!"²

* * * * *

But we turn from this rather dispiriting topic. In his intercourse with society, Campbell was a shrewd observer of those often contradictory elements of which it is composed. Adverting to the absurd and ludicrous, he had the art or talent of heightening their effect by touches peculiarly his own; while the quiet gravity with which he related his personal anecdotes or adventures, added greatly to the charm, and often threw his unsuspecting hearers into uncontrollable fits of laughter. Nor was the *pathos* with which he dilated on some tale of human misery less captivating; it runs through all his poetry, and in hearing or relating a story of human wrongs or suffering, we have often seen him affected to tears, which he vainly strove to conceal by

an abrupt transition to some ludicrous incident in his own personal history. As an example, which has not yet found its way to the public, we may relate the following, which he told one evening in our little domestic circle where he was a frequent visitor, and where the conversation had taken, as he thought, a somewhat too serious turn:—

"In my early life, when I resided in the island of Mull, most of those old feudal customs which civilization had almost banished from the Lowlands, were still religiously observed in the Hebrides—more especially those of a social and festive character, which it was thought had the effect of keeping up old acquaintance, and of tightening the bonds of good fellowship. Rural weddings and 'roaring wakes' were then occasions for social rendezvous, which were not to be overlooked. Both these ceremonies were accompanied by feasting, music, dancing, and that liberal enjoyment of the native *broost* which was too often carried to excess. I was in general a willing and a welcome guest at these doings; for, smitten as I often was with melancholy in this dreary solitude, I was glad to avail myself of any occasion that promised even temporary exhilaration. Well, the first of these meetings at which I was present one evening, happened to be a *dredgee*, a term which I need only explain by saying that it was got up for the sake of a young widow, who had just put on her weeds, and stood much in need of friendly sympathy and consolation. At first it was rather a dull affair, for the widow looked very disconsolate, and every look of her fair face was contagious. But as the *quaigh* was active, and the whiskey went its frequent round, the circle became more lively; until at last, to my utter astonishment, the bagpipes were introduced; and after a *cuvonach* or so—just to quiet the spirit of their departed host—up started a couple of dancers, and began jigging it over the floor with all the grace and agility peculiar to my Hebridean friends. This movement was infectious: another and another couple started up—reel followed upon reel, until the only parties who had resisted the infection," continued the poet, "were the widow and myself,—she, oppressed with her own private sorrow, and I, restrained by feelings of courtesy from quitting her side. I observed, however, that she 'kept time' with her hand—all unconsciously, no doubt—against the bench where we sat, while her thoughts were wandering about the moorland *Cairn*, which had that very morning received her husband's remains. I pitied her from my very heart. But, behold, just as I was addressing to her one of my most sympathizing looks, up came a brisk Highlander, whose step and figure in the dance had excited both admiration and envy; and, making a low bow to the widow, followed by a few words of condolence, he craved the honour of her hand for the next reel. The widow, as you may well suppose, was shocked beyond measure! while I, starting to my feet, made a show as if I meant to resent the insult. But she, pulling me gently back, rebuked the kilted stranger with a look,

(1) It is gratifying to add, that since this was written several new subscriptions have been sent in.—Ed.

(2) It will be the amusing, perhaps humiliating task of some future biographer of the poet, to compare the living professions with the posthumous acts of his warmest admirers.

(3) The "gallant, good Riou," Nelson's words in the despatch.

at which he instantly withdrew. In a few minutes, however, the young chieftain returned to the charge. The widow frowned, and wept, and declared that nothing on earth should ever tempt her to such a breach of decorum. But the more she frowned, the more he smiled and pressed his suit: 'Just one reel,' he repeated, 'only one! Allan of Mull, the best piper in the Isles, was only waiting her bidding to strike up.' The plea was irresistible. 'Weel, weel,' sighed the widow, rising and giving him her hand, 'what maun be, maun be! But, heeh, sirs, let it be a lightsome spring, for I hac a heavy, heavy heart!' The next minute the widow was capering away to a most 'lightsome' air—hands across—cast off—down the middle, and up again. And a merrier dredgee," concluded the poet, "was never seen in Mull."

On another occasion, when he presented a copy of some verses, which he had just finished, to a lady of our family, he described their origin as follows:—"Many long years ago, while I was sealed up in the Hebrides, I became intimate with a family who had a beautiful parrot, which a young mariner had brought from South America as a present to his sweetheart. This happened long before my arrival in Mull; and Poll for many years had been a much-prized and petted favourite in the household. He was a captive, to be sure, but allowed at times to be outside his cage on *parole*; and, always observing good faith and gratitude for such indulgences, they were repeated as often as appeared consistent with safe custody. The few words of Gaelic which he had picked up in his voyage to the north, were just sufficient, on his arrival, to bespeak the good-will of the family, and recommend himself to their hospitality; but his vocabulary was soon increased,—he became a great mimic,—he could imitate the cries of every domestic animal,—the voices of the servants:—he could laugh, whistle, and scold, like any other biped around him. He was, in short, a match even for Kelly's renowned parrot: for although he could not, or would not, sing 'God save the King,' he was a proficient in 'Charlie is my Darling,' and other Jacobite airs, with which he never failed to regale the company, when properly introduced.

"Poll was indeed a remarkable specimen of his tribe, and the daily wonder of the whole neighbourhood. Years flew by: and although kind treatment had quite reconciled him to his cage, it could not ward off the usual effects of old age, particularly in a climate where the sun rarely penetrated within the bars of his prison. When I first saw him, his memory had greatly failed him; while his bright green plumage was fast verging into a silvery grey. He had but little left of that triumphant chuckle which used to provoke such laughter among the youngsters; and day after day he would sit mute and moping on his perch, seldom answering the numerous questions that were put to him regarding the cause of his malady. Had any child of the family been sick, it could hardly have been treated with greater tenderness than Poll.

"At last, one fine morning, just as the vernal equinox had blown a few ships into harbour, a stranger was announced, and immediately recognised by the master of the house as a 'Don' something—a Spanish merchant, whose kindness to a young member of the family had been often mentioned in his letters from Mexico. One of his own ships, a brig, in which he had made the voyage, was then in the bay, driven in by stress of weather, for Mull was no market for Spanish goods. But that was not my business; he would most likely pay a visit to Greenock, where, in the present day at least, Spanish cargoes are rife enough.

"No sooner had their visitor exchanged salutations with the master of the house and his family, than the parrot caught his eye; and, going up to the cage, he addressed the aged bird in familiar Spanish. The effect was electric: the poor blind captive seemed as if suddenly awakened to a new existence; he fluttered his wings in ecstasy—opened his eyes, fixed them, dim and sightless as they were, intently on the stranger; then answered him in the same speech—not an accent of which he had ever heard for twenty years. His joy was excessive—but it was very short; for in the midst of his screams and antics, poor Poll dropped dead from his perch."

Such was the incident upon which Campbell composed the little ballad entitled "The Parrot." It had taken strong hold of his memory, and, after the lapse of forty years,¹ found its way into the pages of the "New Monthly," and is now incorporated with his acknowledged Poems. The following is an extract.—

"The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew grey.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round his cage, with joyous screech,—
Dropt down, and died!"

GOUGANE BARRA.

(With an Engraving.)

THE approach to the romantic lake of Gougane Barra is now sufficiently easy; although, a hundred years ago, a pilgrimage of two miles occupied two hours. Dr. Smith pathetically describes the toil; he calls it "the rudest highway that ever was passed; a

(1) See "Life and Letters of Campbell." Vol. I. Residence in Mull.



well-spirited beast trembles at every step: some parts of the road lie shelving from one side to the other, which often trips up a horse; other places are pointed rocks, standing like so many sugar-loaves, from one to three feet high, between which a horse must take time to place and fix his feet." The road is still, however, not conveniently passable for ordinary vehicles; and the tourist will do wisely to foot it from Burke's cottage—a mile, as the guide will tell him, but certainly two miles English.

A sudden turning in the road brings him within view, and almost over, the lake of Gougano Barra—a scene of more utter loneliness, stern grandeur, or savage magnificence, it is difficult to conceive; reckoned, however, as all things savage are, by one passage of gentle and inviting beauty, upon which the eye turns as to a spring-well in the desert—the little island with its group of graceful ash-trees and ruined chapel. Down from the surrounding mountains rush numerous streams, tributaries to the lake, that collect and sends them forth in a bountiful river—for here the Lee has its source—until they form the noble harbour of Cork, and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. In summer these streams are gentle rills, but in winter foaming cataracts; rushing over ridges of projecting rocks, and baring them even of the lichen that strives to cling to their sides. We literally "hopped" across the river Lee.

When the traveller stands within this amphitheatre of hills, he feels, as it were, severed from his fellow-beings—as if imprisoned for ever; for on whichever side he looks, escape from the valley seems impossible; "so that if a person," writes the old historian, "were carried into it blindfold, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out—the mountains forming, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high."

The small island is nearly mid-way in the lake; a rude artificial causeway leads into it from the mainland. This is the famous hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived here previous to his founding the cathedral of Cork. It is classed among the "holiest" places in Ireland, and has long been a favourite resort of devotees, in the confident expectation that its consecrated waters have power to heal all kinds of diseases; making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk. Here, at certain seasons—twice in the year—they assemble in crowds, bringing their sick children and ailing animals to bathe; and upon the neighbouring bushes and wooden crosses hang fragments of clothes, or halters and spannels, in proof that to the various animals, biped and quadruped, the lake has performed the anticipated miracle of making them whole.

These *patterns* have grown out of fashion of late years—not above 100 pilgrims have attended on the 24th of June, the great fête day. A few years ago, on the same occasion, there were probably not less than 10,000 present: some slept among the heather or under tents, but the most part spent the night in drinking and dancing. The scenes of depravity that

took place it is, therefore, difficult to overrate. Mr. Burke joined us heartily in rejoicing that the evil was almost at an end. Happily, many customs that are equally opposed to reason and religion are rapidly retiring before the advancing spirit of improvement, and its gigantic ally, Education: they will, no doubt, be classed ere long only among instances of gone-by absurdities. Very few indeed were this year the bathers in the holy well at Gougano Barra. It is, however, one of the wells that have kept their reputation for centuries; their fame being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some, probably, preceded it—the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. These wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom: they are generally, as we have intimated, betokened by rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colours, hung upon the neighbouring bushes and left as memorials; sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, have been raised above and around them.

GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY J. R.

I HAD been walking in a grove of lime-trees, arched above me, like the stately roofing of a cathedral. As I entered, the daylight was yet strong; but when I left my temporary retreat, the heavens were clustered over with stars, and one of them, high above the old grey tower of the ancient monastery of St. Augustine, almost cast a shadow across the landscape—it was the planet Jupiter: and I have never observed it—at least, thus eminent among its brethren—without being more or less reminded of—

"The starry Galileo, and his woes."

To this planet did the philosopher direct the then newly-invented telescope, the result being the discovery of four attendant moons: while the analogy derived from the motions of these little stars, performing their revolutions round the primary planet in perfect order and concord, afforded an argument that had a powerful influence in confirming Galileo's own views in favour of the Copernican system of the universe, and ultimately converting the scientific world to the same opinion.

Yet little more than two centuries since, on the 14th February, 1633, the astronomer, cited before the Inquisition, arrived at Rome, to answer the charge of heresy and blasphemy; while, a few months ago, in the brief but glorious day-burst of Roman liberty, that very Inquisition was invaded by an exultant populace, and among its archives, full of memorials of martyred worth and of heroic endurance, most eagerly, but in vain, was sought the record of the process against the great philosopher.

Galileo, on a former occasion, in reference to some of his scientific discoveries, had heard rumours of papal persecution, and as a cautious friend whispered to him the unpleasant tidings, he had exclaimed, "Never will I barter the freedom of my intellect to one as liable to error as myself!"

The time quickly arrived to test his courage and his resolution.

For a little while, we are informed, he was allowed to remain secluded in the palace of his friend Nicolini. In a few months, however, he was removed to an apartment in the Exchequer of the Inquisition, still being permitted the attendance of his own servant, and many indulgences of which they had not decided to deprive him. On the twenty-first of June, of the same year, he appeared before the Holy Office. Through its gloomy halls and passages he passed to the tribunal. There was little here, as in the other ecclesiastical buildings of Rome, to captivate the senses. The dark walls were unadorned with the creations of art—state and ceremony were the gloomy ushers to the chamber of intolerance. In silence and in mystery commenced the preparations. The familiars of the office advanced to the astronomer, and arrayed him in the penitential garment; and as he approached, with a slow and measured step, the tribunal, cardinals and prelates noiselessly assembled, and a dark circle of officers and priests closed in, while, as if conscious that the battle had commenced in earnest between mind and power, all the pomp and splendour of the hierarchy of Rome—that system which had hitherto possessed a sway unlimited over the fears and opinions of mankind—was summoned up to increase the solemnity and significance of the judgment about to be pronounced against him.

To the tedious succession of technical proceedings, mocking justice by their very assumption of formality, it would be needless to refer. Solemnly, however, and by an authority which it was fatal to resist, Galileo was called on to renounce a truth which his whole life had been consecrated to reveal and to maintain, "The motion through space of the Earth and Planets round the Sun."

Then, immediately, assuming he had nothing to allege, would attempt no resistance, and offer no defence, came the sentence of the tribunal, banning and anathematizing all who held the doctrine, that the sun is the centre of the system, as a tenet "philosophically false, and formally heretical."

And then they sentenced the old and infirm philosopher—this band of infallibles!—they bade him abjure and detest the said errors and heresies. They decreed his book to the flames, and they condemned him for life to the dungeons of the inquisition, bidding him recite, "once a week, seven penitential psalms for the good of his soul!"

Did Galileo yield? Did he renounce that theory now affording such ample proof of the beauty and order of the universe; to whose very laws Kepler, the friend and contemporary of the philosopher, was even then, though unconsciously, bearing evidence,

by his wonderful theorem of velocities and distances, a problem which Newton afterwards confirmed and illustrated?

Did Galileo yield? He did. Broken by age and infirmity, importuned by friends more alarmed than himself, perhaps, at the terrors of that merciless tribunal, he signed his abjuration; yielded all his judges demanded; echoed their curse and ban, as their superstition or their hate required. There is a darker tale dimly hinted by those familiar with the technicalities of the Holy Office, that the terms, "Il riguroso esame," during which Galileo is reported to have answered like a good christian, officially announce the application of torture.

Then occurred, perhaps scarcely an hour afterwards, that remarkable episode in this man's history. As he arose from the ground on which, all kneeling, he had pronounced his abjuration, he gave a significant stamp, and whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove!*" "Yet it does move,"—ay, and in spite of Inquisitions, has gone round—nay, the whole world of thought itself has moved, and having received an impulse from such minds, will revolve for ages in a glorious cycle for mankind! But the most touching incident of Galileo's story is yet to come.

After several years of confinement at Arcetri, the great astronomer was permitted to retire to Florence, upon the conditions that he should neither quit his house, nor receive the visits of his friends. They removed him from a prison, to make a prison of his home. Alas! it was even worse than this.

Much as the greatest minds love fame, and struggle to obtain it, the proudest triumphs of genius and of science, the applause of the world itself, ever loud and obtrusive, is not to be compared to the low and gentle murmurs of pleasure and of pride from those we love. There was one being from whom Galileo had been accustomed to hear those consolations—his child, his gentle Maria Galilei. He had been otherwise a solitary indeed, and now more than ever so, when he was cut off from the communion of the greatest minds. To his lovely girl, his daughter, his heart clung with more than fondness. No wife of Pliny, perhaps, ever wafted to her husband with sweeter devotion the echoes of the applauding world without, greeting him she loved, than she did—his Maria Galilei. As he returned from prison, the way seemed tedious, the fleetest travelling all too slow, till he should once more fold her to his heart; and she, too, she anticipated meeting her father with a pleasure greater than ever before enjoyed, since he had now become a victim, sainted in her eyes, by the persecution he had suffered.

Short, indeed, was this happiness, if enjoyed at all. Within the month, she died, and the home of Galileo was more than a prison—it was a desolate altar, on which the last and most precious of his household gods was shivered. And he died too, a few years afterwards, that good old man!

But he had yielded—he was no martyr! Yes, indeed! But be it remembered, that if he possessed

not the moral courage of a Huss, a Savonarola, or a Luther, he was not called to exercise it in so high a cause. The assertion and support of a religious truth is impressed with far deeper obligations than the advocacy of a scientific one, however well maintained by analogy, and confirmed by reason.

Still there was a deep devotional sentiment that pervaded the character of Galileo. Before he died, he became totally blind; yet he did not despair. Like Milton, he laboured on for mankind—nay, pursued his scientific studies, inventing mechanical substitutes for his loss of vision, to enable him still to pursue his arduous researches.

It is true he was shut out, like the elder Herschel, from the view of that glorious company towards which his spirit had so often soared. Well might his friend Castelli say, in allusion to his infirmity, "that the noblest eyes were darkened which nature had ever made,—eyes so privileged, and gifted with such rare qualities, that they might be said to have seen more than all those who had gone before him, and to have opened the eyes of all who were to come." Galileo himself bore noble tribute to his friend, when he exclaimed,—

"Never, never will I cease to use the senses which God has left me; and though this heaven, this earth, this universe, be henceforth shrunk for me into the narrow space which I myself fill, so it please God, it shall content me."

The malice of his enemies long survived his death. The partisans of Rome disputed his right to make a will. They denied him a monument, for which large sums had been subscribed.

A hundred years afterwards, when a splendid memorial was about to be erected to his memory, the President of the Florentine Academy descended into his grave, and desecrated his remains, by bearing off, as *relics for a museum*, the thumb of his right hand, and one of his vertebrae! So the victims of the religious fury of one age become the martyrs of science in another!

And what is the moral of what we have written concerning Galileo? Is there no teaching that may instruct our own times, especially when we see how, through scorn and persecution, and this world's contumely, and through the gloom and shadows of ignorance and fear, the form and substance of mighty Truth rises, slowly and dimly, perchance, at first, but grandly and majestically ere long? Little more than two hundred years have passed since the death of Galileo, but ample justice has been done to his memory. His name will be a watchword through all time, to urge men forward in the great cause of moral and intellectual progress; and the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruits were once on earth, plucked, perhaps, ere they were matured, has shot up with its golden branches into the skies, over which has radiated the smiles of a beneficent Providence to cheer man onward in the career of virtue and intelligence.

"There is something," as a profound writer has observed,¹ "in the spirit of the present age, greater

than the age itself. It is, the appearance of a new power in the world, the multitude of minds now pressing forward in the great task of the moral and intellectual regeneration of mankind."

And this cause must ultimately triumph. The energies and discoveries of men like Galileo, remote as their history becomes, have an undying influence.

The power of a great mind is like the attraction of a sun. It appears in the infinite bounds of space, far, far away, as a grain among other gold dust at the feet of the Eternal, or at most, but as a luminous spot; and yet we know that its influence controls, and is necessary for, the order and arrangement of the nearest, as well as the remotest system. So in the moral and intellectual universe, from world to world, from star to star, the influence of one great mind extends, and we are drawn towards it by an unseen, but all-pervading affinity. Thus has the cause of moral and intellectual progress a sure guarantee of success. It has become a necessity, interwoven with the spirit of the age—a necessity impressed by every revelation of social evil, as well as proclaimed by every scientific discovery—gaining increased energy and power from the manifestation of every new wonder and mystery of nature—nay, from the building of every steam-ship, the laying down of every new line of railway.

THE CHILDREN.

BY R. E. S.

THE CHILDREN! When I hear those words, they vibrate through my frame
As if the chord of life were struck, and sacred music came.

The children! Ah! these simple words, how much do they convey!

What tender thoughts! what longing thoughts! when they are far away.

When all the little anxious cares are vanish'd or forgot,
And nought but love and tenderness cling round the baby's cot!

The little crib—the little chair—the little broken toy—
Has each its own small claim for love, as token of past joy.

The little voices hush'd in sleep! the little forms so still!

(A tear is rising in my eye against my own good-will.)
One with his sweet angelic smile—his seraph bird-like tone,

Another with his dark brown eyes—his crystal laugh—my own—

My precious boy! with head thrown back to show those pearly teeth,

The sweetest boy! the noble child! with the tender soul beneath.

That loving heart! that blessed one! with his little serious look,

His smile of quick intelligence, like sunshine on a brook.

And then the gentle girl comes forth with her golden waving hair,

Her large soft eyes of tender blue, and her face so sweet and fair.

Thou wert the first I loved, sweet child, thy brother—now claim part

Of that which once was all thine own—this tender loving heart

(1) Channing.

And still thou hast too much by far—too much by far
have they,
And God will ask me for the love I am giving thus
away.
Then go, sweet forms, I banish ye, my courage fails me
now,
I dare no longer look on ye—God bless each angel brow!

THE WIFE OF KONG TOLV.¹

A FAIRY TALE OF SCANDINAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLA MONTI."

HYLDREDA KALM stood at the door of her cottage, and looked abroad into the quietness of the sabbath morn.—The village of Skjelskør lay at a little distance down the vale, lighted by the sunshine of a Zealand summer, which, though brief, is glowing and lovely even as that of the south. Hyldreda had looked for seventeen years upon this beautiful scene, the place where she was born. Sunday after Sunday she had stood thus and listened for the distant tinkle of the church bell. A stranger, passing by, might have said, how lovely were her face and form; but the widowed mother, whose sole stay she was, and the little delicate sister who had been her darling from the cradle, would have answered, that if none were so fair, none were likewise so good as Hyldreda; and that all the village knew. If she did love to bestow greater taste and care on her Sunday garments than most young damsels of her class, she had a right—for was she not beautiful as any lady? And did not the eyes of Esbern Lynge say so, when, week after week, he came up the hilly road, and descended again to the little chapel, supporting the feeble mother's slow steps, and watching his betrothed as she bounded on before, with little Resa in her hand?

"Is Esbern coming?" said the mother's voice within.

"I know not—I did not look," answered Hyldreda, with a girlish wilfulness. "I saw only the sun shining on the river, and the oak-wood waving in the breeze."

"Look down the road, child; the time passes. Go quickly."

"She is gone already," said Resa, laughing merrily. "She is standing under the great elder-tree to wait for Esbern Lynge."

"Call her back—call her back!" cried the mother, anxiously. "To stand beneath an elder-tree, and this night will be St. John's Eve! On Sunday, too, and she a Sunday-child! Call her quickly, Resa!"

The little child lifted up her voice, "Hyld—"

"Not her name—utter not her name!" And the widow Kalm went on muttering to herself, "Perhaps the Hyldemoer² will not have heard. Alas the day! when my child was born under an elder-tree, and I, poor desolate mother! was terrified into giving my babe that name. Great Hyldemoer, be propitiated! Holy Virgin!" and the widow's prayer became a

curious mingling of superstition and piety, "Blessed Mary! let not the elves have power over my child! Have I not kept her heart from evil?—does not the holy cross lie on her pure breast day and night? Do I not lead her every Sunday, winter and summer, in storm, sunshine, or snow, to the chapel in the valley? And this day I will say for her a double prayer."

The mother's counted beads had scarce come to an end when Hyldreda stood by her side, and, following the light-footed damsel, came Esbern Lynge.

"Child, why didst thou linger under the tree?" said the widow. "It does not become a young maiden to stand flaunting outside her door. Who wert thou watching so eagerly?"

"Not thee, Esbern," laughed the girl, shaking her head at her betrothed, who interposed with a happy, conscious face; "I was looking at a grand train that wound along the road, and thinking how pleasant it would be to dress on a Sunday like the lady of the castle, and recline idly behind four prancing horses instead of trudging on in these clumsy shoes."

The mother frowned, and Esbern Lynge looked sorrowful.

"I wish I could give her all she longs for," sighed the young man, as they proceeded on their way, his duteous arm supporting the widow, while Hyldreda and Resa went bounding onward before them; "She is as beautiful as a queen—I would that I could make her one."

"Wish rather, Esbern, that Heaven may make her a pious, lowly-hearted maid, and, in good time, a wife; that she may live in humility and content, and die in peace among her own people."

Esbern said nothing—he could not think of death and *her* together. So he and the widow Kalm walked on silently—and so slowly that they soon lost sight of the two blithe sisters.

Hyldreda was talking merrily of the grand sight she had just seen, and describing to little Resa the gilded coach, the prancing horses, with glittering harness. "Oh! but it was a goodly train, as it swept down towards the river. Who knows?—perhaps it may have been the king and queen themselves!"

"No," said little Resa, rather fearfully, "you know Kong Tolv³ never lets any mortal king pass the bridge of Skjelskør."

"Kong Tolv! what, more stories about Kong Tolv!" laughed the merry maiden; "I never saw him; I wish I could see him, for then I might believe in thy tales, little one."

"Hush, hush!—But mother told me never to speak of these things to thee," answered Resa; "unsay the wish, or some harm may come."

"I care not! who would heed these elfin tales on such a lovely day? Look, Resa, down that sunny meadow, where there is a cloud shadow dancing on the grass; a strange cloud it is too, for it almost resembles a human form."

"It is Kong Tolv rolling himself in the sunshine,"

(1) The idea of this story is partly taken from a Danish *Fæsa*, or legendary ballad, entitled "Proud Margaret."

(2) *Hyldemoer*, elder-mother, is the name of a Danish elf inhabiting the elder tree. *Eda* signifies a grandmother or female ancestor. Children born on Sundays were especially under the power of the elves.

(3) Kong Tolv, or *King Twelve*, is one of the *Elle-kings* who divide the fairy sovereignty of Zealand.

cried the trembling child; "look away, my sister, lest ne should hear us."

Again Hyldreda's fearless laugh made music through the still air, and she kept looking back until they passed from the open road into the gloom of the oak wood.

"It is strange that thou shouldst be so brave," said Resa once more. "I tremble at the very thought of the Elle-people of whom our villagers tell, while thou hast not a single fear. Why is it, sister?"

"I know not, save that I never yet feared anything," answered Hyldreda, carelessly. "As for Kong Tolv, let him come; I care not."

While she spoke, a breeze swept through the oak-wood, the trees began to bend their tops, and the under branches were stirred with leafy murmurings, as the young girl passed beneath. She lifted her fair face to meet them. "Ah! 'tis delicious, this soft scented wind; it touches my face like airy kisses; it makes the leaves seem to talk to me in musical whispers. Dost thou not hear them too, little Resa? and dost thou not——?"

Hyldreda suddenly stopped, and gazed eagerly down the road.

"Well, sister," said Resa, "what art dreaming of now? Come, we shall be late at church, and mother will scold." But the elder sister stood motionless. "How strange thine eyes look; what dost thou see, Hyldreda?"

"Look—what is there!"

"Nothing, but a cloud of dust that the wind sweeps forward. Stand back, sister, or it will blind thee."

Still Hyldreda bent forward with admiring eyes, muttering, "Oh! the grand golden chariot, with its four beautiful white horses! And therein sits a man—surely it is the king! and the lady beside him is the queen. See, she turns—"

Hyldreda paused, dumb with wonder, for despite the gorgeous show of jewelled attire, she recognised that face. It was the same she had looked at an hour before in the little cracked mirror. The lady in the carriage was the exact counterpart of herself!

The pageant came and vanished. Little Resa turned round and wiped her eyes—she, innocent child, had seen nothing but a cloud of dust. Her elder sister answered not her questionings, but remained silent, oppressed by a nameless awe. It passed not, even when the chapel was reached, and Hyldreda knelt to pray. Above the sound of the hymn she heard the ravishing music of the leaves in the oak wood, and instead of the priest she seemed to behold the two dazzling forms which had sat side by side in the golden chariot.

When service was ended, and all went homewards, she lingered under the trees where the vision, or reality, whichever it was, had met her sight, half longing for its reappearance. But her mother whispered something to Esbern, and they hurried Hyldreda away.

She laid aside her Sunday mantle, the scarlet woof

which to spin, weave, and fashion, had cost her a world of pains. How coarse and ugly it seemed! She threw it contemptuously aside, and thought how beautiful looked the purple-robed lady, who was so like herself.

"And why should I not be as fair as she? I should, if I were only dressed as fine. Heaven might as well have made me a lady, instead of a poor peasant girl."

These repinings entered the young heart hitherto so pure and happy. They haunted her even when she rejoined her mother, Resa, and Esbern Lyngre. She prepared the noonday meal, but her step was heavy and her hand unwilling. The fare seemed coarse, the cottage looked dark and poor. She wondered what sort of a palace home was that owned by the beautiful lady; and whether the king, if king the stranger were, presided at his banquet table as awkwardly as did Esbern Lyngre at the mean board here.

At the twilight, Hyldreda did not steal out as usual to talk with her lover beneath the rose-porch. She went and hid herself out of his sight, under the branches of the great elder-tree, which to her had always a strange charm, perhaps because it was the spot of all others where she was forbidden to stay. However, this day Hyldreda began to feel herself to be no longer a child, but a woman whose will was free.

She sat under the dreamy darkness of the heavy foliage. Its faint sickly odour overpowered her like a spell. Even the white bunches of elder flowers seemed to grow alive in the twilight, and to change into faces, looking at her whithersoever she turned. She shut her eyes, and tried to summon back the phantom of the golden chariot, and especially of the king-like man who sat inside. Scarcely had she seen him clearly, but she felt he looked a king. If wishing could bring to her so glorious a fortune, she would almost like to have, in addition to the splendours of rich dress and grand palaces, such a noble-looking man for her lord and husband.

And the poor maiden was rudely awakened from her dream, by feeling on her delicate shoulders the two heavy hands of Esbern Lyngre.

Haughtily she shook them off. Alas! he, loving her so much, had ever been lightly loved in return! to-day he was not loved at all. He came at an ill time, for the moment his hand put aside the elder branches, all the dazzling fancies of his betrothed vanished in air. He came, too, with an ill wooing, for he implored her to trifle no more, but to fulfil her mother's hope and his, and enter as mistress at the little blacksmith's forge. She, who had just been dreaming of a palace home! Not a word she answered at first, and then cold, cruel words, worse than silence. So Esbern, who, though a lover, was a manly hearted youth, and thought it shame to be mocked by a girl's light tongue, left her there and went away, not angry, but very sorrowful.

Little Resa came to summon her sister. But Hyldreda trembled before the gathering storm, for widow Kalm, though a tender mother, was one who well knew how to rule. Her loud, severe voice

already warned the girl of the reproof that was coming. To avoid it only for a little, until her own proud spirit was calmed, Hyldreda told Resa she would not come in until after she had taken a little walk down the moonlight road. As she passed from under the elder-tree, she heard a voice, like her mother's, and yet not her mother's—no, it could never be, for it shouted after her,

"Come now, or come no more!"

Some evil impulse goaded the haughty girl to assert her womanly right of free action, and she passed from her home, flying with swift steps. A little, only a little absence, to show her indignant pride, and she would be back again, to heal all strife. Nevertheless, ere she was aware, Hyldreda had reached the oak-wood, beneath which she had seen the morning's bewildering sight.

And there again, brighter in the moonlight than it had ever seemed in the day, came sweeping by the stately pageant. Its torches flung red shadows on the trees, its wheels resounded through the night's quiet with a music as of silver bells. And sitting in his state alone, grand but smiling, was the lord of all this splendour.

The chariot stopped, and he dismounted. Then the whole train vanished, and, shorn of all his glories, except a certain brightness which his very presence seemed to shed, the king, if he were indeed such, stood beside the trembling peasant maid.

He did not address her, but looked in her face inquiringly, until Hyldreda felt herself forced to be the first to speak.

"My lord, who art thou, and what is thy will with me?"

He smiled. "Thanks, gentle maiden, for thy question has taken off the spell. Otherwise it could not be broken, even by Kong Tolv."

Hyldreda shuddered with fear. Her fingers tried to seize the cross which always lay on her breast, but no! she had thrown aside the coarse black wooden crucifix, while dreaming of ornaments of gold. And it was St. John's Eve, and she stood beneath the haunted oak-wood. No power had she to fly, and her prayers died on her lips, for she knew herself in the Hill-king's power.

Kong Tolv began to woo, after the elfin fashion, brief and bold. "Fair maiden, the Dronningstolen¹ is empty, and 'tis thou must fill it. Come and enter my palace under the aill."

But the maiden sobbed out that she was too lowly to sit on a queen's chair, and that none of mortals, save the dead, made their home underground. And she prayed the Elle-king to let her go back to her mother and little Resa.

He only laughed. "Wouldst be content, then, with the poor cottage, and the black bread, and the labour from morn till eve. Didst thou not of thyself wish for a palace and a lord like me? And did not the Hyldemoer waft me the wish, so that I came to meet and welcome thee under the hill?"

Hyldreda made one despairing effort to escape, but

(1) Dronningstolen, or Queen's Chair.

she heard again Kong Tolv's proud laugh, and looking up, she saw that the thick oak-wood had changed to an army. In place of every tree stood a fierce warrior, ready to guard every step. She thought it must be all a delirious dream that would vanish with the morning. Suddenly she heard the far village clock strike the hour. Mechanically she counted—*one—two—three—four—up to twelve.*

As she pronounced the last word, Kong Tolv caught her in his arms, saying, "Thou hast named me and art mine."

Instantly all the scene vanished, and Hyldreda found herself standing on the bleak side of a little hill, alone in the moonlight. But very soon the clear night darkened, and a heavy storm arose. Trembling she looked around for shelter, and saw in the hill-side a tiny door, which seemed to invite her to enter. She did so! In a moment she stood dazzled by a blaze of light—a mortal amidst the festival of the elves. She heard the voice of Kong Tolv, half-speaking, half-singing:—

"Welcome, maiden, fair and free,
Thou hast come of thyself in the hill to me;
Stay thou here, nor thy fate deplore;
Thou hast come of thyself in at my door."

And bewildered by the music, the dance, and the splendour, Hyldreda remembered no more the cottage, with its one empty chair,—nor the miserable mother, nor the little sister straining her weeping eyes along the lonely road.

The mortal maiden became the Elle-king's bride, and lived in the hill for seven long years;—at least, so they seemed in Elfinland, where time passes like the passing of a strain of music, that dies but to be again renewed. Little thought had she of the world above ground, for in the hill-palace was continual pleasure, and magnificence without end. No remembrance of lost kindred troubled her, for she sat in the Dronningstolen, and all the elfin people bowed down before the wife of the mighty Kong Tolv.

She might have lived so always, with no desire ever to go back to earth, save that one day she saw trickling down through the palace roof a pearly stream. The elves fled away, for they said it was some mortal weeping on the grassy hill overhead. But Hyldreda stayed and looked on until the stream settled into a clear pellucid pool. A sweet mirror it made, and the Hill-king's bride ever loved to see her own beauty. So she went and gazed down into the shining water.

There she beheld—not the image of the elfin-queen, but of the peasant maid, with her mantle of crimson woof, her coarse dress, and her black crucifix. She turned away in disgust, but soon her people brought her elfin mirrors, wherein she could see her present self, gorgeously clad, and a thousand times more fair. It kindled in her heart a proud desire.

She said to her lord, "Let me go back for a little while to my native village, and my ancient home, that I may show them all my splendour, and my greatness. Let me enter, sitting in my gilded chariot, with the four

white horses, and feel myself as queen-like as the lady I once saw beneath the oak-wood."

Kong Tolv laughed, and assented. "But," he said, "keep thy own proud self the while. The first sigh, the first tear, and I carry thee back into the hill with shame."

So Hyldreda left the fairy-palace, sweeping through the village, with a pageant worthy a queen. Thus in her haughtiness, after seven years had gone by, she came to her mother's door.

—Seven years, none of which had cast one shadow on the daughter's beauty. But time and grief together had bowed the mother almost to the verge of the grave. The one knew not the other, until little Resa came between; little Resa, who looked her sister's olden self, blooming in the sweetness of seventeen. Nothing to her was the magnificence of the beautiful guest; she only saw Hyldreda, the lost and found.

"Where hast thou been?" said the mother, doubtfully, when in answer to all their carresses, the stately lady only looked on them with a proud smile; "Who gave thee those grand dresses, and put the matron's veil upon thy hair?"

"I am the Hill-king's wife," said Hyldreda. "I dwell in a gorgeous palace, and sit on a queen's throne."

"God preserve thee!" answered the mother. But Hyldreda turned away, for Kong Tolv had commanded her never to hear or utter the one holy Name. She began to inquire about her long-forgotten home, but half-carelessly, as if she had no interest in it now.

"And who was it," she asked, "that wept on the hill-side until the tears dropped through, staining my palace walls?"

"I," answered Resa, blushing; and then Hyldreda perceived that, young as she was, the girl wore the matron's head-tire. "I, sitting there, with my babe, wept to think of my poor sister who died long ago, and never knew the sweetness of wifehood and motherhood. And almost it grieved me, to think that my love had blotted out the bitterness of her memory even from the heart of Esbern Lyngse."

At the name, proudly laughed the elder sister, "Take thy husband and be happy, girl; I envy thee not; I am the wife of the great Hill-king."

"And does thy lord love thee? Does he sit beside thee at eve, and let thee lean thy tired head on his breast, as Esbern does with me? And hast thou young children dancing about thy feet, and a little blue-eyed one to creep dovelike to thy heart at nights, as mine does? Say, dear sister, art thou as happy as I?"

Hyldreda paused. Earth's sweet ties arose before her, and the grandeur of her lot seemed only loneliness. Forgetting her lord's command, she sighed, she even wept one regretful tear; and that moment in her presence stood Kong Tolv.

"Kill me, but save my mother, my sister," cried the wife, with a broken heart. The prayer was needless; they saw not the Elle-king, and he marked not them—he only bore away Hyldreda, singing

mockingly in her ear something of the same rhyme which had bound her his:—

"Complainest thou here all drearilie—
Camest thou not of thyself in the hill to me?
And stayest thou here thy lot to deplore?
Camest thou not of thyself in at my door."

When the mother and sister of Hyldreda lifted up their eyes, they saw nothing but a cloud of dust sweeping past the cottage-door, they heard nothing but the ancient elder-tree howling aloud as its branches were tossed about in a gust of wintry wind.

Kong Tolv took back to the hill his mortal bride. There he set her in a golden chair, and brought to her to drink a silver horn of elfin-wine, in the which he had dropped an ear of wheat. At the first draught, she forgot the village where she had dwelt—at the second, she forgot the sister who had been her darling—at the third, she forgot the mother who bore her. Again she rejoiced in the glories of the fairy-palace, and in the life of never-ceasing pleasure.

Month after month rolled by—by her scarce counted, or counted only in jest, as she would number a handful of roses, all held so fast and sure, that none could fall or fade;—or as she would mark one by one the little waves of a rivulet whose source was eternally flowing.

Hyldreda thought no more of any earthly thing, until there came, added to her own, a young, new life. When her beautiful babe, half-elf, half-mortal, nestled in her woman's breast, it awakened there the fountain of human love, and of long forgotten memories.

"Oh! let me go home once—once more," she implored of her lord. "Let me go to ask my mother's forgiveness, and above all, to crave the church's blessing on this my innocent babe."

Kong Tolv frowned, and then looked sad. For it is the one great sorrow of the Elle-people, that they, with all others of the elfin race, are shut out from Heaven's mercy. Therefore do they often steal mortal wives, and strive to have their children christened according to holy rite, in order to participate in the blessings granted to the offspring of Adam.

"Do as thou wilt," the Hill-king answered; "but know, there awaits a penalty. In exchange for a soul, must be given a life."

His dark saying fell coldly on the heart of the young mother. It terrified her for a time, but soon the sweet strange wiles of her elfin-babe beguiled her into renewed happiness; so that her longing faded away.

The child grew not like a mortal child. An unearthly beauty was in its face; wondrous precocious signs marked it from its birth. Its baby-speech was very wisdom. Its baby-smile was full of thought. The mother read her olden soul—the pure soul that was hers of yore—in her infant's eyes.

One day when Hyldreda was following the child in its play, she noticed it disappear through what seemed the outlet of the fairy-palace, which outlet she herself had never been able to find. She forgot that her boy was of elfin as well as of mortal race. Out it passed,

the mother eagerly pursuing, until she found herself with the child in a meadow near the village of Skjelskør, where years ago she had often played. It was on a Sunday morning, and cheerfully yet solemnly rang out the chapel-bells. All the sounds and sights of earth came back upon her, with a longing that would not be restrained.

In the white frozen grass, for it was winter-time, knelt the wife of Kong Tolv, holding fast to her bosom the elfn babe, who shivered at every blast of wind, yet, shivering, seemed to smile. Hyldreda knelt, until the chapel-bells ceased at service-time. And then there came bursting from her lips the long-sealed prayers, the prayers of her childhood. While she breathed them, the rich fairy garments crumbled from her, and she remained clad in the coarse dress she wore when Kong Tolv carried her away; save that it hung in miserable tatters, as if worn for years, and through its rents the icy wind pierced her bosom, so that the heart within might have sunk and died, but for the ever-abiding warmth of maternal love.

That told her how in one other mother's heart there must be warmth still.

"I will go home," she murmured, "I will say, Mother, take me in and save me, or else I die!" And so, when the night closed, and all the villagers were safe at home, and none could mock at her and her misery, the poor desolate one crept to her mother's door.

It had been open to her even when she came in her pride; how would it be closed against her sorrow and humility? And was there ever a true mother's breast, that while life yet throbbed there, was not a refuge for a repentant child?

Hyldreda found shelter and rest. But the little elfn babe, unused to the air of earth, uttered continual moanings. At night, the strange eyes never closed, but looked at her with a dumb entreaty. And tenfold returned the mother's first desire, that her darling should become a "christened child."

Much the old grandame gloried in this, looking with distrust on the pining, withered babe. But keenly upon Hyldreda's memory came back the saying of Kong Tolv, that for a soul would be exchanged a life. It must be *hers*. That, doubtless, was the purchase; and thus had Heaven ordained the expiation of her sin. If so, meekly she would offer it, so that Heaven would admit into its mercy her beloved child.

It was in the night—in the cold white night, that the widow Kalm, with her daughter and the mysterious babe, came to the chapel of Skjelskør. All the way thither they had been followed by strange, unearthly noises; and as they passed beneath the oak-wood, it seemed as if the overhanging branches were transformed into giant hands, that evermore snatched at the child. But in vain; for the mother held it fast, and on its little breast she had laid the wooden cross which she herself used to wear when a

girl. Bitterly the infant had wailed, but when they crossed the threshold of the chapel, it ceased, and a smile broke over its face—a smile pure and saintly, such as little children wear, lying in a sleep so beautiful that the bier seems like the cradle.

The mother beheld it, and thought, What if her foreboding should be true; that the moment which opened the gate of heaven's mercy unto her babe, should close upon herself life and life's sweetnesses? But she felt no fear.

"Let me kiss thee once again, my babe, my darling!" she murmured; "perhaps I may never kiss thee more. Even now, I feel as if my eyes were growing dark, and thy little face were gliding from my sight. But I can let thee go, my sweet! God will take care of thee, and keep thee safe, even amidst this bitter world."

She clasped and kissed the child once more and my sight, kneeling, calm, but very pale, she awaited whatever might be her doom.

The priest, performing by stealth what he almost deemed a desecration of the hallowed rite, began to read the ceremony over the fairy babe. All the while, it looked at him with those mysterious eyes, so lately opened to the world, yet which seemed to express the emotions of a whole existence. But when the sprinkled water touched them, they closed, softly, slowly, like a blue flower at night.

The mother, still living, and full of thankful wonder that she did live, took from the priest's arms her recovered treasure, her Christian child. It lay all smiling, but it lifted not its eyes: the colour was fading on its lips, and its little hands were growing cold. For it—not for her, had been the warning. It had rendered up its little life, and received an immortal soul.

For years after this, there abode in the village of Skjelskør a woman whom some people thought was an utter stranger, for none so grave, and at the same time so good, was ever known among the light-hearted people of Zealand. Others said that if any one could come back alive from fairy land, the woman must be Hyldreda Kalm. But as later generations arose, they mocked at the story of Kong Tolv and the palace under the hill, and considered the whole legend but an allegory, the moral of which they did not fail to preach to their fair young daughters continually.

Nevertheless, this woman had surely once lived, for her memory, embalmed by its own rich virtues, long lingered in the place where she had dwelt. She must have died there too, for they pointed out her grave, and a smaller one beside it, though whose that was, none knew. There was a tradition that when she died—it was on a winter night, and the clock was just striking *twelve*—there arose a stormy wind which swept through the neighbouring oak-wood, laying every tree prostrate on the ground. And from that hour there was no record of the Elle-people or the mighty Kong Tolv having been ever again seen in Zealand.

FANCIES ABOUT FICTIONS.

BY F. B.

No age, probably, has been more distinguished than the present by the progress of utilitarian views, and the practical bias of men's minds, and yet, perhaps, there never was one so prolific in works of pure fiction. How the two facts are to be reconciled, would be a curious inquiry; but so it is. The greater portion of men raise their voices against all that does not bear a positive and evident stamp of *use* and *expediency*, or that has not upon it at least some faint reflection of that glare which surrounds the golden idol of their worship; and yet the same age which counts them as its children is rich beyond others in the stores of imagination. The poet, indeed, is deemed visionary, and he who looks any higher than common, is at once branded as an enthusiast; but still, despite all this, the writer of fiction maintains his place, and exercises a sway over—shall we say, the *hearts* of these worldly men? ay, more,—their very pockets are not closed to his labours. Shall we take this for a token that Fancy is not quite dead among us?—that there is still a something within, which the debasing worship of mammon has not utterly destroyed?—that man's heart can still feel the touch of sympathy? for, though it be awakened only by a fancied distress, still the feeling must be there, or it could not come into exercise at all; and who can tell, but the seed which has been once developed may grow and gather strength, till it bring forth the fruit of many a good and blessed deed.

Strange it may seem, that the distress of fiction should call forth a sympathy, and touch a chord, over which real and visible suffering had no power; but it is not so strange as at first sight it would seem to be. The world with its mammon-worship makes man, who was in the beginning born to love, a selfish being in all he does; self becomes to him the spring of every work,—in self all his actions centre,—the end to which he looks is self. If, then, he be a true worshipper of the idol,—if he have wholly given himself up to his debasing service,—he will harden his heart against the sight of distress, lest in any way self should suffer; but while the picture is only fancied, he fears no attack upon his own darling, and, unawares it may be, suffers his heart to respond in notes, however faint and feeble, to some strains of that music which played around it in an earlier and better day.

Be the cause, however, what it will, fiction is loved in this age that professes to be great in its search for solid truth. It may be that there is a moral in this. What think you, good reader,—would it be a strange thing, if, in the end, the fiction prove more real than the truth men grasp at? It may be, the loving heart and the quick fancy shall tell greater truths than have ever been reached after by the grasping hand, or reckoned upon by the calculating head. Who knows but we may at last say of him who follows the idol of the age:—

"Heu! quoties fidem,
Mutatosque deos febit, et aspera

*Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea!"*

It may be that the long-pursuit shall turn out to be only

"Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath;"

while that which was in form a fiction, veiled beneath its principles of deepest truth, founded in the very inmost feelings, bound up with the very dearest hopes of our hearts.

Well, we are not going to moralize, for we scarcely expect to be listened to if we do, since moralizing is one of the privileges every man claims for himself; and however much he may love it, he is but little patient to endure it from others; and so, gentle reader and fair, you who, we know, have a great regard for the "last new novel," we will refrain from the temptation, lest you should deal out to this page the same measure which is given even to that book that you rejoice in; for even in the "new novel" the moralizing bits are to be skipped by old custom and undeniable right. And yet, again, fair reader, we would pause awhile, lest it should seem that we had reckoned you with these worldly minds,—these electro-plated hearts, of which we spoke; but do not mistake; it was said that this age is very utilitarian, and very full of fiction, in more senses than one, and that it was a strange thing that the two should co-exist; but we never said that all readers of fiction were utilitarian; for we ourselves delight in a pleasant tale, and yet we should be very far from considering ourselves complimented by being called utilitarian.

And yet we do believe in utilitarianism, if it were only rightly defined, and hold that every man, no matter how poor he be, or how feeble, has his own place assigned him, his own sphere of usefulness, his own work to do, and he who best fulfils it is the best utilitarian of all, and the only one. Would we had more of them! we should then live more in the soft influence of the heart's best sunshine, even though we might be somewhat wanting in the glare of that golden light which dazzles so many among us now. We believe that all men have their set work,—their "mission," if you like the word; and whoever—let him be novelist, or what you will—has, in the exercise of it, had the power to touch one chord of feeling; to wake one heart to sympathy with its fellows, though it were but for a moment; to make the eyes of one man dim, because the mist of another's grief was upon them, for a little space veiling the clearness of their earthly vision, but letting in a flood of light from heaven—has done something for our nature: and, let the so-called utilitarians scoff and sneer as they may, the little leaven which he has thrown in shall do more for the world—aye, and be more expedient,

(1) Horace, Book I. Od. V. 5.

"Oh, how oft shall he
Of faith, and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire,
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold!"—Milton.

(2) Tennyson.

too—than aught they have ever brought to pass, after long hours of weary eyes, and aching heads, and hands that tremble with much labour.

Yes, we do love a pleasant tale,—a pleasant tale on a winter's evening, a fairy tale, such as children delight to hear. We have not yet forgotten all our stories of meekness in suffering, and of good deeds that received their reward at last. There is still a little corner of memory left for Cinderella, and those other simple histories that the child would treasure up. How many a seed of fancy is laid up in these; better, far better, than all the modern store of "Hydrostatics made easy," and "Newton's Principia adapted to childish minds!" "A time for all things," is the motto of the wise: the weight that the full-grown tree would scarcely feel, would break down and crush the tender sapling. Men who force children's minds in this fashion, always seem to be looking up for the high branches of the oak, when, as yet, the shoot has scarcely burst through the husk of the acorn; and if we fancy aright, they will look long, and look hard, and see nothing in the end but a wild-goose flying above their heads. It does not shame us to confess that we have not yet lost our love for fairy lore; but, at the same time, we would not have it supposed that we never rise higher than this. It is pleasant to live over our childish days again, but we would still have something that suits the fuller growth of the man.

And we love a tale of dread,—some old legend, to be read at midnight by a solitary lamp and a dying fire, when we are surrounded by shadows that we can people as we will. A thrilling thing it is to hold converse, even in imagination, with a world beyond our own,—a world that is real, and, it may be, close about us; for who can tell what sights, what spirit-wonders might meet us, if the weakness of our flesh did not obscure our clearer vision? Surely we are not all alone; and it is a fearful thing to think what eyes may be upon us, watching every deed;—some, it may be, exulting at the evil of our lives, and laying up all our ill-doing for the Accuser; while others, guardian spirits and holy, mourn beside us, to watch our waywardness, and stand ready to minister to us if we would gird ourselves to strive with the evil that is around us; and all the while they keep watching the sign upon our foreheads,—the sign fraught with mystery and blessing,—to see if it becomes brighter or more dim as we advance. But such theme, though ever to be borne in mind, is not lightly to be dealt with, and so we pass it by, as too hallowed for our present talk.

We love an old legend,—an old story of "glamour might;" for, however unreal it may seem, the very thrill of spirit, the very quickening of pulse which it causes, prove that there is something beyond the mere material world, something that lies deeper than the mere feelings of sense. We love to trace in these stories that straining of the human mind beyond its present bounds, whereby it witnesses to itself the greatness of its own power; for it was some such

thought as this that dictated the old tales of wizard might. We love these tales of wonder, and to hear how—

"'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs and laughter louder ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man."

And we delight much in a tale of love,—valorous knight, and ladye fair—to be dreamed over in the green fields, or under the pleasant shado, where we can watch the shadows that the clouds are making as they float above us,—fickle and changeeful shadows, uncertain as that of which we read. But it is not every tale that is a pleasant one, nor will three volumes always set us dreaming. And if we like a story of wonder, and do not quarrel with a spice of necromancy, yet there is "reason in our madness," for it is not every absurdity, nor every raw-head horror, that can move us as we say. The common stories of witches and broomsticks, and all the demonology of our British Solomon, we hold in utter abhorrence. There is nothing pleasant in witchcraft, and all we ever yet saw of such fiction only tended to show the soul of man in its most degraded form, and not as reaching after higher being. Mischief done for the sake of mischief, and power used only for evil, together with all the clumsy machinery of such stories, we cannot bear to dwell upon. We cannot bear to see man's spirit shown in so foul a light; nay, as if it were not bad enough to degrade the human race in this sort, they must even choose out its fairest portion for their libel, and woman must bear all the odium of this satanic dealing,—old, generally, and infirm, but not a whit the less woman. We protest against these witches, and, we repeat it, we cannot tolerate them, with their broomsticks, and rats' tails, and toads, and all the other disgusting ingredients of their cauldrons;—those three notable ones always excepted, who startled the thane of Glamis in the first instance, and have sat for their portraits, and kept their pot boiling and bubbling for all romance-writers since. We rather like a respectable wizard, such as Michael Scott, of whom it was said—

"That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!"

though in these electric days, that does not strike us as so very wonderful a thing; and as for his "bridling the Tweed with a curb of stone," it might be tolerably difficult in the "dark ages," but the Menai Straits would laugh at him if he boasted of such a thing now-a-days;—for the sea can laugh, good reader, and Æschylus says so;—or if laughing is not dignified enough, it can smile, at all events, and a smile of beauty it is. However, putting aside all this, Michael

(1) Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto II. 22.

(2) Ibid. Canto II. 13.

(3) ἀνιπτόμενον γέλασμα.—Prom. Vinc. 90.

Scott was a comparatively decent member of society, and we have no objection to him; but witches we utterly abhor; their wonderful doings we do not mind, but we protest against the broomsticks; we have rather a taste for the spirits, but we cannot swallow the toads; we don't find fault with the thunder, but the brimstone chokes us, and the blue fire spoils our complexions. Neither do we admire such passages as the following, which occurs in the last romance of a well-known writer:—

"Was it disturbed fancy, or did he really behold, on the summit of the structure; a grisly shape, resembling—if it resembled *any thing human*—a gigantic black cat, with roughened, staring skin, and flaming eye-balls?"

We hope humanity is flattered by the comparison.

We are not to be satisfied with every fiction that comes into our hands. The circulating libraries have a plenteous store, but we would not choose to have all they contain. It is not the mere making of a plot, and the putting together a certain number of characters, like a Chinese puzzle, that constitutes a readable tale. We may have interesting young ladies, whose eyes make the stars look dim, and whose perfections are so great that they end in moonshine, and lackadaisical youths, "sighing like furnace," and cross papas and obstinate step-mothers; nay more, there may be two travellers on horseback, and a thunder-storm, a tapestried chamber, and even a trap-door, with tender speeches, cut and dried, or sounding words, highly seasoned for the occasion,—and yet we shall not be one whit nearer a good and interesting tale. The fact is, that before a story can interest us, it must cease to be fiction. It must have a moral in it, well drawn, and such as the reader will feel; but that moral must not be thrust forward upon his notice, or the book becomes a mere lesson, as it were. The reader must be led to the moral, and not forced upon it. And the feeling of the book, the living principle of it, which is the impress of the writer's mind, must be true, even though the form in which it appears be fiction. The writer must live over all his characters, put himself in their position, and think their thoughts, and when he has done all this, and given the story a reality to his own mind, he may then venture to tell it to others, and in proportion as he has felt himself, so will he succeed in moving them. And in all this he ought not to suffer himself to appear, except as narrator, and in some forms of the novel even this is not to be allowed; his own feelings and thoughts must be completely swallowed up by the characters of his tale, and each of these must be consistent. And the whole story must have life given to it, as we said, by bearing the impress of the writer's mind. We do not mean that it must bear the tinge of his thoughts,—for that would contradict what we have said,—but it must carry with it the marks of his having thought out all his characters, and lived the story over. It is not enough, either, to give a picture of any one period; a tale that does no more than this, will not be lasting; it must represent those feelings

of men's hearts that have ever been the same from the beginning, and which are common to all men. It may in conjunction with these give the picture of a period, but these are the essentials.

A tale well told may be the moral of a history; and will often do its work when history would be put aside. This ought not to be the case, but yet it is so too often. It may be that the majority of men read history directly for information, fiction for amusement; the one is meant to be the object of the understanding, the other of the imagination; the one is pursued as, in some degree, a duty, the other as a pleasure. And if there be any truth in this, it is not surprising that men love fiction. It appeals to the imagination, and the imagination revels in the unknown. We are all treading upon the very verge of an unknown world, and ever and anon voices are wafted to us, borne by no earthly winds, and we listen to their sound, and long to know more of that which they utter, and we build up in our own souls palaces of beauty, and fashion for ourselves gardens where we may wander at will. This can imagination do, and what wonder is it, if men love it well?

Works of fiction, however, like all other things, have their abuses. Their use is recreation; for the mind, like the body, cannot remain always on the stretch. But when they are resorted to for killing time, as the saying is,—time which is all too short,—then we cannot sufficiently deprecate their use. They become then almost a necessity to him who has devoted himself to them, and relaxing his mind, little by little, they leave him at last a weak creature, scarcely capable of forming a judgment on any matter harder than common. The truth they contain is altogether missed by him, if it lie not quite upon the surface, and the fiction is all for which he has a care. He lives in a world of fiction, and having dared to "kill time," as he calls it, and not being yet called into the realities of eternity, he hovers, as it were, between the two, living in a world of shadows that satisfy him in nothing, and only lure him on to destruction. They are to the mind exactly what stimulants are to the body, useful in their place, but ruinous if abused. There is but little difference between the opium-eater and the confirmed novel-reader; the former makes his own dreams by the agency of a drug, the latter lives in the dreams called up by the powers of another.

And since we have spoken of children, and what they love, we would say somewhat against the thoughtlessness that puts tales of all kinds into their hands. Let them have their fairies, and their pleasant stories, which the innocence of a child can love; but let them not be shown all the knaveries of the world, and its foul deeds in a fair guise, and all its sophistries decked out with specious art. They will know them all too soon; let us not forestall the time. If the seed of good can be planted by these means, so also can the root of evil; and where the one grows slowly, the other will shoot up and increase, and bear a tenfold fruit of bitterness.

But there is one class of novel of which we scarcely know how to speak,—that, namely, which is known as the religious novel. We cannot say that we are over-fond of these. There is no doubt that sound principles may often be instilled by them, and will reach quarters from which they would otherwise, perhaps, be shut out; but yet we doubt them. Those who are taught in this way, can scarcely be said to be taught at all. If they can by this means be led to inquiry, and then be watched over carefully, it will be well; but if they merely read the novel, as they would others, the probability is that they get very little worth the knowing. They will read superficially, and they will argue badly, and be left always at the mercy of the latest speaker. They will only know results, or if they hear of the principles from which those results are derived, they will not digest them and make them their own; and then the first opponent of the views they have imbibed, if he has really studied his subject, will, in nine cases out of ten, either bring them over to himself, or unsettle them altogether. Religion is all truth, and is not to be taught by fiction; meaning, of course, by this, such fiction as most of our novels present. Parables and allegories come under quite a different head, and do not affect the question at all; and tales in which a principle of *action* is shown by example can scarcely be objected to. That with which we find fault is discussion about religious truths, and matters of *faith* introduced into the story. There is here no room for imagination. Imagination ceases when faith is consummated; therefore the subject and its medium are unsuited to each other. The solemn truths which confessors have witnessed, and holy martyrs have sealed with their blood, are scarcely fit subjects for the varied scenes of a modern tale. Some hands there are who know how to blend them, as far as it can be done, and these we hardly need mention; but yet the example seems scarcely a good one. We do not like to see great and vital doctrines made the subject of a flip-pant discourse. It may be we take an unfair view, but to us it does not seem so; the subject is an important one, however, and worthy of being well considered.

And now, Reader, we have told you our fancies; do they seem to you to be truths, or only fictions, after all, themselves?

DEBORAH'S DIARY.¹

Chalfont.

ARRIVED at last; after what a journey! Ned had sent me word overnight to expect, this forenoon, a smart young cavalier, on a fine prancing steed, with rich accoutrements. Howbeit, cousin is neither young nor handsome; and, at the time specifyde, there was brought up to y^e door an old white horse, blind of one eye, with an aquiline nose, and, I should think, eight feet high. The bridle was diverse from y^e pillion,

which was finely embroidered, but tarnisht, with y^e stuffing oozing out in severall places. - Howbeit, 'twas the onlie equipage to be hired in y^e ward, for love or money . . . so Ned said . . . And he had a huge payr of gauntlett gloves, a whip, that was y^e smartest thing about him, and a kind of vizard over his nose and mouth, which, he sayd, was to prevent his being too alluring; but I know 'twas to ward off infection. I had meant to be brave; and Nurse and I had brushed up y^e green camblet skirt, but the rent mother had made in it would show; however, Nurse thought that, when I was up, she could conceal it with a corking pin. Thus appointed, Ned led y^e way, saying, the onlie occasion on which a gentleman needed not to excuse himself to a lady for going first, was when they were to ride a pillion. Noe more jesting when once a-horseback; for, after pacing through a few deserted streets, we found ourselves amidst such a medly of carts, coaches, and wagons, full of people and goods, all pouring out of town, that Ned had enough to doe to keep cleare of 'em, and of the horsemen and empty vehicles coming back for fresh loads. Dear heart! what jostling, cursing, and swearing! And how awfull y^e cause! Houses padlocked and shuttered wherever we passed, and some with red crosses on y^e doors. At y^e first turnpike 'twas worst of alle—a complete stoppage; men squabbling, women crying, and much good daylight wasted. Howbeit, Ned desired me to keep my mouth shut, my eyes open, and to trust to his good care; and, by dint of some shrewd pilotage, weathered y^e strait; after which, our old horse, whose paces, to do him justice, proved very casie, took longer steps than anie other on y^e road, by which means we soon got quit of y^e throng; onlie, we continuallie gained on fresh parties,—some dreadfully overloaded, some knocked up alreadie, some baiting at y^e roadside, and many of y^e poorer sort erecting 'emselves rude tents and cabins under y^e hedges. Soon I began to rejoyce in y^e green fields, and sayd, how sweet was y^e air; and Ned sayd, "Ah!—a brick-kiln," and signed at one with his whip. But I knew the wind came t'other way;—and c'en bricks are better than dead rats.

Half-way to Amersham, found Hob Carter's wagon, with father's organ in't, sticking in y^e hedge, without man or horse; and, by-and-by, came upon Hob him-self, with a party, carousing. Ned gave it him well, and sent him back at double-quick time. 'Twas too bad. He had left town overnight, and promised to be at Chalfont by noon. I s^d have beene fain to keep him in advance of us; howbeit, we were forc't to leave him in y^e rear; and, about two miles beyond Amersham, we turned off the high road into a country lane, which soon brought us to a small retired hamlet, shaded with trees, and surrounded with pleasant meadows and orchards, which was no other than Chalfont. There was mother near y^e gate, putting some fine things to bleach on a sweetbriar-hedge. Ned stopt to chat with her, and learn where he might put his horse, while I went to seek father; and soon found him, sitting up in a strait chair, outside y^e garden-

(1) Continued from p. 282.

door. Sayd, kissing him, "Dear father, how is't with you? Are you comfortable here?"

"Anything but that," replies he, very shortlie. "I am not in any way at my ease in this place. I can get no definite notion of what 'tis like, and what notion I have is unfavourable. To finish all, they have stuck me up here, like a bottle in the smoke."

"But here is a cushion for you," quoth I, running in and back agayn; "and I will set your scat in y^e sun, and out of the wind, and put your staff within reach."

"Thanks, dear Deb. And now, look about, child, and tell me, with precision, what the place is like."

Soc I told him 'twas an irregular two-storied tenement, parcel wood, parcel brick, with a deep roof of old tiles that had lost their colour, and were curiouslie variegated with green and yellow moss; and that y^e caves were dentilled, with birds' nests built in 'em, and a big honeysuckle growing to y^e upper floor; and there was a great and a little gable, and a heavy chimney-stack; a casement of four compartments next y^e door, and, another of two over it; four lattice windows at tother end; in front, a steep meadow, enamelled with king-cups and blue-bells; alongside y^e gable-end, a village road, with deep cart-ruts, and hawthorn hedges. Onlie one small dwelling at hand, little better than a crazy haystack, or big bird's nest; sheep in y^e field, bees in y^e honeysuckle; and a little rippling rivulet flowing on continually.

"Why, now you have sett me quite at ease," cries he, turning his bright eyes thankfully towards y^e sky. "I begin to like the place, and to bless the warm sun and pure air. Ha! so there is a rippling rivulet, that floweth on continually! . . . Lord, forgive me for my peevish petulance . . . for forgetting that I could still hear the lark sing her morning hymn, scent the meadow-sweet and new-mown hay, detect the bee at his industry, and the woodpecker at his mischief, discern the breath of cows, and hear the lambs bleat, and the rivulet ripple contin-u-ally! Come! let us go and seek Ned."

And, throwing his arm about me, hugs me to him, saying, "This is my best walking-stick," and steps forward briskly and fearlessly.

Truly, I think Ned loves him as though he were his own father; and, indeed, he hath scarce known any other. Kissing his hand reverently, he says,— "Honoured Nunks, how fares it with you? Do you like Chalfont?"

"Indeed I do, Ned," responds father, heartily. "'Tis a little Zoar, whither I and my fugitive family have escaped from the wicked city; and, I thank God, my wife has no mind to look back."

"We may as well go in now," says mother.

"No, no," says father; "I feel there is an hour of summer's sunset still left. We will abide where we are, and keep as long as we can out of the smell of your soap-suds. . . Let's sit upon the ground."

"And tell strange stories of the deaths of kings," says Ned, laughing.

"That was the saying, Ned, of one who writ much well, and much amiss."

"Let's forgive what he writ amiss, for the sake of what he writ well," says Ned.

"That will I never," says father. "If paltry wits cannot be holy and witty at y^e same time, that does not hold good with nobler spiritts. . . If it did, they had best never be witty at all. Thy brother Jack hath yet to learn that strength is not coarseness."

Ned softly hummed—

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child!"

"Ah! you may quote me against myself," says father,— "you may quote Beza against Beza, and Erasmus against Erasmus; but that will not shake the eternal laws of purity and truth. But, mind you, Ned, never did anie reach a more lofty or tragic height than this child of fancy; never did any represent nature more purely to the life; and e'en where the polishments of art are most wanting in him, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance."

"And what have you now in hand, uncle?" Ned asks.

"'Firmianus Chlorus,'" says father. "But I don't find much in him."

"I mean, what of your own?"

"Oh!" laughing; "things in heaven, Ned, and things on earth, and things under the earth. The old story, whereof you have already seen many parcels; but, you know, my vein ne'er flows so happily as from y^e autumnal to the vernal equinox. Howbeit, there is something in the quality of this air would arouse the old man of Chios himself."

"Sure," cries Ned, "you have less need than any blind man to complain, since you have but closed your eyes on earth to look on heaven."

Father paused; then, stedfastly, in words I've since sett down, said:—

"When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodgod with me useless, though my soul, more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide:
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies,—'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

. . . . We were all quiet enough for a while after this . . . Ned onlie breathing hard, and queezing father's hand. At length, mother calls from the house,— "Who will come in to strawberries and cream?"

"Ah!" says father, "that is not an ill call. And when we have discussed our neat repast, thou, Ned, shalt touch the theorbo, and let us hear thy balmy voice. Time was, when thou didst sing like a young chorister."

Anne told me, at bed-time, of the journey down. The coach, she said, was most uncomfortable, mother having so over-stuffed it. For her share, she had a knife-box under her feet, a plate-basket at her back, a bird-cage bobbing over her head, and a lapfull of crockery-ware. Providentially, Betty turned squeamish, and could not ride inside, so she was put upon the box, to the great comfort of all within. Father, at the outset, was chafed and captious, but soon settled down, improved the circumstances of the times, made jokes on mother, recalled old journies to Buckinghamshire, and, finally, set himself to silent self-communion, with a pensive smile on his face, which, as Anne said, let her know well enough what he was about. Arrived at Chalfont, her first care was to make him comfortable; while mother, Mary, and Betty were turning the house upside down; and in this her care, she so well succeeded, that, to her dismay, he bade her take pen and ink, and commenced dictating to her as composedly as if they were in Bunhill Fields. This was somewhat inopportune, for every thing was to seek and to set in order; and, indeed, mother soon came in, all of a heat, and said, "I wonder, my dear, you can keep Nan here, at such idling, when she has her bed to make, and her box to unpack." Father let her go without a word, and sate in peacefull cogitation all the rest of the evening,—the only person at leisure in the house. Howbeit, the next time he heard mother chiding—which was after supper—at Anne, for trying to catch a bat, which was a creature she longed to look at narrowly, he said,—“My dear, we should be very cautious how we cut off another person’s pleasures. ’Tis an easy thing to say to them, ‘You are wrong, or foolish,’ and soe check them in their pursuit; but what have we to give them that will compensate for it? How many harmless refreshments and refuges from sick or tired thought may thus be destroyed! We may deprive the spider of his web, and the robin of his nest, but can never repair the damage to them. Let us live, and let live; leave me to hunt my butterfly, and Anne to catch her bat.”

... Just as we were returning to the house, Mary ran forth, crying,—“Oh, Deb! you have not yet seen our cow. She has just been milked, and is being turned out, even now, to the pasture. See, there she is; but all the others have gone out of sight, over the hill.”

Mother observed,—“Left to herself, she will go, her own calf speedily seeking.”

“My dear,” says father, “that’s a hexameter: do try to make another.”

“Indeed, Mr. Milton, I know nothing of hexameters, or hexagons either: ’tis enough for me to keep all strait and tight. Let’s to supper.”

Anne had crushed his strawberries, and mixed them with cream, and now she put his spoon into his hand, saying, in jest, “Father, this is angels’ food, you know. I have pressed the meath from many a berry, and tempered dulcet creams.”

“Hush, you rogue!” says he; “Ned will find us out.”

“Is uncle still at his great work?” whispers cousin to mother.

“Indeed, I know not if you call it such,” she replies, in y^e same undertone. “He hath given over all those grand things with hard names, that used to make him so notable abroad, and so esteemed by his own party at home; and now only amuses himself by making the Bible a peg to hang his idleness upon.”

Sure, what a look Ned gave her! Fearfull lest father s^d overhear, (for blindness quickens y^e other senses,) he runs up to the book-shelf, and cries,—“Why, uncle, you have brought down plenty of enter tainment with you! Here are Plato, Xenophon, and Sallust, Homer and Euripides, Dante and Petrarch, Chaucer and Spenser, . . . and . . . oh, oh! you read plays sometimes, though you were so hard upon Shakspeare. . . . Here’s ‘La Scena Tragica d’Adamo ed Eva,’ dedicated to the Duchess of Mantua.”

“Come away from that corner, Ned,” says father; “there’s a rat behind the books; he will bite your fingers,—I hear him scratching now. You had best attack your strawberries.”

“I think this sort will preserve well,” says mother. “Betty, in lighting from the coach, must needs sett her foot on the only pot of preserve I had left; which she had stuffed under the seat, instead of carrying it, as she was bidden, in her hand.”

“How fine it is, though,” says father, laughing, “to peacock it in a coach now and then! Pavoneggiarsi in un cocchio! Only, except for the bravery of it, I doubt if little Deb were not better off on her pillion. I remember, on my road to Paris, the bottom of the caroché fell out; and there sate I, with Hubert, who was my attendant, with our feet dangling through. Even the grave Grotius laughed at the accident.”

“Was Grotius grave?” says Ned.

“Believe me, he was,” says father. “He had had enough to make him so. One feels taller in the consciousness of having known such a man. He was great in practical things; he was also a profound scholar, though he made out the fourth kingdom in Daniel’s prophecy to be the kingdoms of the Jagidæ and the Seleucidæ; which, you know, Ned, could not possibly be.”

Chatting thus of this and that, we idled over supper, had some musick, and went to bed. And soe much for the only guest we are like to have for some months.

(To be continued)

SONG.

TEMPT not me with fiery wine,
Though with ruby tint it shine,—
In my goblet sparkling rise
Draughts the crystal spring supplies.
Oh! why should I my brain confuse,
My hand unnerve, my cheek suffuse?
What though others choose to obey
Senseless custom’s tyrant sway;
She shall have no slave in me,—
Free I am, I will be free.—J. N.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE very last day I was in Bombay I had a chat with my friend Tiabjee, the milliner, anent Indian railways. It was about three o'clock, and the man of muslin had just concluded his prayers, (the prayers proper for that time of the day,) when I came into his Store to rest, after a very hot palankeen ride from the country to the fort, undertaken with the object of having a chat upon the very engrossing subject of railways. Tiabjee is fond of chatting; he prefers it to the realizing even cent. per cent. for China silks or Genoa velvets, and this is much. Moreover, he chats well, pleasantly, and to the purpose, as he hath good command of English words, is sufficiently well-natured, and thoroughly informed on all matters of interest of the day. We commenced our chat, then, with things social, moral, and political; talked of Sir Jemsetjee's last ball; wondered what would be the effect of the young parsee's (having perpetrated bigamy) advancing such a very idle excuse as that of having been constrained, in the first instance, to marry an ugly woman; and then we talked in a free way of the Governor-General as people are apt to do who evidently suppose legislation to be a fairy gift bestowed only on themselves, on which they reason *after the fact*, and show a marvellous deal of acumen. A vast deal of uncharitableness having been taken off our hands in this manner, I asked my friend Tiabjee what shares he had taken in the last railway speculations. He told me they were all gone; and he, the man of muslin, regretted the fact exceedingly, inasmuch as he felt quite sure they would answer, and pay well, although the innovation must tend to ruin landholders in Bombay, as all persons of wealth would bigg houses on the Ghauts, to enjoy the cool breezes, and keep only offices in Bombay. He had his doubts, too, about the monsoon's power of rusting trains, the effect of climate on the engineers, the result of contraction and expansion of metals in the tropics, and so on. That modern science, so fruitful in expedients to conquer difficulties of this nature, would not fail those who trusted to her power in the East, I felt satisfied; but my own apprehensions were excited, as to how, in the first place, coolies could be depended upon for their labour, they being a class sadly addicted to wrapping their cumlies (goat's hair cloaks) around their slender forms on all occasions of leisure, and seeking quiet siestas on the shortest notice; and, secondly, how the Bunjaras would bear such an innovation on their usages as the railroad threatened.

This most interesting race, the travelling grain-merchants of western India, (who lead a life wholly nomadic, and have done so earlier than is recorded,) have their best interests opposed to the introduction of foreign innovation in the matter of transit. The Bunjaras have no sympathy with civilized life; from the people of India they move, think, live apart, varying in dress, language, religion, from all about them. Rajpoots by origin, they can follow no trade; the

Bunjara may *serve* only as a soldier; in all other callings he must be free and independent. For hundreds of years we find them, as hordes, encamping in the open air and living by the exchange of merchandise. They are owners of great droves of bullocks, which, laden with grain in the upper country, they drive to the coast, exchanging their burthens for salt, at a favourable market, but sedulously avoiding all intercourse with strangers and their cities. The Bunjaras are a stout, sturdy race; sturdy and stout in action and resolve as they are in body and form, Spartan-like in their sense of honour, free in opinion as the mountain breeze, keeping apart from men and their cabals, and existing by their own energies. A short time since, I journeyed on horseback over the very line of this proposed railway, from the city of Nassick to Bombay, and encountered several hundreds of bullocks heavily laden, and attended by Bunjara families; the men armed with sword and matelock, the children propped up among the bullock furniture, and each younger woman of the tribe looking much as one fancies the Jewish maiden must have looked when she obtained grace and favour in the sight of King Ahasuerus, who "made her queen instead of Vashti."

It is worthy of remark that the choice of colours among the Bunjara women is altogether opposed to general taste among the Hindoos. Red and yellow among the latter are always favourite tints, and blue is never worn by any but the common people, to whom it is recommended by the cheapness of the indigo used in dying. The Bunjara women, on the contrary, select the richest imaginable Tyrian purple, a sort of rosy smalt, as the ground of their attire, which is bordered by a deep phylactery of divers colours in curious needle-work, wrought in with small mirrors, beads, and sparkling crystals. Their sarree has a fringe of shells, and their handsome arms and delicate ankles are laden with rich ornaments. The Bunjara women plait their hair with crimson silk, and suffer it to fall on either side of the face, the ends secured with silver tassels, and on the summit of the head they wear a small tiara studded with silver stars.

The reader may think this rather a fanciful and exaggerated dress for the wife of a drover; but these costumes are heirlooms, and though they are often seen faded, torn, travel-stained, and grim, the materials are always as I have described them, differing in freshness but never in character.

It is said that these Bunjara hordes are to be remunerated for the loss of birthright, as merchants and cattle owners, by employment as hewers of wood and drawers of water; but the prejudices of their origin as Rajpoot emigrants would materially, I should think, militate against this arrangement; and, being an energetic and defensive people, it is not unlikely that they may essay means for opposing the introduction of a mode of transit which must throw them wholly out of occupation; the chief object of the railway being the conveyance of merchandise, and the Bunjaras, though commonly spoken of as grain-

merchants, and having faithfully served our armies as such under Wellington and Cornwallis, do, in fact, traffic in all description of goods, exchanging their bargains according to the markets. Thus rice, cotton, salt, coarse cloth, merchandise, and provisions of very varied kinds are often found filling their sacks, to be disposed of at a profit of cent. per cent. although they often realize much more. From the fifteenth century to the present, we know that the interests of these wandering merchants have entirely depended on the lack of all other means for the transit of goods over rocky passes of the great Deccan range. With the introduction of railway communication the occupations of this remarkable tribe will cease, and whatever prejudice may compel them to suffer, the Bunjara must perforce offer up his independence at the shrine of his necessities. In other times, and under other rule, (remembering his Rajpoot origin,) he might have sought remuneration in acts of outrage and plunder; but he must *now* adapt his energies to *any* form best suited to advance his interests, and suffer himself to be carried forward with others by the great flood of advancing civilization.

Among the native speculators in Bombay the "railway" is the favourite topic. Opinions generally are divided upon it; but though visions of rust-caten trams, wandering tigers, sleeping coolies and singed engineers create doubts with some, the considerate and well-informed natives, like my friend Tiahjee, hail the project with delight, and anticipate from it more improvement in a few years to western India than centuries could produce by ordinary means. The path of the fire-king is already in some degree marked out; beginning at a flag-staff planted under-water at Back Bay, in the Presidency, and repeated across the sands and through the Girgaum woods across the Bombay flats to the village of Mahim beyond. These landmarks are surmounted by inverted water-vessels, white-washed, which appears an odd sort of signal to the uninitiated; and I heard that a list of the fort purvoes, or writers, had been taken with a view of ascertaining what the patronage of second-class carriages was likely to be, to the exclusion of office shigrams, dirzi carts, and crazy buggies, the present mode of conveyance to and from the suburbs.

The country through which the line will pass, after leaving the Mahim station, is beautiful in the extreme. Running along the Syhadree range of western hills, by the steep and richly wooded Malsej Ghaut, on to the rocky, wild, and picturesque pass of the Alleh Kind, a jaghire of Holkar's, in the fine Pergunna, or district of Jooneer. At this point the line is doubled, one running through the Alleh Pass, near Bhote Gungulhuree, to Candcish and Indore; the southern line, along the general affluents of the Beema river to Sholapore; but both remarkable for the richness, grandeur, and picturesque character of the country through which they are marked. Descriptions of scenery are always tedious, or I might enlarge for pages on rock-like mountains, towering in every fantastic form the imagination could picture into the

rosy blue of an eastern sky; on dense forests, garlanded with brilliant flowers, and sparkling with rivers formed by a thousand foaming cataracts, roaring their downward course over the dark rocks in which they have worn fissures; on orchards of fragrant mango-trees bowing beneath their gold-like fruit, not guarded by dragons, like the apples of the Hesperides, but watched by merry, light-hearted Mahratta peasants, troling forth their pleasant morning songs, the women attired in the brightest and most cheering colours the sun can smile on: but it is enough to say that the amateur traveller, who, weary of the land of the Pharaohs and its antiquities, of the desert and its transit vans, (which last, by the way, he soon will be,) presses on to India, burning to see the wonders of this ancient land, her cave temples, sacred mounts, gigantic foliage, and picturesque people, can, in this same railway route, see enough of the characteristic beauties of the land to recompense him for all he may have endured ere his arrival in a country new in feature and interesting to the reflecting traveller beyond any that the sun shines on; and this, whether he regards its ancient history, present condition, or certain progress towards the highest state of civilization; the germ of which he may be assured has already burst.

The reader unacquainted with India may feel some interest about the class of peasantry who are likely to be employed, more or less, in the multifarious duties incidental to the introduction of railways into India; and there can be no question that the sooner natives are educated in the duties required, sufficiently to take charge of the subordinate offices, the better, as they are more temperate than Europeans, and more adapted to endure the trials of climate. At present, in the merchants' and lawyers' offices in Bombay, the little sharp bright-eyed Mahratta purvoo is found more useful to his employer than the European clerk. At present, too, some employment for boys of the middle class, who have been well educated at the college schools, is much wanted; for, while I sojourned at Jooneer, in the Deccan, and other places enjoying the benefit of branch academics, I was distressed beyond measure at the numbers of well-educated Mahratta lads, possessing mathematical knowledge, and speaking English well, who solicited introductions and certificates of ability, desiring to be employed, but in vain, by district civilians. To this class the employment afforded by a railway will be invaluable, and also to a class below these again, including the active Mahratta peasantry, who, quick enough to acquire any knowledge, and with the energy of mountaineers, will soon become fitted to act as the "stokers and pokers" of the new system. How oddly, however, to European eyes, will this proposed railway look, with its attendant servitors! the second-class full of turbans of every variety of colour, with a melange of camels, elephants, and buffaloes in the cattle vans!

By the side of the road, we shall have towering palm-trees, far overtopping the safety valve of the "Lion"

locomotive: and at the stations, Alleh Kind Junction and others, the gardens will, no doubt, be laid out with bushes of the scarlet-berried castor plant, and moon flower, with the mogree, and changeable rose; while the refreshment tables, tended by clever Parsees, will be covered with dishes of ripe mangoes, plantains, custard apples, Guava jelly, and buffalo humps, with pale ale for the Feringees, and sherbets of all varieties, fresh drawn toddy and lime-juice for Orientals. How odd it will all look! dirty "Govind Rows" and Hajee Ahmeds parading the platforms with Guzerattee and Mahratta newspapers, the chabook and the samarchand; and between them will appear little green rolls of pān and betel nut; while the verandahs of the waiting-rooms will be the resort of all the Natch women, bird tamers, jugglers, and mendicant Fakirs in the land. The police in attendance, we suppose, will be similarly attired to their brethren in Bombay; that is, in blue baize dresses, yellow turbans, Roman-like sandals, and black belts; they will have a mark of caste, or circular spot of scarlet pigment between the eyes, and carry a truncheon. They would, no doubt, have enough to do if they were ever where they were required, which, of course, they will not be; and we may be sure that the conversation of the second-class will include the word "pice," or "rice," in every second phrase. Should smoking be forbidden, hubble-bubbles for the second class, and hookas for the first, will, of course, be provided at the stations; and a "ladies' carriage," well curtained and provided with carpets and cushions, will be set aside for the Zenanas of the rich Parsee, Hindoo, or Moslem gentlemen, whose families may desire a change. The Mahratta women of inferior condition can travel well enough without such arrangements, and will gaily chatter all the way, the braids of their glossy hair being twined with fresh balsam blossoms, while baskets of fresh fruits are piled up by their sides.

The Mahratta peasant, whose duty it may be to grease the wheels, or light the lamps, fed with cocoanut oil, previous to the train entering the Alleh Kind tunnel, will be as worthy of remark as any thing the European traveller will see in this line of country. As I have observed more than once, I was long a resident in the part of western India now marked for this railway line, and during that time so constantly observant of, and amused by the habits of the people, that I cannot avoid thinking that the reader of this trifling paper may feel some curiosity to know what manner of man the Mahratta peasant of our day really is; for his ancestors are old acquaintances of the English, and the name, perhaps, more generally known than that of any other class of the Hindoo natives of India, thanks to our Deekan wars.

In the rainy season, then, these Mahratta peasantry certainly are the oddest-looking folks imaginable, though it must be admitted the device by which they become so is ingenious enough, and worthy approval. As umbrellas would not suit well with active labour, they leave these to their superiors in wealth and station, but produce greater results of

comfort to themselves by wearing, as a cloak, a sort of thatch, ingeniously made of the stout stems and leaves of the palm. These cloaks are called "ela," vary in form, and have the advantage of not requiring buttons, or being agitated by the wind. One description of them resembles a boat, supposing an individual to put his head into the bow, and, suddenly giving it a jerk that threw it over his back, to walk away with it; another resembles the Greek capote, with the stiff, square hood over the head; and the third is a bunch of long leaves tied together at the top, and falling in a sort of thick fringe over the body, similar to an attire that, in children's books, I have seen on that most interesting of all adventurers, Robinson Crusoe. The effect of the gear is, however, ludicrous in the extreme, a side view only allowing the feet and hands of the wearer to be perceived. The better class of peasantry, who can afford such a luxury, are protected by a cumli, which is nothing more nor less than a long black scarf of goat's hair, doubled, with the two sides sewn together; this, being put over the head, falls round the body like an Arab cloak, and descends half way to the ankle, the fringed ends gradually diminishing the sensation of heat, till the bare legs and unclad feet are accustomed to it, I suppose, miserable as they look. But, it may be remarked that a Mahratta never clothes these inferior members, but devotes all his attention to his head and shoulders, a peculiarity which, in some instances, produces the most indescribable and ludicrous effects.

They are a contented race, these Mahrattas, though so energetic and industrious. I asked little "Chimnee," one day, (a Mahratta girl that brought water for our kitchen, at Gora Bunder,) about her mode of life, and she told me that people of her condition (coolies) ate vegetables uncooked, with a little red rice boiled with salt and water; that when they assisted the fisherman of the village, he gave them the very small fish, which were useless for sale, and they broiled these on hot ashes; sometimes, for carrying the Banian's goods, they were given the dust and broken grain from the rice after it was winnowed, but these were rarities, coarse red rice being their usual food. The men were employed in the fields, and earned about two annas (three-halfpence) a day; these were employed to purchase clothing generally, and a Mahratta woman's costume, loonghi, boddee, (or chola,) and scarf cost about three rupees. Her ornaments, (for the poorest have these,) bangles, anklets, and gold head-flower, were heir-looms, and given by the husband's family on marriage.

Until this period the attempt has been always found a failure to introduce new mechanical means to the natives of India; for some two thousand years this ancient people have continued their primitive usages and implements despite all the attempts that have been made from time to time by practical Europeans resident among them to introduce mechanical forces of various kinds, supposed by us to be means far better suited to produce desired ends than the rude implements in daily use. These attempts

have principally been made in the Deccan, in consequence of the activity, intelligence, and agricultural habits of the Mahratta peasantry, but without effect; and it will be for the mechanics of the railway to supersede old things and introduce new, to overthrow the prejudices of ages, to shake "caste" to its foundations, by introducing the demand for workmen cunning in matters hitherto unknown, and thus, by *knowledge*, prepare the way for general doubt in things existent in their fables, legends, and idolatries; so working until truth appears and leavens the whole mass. The fact is that, as far as they have gone, the natives were right in opposing innovation in matters of mechanics and agricultural implements, and their bigotry may be defended by the following facts:—

There is a convenient practice in Mahratta villages, and among farmers, of paying for work in kind, and by the year. Thus the carpenter who repairs the wood-work of the well, the shoemaker who resews the leather for the water-bags, the ironmonger who puts a fresh nut to the handle of the wheel, receives no pay for his labour; but, when the harvest is gathered in, receives so many measures of grain, and with these he is provided with food for his family. New work is paid for in money, but repairs always in kind; and in the way I mention, yearly or half yearly, according to the number of crops.

This is one of the facts which make it so difficult to introduce among the cultivators of India any new system requiring tools and agricultural or mechanical implements different to those now in use among them. The original cost of those they possess is very trifling, for the workmanship is rude, but they answer the purpose well, while the village artisans are capable of repairing them, and do so, as I have shown, without cost to the farmer. Models have been introduced into Bombay, of windmills intended to be applied to the Persian wheel, for the purpose of raising water without the use of bullocks. An uncovenanted public servant at Jooneer, above the Ghats, has attempted to induce an adoption of an English screw for extracting saccharine matter from the sugar-cane, and the native farmers are considered stupid and apathetic that they do not immediately adopt what we imagine improved means for agricultural and other purposes, instead of obstinately adhering to their own rude methods. But consider the case, for instance, of the windmill. In any other country the idea would be admirable, but here its use is open to two serious objections; one, the original cost, and the other, the difficulty of repair. Workmen must be introduced as well as mills, or, like a lady's piano in a jungle station, which she cannot tune herself, the first blast of hot wind, or the first shower, would render the instrument useless. In all countries it is wise to depend as much as possible on the resources of the land itself, avoiding all wants that must be supplied by foreign means. India is especially a cattle breeding country; as with Isaac in Gerar, so is it often with the herdsmen of India—they strive together for

the use of wells,¹ and their flocks are their sole post sessions. The value therefore of animal labour is trifling; a pair of bullocks, strong to labour, cost, perhaps, twelve rupees, (a pound sterling,) and the wood-work, bags, and ropes for the native well, thirty shillings more; the whole serves for years, and if a murrain occurs among the cattle, they are easily replaced. The machine is oiled with the castor or mustard oil, expressed by means of two rough stones and an hour's camel labour, while the bullocks are fed on cotton seeds, produced in the fields they help to cultivate. So with the sugar-cane: the English screw looked well, and seemed efficient, under European supervision; but it was soon found that the Mahratta farmers, not caring to be outdone in the market, did, with their stones, and earthenware, and blindfolded old camels, speedily produce sugar of equal quality, and sold it at a much lower rate, in the neighbouring markets. We observe, in fact, that wherever similar character of climate exists, similar means of agriculture have been tried and are found to succeed: the simple hand-plough, used for turning up hard rocky ground in Cutch, I have observed in common use in the stony fields of Malta; the water-bag used by the Arabs on the banks of the Nile is precisely similar to that which may be seen guided by the hands of a Sindlian on the Indus; and, to follow the idea further, the contadina of Italy wears, to protect her head, under her heavy basket of ripe grapes, a folded cloth in form precisely like that which the Mahratta woman of the Concan places under her burthen of gold-like mangoes; while the more, I think, we reflect on these resemblances and the more we follow them out, not only in articles of common use and in costume, but in arts, religions, politics, and manners, the more certainly we shall yield to the conviction expressed by Mr. Disraeli, "that men in a parallel condition remain but uniform beings."

The railway is, however, a thing of wonder and of might. No "sham thing," as Mr. Carlyle might say, but a matter all truth, all fact, capable of the minutest demonstration, and arriving at ends beyond all that eastern imagination has dreamed of the acts of demi-gods. Beside the idea of mechanics, too, of levers, pistons, exhausted receivers, and the might of iron will, the railway will be freighted with ideas, new, bright, resistless, to the people whose tangled forests are set at nought by the power of the fire-king. Painters, poets, writers, statesmen, will travel in the East to see its wonders and imbibe its poetry. Knowledge will be disseminated, and that wisdom which leads to mutual tolerance will be acquired by both the learned and the ignorant.

In the early history of the world the Jewish people were the great teachers and civilizers of the nations; they had the strength which springs from union, common fellowship, and common interests of no ordinary kind, and this became the powerful agency which was providentially made available for the extension

(1) Gen. xxvi.

of their power among the idolatrous nations that surrounded them. The people of India have never possessed strength, for they have never possessed that union which constitutes strength; there has ever been the division of interests which rendered them an easy prey to the conqueror. In western India, besides the great classes of Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees, we have the numerous castes of the former people, and the two great sects of the latter, to impede progress and weaken national power; so that in these latter days it remains for the Gentile world to create the oneness of interest required, and to become the schoolmaster of the East; to bring low the hills, to exalt the valleys, and to make the crooked paths straight. A very short period has elapsed since our chosen band of men of practical science left us for our eastern shores, anticipating success in all their efforts. They are prepared, it appears, to meet the two principal difficulties of a physical kind that present themselves,—the expansion of metal by heat, and the destruction of woodwork by means of insect architecture; while they are willing to depend, and that, too, most wisely, on native capacity for a provision of working men. Hitherto India has offered no encouragement to Indian labour, skill, or energy, neither has our government. Without trial, without inquiry, it is the common, but not the less unjust practice to speak of the natives of India as an incapable race; to laugh at their drawings, shudder at their music, and grow enraged at their stupidity. This impression is as unworthy those who encourage it as it is injurious to those who are its objects. The whole fault is the result of want of trial and consistent encouragement; and I am sure that, under fostering influences, the native of India, the *Hindoo*, will display perceptions as keen, faculties as capable, and acquirement as perfect, as any individual in civilized Europe to whom the same character of mental culture and mechanical practice had been applied. This, hitherto, has not been a popular idea, but a few years will prove it, I think, to be a true one. A great era has commenced for India; from the modern city of the Gentiles are emanating those rays of light calculated to illumine the ends of the world. And while the marbles of Thebes and Nineveh speak with the tongues of fulfilled prophecy in our island of the West, we send forth to a people who yet worship at Pagan fanes not less ancient, the great civilizer of modern times, and, by the power of the fire-king, India may once again rise from the dust, become learned, wise, and fertile, as in ancient days, and to her science and her wealth add that power of Christianity which, as the circles of time pass round, may make her, freed from prejudice and strong in union, great among the nations of the world.

"Yes! let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless champaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged;
That waste, and want, and war may cease.
And all men know, that love and peace
Are—good for good exchanged!"

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S LOVERS—(continued).

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

In the legend of "Troilus and Cressida," we have another of those world's love-stories, of which Shakspeare has given us his own surpassing-version. It has stirred men's hearts ever since that old Homeric time, when in its own truth and nature it befell. It moved the earnest heart of Chaucer to indite those five books of "Troilus and Cressida;" full of his own cordial fervour, and fresh candour of expression; uniting the simple—almost child-like—enthusiasm of youth, with the tenderness and pity of experienced age. It inspired Shakspeare's mighty heart with the thought to make it furnish his play with the gentle influences of human joy and sorrow, where all else was ambition, worldly glory, advantage, and strife.

The main interest of the story is the regret it inspires, at seeing so fine, so pure a nature, attach itself to one less excellent—one so incapable of returning faith for faith. The regret, that one so noble, so single-hearted, as Troilus, should be fated to cast away the treasure of his love upon a woman so fickle, so light-hearted, as Cressida; regret, that he, so strong in truth, should believe in one so false; regret, above all, for her, that she should be unworthy such a lover as Troilus. For Troilus is essentially of a noble nature; not merely noble by contrast with his unworthy mistress, but noble in his own qualities—his own spirit of goodness, honour, truth.

Chaucer, in his exquisite version of the story, has depicted him thus throughout; and amid many powerful touches, portraying his native excellence, there is one worthy of Nature herself—whose great disciples Chaucer and Shakspeare were. The fine touch, here especially alluded to, is the *self-improvement* of which Troilus is conscious, when blessed in love. He feels in himself "a new quality;" he becomes blithe, open of cheer, free in generosity, active in good deeds, alert in duty, fresh-nerved in courage, disposed to charity and pity towards those who are in distress, full of glad sympathy with those who are, like himself, fortunate in love, benign, courteous, affable to every one—and all this because of his own happiness—the secret joy he hoards at heart:—

"All this doth Love; aye herod be his mights!"¹

This is a fine and subtle indication of Troilus's innate excellence. It is only base natures that are deteriorated and brutalized by passion; those that are originally virtuous, it ennobles, elevates, and purifies into still more exalted virtue.

Shakspeare has mirrored Troilus in perfect consonance with old Chaucer's picture of the character.

The dramatist, as well as the poet, has made him an exemplar of faith. He is faithful in the strict sense

(1) "Ever worshipped be his power!" It has an effect of great gusto and fervour, the way in which Chaucer ever and anon bursts forth into praise-ejaculation.

of the word—he is full of faith; and he has faith in its utmost comprehensiveness. He has the faith of youth—for it is ardent, and sees no obstacles; the faith of sincerity—for he means all he says; the faith of honour—he will not break his word once pledged; the faith of generosity—he will never betray one who confides in him; the faith of simplicity—he cannot conceive the failure of others; the faith of love—for he has implicit belief in the beauty, the desert, the truth of his mistress, and will rather mistrust his own merits than her constancy. He will scarcely credit the evidence of his own senses, which inform him of her treachery; but will sooner think his own eyes and ears play him false than that she does.

Troilus is all compounded and compact of faith. The basis of his character is faith. Faith constitutes his individuality; faith is the centre of his circle of good qualities—the key-stone that combines and supports their arched firmness. His faith is the faith of virtue,—not of weakness. His is the unmistrustful credit which goodness gives to all which it has not proved to be evil,—and no credulity. He believes in honesty, because he cannot suspect the existence of that which finds no suggestive reflection in his own transparent nature. He expects truth, because his own heart is truthful. He learns to look for fidelity, because there is nothing in his own soul which teaches him to beware of perfidy. He confides, for he is sincere. He dreads no guile—for he is himself all probity.

Not alone in that which concerns his love, is Troilus's faith apparent; but in all his opinions, his words, his deeds, it forms the striking feature which characterizes him. In the scene where he, and Hector, and others of the royal Trojan brethren, are discussing with their father, Priam, the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, Troilus's arguments throughout are marked by justice, integrity,—good faith :—

"I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soiled them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full."

And further on, he says :—

"We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it."

In all the scenes with Cressida, the prevailing characteristic of his nature is strikingly shown. One of the first things he says to her, bespeaks the steadfast faith of his young hopeful heart :—

"Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly
... O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's
pageant there is presented no monster."

His mode of pledging himself to her, is in perfect

keeping with the simple honesty of his nature; for when Cressida, in her light way, speaks of the proverbial over-vowing of lovers, he replies :—

"Are there such? Such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. *Few words to fair faith:* Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus."

This is the candour of faith itself. His faith suffices to countervail his modesty. Troilus is essentially diffident of his own merits, but he *knows* himself to be unstained in truth, and he honestly avouches it. His speech completely bears out what Ulysses—that shrewd observer and judge of men—says of him :—

"firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue."

There is a very natural touch in that same first scene with his mistress. When she avows her affection for him, owning that she has "loved him night and day, for many weary months," he says :—"Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?" His frank honest nature cannot comprehend the coquetry, the frivolous coyness of hers. When she suddenly proposes to withdraw, in the midst of their interview, how natural is his surprise; how admirably are both their dispositions indicated! In affected confusion, she says :—

"For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troil. Your leave, sweet Cressid! What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Troil. Yourself." You cannot shun

How well, in these last few words of his, do we see the man incapable of playing tricks with his own understanding,—the man who never palters, or uses subterfuges, with his own conscience!

Such a man can understand nothing of the doubling, the shifting, the manœuvring, the artful holding off for better advance, the affected delays, the calculated yieldings, the evasions, the windings, the caprices, of such a character as hers. His honest heart knows no tricks of diplomacy in love—how should he suspect them in hers? His own love is liberal in its bounty of gift and expectancy—he cannot do hers the injustice to believe it less so.

We learn from his rapturous soliloquy immediately previous to his first interview, (*it is in soliloquy*, be it observed, when a man is holding converse with his own soul, within the sanctuary of his own heart, when thoughts that no witness renders maculate, that no utterance to other ears makes less sacred, pass through his brain,) of what passionate elements Troilus's love is composed. No transport of anticipation was ever perhaps more fervently penned than those few lines. It is the very poetry of sense. In a subsequent scene, there are a few words, which, though as calm and

collected as the others are tumultuous, yet express with scarce less force the concentrated emotion of such a love as his. They occur where he is compelled to deliver up Cressida. He says to Paris:—

"I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart."

In the scene where he parts from her, the anxiety he expresses that she shall keep true, proceeds less from any want of faith in her, than from an instinct of affection. He involuntarily feels that his own nature is superior in truth to hers. He unconsciously shrinks from the fact, though unaware of its existence. He says:—

"I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself
'That there's no maculation in thy heart."

Still, he cannot help repeating, "But yet, be true." She, sensitive in her conscious weakness, is hurt at his injunction; but how nobly he vindicates himself from any want of faith in her. He generously speaks of the superior merits of the Grecian youths, and beseeches her to believe it "a kind of godly jealousy" that "makes him afraid" of them. The fact is, though he does not know it, he is answering, and striving to reassure, his own instinctive fears; while he thinks he is only reassuring and warning her. She petulantly exclaims, "O heavens, you love me not!" when he replies, with the modesty that distinguishes him, as well as his faith:—

"Die I a villain then!
*In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the light lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:*
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think, I will?

Troil. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency."

This is the language of a man strong, but not presumptuous, in his faith. He has the courage of modesty, the bravery of truth, which can afford to allow that there may exist superior power; but it is precisely because he can confide in his strength, that he admits the possibility of failure or overthrow. The strong in faith may venture upon such admission; it is only the consciously weak, who weakly and rashly vaunt their invincibility. Throughout this very scene, the violent professions, the confident asseverations, the prodigality of protestation on the part of the unstable Cressida, are forcibly contrasted with the courageous diffidence of the faithful Troilus.

When she in turn, however, asks him, "My lord, will you be true?" his reply sums his character:—

"Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;
'While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the mora' of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it."

The conduct of Troilus, in the scene where he receives proof of Cressida's infidelity, where he witnesses her falsehood to him, is in perfect harmony with his character. His grief finds vent in those heart-broken exclamations, "O withered truth!" and "O beauty! where's thy faith?" as if her lapse from plighted troth affected him even more deeply than his own loss; as if he prized her honour above his own happiness; it is her proved treachery that wrings those cries of lament from him. The extreme difficulty with which he brings himself to believe what he sees and hears, the reluctance with which he admits the possibility of what is actually passing before him, are well expressed by his words of amazement, as, one after another, the proofs of her changed affection become apparent. He utters scarcely more than these broken ejaculations of surprise, grief, and incredulity, during the whole scene, until Diomed and Cressida leave the spot, and then his speech still proves his unwillingness to believe her false:—

"Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?"

His devoted heart desperately clings to the wreck of his love, unwilling to desert the vessel in which he had embarked his sum of trust. He cannot yet forsake her, though she has forsaken him. And how generously his faith maintains itself in spite of all! How noble is the chief source of his refusal to credit her guilt!—

"Let it not be believed, for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: *rather think this not Cressid.*"

In the very beautiful speech that follows,—too long, alas, to quote,—beginning, "This she's, no;" we see the soul of the man of truth and faith struggling between his wish to disbelieve what he has proved, and his incapability of denying what he knows to be fact; and very affectingly and very powerfully is the struggle depicted. Even at the last, we find his conviction of her falsehood is insufficient to destroy his affection, however it may lay waste his hopes. His love, too generously faithful to avenge itself in hating her, takes refuge in resentment against the man who has robbed him of her. He says to Ulysses:—

"Never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek; As much as I do *Cressid* love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed."

Almost his final words express as much regret as reproach:—

"O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false ;
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious."

All that we see of him afterwards is hurried, reckless, distracted,—like a man who has lost all hope. We hear of him, on the battle-field, that he

"hath done to-day
*Mad and fantastic execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all."*

And he himself exclaims :—

"Fate, hear me what I say !
I reckon not though I end my life to-day."

There is one little incident, occurring in the very midst of the turmoil of these concluding scenes, which confirms what we remarked of his own faith of heart making her lapse from faith the bitterest circumstance in his loss of Cressida. Pandarus delivers him a letter from her on the battle-field ; when Troilus, in the anguish of receiving hollow professions from one so false, tears the paper, scatters the fragments to the wind, exclaiming :—" Words, words, mere words, *no matter from the heart !*" His own faithful heart revolts from her falsehood, though it cannot tear itself from her image.

Troilus's is one of the most mournful fates that can befall mankind. His love is fixed where he must despise ; no safe anchorage for affection upon the barren shoals and quicksands of a light inconstant heart ; coquetry is instable, arid, and sterile, as sand itself.

In complete contrast to the loves of Troilus and Cressida, are those of Florizel and Perdita. Florizel's mistress is as pure and firm in her innocent constancy, as Troilus's is light and mutable. Good reason has Florizel to say :—

"I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground."

Highly as he perpetually thinks and speaks of her, she still makes good his every praise. He is a fond lover, a proud lover ; but the merit of her he has chosen, makes all his fondness and pride bare justice. In his case, the hyperbole of a lover becomes simple truth. His warmest eulogy is plainest speech to set forth pretty Perdita. No words can show her fairer or better than she is,—not even the words of a partial lover, who beholds all through the rosy medium of happiness and affection.

Florizel is enthusiastically in love, but he has ample warrant for his enthusiasm. His admiration of her festival attire is expressed with all the ardour of a young happy lover, who finds everything charming that his mistress wears ; but we know that, in reality, Perdita's unusually gay dress does become her no less than the quieter russet which she ordinarily wears, though in her modesty she disclaims wishing to be thus "prank'd up." We are as certain as if we beheld her (so accurately has the poet pictured

this fair creature) that her appearance fully bears out her lover's words :—

"These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't."

Even that exquisite and well-known speech of his, commending each thing she does, her speaking, her singing, her dancing, her perfect grace in all,—high in extolment as it is,—we know does not express one jot more than her desert ; for all she, in her sweet modesty, tells him his "praises are too large." We know that it is not the mere partiality of a lover—enthusiastic though it be—because the two sedate men, Polixenes and Camillo, whose age and station remove them from all suspicion of fanaticism in beauty, bear testimony to its being mere fact. The former declares :—

"This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place."

Florizel is enthusiastic in his admiration of her personal attractions ; he even interrupts himself, when plighting his troth to her, that he may extol her hand ; but he is no less enthusiastic in his esteem for her good qualities, than in his appreciation of her beauty. He knows her good sense, her superior mind, her purity of heart. When Polixenes bids him ransack the pedlar's stores for gifts to present her with he replies :—

"Old sir,
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart ; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved : I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

He is so much in earnest in his enthusiasm, that he would fain have the whole universe bear witness to his dedication of himself to her.—

"the earth, the heavens, and all.
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve ; had force and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition."

When the time comes to test the sincerity of his enthusiasm, he proves it, in steadily abiding by his pledged word. Upon his father's pronouncing the decree of separation between himself and Perdita, he declares his resolution of sacrificing all else rather than his mistress ; affirming that :—

"Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved."

That she is fully worthy this enthusiastic devotion of her lover, we well know; for we know that she equals him in steadfastness and firm unblenching constancy.

We see this young lover, Prince Florizel, in his disguise of the rustic swain, Doricles, depicted by the words of the old shepherd, which bear beautiful evidence of the sincerity combined with enthusiasm that distinguish the character; and the conclusion of the speech forms a bewitching picture of his and his mistress's prince pastoral love:—

"They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for *never gazed the moon*
Upon the water as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is *not half* a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best."

We have thus surveyed two of Shakspeare's prince-lovers; the Trojan prince Troilus, and Prince Florizel. There is yet a third, Prince Ferdinand, in the *TEMPEST*; and he is as distinctly individualized as either of the others; and then how finely his peculiar character harmonizes with the ideality of the beautiful story in which he plays his part! Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Naples, is no common-place prince,—no ordinary royal-highness. He does not seem to belong to mundane princedom, to material and earthly sovereignty, to be one of those flesh-and-blood electorals or apparents to be found in "this working-day world;" but rather to be one of those kings' sons of the realm of Fiction and Faery, who possess privileges beyond mere sovereign succession—one of those who dwell in the region of high Romance,—to whom it is given to pass their lives in adventure and marvel, to woo and win beings surpassing all mortal maidens in goodness and grace, and to exist amid all the blissful realities of this fair green world of ours, while they partake in all the visionary beatitudes of the universe of Fancy and Imagination.

Ferdinand is of a highly imaginative temperament. He is, as it were, prepared by nature for the destiny which awaits him. He is scarcely surprised at the marvels which meet him at every step upon his setting foot in the Enchanted Island. He encounters them with an admiring, rather than an astonished air. He acquiesces in them at once, as a part of that Dream-land, where it is evident he has frequently dwelt in idea. We feel that his musings have often wandered to such possibilities, such scenes, as those now actually passing before him; and that his habit of thought renders them less startling, less unfamiliar, than they would be to any other than himself. We are possessed with the notion, that had this young prince, with his warmth of imagination, his ardour of fancy, been condemned to the cold routine of a court, —that had he never left Naples,—never taken that fateful journey, never chanced upon its wondrous incidents, he would have spent a wasted, aimless, disappointed life; unhappy, from a vague half-conscious lack of something that should fulfil the aspira-

tions of such a nature as his. Neapolitan gaieties, court masks, insipid pleasures, conventional worldly women, would have formed no fitting social atmosphere for him; and, had he been condemned to such a fate, he would have become its victim. The true congenial element for him—in which his soul could freely breathe, and taste its plenitude of vigour, and existence, and joy,—was the aerial world of Romance; and this, it was his good hap to be thrown upon, in the course of that eventful voyage from Tunis back to Naples, after the marriage of his sister Claribel. How naturally from him, with his glowing fancy, his affinity for the spiritually beautiful, comes the exclamation,—

"Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise."

The manner in which Ferdinand's imaginative temperament predisposes him to receive the strangeness of the adventures that befall him, has another artistic fitness; it not only renders them bewitchingly beautiful and alluring to himself, but it serves to reconcile us to their probability, and brings us to regard them with admiration, interest, and a sort of willing credence. For the time, we believe in the wonders we behold; and all the more, for seeing how they strike Ferdinand. He takes them for granted, welcoming them with a kind of awe, mixed with delight; and so do we, spell-bound, and entranced, as he is. His example unconsciously influences us, as we follow his footsteps, drawn on by Ariel's floating music. See how the prince's first words betoken his having yielded up his spirits at once to the witching ascendancy,—the potent spell, that all around exercises upon him:—

"Where should this music be? 't the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again."

Then comes the exquisite song, "Full fathom five;" and at its close, Ferdinand's words again show how he accedes to the supernatural of what he witnesses.—

"The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes."

We are prepared for this feature of strong imaginativeness in his character, even before we see him; for when Ariel describes the conduct of those on board the ship, during the terrors of the spirit-raised storm, and of the ghostly-flaming vessel, he mentions that,

"The king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here."

And then, too, when he first sees Miranda, he accosts her immediately as a superhuman being:—

"Most sure, the goddess, on whom these airs attend!"
His sudden and lavish love at first sight,—his un-
reserved consecration of his heart to her at once,—
his abrupt offer,—

"O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
Queen of Naples!"

are all of a piece with his ardour of fancy. The way
in which this new-behold creature becomes suddenly
all in all to him:—

"My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such prison;"

her all-sufficiency to his joy:—

"'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night;"

the entire subjugation of his spirit to her influence:—

"Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it;—"

each affords accumulated proof of his fervour of imagi-
nation.

The very *purity* of his passion,—of which we have
evidence in his noble speech to Miranda's father,—is
another indication of the imaginativeness of his na-
ture; refinement and delicacy, as well as fervour, of
love, being a distinguishing quality in persons of his
temperament.

Ferdinand's filial affection and reverence, also,—
of which the poet has given us pointed instances,—
not only harmonize well with the young prince's
own character, but are in beautiful keeping with
the story itself—that wondrous tale of a father
and child cast away and dwelling upon an enchanted
island—as real as it is fictitious—as substantial as it is
ideal—as true and precious in our love and imagina-
tion as it is spiritual and poetical.

We have now seen three more of Shakspeare's
lovers—Troilus, the faithful; Florizel, the enthu-
siastic; Ferdinand, the imaginative; all three, princes;
but all three, individually characterized.

THE DESERTED.

WHAT a crowd of melancholy thoughts are
awakened by the contemplation of that life-like pre-
sentment of feminine grief to which the painter has
given the short though expressive title of *The
Deserted!* It is but a word; it expresses but a single
fact; yet in that one word how much of sin and suf-
fering is included! How trite and common-place do
we deem the oft-told tale of woman's trusting and
confiding heart, of man's slighted vows and broken
oaths! To the shame of our nature, the event is

one of every-day occurrence, and it has long since
become so familiar to our ears, that we have well-nigh
forgotten its enormity, and are but too apt to treat
the blackest species of ingratitude as an offenceso
venial as scarcely to tarnish the brightness of the
perpetrator's honour. We shall, however, be asked,
who is the *deserted* of our engraving. In reply we
must say, that it is not as the portrait of an individual,
but as the emblem of a class, that we wish to look
upon its beauties. Yet, as our sympathies are always
more active when claimed for the woes of a single
sufferer than when they are directed to a multitude
of the wronged, we shall venture to insert Tennyson's
beautiful lines on Mariana, as fitting companions to
the artist's conception, and hope that the verse of the
Laureate-expectant will be found worthy of the plate
and the author.

MARIANA.

WITH blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trace the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light.
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"



And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up an' away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow away.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, "The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am awcary, awcary,
 I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
 The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peep'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without.
 She only said, "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said, "I am awcary, awcary,
 I would that I were dead;"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Down-sloped was westering in his bower.
 Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
 He will not come," she said;
 She wept, "I am awcary, awcary,
 Oh God, that I were dead!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"So faint, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
 All that this world is proud of."

ANOTHER shining light has disappeared from our literary hemisphere. Scarcely were the last sad offices performed over the venerable William Lisle Bowles, when it was announced that WILLIAM WORDSWORTH had also followed him to the tomb. Both have quitted this earthly sphere in the maturity of years and fame; both have left behind them a reputation that will be as enduring as the language in which they wrote, and the literature which they elevated and adorned. For more than half a century their names have been familiar as household words; joint labourers in a field which they cultivated with exemplary taste, it rewarded them with a noble harvest, and enriched the country with new treasures of intellectual growth—treasures matured by the united strength of genius, fortitude, and patience; and on which the progress of the human mind and the voice of sound criticism have pronounced the verdict of excellence. They had each the happiness to see that most of the thoughts and sentiments to which they had given impassioned utterance in youth—but for which the readers of poetry were not then prepared—had been silently taking root in the national mind, and returned to them, in the evening of life, with accumulated honours.

The Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES lived to the

patriarchal age of eighty-eight; and during his long career enjoyed the esteem and friendship of all to whom he was intimately known, either in personal intercourse or by his writings. It is now sixty-one years since his "Sonnets" were first given to the world—nor then prematurely, for he was in his twenty-seventh year before he ventured on the perils of authorship. At Trinity College, Oxford, of which he was entered in 1782, he gained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem; and while residing there he was honoured by many distinguished contemporaries, whom his talents and conversation had made the delighted companions of his promising career. His "Sonnets" appear to have acted with an inspiring impulse upon the youthful mind of Coleridge, who has recorded in one of his own sonnets, that his "obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good;" for he adopted him as a classic model when the fountain of his own imagination was opened, and he began to shape his thoughts into poetry:

"My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles, for those soft
 strains,
 Whose sadness soothes me like the murmuring
 Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

The Sonnets have been frequently reprinted; and by means of them his poetical fame has a lasting place in the history of English literature. Mr. Bowles' edition of Pope—owing to some severe strictures passed on the personal character of that poet—drew upon him much needless indignation and obloquy from several of the master spirits of the day. Byron expressed his disapprobation in pungent satire; while Campbell—although he openly condemned the censure on Pope, as rash, and unsupported by sufficient evidence—always expressed himself in terms of just respect for the talents and character of Mr. Bowles; and, by postponing his threatened "refutation" till a more convenient season, he avoided the controversy, which was never resumed. Lord Byron, on the contrary, returned again and again to the charge; and, in the ridicule with which he attacked the Sonnet—"the Spirit of Discovery,"—he handled his weapon with dexterity.¹ But Mr. Bowles, under these provocations, neither lost his temper as a man, nor his mild forbearance as a Christian; and when the noble poet sank into an untimely grave, the author of the Sonnets was among the very first to offer a tribute to his memory and his genius. Be this generous act recorded to his honour wherever his name is mentioned in conjunction with Byron:—

"But I will bid th' Arcadian cypress wave
 Pluck the green laurel from the Perseus' side,
 And pray thy spirit may such quiet have,
 That not one thought unkind be murmur'd o'er thy
 grave."

This was in the right spirit,—a noble revenge; and were it permitted to those authors who have passed

(1) The attack was manifestly unjust; and in his note on the passage Lord Byron writes—"Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally." 1816.

away from amongst us to revise their works, we may indulge the belief, that they would gladly expunge many of those harsh and bitter expressions, by which they had wounded the peace or ridiculed the failings of men to whom they were closely allied by the ties of mutual taste, genius, and philanthropy. To have injured, by deliberate insult, the character and feelings of one unoffending man, is a blot upon genius, however it may plume itself on its own superiority, or excuse itself on the strength of popular encouragement. Wit is a dangerous weapon; and whenever it is made subservient to illiberal or licentious purposes, it seldom leaves its master unpunished. Byron, it is said, (whose parodies were so ingeniously turned as always to provoke a smile, or so pointed as to inflict a wound,) expressed his regret that he had, more than once, unconsciously transgressed the limits of sober truth, while employing his wit as the vehicle of some personal antipathy.¹ But where the object against whom it is aimed is too callous, or too high-minded to fear its point, the shaft returns blunted to him who threw it, and the triumph is defeated. * * *

Besides the works above named, Mr. Bowles wrote a memoir of the pious and learned Bishop Ken, and contributed, we have reason to believe, to several of the leading reviews and periodicals of his day. In his sacred office of an able and conscientious pastor, he published a volume of Sermons, well adapted to the rural congregation among whom he ministered for half a century, and strongly enforced that practical Christianity of which he was himself an amiable and genuine example. At his quiet Rectory of Bremhill, he enjoyed that happiness which the faithful discharge of his duties could alone bestow. If he had once literary enemies, he either outlived their enmity, or converted it into friendship; while his numerous admirers, during a long life, neither forsook nor betrayed him. In his own family, he had the pride and happiness to witness his own principles and talents perpetuated and refined, and to leave behind him many to whom the example of his life had been a blessing;—while as the final hour approached, he enjoyed that foretaste of a blessed hereafter, which nothing but the voice from within, the consciousness of a well-spent life, can bestow.

Thus, one by one, the lights of this world are extinguished: and while the tomb closed over Bowles, Wordsworth was lying on his death-bed.

Rydal Mount, so long a place of pilgrimage—the local habitation of him whose life and song had thrown a sanctity around the spot, is now desolate. The spell which attracted so many travellers to its classic shades, and made strangers and sojourners look upon them as the residence of a “more present divinity,” is now broken. Their glory is departed; the habitation

that knew him so long, shall henceforth know him no more for ever: but, in the mind and heart of the people, the name and fame of the great poet are as firmly grounded as the lakes and mountains which, for half a century, at least, have heard the promptings of his genius, and from their deepest solitudes re-echoed to the strains of his lyre. The place where he dwelt—the walks he frequented—the scenes he admired—the rocks and rivers on whose banks he sought and found inspiring influences—the chamber in which he wrote—the chair in which he sat—and the couch on which he rested from his labours—will long present objects of attraction to the votaries of true genius. The rural church to which his remains are to be consigned, will henceforth be regarded as a shrine which the poet's dust has rendered precious, and to which the frequent pilgrim of the Lakes will direct his steps.

The last time we met Mr. Wordsworth was at Hampstead, where he had come to spend a few days with some of his long-cherished and admiring friends. But at that time, his mind was ill at ease; for his daughter—the highly-gifted daughter whose subsequent death occasioned a shock from which he never fully recovered—was then a confirmed invalid; and the daily reports which followed him served only to strengthen his apprehensions, and to baffle the hopes of her recovery. But even with this painful prospect before him, his conversation, though desultory, was deeply interesting; he touched upon most of the men and the topics that had been famous or popular during his own literary career; and dwelt, with quiet satisfaction, on the part he had taken, and the success which at last had attended him, in the society of several illustrious contemporaries, whose cunity had now settled down into steady friendship and admiration. It was a gratifying thing to see men who, in early life, had quoted his poetry only to turn it into ridicule, making voluntary confession of their mistake, soliciting his friendship, and taking as much pleasure to publish the beauties of his poems, as they had once bestowed pains to detect their blemishes. Some of his reviewers, who had often degraded the duties of impartial criticism, by blending eloquence with scurrility, had the candour at last to acknowledge their critical errors, and to sign their recantation.

Mr. Wordsworth, however, was soon recalled from Hampstead by intelligence more and more discouraging; and he returned to Westmoreland, where the heaviest affliction that had ever visited his domestic hearth then awaited him. This was his last visit to the South; for, after the domestic calamity to which we have alluded, his own health became irretrievably impaired. His mental energy, which had so nobly supported him under former trials and disappointments, now lost its healthy tone; and when this shock fell upon him, the physical powers were shaken almost to dissolution, and his life, for a time, was placed in actual jeopardy. But again he rallied—again his mind recovered somewhat of its natural tone; the Muse came to his aid, and he composed a sonnet,—his last, we believe,—addressed to a pious lady, whose

(1) In a note to “English Bards,” in reference to his attack on Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron writes, “*Too savage all this on Bowles;*” and “well might he say so,” adds one of his biographers; “for in spite of all the criticisms to which his injudicious edition of Pope exposed him afterwards, there can be no doubt that Lord B. in his calmer moments did justice to that exquisite portraiture genius, which, by their own confession, inspired both Wordsworth and Coleridge.” 1816. See preceding note.

extensive charities to the destitute had made her an object of public misrepresentation. His improved health, however, was not permanent. To those who had familiar access to the poet, it was but too obvious that all those moral and physical powers, of which he had long been an example, were fast verging to decay. In this condition he was attacked by an inflammatory disease, which he had barely strength of constitution to resist—not to throw off; and when this malady, under judicious treatment, had been in some measure subdued, it left him in that stage of debility and prostration, to which the kindness of friends or the skill of physicians could minister no permanent relief.

At length, on the twenty-third of April, (the anniversary on which the eyes of Shakspeare first opened to the light,) the spirit of William Wordsworth, by an easy and placid transition, passed away from the midst of us, to take its place among those disembodied minds, with whom, in hours of solitude and inspiration, he had long held close and fervent communion.

And now it may be asked,—“On whom has the poet’s mantle descended?” On whom! This is a question which few will attempt to answer. Of the present day and generation there is, probably, no votary of the Muses who could exercise the functions of that sacred office with more inviolable regard to the lofty trust reposed in him,—with more manifest advantage to the best interests of humanity,—with more salutary influence upon the minds and hearts of his readers—than the late Mr. Wordsworth. Between his life and his writings there subsisted the closest harmony, the strictest consistency. The graces which adorned his poetry were reduced to practical illustration in his private walk and conversation. To him the lines of a late classic and highly-gifted contemporary may be happily applied—“Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre;” and again:—

“Oh! deem not, ’midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,—
’Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul!”

* * * *

But to return to the subject of these brief remarks: Mr. Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, April 7th, 1770, educated at Hawkeshead Grammar School, and finished his academical studies at St. John’s, Cambridge. At the age of twenty-three, he made his first appearance as a poet, by publishing “An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse;” and again, in the course of the same year, “Descriptive Sketches in Verse,” the materials for which he had collected during a summer excursion amongst the Swiss and Italian Alps. By his youthful companions at College these poems were received with acclamation; and Coleridge—who was then at Cambridge, and Wordsworth’s junior by only two years—has recorded that the impression left upon his mind by the “Descriptive Sketches” was so fixed, that “seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an

original poet’s genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced.”¹

Four years later, (in the summer of 1798,) appeared the first volume of his “Lyrical Ballads,” the copyright of which he sold to Mr. Cottle, of Bristol, for thirty guineas. This literary venture completely failed; and the loss sustained by the publisher amounted to nearly the whole expenses. But although, for a time, thrown aside as mere waste paper, the “Ballads” were not forgotten by the few good judges who, in opposition to the multitude, had borne testimony to their poetical merit; and, in the course of years, they recovered from the neglect with which they had been treated, and were received by the public with nearly the same degree of favour which had been extended to his more recent and elaborate works. Such are the strange popular caprices by which the fortunes of a poet may be lost and won!

In the year 1803, Mr. Wordsworth married Miss Hutchinson,—the lady who now, after forty-seven years of unalloyed happiness, is left to bewail his loss; but domestic cares, which are so apt to increase with the joys of the married state, rarely interrupted Mr. Wordsworth’s intercourse with the Muses. His express mission to mankind was *poetry*; and, early and deeply impressed with this conviction, he applied with diligence and success to the discharge of those duties which it enjoined. In the course of three years, he made another publishing venture of “Poems,” in two volumes. The society of Mr. Southey,—who had also taken up his residence in the neighbourhood, and identified himself with the “lake school,” so called,—and the visits of Coleridge, with those of other congenial and highly-cultivated minds, had the effect of stimulating Mr. Wordsworth’s genius to higher efforts; and every month, every year added something new to his reputation—to the materials of that *monumentum ære perennius*, which was to transmit his name to a grateful posterity.

It is well known, however, that his poetical course, during these early years, was neither smooth nor successful. The language and sentiments in which his inspirations were embodied, drew upon him three sets of enemies and scoffers:—the *shallow*, who turned into ridicule what they could not interpret or comprehend; the *grave* and superficial, who smiled at his childlike simplicity; and the self-sufficient *Zoilus*, who sneered at his poems, as the “very effusions or ravings of a bewildered intellect.” There were a few, nevertheless, who perused his works with avidity; men who confidently predicted, that the day would certainly arrive, when the derision with which the poet was then assailed would be converted into applause. Their prediction was literally verified—though not until the author had reached that stage of his life’s journey upon which few of his contemporaries, friends or rivals, were permitted to enter. But, by the time he had lost his “Hyperion locks,” he had earned a rich crown of bays to supply the deficiency. The snows of

(1) Biographia Literaria.

eld were concealed under a wreath of well-merited laurel. * * *

His "Poems," in two volumes, were followed by "The Excursion," his principal work; in which all the beauties of his style and school, with some of their blemishes, are eminently conspicuous. But, as criticism is not the object with which these desultory remarks are thrown together, we shall not in this place attempt any analysis of a poem, the merits of which are now universally acknowledged. From "The Edinburgh," however, its reception was much more scurrilous than courteous: even Jeffrey—the most accomplished and versatile critic of his day—could discover in its pages neither "beauty nor comeliness;" and, yielding to the prejudices of his office and perhaps politics, made an effort to strangle the poem at the very moment it was ushered into the world. "Have you seen 'The Excursion?'" he inquired.—"I have crushed it," he said, triumphantly. "He crushed it!" said Southey, when the boast was repeated to him.—"He crush 'The Excursion?'" As well may the critic attempt to crush Helvellyn." And so it proved; for "The Excursion" was not crushed;—it grew rapidly in favour with the public; and the highest praise that can be given to it is, that, in the evening of life, Lord Jeffrey himself revoked his censure, and joined in the applause. A fact so honourable, both to the poet and his critic, cannot be too often repeated;—the frank acknowledgment of his error was the highest tribute that could be offered to the poem.

Among the exquisite passages with which "The Excursion" abounds is the following:—

"I have seen
A curious child applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy; for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences; whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the *Universe itself*
Is to the ear of Faith, and doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,—
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,—
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

By this, and many similar passages, Wordsworth has vindicated his right to be considered a great *philosophical* poet,—the greatest, perhaps, of his age. But, at the very moment when "The Excursion" appeared to have brought the public mind to a just and flattering appreciation of his genius, some of his best friends were staggered and alarmed by the publication of his "Peter Bell," which, for a time at least, neutralized all the praise bestowed on its predecessor, and, to the surly opponents of the "Lake School," furnished new matter for parody, satire, and personal invective. It was taken up by Lord Byron, in the following strain:—

"'Pedlars,' and 'boats,' and 'wagons!' Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?
That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but, from the bathos' vast abyss,

Floats, scumlike, uppermost; and these Jack Cades
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss;—
The little 'Boatman' and his 'Peter Bell'
Can sneer at him who drew Achitophel!"

But Mr. Wordsworth was not a poet so morbidly sensitive as to quail under such attacks. A thorough confidence in his own powers—a thorough persuasion that he was in the right path, was to him like an impenetrable shield, from which the shafts of ridicule rebounded in perfect harmlessness; and whilst the laugh against him was loudest, he could regard the cause with undiminished complacency, and draw consolation from his own breast—from the verdict of futurity. In this state of enviable composure he wrote:—

"A book of late came forth, called 'Peter Bell'
Not negligent the style; the matter—good
As aught that Song records of 'Robin Hood,'
Or 'Roy,'¹ renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook these hackney'd themes full well,
Nor heat at 'Tam o' Shanter's' name their blood,)
Wax'd wroth, and with foul claws—a harpy brood—
On bard and hero clamorously fell!
Heed not—wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'st, at length, the better life thy choice—
Heed not such onset! Nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that gray-hair'd forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy poet's pen."

The following year (1815) produced the "Waggoner," published under the auspices of his old friend, Charles Lamb, and followed, at only a short interval, by the "White Doe of Rylstone." Of these two poems, the latter, founded on an interesting tradition connected with the scenery of Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire, met with a favourable reception from the public, and retrieved some portion, at least, of that poetical standing which its two precursors appeared to have forfeited, or, at least, endangered.

In his next publication, entitled the "River Duddon," described in a series of odes, Mr. Wordsworth put forth all his strength. It was the last great effort of his poetical life, and fully succeeded in placing his reputation upon a basis which no criticism, however virulent, could overturn. The reviewers of this volume were liberal in their commendation; the readers and judges of poetry were charmed with its melody and philosophy, and the new "Sonnets" were pronounced to be of Miltonic excellence. A collected edition of his poems was then demanded; another quickly followed; and at last the patience and resolution with which, during thirty long years, he had prosecuted his arduous but ennobling task, were crowned with success.² It was to this result he had always looked forward with confidence; for, to be *permanent*, high reputation, he thought, must be of slow growth: and while slowly, but surely, working his way upwards, under many discouragements, he had been often heard to observe, that very few great

(1) *Rob Roy*, which had just been dramatized from the novel by Sir Walter Scott.

(2) For the last edition, we are informed, Mr. Wordsworth received from his publisher a thousand pounds.

poets had ever risen into sudden eminence; that, for the proper development of the poetical faculty,—like that of sculpture,—continued labour, study, and perseverance were indispensable; and, in his own case, he had more than completed his tenth lustrum, before he could flatter himself with having made any lasting impression on the national mind. Let every young aspirant, who blames the public taste, and complains that merit is overlooked and forgotten, redouble his exertions; and, profiting by the example of Wordsworth, owe to his own talent and perseverance what he would be ashamed to claim as a mark of courtesy. Let him not solicit where he may command. But in Mr. Wordsworth's case, the steepness of the ascent was already overcome; the glorious landscape that expanded before him was sweetened by the reflection, that to the vigour of his own indomitable genius he owed the poetical wreath,—the only distinction to which he had ever aspired; and, with the tranquil feelings of a mind that has achieved some great and difficult undertaking, he sat down to enjoy the calm pleasures of domestic life, cheered and sweetened by the certainty of increasing fame,—the consciousness of having secured a permanent station among the greatest poets that England has produced.

The Sonnets to the River Duddon were followed, in 1835, by "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," which, although they did little, perhaps, to extend his reputation, yet did not fall short of it; and in the circles of his many attached and admiring friends they were welcomed with new delight.

From this period, there is little in Mr. Wordsworth's career, as a great poetical light, that can interest the public. On the death of Mr. Southey, he accepted the vacant Laureateship; and on the Queen's visit to Cambridge, he composed an ode to commemorate the event. But, although there are several fine passages in this piece, there is little to redeem it from that oblivion to which, from time to time, so many of its laurelled predecessors have been quietly consigned. When the Muse begins to flatter, her wings too often begin to flag; and her convulsive efforts to soar aloft only encumber her flight, and hasten her descent.

It was the poet's good fortune to conciliate the favour of Ministers. In addition to his patrimony,—which raised him above the necessity of literary hire,—he received from Sir Robert Peel a pension of 300*l.* per annum; and, with 300*l.* more derived from his office of Distributor of Stamps—now held by one of his sons—Mr. Wordsworth was relieved from all those bitter feelings of dependence which often chill and cramp the efforts of genius. His income enabling him to indulge the pleasures of hospitality, he was seldom without his parlour guests; and, during the summer, when the lake scenery was in its richest livery, Rydal Mount was the classic spot to which the intellectual pilgrims of all countries directed their steps. They who had the good fortune to cross its hospitable threshold, or to attend the poet in his walks, were sure to return home with sentiments of con-

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firmed admiration for the poet, and of veneration for the man. It was there that the close and beautiful connexion between the author and his works was most apparent—the one a mere transcript of the other; what he inserted in his poems was practically illustrated in his daily life and conversation; and the lessons of virtue which it was his grand aim to inculcate, were reduced to practice at his own hearth. His life was blameless, his end peaceful.

"He lived unenvied, not unblessed;
Reason his guide, and happiness his guest.
In the clear mirror of his moral page
We trace the manners of a purer age.
His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,
Scorn'd the false lustre of licentious thought.—
One fair asylum from the world he knew.
One chosen seat, that charms with various view.
And there I trace, when the gray evening lowers
A silent chronicle of happier hours."¹

LEWIS ARUNDEL;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRBANK."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IS IN TWO FYTTES, VIZ.: FYTTE THE FIRST, A SULKY FIT—FYTTE THE SECOND, A FIT OF HYSTERICS.

FRERE reached the drawing-room in a state of mind which the occurrences related in the last chapter had not tended to render more amiable. The front room was evidently the more popular of the two, a numerous group being gathered round Mrs. Brahmin, who in the sweetest of mild sopranos was daintily cooing forth a plaintive love-ditty, which was evidently telling well with John Dace, D.D. Avoiding the crowd, Frere made his way into the back drawing-room, which, barring an ardent flirtation in a corner between two poor young things who could not, by the most remote possibility, marry for the next fifteen years, was unoccupied. Here seating himself astride across a chair as if it had been a horse, and leaning his arms on the back, he fell into a deep fit of musing. From this he was roused by the approach of a light footstep, and looking up, perceived Rose Arundel.

"Why, Mr. Frere," she exclaimed playfully, "I do believe you were asleep; will you not come into the other room? Mrs. Brahmin is singing like a nightingale, and charming everybody."

"Nightingales are humbugs, and I hate singing women in general, and abominate Mrs. Brahmin in particular, so I'm better where I am," was the grumpy reply.

Rose had often before received speeches from Frere quite as rude as the present one, but in this instance there was a peculiarity in his method of delivering it which at once struck her attention. Usually his bearish sayings were accompanied by a half-smile, or merry twinkle of the eye, which proved that he was

(1) Rogers. *Epistle to a Friend*.

(2) Continued from p. 301.

more than half in jest, but now there was a bitter earnestness in his tone which she had never before remarked, and Rose felt at once that something had occurred to annoy him; so she quietly drew a chair to the table near which he was seated, and carelessly turning over the pages of a book of prints which lay before her, observed,

"If you are not to be tempted within the syren's influence, and positively refuse to be charmed with sweet sounds, I suppose I am bound by all the rules of politeness to remain here, and try to talk you into a more harmonious frame of mind."

"Pray do nothing of the kind," returned Frere, "unless you've some better reason than a mere compliance with what you please to term 'the rules of politeness,' for they're things I trouble my head about mighty little. Besides," he added, sarcastically, "your new friend, Mr. James Rasper, must have found his way up-stairs by this time, I should imagine, and I should be sorry to deprive you of the pleasure of his intellectual conversation, more particularly as you seem to appreciate it so thoroughly."

"How viciously you said that!" returned Rose, smiling; "but tell me, are you really angry? have I done anything to annoy you? I'm sure it's most unwittingly on my part, if I have;" and as she spoke she looked so good, and so willing to be penitent for any possible offence, that a man must have had the heart of an ogre to have resisted her. Such a heart, however, Frere appeared to possess, for he answered shortly,—

"No, I've no fault to find with you. I dare say it's quite according to the 'rules of politeness,' to cast off old friends, and take up with new ones at a minute's notice, though they may contrive to talk about horses till they prove themselves little better than asses to the mind of an unprejudiced auditor. There is your friend, conversing eagerly with Bracy, asking no doubt what has become of you."

"You are very unjust, Mr. Frere," returned Rose, looking hard at her book, and speaking eagerly and quickly; "Mr. Rasper is no friend of mine; I scarcely knew his name till you mentioned it. He sat next me at dinner, and talked to me about horses and galloping over ploughed fields after foxes, till I became so stupid that I had scarcely two ideas left in my head, but of course I was bound to attend to him civilly; so much for my new friend, as you call him; what you mean by my casting off old ones I don't at all know; I have done nothing of the kind, that I am aware of."

"No, you have not," returned Frere, recalled to his better self by Rose's harangue; "it is I who am, as you say, unjust and absurd, but the fact is, that I wanted to talk to you myself. All these good people are bores, more or less, none of 'em able to converse rationally for five minutes together. I meant to have handed you down to dinner, but that silky scheming widow got hold of me instead, and irritated me with her bland platitudes; and then I heard that idiot prating to you about horses' legs, and you appeared so

well satisfied with him, when I knew that you were one of the few women who could understand and appreciate better things, that altogether I grew savage, and could gladly have punched my own head or any one else's."

"It is quite as well Mr. Rasper was on the opposite side of the table to you," returned Rose, "or you might have carried out your theoretical inclinations, by practising on him, and then we should have had a scene."

Frere looked a little awkward and conscious as he replied,

"Though I am a bear, I am not quite such a savage animal as all that comes to; I do not give the fatal hug unless I am attacked first."

At this moment Bracy and Mr. Rasper, whose backs were turned towards them, approached within earshot. The latter appeared much excited, and Rose heard him say,

"It's no use talking, I've been grossly insulted, sir, and if you won't take my message to him, by — I'll take it myself, and give him as good as he gave me, or perhaps a little better."

Frere heard him also, and a flush of anger passed across his features.

"My dear Rasper, you're excited," returned Bracy soothingly, "I did not witness the affair certainly, but I cannot think that any insult was intended. Frere is rough in his manner, but the best hearted fellow in the world."

"I don't know what *you* may consider an insult, Mr. Bracy; but taking a man by the collar, and swinging him over the banisters like a cat, at the risk of his neck, is quite insult enough for me, one for which I'll have satisfaction, too."

"Hush, my dear fellow, you'll attract general attention, if you speak so loud. Here, come aside with me, and we'll talk the matter over quietly."

So saying, he drew Rasper's arm within his own, and led him through a side door which opened upon the staircase. Involuntarily glancing at his companion, Frere perceived her eyes riveted on his features with an expression of alarmed inquiry.

"Well, what's the matter?" he demanded, answering her speaking look.

"What is that man so angry about?" returned Rose, breathlessly: "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing very wonderful," rejoined Frere, coolly. "The young gentleman, as I suppose one is bound to call him, drank rather more wine than was prudent, and fancying I looked a quiet, easy-tempered kind of person, by way of a dull jest, indulged himself with falling against and rudely pushing by me on the staircase; and I, not being at the moment inclined for joking, did, as he very truly observed, swing him like a cat over the banisters, where, cat-like, he fell upon his legs."

"Oh, Mr. Frere, how could you do such a thing? And now he is dreadfully angry, and talked about sending you a message, which means that he wants to fight a duel. Mr. Frere, you will not fight with

him?" and, as Rose spoke, her pale cheek flushed with unwonted animation, and tears, scarcely repressed, glistened in her earnest eyes.

"What do you think about it?" returned Frere, looking at her with a kind smile.

"Oh, I think, I hope, you are too good, too wise, to do such a thing. For Lewis' sake, for the sake of all your friends, you will refrain."

"For a better reason still, my dear, warm-hearted little friend," returned Frere, kindly, but solemnly; "for God's sake I will not break His commandment, or incur the guilt of shedding a fellow-creature's blood. But," he added, "all this folly has frightened you;" and, as he spoke, he took her little trembling hand in his, and stroked it caressingly, and this time it was not withdrawn.

"Then you will apologise, I suppose," Rose observed, after a short pause.

"Well, we'll hope that may not be necessary," returned her companion, "seeing that Rasper the infuriated was more to blame in the affair than I was; but if the good youth is so obtuse that nothing less will soothe him, I suppose I must accommodate his stupidity by doing so. It is a less evil to pocket one's dignity for once in a way, than to murder or be murdered in support of it."

At this moment Bracy entered the room *solo*, with such a vexed and anxious expression of countenance that Frere, who guessed rightly at the cause, could, though he liked him the better for it, scarcely forbear smiling.

"Go back to your singing widow," observed Frere to Rose, "and when I have administered his sop to Cerberus I will come and tell you what wry faces he has made in swallowing it."

Rose fixed her eyes on him with a scrutinizing glance, and, reading in his honest face that he was not deceiving her, smiled on him approvingly, and rising quietly, mingled with the company in the front drawing-room.

"I say, Frere," began Bracy, as Rose disappeared, "I'm sadly afraid you have got into a tiresome scrape. That young fool, Rasper, declares you've pitched him over the banisters."

"A true bill, so far, and richly he deserved it," returned Frere.

"I can well believe that," was Bracy's reply, "for he was more than half screwed when he left the dinner-table; but the shake appears to have sobered him into a state of the most lively vindictiveness. However, it's no laughing matter, I can assure you: he has sent you a message by me, and means fighting."

"He may, but I don't," returned Frere, shortly.

"My dear Frere, I wish I could make you understand that the affair is serious. Rasper's determined to have you out. I can make no impression upon him, and you can't refuse to meet a man after pitching him over the banisters," rejoined Bracy, in a tone of annoyance.

"Can't I though?" returned Frere, smiling. "I'm

not of such a yielding disposition as you imagine. Where is the sweet youth?"

"I left him in the cloak-room," answered Bracy; and, as Frere immediately turned to descend the stairs, continued, "'Pon my word, you'd better not go near him: he's especially savage. Depend upon it, you will have something disagreeable occur."

"Do you think I'm going to be forced into fighting a duel, a sin of the first magnitude in my eyes, because I'm afraid of meeting an angry boy? You don't know me yet," returned Frere, sternly; and, without waiting further parley, he ran down stairs, followed by Bracy, with a face of the most comic perplexity. The door of the cloak-room stood half open, and at the farther end of the apartment might be perceived the outraged Rasper, pacing up and down like a caged lion, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." Unintimidated even by this tremendous spectacle, Frere coolly entered the room, and immediately walked up to his late antagonist, holding out his hand.

"Come, Mr. Rasper," he said, "this has been a foolish business altogether, and the sooner we mutually forget it the better. Here's my hand: let's be friends."

That this was a mode of procedure on which Mr. Rasper had not calculated, was evident, as well by his extreme embarrassment as by his appearing completely at a loss what course to pursue. For a moment he seemed half inclined to accept Frere's proffered hand; but his eye fell upon Bracy, and probably recalling the threats he had breathed forth in the hearing of that worthy individual, he felt that his dignity was at stake; and, giving himself a shake, to re-arouse his indignation, he replied, "I shall do no such thing, sir. You have grossly insulted me, and I demand satisfaction."

"Excuse me," returned Frere, quietly, "I did not insult you: I simply would not allow you to insult me; no man worthy of the name would."

"It's no use jangling about it, like a couple of women. I consider that you have insulted me. What you may think, matters nothing to me. I have been insulted, and I require satisfaction, and I will have it, too," reiterated Mr. Rasper, talking himself into a passion.

"Now listen to me," returned Frere, impressively, "you are a younger man than I am, and have probably therefore more of life before you. You are of an age and temperament to enjoy life vividly. There are many that love you; I can answer for three, for I met your mother and two sisters at Lord Ambergate's, a fortnight since, and the good lady entertained me half-an-hour with your praises. Why, then, seek to throw away your own life and embitter theirs, or to bring upon your head the guilt of homicide, entailing banishment from your home and country, and other evil consequences, merely because, having drunk a few extra glasses of wine, you sought to play off a practical joke upon me, and I, not being at the moment in a jesting humour, retaliated upon you, as you or any other man of spirit would have

done in my situation? Come, look at it in a common-sense point of view: is this a cause for which to lose a life or take one?"

After waiting a moment for a reply, during which time Rasper stood gnawing the finger of his white glove in irresolution, Frere resumed—

"If you're sorry for your share in the matter, I'm perfectly willing to own that I am for mine; and now once more here's my hand—what do you say?"

"Say, that you're a regular out-and-out good fellow, and that I'm a —d ass, and beg your pardon heartily," was the energetic rejoinder; and bringing his hand down upon Frere's with a smack that re-echoed through the room, Rasper and his late antagonist shook hands with the strength and energy of a brace of giants; and then, both talking at once with the greatest volubility, they ascended the stairs arm in arm, Bracy following them, with his left eye fixed in a species of chronic wink, expressive of any amount of the most intense satisfaction and sagacity. As they re-entered the drawing-room, Rose, whose powers of hearing, always acute, were in the present instance rendered still more so by anxiety, caught the following words—"Then you promise you will dine with me at Lovegrove's on Thursday, and I'll pick up half-a-dozen fellows that I know you'll like to meet, regular top-sawyers, that you're safe to find in the first flight, be it where it may."

"Only on condition that you come to my rooms on Friday, and bring your brother, and we'll show you sporting men how we book-worms live—Bracy, we shall see you?"

"You'll dine with us too, at Blackwall, Mr. Bracy," rejoined the first speaker, who was none other than the redoubtable Rasper—and numerous other genial sentences of like import reached the ear and comforted the heart of that little philanthropist, Rose Arundel, who could no more bear to see her fellow-creatures disagree, than could Dr. Watts, when in his benevolence he indited that pretty hymn, which begins—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to—!"

then proceeds to state the interesting ornithological fact, that

"Birds in their little nests agree,"

and touchingly appeals to the nobler instincts of childhood, in the pathetic metrical remonstrance—

"Those little hands were never made
To tear each others' eyes."

Oh! excellent and prosy Watts, doer of dull moral platitudes into duller doggrel, co-tormentor with Pinnock and the Latin grammar of my early boyhood, would that for thy sake I had the pen of Thomas Carlyle, for then would I write thee down that which I suspect thou wast, my Watts, in most resonant un-English, nay, I would make thee the subject of a "Latter-Day Pamphlet," and treating of thee in connexion with the *verato questio* of prison discipline, would by thy aid invent a new and horrible punish-

ment for refractory felons, who in lieu of handcuffs and bread and water, hard labour or solitary confinement, should straightway be condemned to a severe course of "Watts' Hymns."

Thomas Bracy, his mind being relieved from the *onus* of this rather serious episode in his evening's amusement, now cast his eyes around, to discover how the various schemes projected by his fertile brain might be progressing. The first group that met his eye afforded him unmixed satisfaction—Lady Lombard, seated on a low fauteuil, was listening with delighted attention to De Grandeville, who, hanging over her, was talking eagerly about himself, with an air of the most lover-like devotion. The next pair that his glance fell upon scarcely pleased him so well, for Mrs. Brahmin had again hooked the Dace, and appeared in a fair way of landing him safely. "However," reflected Bracy, "one comfort is, that he's such an awful fool, he will bore her to death in less than a week after they're married, and she'll revenge herself by flirting with every man she meets, which is safe to worry him to distraction, and they'll be a wretched miserable couple; so I really believe there'll be more comedy evolved by letting them alone, than by interfering with them;" and consoling himself by this agreeable view of the matter, he turned his attention to the staid, mental and physical, of General Gudgeon. That gallant son of Mars, as though conscious of the hopes and fears that were abroad concerning his possible behaviour, was taking the best method of neutralizing the dangerous effects of his devotion to Bacchus, by composing himself to sleep in a mighty arm chair. Next him was seated Miss Mac Salvo, who was engaged in a truly edifying conversation with Mrs. Dackerel, mother to the "postponed one," on the propriety of establishing a female Missionary Society for the prevention of Polygamy amongst the Aborigines of the North-eastern Districts of South Australia; an evil which both ladies agreed to be mainly owing to the fact, that the women did not know how to conduct themselves like the women of civilized nations; a fact to which Bracy assented, by observing, "that was self-evident, or the men would find one wife quite enough;" on which Miss Mac Salvo turned up the whites, or more properly speaking, the yellows of her eyes, and ejaculated, "Ah, yes, indeed!" with much unction, though it is to be doubted whether after all she perceived the full force of the remark.

"Why, General," exclaimed Bracy, quickly, "you have been in Australia; you're the very man we want; rouse up, my dear sir, and enlighten our darkness."

"Pray, sir," observed Miss Mac Salvo, addressing General Gudgeon, "pray, sir, can you give me any insight into the habits and customs of those interesting, but, alas! misguided individuals, the aborigines of South Australia; more particularly with reference to the female portion of the population,—any little anecdotes which may occur to you now?"

"By Jo-o-ove, ma'am," returned the general, whose English had not yet "suffered a recovery," "you've

come to—you've come to the right, eh—to the, the right, what-is-it?"

"Shop," suggested Bracy.

"Ye-es, to the right sho-op, if that's what you want, ma'am,—I should think there ain't a man—there ain't a man—eh? yes, breathing—that can tell you more—eh? more about larks—"

"It is scarcely with a view to the natural history of the country, that I am anxious to gain information," interrupted Miss Mac Salvo; "the facts I require regard the general behaviour and moral conduct of the female population of the north-eastern district."

"Ph! oh, yes—yes, I under—I understand what you're up to, eh?" resumed the general, with what he intended for a significant wink at Bracy, "there was Tom Slasher and me—a rare wild young, eh? yes a wild young dog was Tom; well, ma'am, there was a gal over there,—she wasn't one of the natives, though—they're taw-taw—yes tawney coloured—but this gal was a nigger—reg'lar darkie—Black-hide Susan, Tom used to call her—witty chap was Tom."

And the General being fairly started, continued to talk most volubly, though, from the peculiarities of his diction, he did not get to the point of his story so quickly as might have been expected. In the mean time Frere contrived to rejoin Rose, and seating himself almost in her pocket, he observed in a low voice—

"Well, I've contrived to tame the dragon, you see."

"Yes, and persuaded him to dine *with* you instead of *upon* you," returned Rose smiling; "but tell me," she added, "how did you contrive to satisfy him. Were you forced to apologise?"

"Oh, I put the thing before him in a common sense point of view," replied Frere; "appealed to his good feeling, as if I had faith in his possessing such a quality, which is the sure way to call it forth if it exists, and wound up by telling him that if he was sorry for his share in the business, I was ditto for mine; which mode of treatment proved eminently successful. He applied a forcible adjective to the word ass, and stigmatising himself by the epithet thus compounded, he shook me heartily by the hand, and straightway we became the greatest friends, ratifying the contract by an exchange of dinner invitations, without which ceremony no solemn league and covenant is considered binding in England in these days of enlightened civilization."

"Well, I think you have behaved more bravely and nobly than if you had fought twenty duels," exclaimed Rose, fairly carried away by her admiration. "I esteem and respect you, and—and—!" Here she stopped short, and a bright blush overspread her pale features, for she perceived Frere's fine eyes fixed upon her with an expression of delighted surprise, which she had never observed in them before, and which brought to her recollection the fact, that after all he was a living man not many years older than herself, instead of some magnanimous philosophical and eccentric character in history, done into modern

English, and animated by magic for her express delectation. The light in Frere's eyes had however faded, and he had relapsed into his accustomed manner ere he replied: "I can't say I see anything to make a fuss about in it. I wasn't going to let a half-tipsy boy insult me with impunity, so I pitched him over the banisters as a trifling hint to that effect; neither did I feel inclined to shoot him, or let him shoot me, by way of compensation for his tumble, because it would have been equally wrong and irrational so to do, and I went and told him my ideas in plain English, which was the natural course to pursue, and produced the expected result; I really can't see anything remarkable in it all."

"I fancy that I do," replied Rose, archly; "but, of course, we poor women cannot pretend to be competent judges in such a case."

"You know you don't think anything of the kind," returned Frere; "you've got a very good opinion of your own judgment, so don't tell stories."

"Without either admitting or denying the truth of your assertion, I should like to know what grounds you have for making it," asked Rose.

"I can soon tell you, if that's all you want to know," returned Frere. "You could not act for yourself with the quiet decision I have before now seen you exercise, when occasion required it, unless you possessed sufficient self-appreciation to give you the requisite degree of confidence."

Ere Rose could reply, their conversation was interrupted by a piercing shriek, followed by an extreme bustle and confusion on the other side of the room. The cause was soon explained.—Excited with wine, and artfully drawn on by Bracy, General Gudgeon had told one of his "gentleman's stories" to Miss Mac Salvo, on the strength of which outrageous anecdote, that zealous advocate for establishing a Female Missionary Society for the Prevention of Polygamy amongst the Aborigines of the North-Eastern District of South Australia, had seen fit to go off into a perfect tornado of the most alarming hysterics!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SHOWS, AMONGST OTHER MATTERS, HOW RICHARD FRERE PASSED A RESTLESS NIGHT.

THE hysterical affection of the praiseworthy anti-polygamist having taken place late in the evening, may be said to have broken up the party. Mrs. General Gudgeon, who, when the catastrophe occurred, was more or less asleep over the same book of prints to which she had devoted herself on her first arrival, originated, as she witnessed the confusion, a faint idea—(all this lady's ideas, and they were not many, were of a dim and hazy character, so that a good impression of her thoughts—if we may be allowed the term—was a rarity hardly to be met with)—that her better half was in some way connected with the matter; and knowing that dining out usually "produced an effect upon him," (as she delicately and indefinitely phrased it,) she forthwith instituted an inquiry after her carriage; and that "vehicle for the transmission

of heavy bodies" being reported in readiness, she issued marching orders, and, as soon as the honourable and gallant officer could be got upon his legs, took him in tow, and in his company departed.

The Dackerels hastened to follow this example, the maternal Dackerel having come in for her share of the General's "good things," and appearing much inclined to "trump" Miss Mac Salvo's hysterics with a fainting fit, J. D. D., with a face even longer than usual, supported her retiring footsteps. He had been warming his chilly spirit in the sunshine of the widow's smiles, till, in the possibility of some day calling that delicate creature his own, the outline of a new and fascinating destiny had been traced upon the foolscap paper of his imagination; but the doom was still upon him, and in the calls of filial piety he recognised a fresh postponement even of this last forlorn hope. Frere had shaken hands with Rose, apologized for not being able to lunch with them the next day,—a thing which nobody had asked him to do,—and, having set the butler and both the tall footmen to look for his cotton umbrella, and put on consecutively two wrong great coats, was about to walk home, when Mr. James Rasper interfered;—he would drive his friend home—anywhere—everywhere—so that he would but accompany him; he wanted to show him his cab; he wished to learn his opinion of his horse—in short, he would not be denied; and Frere, beginning to think his friendship a worse alternative than his animosity, was forced to consent, which he did thus,—

"Well, yes, if you like. I shall get home sooner, that's one comfort; and I've got three hours' work to do before I can go to bed. Is this your trap?—the brute won't kick, will he? Ugh!—what an awkward thing to get into. I believe I've broken my shin. Go ahead! Mind you steer clear of the lamp-post. I can't think why people ride, when they've got legs to walk with."

Bracy waited patiently to hand Miss Mac Salvo down stairs, which he did with much gravity and decorum, lamenting the disgraceful conduct of General Gudgeon, of whom he remarked, with a portentous shake of the head, that "he greatly feared he was not a man of a sober or edifying frame of mind,"—which observation was certainly true, as far as the sobriety was concerned.

Whether Jemima of the sour countenance had, in arranging Frere's bed, imparted somewhat of the angularity of her own nature to the feathers, or whether the events of the evening had excited that part of his system in regard to the existence whereof he indulged in a very bigotry of scepticism, namely, his nerves; certain it is, that when (having read Hindostance till daylight peeped in upon his studies) he went to bed, he did *not* follow his usual system of dropping asleep almost as soon as he had laid his head upon his pillow; neither could he apply his ordinary remedy for insomnolency, for, when he tried to concentrate his attention on some difficult sentence in his Hindostance, or to solve mentally an abstruse mathematical problem, a figure in white muslin obscured the

Asiatic characters, or entangled itself inextricably with rectangular triangles, so that the wished-for Q. E. D. could never be arrived at. Frere had never thought Rose Arundel pretty till that night,—one reason for which might have been, that he had never thought about her appearance at all; but now, all of a sudden, the recollection of her animated face, as, carried away by the impulse of the moment, she had begun to tell him how she admired his noble conduct, occurred to him, and all its good points flashed upon him, and haunted, and oppressed him. The smooth, broad forehead—he *had* observed that before, and decided it to be a good forehead, in a practical point of view—*i.e.* a capacious knowledge-box; but now he felt that it was something more, and the mysterious attribute of beauty forced itself upon his notice, and flung its charm around him. Then her eyes—those deep, earnest, truthful eyes, seemed yet to gaze at him, with a bright expression of interest sparkling through their softness. He could not, try as he pleased, banish the recollection of that look; as he lay and thought, it came across him, and bewitched him like a spell. And her mouth—what a world of eloquence was there! even in its silence:—there might be traced the same firmness and resolution which marked the haughty curl of Lewis's short upper lip; but the pride and sternness were wanting, and in their place a chastened pensive expression seemed to afford a guarantee that the strength of character thus indicated could alone be aroused in a good cause;—but the true expression of that mouth was to be discovered only when a smile, suggestive of every softer, brighter trait of woman's nature, revealed the little pearl-like teeth. All this seemed to have come upon Frere like a sudden inspiration: he could not banish it from his recollection; and the more he reflected upon it, the less he understood it. And so, he tossed and tumbled about, restless alike in mind and body, till at last, just as the clock struck six, he fell into a dose. But sleep afforded him no refuge from his tormentress. Rose, changed and yet the same, haunted his dreams; but a halo appeared to surround her,—she had acquired a character of sanctity in his eyes. Never again could he inadvertently address her as "sir," and he would as soon have thought of connecting the idea of a "good fellow" with one of Raphael's Madonnas as with Rose Arundel. At half-past seven, Jemima—a very chronometer for punctuality—knocked at his door, and, receiving no answer, *sans cérémonie* walked in, to see what might be the matter; and, finding her master rather snoring than otherwise, invaded his slumbers, by exclaiming, in a shrill voice:—

"It ain't of much use me getting out of my blessed bed with the rhumatiz in the small o' my back, to bring your hot water by half-past seven, if you lay there snoring like a hog, Master Richard, and won't answer a body when they call you;" to which appeal she received the somewhat inconsequent reply,—

"Well, suppose I wouldn't let him shoot me, there's nothing very fine in that, Rose."

"Listen to him," exclaimed Jemima, aghast, "lor' a mussy! I hope he ain't a wandering, or took to the drink. Master Richard, will ye please to wake, and talk like a christian, and not go frightening a body out of their wits," she continued in a tone of voice, as of an agitated sea-mew.

"Oh, what? oh is that you, Jemima? I was so sound asleep; go away and I'll get up directly," muttered Frere, becoming conscious of those usual colloquial antipodes, "his room and his company."

But Jemima had been flurried and rendered anxious on his account, first by his silence, next by his incoherent address, and now finding her alarm had been without foundation, her better feelings turned sour, and having her master at an advantage, seeing that he could not rise till she should please to convey herself away; she gave vent to her acidulated sentiments in the following harangue,—

"Yes it's all very well to say 'go away,' as if you was speaking to a dog, after frightening people out of their wits, by talking gibberish about shooting, and fine roses; but I see how it is, you're a taking to evil courses, a staying out here till one o'clock in the morning, for I heard ye a comin' in, lying awake with the rheumatiz in the small o'my back drinking, and smoking cigars, which spiles the teeth, and hundermines the hintelleets, and accounts for being non compo Mondays the next morning; but I've lived with you and yours thirty year and odd, and I ain't a going to see you rack-and-ruining of your constitution, without a speaking up to tell you of it, for all your looking black at the woman that nursed you when yer was an innocent baby, all unconseious of sich gong's on."

"My good woman, don't talk such rubbish, but go away and let me get my things on," returned Frere, in a species of apologetic growl.

"Rubbish indeed," continued Jemima, in a violent falsetto, her temper being thoroughly aroused by the contemptuous epithet applied to her unappreciated homily, "that's all the thanks one gets for one's good advice, is it? but I don't care. I've lived with you, man and boy, nigh half my life, which like the grass of the field, is three score years and ten, come Michaelmas twelvemonth, and I'm not a-going to see you take to evil courses without lifting up my voice as a deacon set on a hill to warn you against 'em, which is what your blessed mother would have done, only too gladly, if she wasn't an angel in the family vault, where we must all go when our time comes smoking filthy cigars and stopping out till one o'clock in the morning, indeed!" and muttering these words over and over to herself, as a sort of *refrain*, Jemima hobbled out of the room with more stoutness and alacrity than could have been expected from her antiquated appearance. Relieved from the incubus of her presence, Frere rose and proceeded to dress himself; but the nightmare that had oppressed him, whether sleeping or waking, haunted him still; in vain he tried to shave himself, the vision in white muslin came between his face and the looking-glass, and oc-

casioned him to cut his chin. At his frugal breakfast it was with him again, and strange to say, took away his appetite; it went out with him to his scientific institution, and weakened his perceptions, and absorbed his attention, and dulled his memory, till even the most positively resolved nebule swam in a mist before him, and the mountains of the moon, which had lately brought forth a new crater, might have been the *bona fide* products of that planet instead of merely her African godchildren, for aught that he could have stated to the contrary. He got through his morning's work somehow, and then the vision prompted him to call at Lady Lombard's, and gave him no peace till he started for the goodly mansion of that hospitable widow, which he did in such an unusually agitated frame of mind, that for the first time in the memory of man he forgot his cotton umbrella;—he hurried wildly through the streets, overthrowing little children and reversing apple-women, not to mention, an insane attempt to constitute himself a member of the "happy family," by dashing violently against the wires of their cage, which contains all kinds of strange animals except a Richard Frere, or a Podiceps Cornutus, till at last he reached the locality in which Lady Lombard's house was situated.

And here a new and unaccountable crotchet took possession of his brain. Frere, who since he could run alone, and express his sentiments intelligibly in his native tongue, had never known what bashfulness meant, was seized with a sudden attack of that uncomfortable sensation, the extinguisher of so many would-be shining lights of humanity, who but for that "flooring" quality would have published such books, and made such speeches, that the hair of society at large, upraised with wonder and admiration, must have stood on end through all time, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." So violent was this attack of shyness, that after having hurried from his office as though life and death hung upon his speed, he could not make up his mind whether to pay the projected visit or not, and actually strolled up and down, passing and repassing the door some half-dozen times, before he ventured to knock at it; nay, to such an extent had this mysterious "*timor panico*" seized upon him that when the plush-clad "man mountain" appeared in answer to his summons, he merely left his card, and, inquiring meekly how the ladies were, posted off at, if anything, a more rapid pace than that at which he had walked on his way thither.

Then, ere he had proceeded the length of a street, came the reaction, under the influence of which he not unjustly stigmatized himself as an egregious fool; and but for very shame would fain have retraced his steps. He could not, however, make up any credible excuse for facing the noble footman a second time, so, as the next best thing to seeing Rose, he found his way to Park Crescent, and called upon Lewis, to whom he related how that he felt so restless and fidgety that he was persuaded he must be about to develop a feverish cold, or some analogous abomination. Having engaged Lewis to accompany him on

the following evening to a lecture at the Palæontological, on "the relations of the earlier Zoophytes," whoever they might be, he was about to depart, when, as he reached the hall, a carriage, with a splendid pair of greys, dashed up to the door, and a pretty little brunette, with sparkling black eyes, a brilliant complexion, and a bonnet the colour of raspberry ice, descended, and passing *Picci* with a glance half saucy, half contemptuous, ran upstairs as if she were an *habituée* of the house. This was Emily, Countess Portici, Lord Bellefield's younger sister, who, having at nineteen run away with an Italian nobleman, for love of his black eyes and ivory complexion, had, ere she was five-and-twenty, grown heartily sick of them and of Italy, and discovered some good reason to quit that land of uncomfortable splendour to enjoy the gaieties of a London spring, leaving her picturesque husband to console himself as best he might during her absence. She possessed very high spirits, without any vast amount of judgment to counterbalance them, and her present frame of mind was that of a school-girl rejoicing in a holiday, into which she was determined to cram as much pleasure, fun, and frolic as an unlimited capacity for enjoyment would enable her to undergo. On the strength of her position as a married woman, she constituted herself Annie's chaperon on all occasions when the vigilance of Minerva Livingstone could be eluded; and, as that Gorgon of the nineteenth century was not so young as she had been, and found late hours tend to reduce her stamina, and degrade the dignity of ill temper to the ignominious level of mere peevishness, she unwillingly allowed the Countess Portici to act as her substitute, and escort Annie to such evening entertainments as from their nature threatened to invade the hours dedicated by Minerva to repose. There was much similarity of feature and of manner between the countess and her brother Charles Leicester, only that Charley's languid drawl was in Emily replaced by a sparkling vivacity, which, together with a certain selfish good-nature that led her to promote the enjoyment of others on every occasion in which it did not come in contact with her own, was sufficient to render her a general favourite. Annie was no exception to this rule; and, always delighted to escape from the petrifying influence of Minerva, eagerly seconded all her lively cousin's schemes for her amusement.

The object of the countess's visit on the present occasion was to secure Annie for the following evening, when they were to dine together, and were afterwards to be escorted to the Opera by Lord Bellefield, where they were to hear a new soprano, with a voice three notes higher than that of anybody else, which notes might by a mild and easy figure of speech be not inaptly termed bank notes, seeing that by their exercise the fair cantatrice had realized the satisfactory sum of thirty thousand pounds.

The countess's scheme happening to fit in very nicely with the views of the elders, as the General dined out, and Minerva was nursing a cold, which must have reduced the temperature of her blood to

some frightful figure below zero, the project met with no more opposition than, from the constitution of Miss Livingstone's mind, was inevitable. And thus it came about that on the following day Emily called for Annie, and the two girls (for the matron was a very *girlish* specimen of five-and-twenty) drove round the park together, and then retired to Emily's boudoir, and "talked confidence" till it was time to dress. Annie's revelations did not go much more than skin-deep, and related chiefly to anxieties concerning papa, and difficulties with Aunt Martha, who was "so tiresome about things, and never would let anybody love her," and then branched off to a retrospective sketch of the preliminary difficulties which had obstructed Charley Leicester's wedding, ending by a detailed account of the ceremony itself, and Annie's hopes and fears as to the ultimate result of the bridegroom's good resolutions.

Emily, on the contrary, plunged at once *in medias res*, and related how all last winter she had been rendered wretched by "Alessandro's" attentions to the Marchese Giulia di B——am (she revealed the blank in an agitated whisper), and what all her particular friends had said to her on the subject, and how she had jointly and severally replied to them that the dignity of her sex supported her; whence, warning with her subject, she went on to state how she in her turn had supported this dignity by repulsing the advances of Captain Augustus (familiarily and affectionately reduced, for colloquial purposes, into Gus.) Travers, who, having been her first love, and retired *ricc* Alessandro Conte de Portici promoted to the rank of husband, considered that it was again his innings, and had diligently sought to become platonically her third love, and disputed the post of *canalier sercente* with all and sundry, in spite of which constancy and devotion she had persevered in her repulsiveness, until, between her cruelty and a reckless indifference to malaria, poor Gus. was attacked with a brain fever, and then of course when he grew a little better she could not continue unkind to him, for she might have had his life to answer for, and that was a serious consideration; and so by degrees he took to coming to the Palazzo Portici constantly, and went about to places with her, and somehow she got accustomed to him, and Alessandro did not seem to mind, and poor Gus. always behaved very well, and only asked to be allowed the privilege of her friendship, and every body did the same sort of thing—"It's their way over there, you know, Annie dear;" till at last Bellefield came, and he had never been able to endure Gus. because he was so handsome, poor fellow, so Bellefield made a great fuss, and said all sorts of shocking things, and set Alessandro at her; and worse than all, quarrelled with Gus. and wanted to horsewhip him, and it almost came to a duel, only she wrote Gus. a little note, imploring him not to fight, but to go away and forget her; and he had done the first directly, and she dared say he had done the second, for she'd never seen him since, which she was very glad of;—and here she heaved a deep sigh, and



caressed a comic and unnatural transalpine poodle, which by reason of its flowing locks looked like an animated carriage mat, as though it had been a pet lamb, the sole prop of some heart-broken and dishevelled shepherdess, to which picture of pastoral pathos did Emily, Countess di Portici, then and there mentally assimilate herself.

And to all this history of loves, and hates, and platonic friendships, whatever they might be, simple innocent Annie listened with much interest and more perplexity. She had a vague notion that Emily had behaved foolishly, if not wrongly; but she was very fond of her cousin, who, from the difference in their respective ages, had acquired a degree of ascendancy over her, which their natural characters scarcely warranted. Then Annie's deep ignorance of foreign manners and customs threw a mist of uncertainty around the whole affair, beneath the shadow of which she was able to put the most charitable construction on Emily's conduct, without "stultifying her moral sense," to speak as a logician; still she felt called upon to give her cousin a little good advice in regard to striving entirely to forget, and scrupulously to avoid for the future the too fascinating Gus, for which Emily kissed her, and called her a dear silly little prude; then twining their arms round each other's taper waists, the girls descended to the dining room, united for the time being, literally and figuratively, by the closest bonds of amity and affection. Standing rather in awe of her brother, Emily conducted herself during the meal with so much gravity and decorum, that she quite threw a shade over Annie's usual lightheartedness, and by the time they reached their opera box, a more sombre trio, (not even excepting the soprano, the tenor, and the baritone, of whom the first two were prepared to be poisoned, and the third to stab himself on their marble tomb before the evening should be over,) could not have been found beneath the roof of Her Majesty's theatre.

Between the acts of the opera a divertissement was introduced, in which a *danseuse*, who had acquired an Italian reputation, but who was, as yet, unknown in England, was to make her first appearance. Emily was conversing volubly about her various merits, when a fashionably-dressed young man, with delicate features, a profusion of dark waving curls, and a pair of the most interesting little black moustachios imaginable, lounged into one of the stalls, and began lazily to scrutinize the company through a richly-mounted opera-glass. He was undeniably handsome, but the expression of his face was disagreeable, and his whole demeanour *blasé* and puppyish in the extreme. As he entered, Annie perceived her cousin to give a violent start, and, as she met her glance, to colour slightly; then, evidently unwilling to attract her brother's notice, she made a successful effort to recover herself, and appeared completely absorbed in the terpsichorean prodigies of the new opera dancer. Just at the conclusion of the divertissement, some one knocked at the door of the box, and, on Lord Bellefield's opening it, Annie heard a man's voice say, in a hurried manner,

"I beg your lordship's pardon, but can you allow me two minutes' conversation with you?" Lord Bellefield replied in the affirmative, and quitted the box, closing the door behind him. As he did so, Emily, laying her finger on her cousin's arm, said, in a hurried whisper,—“Annie, do you see that gentleman in the fourth row of stalls, the sixth from this end? That's Gus,—isn't he handsome, poor fellow? Ah!” she continued, as the object of her scrutiny suddenly brought his opera-glass to bear upon their box, “he has made me out, and he does not know that Bellefield is here. Oh! I hope he won't think of coming up!”

As she spoke, Gus, having become aware of her presence, made an almost imperceptible sign of recognition, and in the same quiet manner telegraphed an entreaty to be allowed to join her; upon which Emily frowned, and shook her head, by way of prohibition,—favouring Gus afterwards with a pensive smile, to show that her refusal proceeded less from choice than from necessity. Almost as she did so, Lord Bellefield returned, looking annoyed and anxious. “I am obliged to leave you for half-an-hour,” he said; “but you will be perfectly safe here, and I shall return in plenty of time to escort you home. You may depend upon my coming to fetch you.” And almost before he finished speaking, he had quitted the box, and was gone.

Confused and half-frightened at his sudden departure, Annie remained for a minute or two with her eyes fixed on the door through which he had, as it were, vanished; when she again glanced towards the stage, the stall lately occupied by Augustus Travers was vacant.

(To be continued)

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

THE day was bright and summery, and in high good spirits we mounted our car towards noon, and took our way to Dunluce Castle. It was but a mile or two from Bushmills, and before we were well settled in our seats, this finest of ruined castles (I think the most picturesque ruin I ever saw,) broke upon us, like an apparition, in the road. Dunluce stands on a perpendicular and insulated rock, the entire surface of which is so completely occupied by the edifice, that the external walls are in continuation with the perpendicular sides of the rock. The walls of the building were never very lofty, but from the great area which they enclosed, contained a considerable number of apartments. One small vaulted room is said to be inhabited by a *Banshee*, whose chief occupation is sweeping the floor. This story originates in the fact, that the floor is at all times as clean as if it had just then been swept; but this difficulty can be explained without the introduction of Maw Roi, the fairy, by the fact, that the wind gains admittance through an aperture on a level with the floor, and thus preserves the appearance of cleanliness and freedom from dust, just now described. In the north-eastern end is a small room, actually projecting over the sea, the rocky base having fallen away, and from

the door of this apartment there is a giddy view of the sea beneath. The rock on which the castle stands is not surrounded by water, but is united at the bottom of the chasm to the main-land by a ledge of rock a little higher than the surface of the ocean. The castle was entered by a bridge formed in the following manner:—two parallel walls, about eight feet asunder, thrown across the chasm, connected the rock with the main-land. Upon these planks were laid crosswise for the admission of visitors, and removed immediately after the passage was effected. At present but one of the walls remains, about thirteen inches in thickness, and the only pathway to the castle is along its summit, over the awful rocky chasm. The distance at which the other parallel wall was placed may be perceived by the traces of its adhesion to the opposite rock.

On the main-land, close to the castle, a second collection of similar buildings are seen, erected at a later period by one of the Antrim family, in consequence of the giving way of an apartment on the verge of the rock. Beneath the cliff on which the castle stands, is a cave penetrating completely through from the sea to the rocky basin on the land-side of the castle. It may be entered by a small aperture in the south end, and at low-water there is a good deal of the flooring uncovered, which consists of large round stones, this form is the consequence of the action of the waves. The sides and roof are of basalt, possessing merely the usual characters, here also is a very remarkable echo when the surface of the water is unruddled.

Though all accurate knowledge of the date of erection, and the name of the founder of Dunluce Castle are completely lost, yet the history of its proprietors for the last few centuries is extremely interesting, and affords a very characteristic account of the state of society in the feudal periods of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It has been conjectured that De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, originally founded this castle, but the architecture is not of so very ancient a date. In the fifteenth century it was held by the English, at which period it seems to have fallen into the hands of a noble English family, called by Camden, M'Willis, from whose hands it passed into the possession of the M'Donalds of the Isles, and to their descendants it belongs to this day.

About the year 1580, Colonel M'Donald, brother to James, Lord of Cantyre, came into Ireland with a band of men to assist Tyreconnel against the great O'Neil, with whom he was then at war. In passing through the Rout, he was hospitably received and entertained by M'Quillan, the lord and master of the Rout and Kileonery. At that time there was a war between M'Quillan and the men of Killeteragh beyond the Bann. On the day when Colonel M'Donald was taking his departure to proceed on his journey to Tyreconnel, M'Quillan, who was not equal in war to his savage neighbours, called together his militia, or *gallogloghs*, to revenge his affronts over the Bann; and M'Donald, thinking it uncivil not to offer his services that day to M'Quillan, after being so kindly treated,

sent one of his gentlemen with an offer of assistance in the field. M'Quillan was well pleased with the offer, and declared it to be a perpetual obligation on him and his posterity. So M'Quillan and the Highlanders went against the enemy; and where there was a cow taken from M'Quillan's people before, there were two taken back; after which M'Quillan and Colonel M'Donald returned with great prey, and without the loss of a man.

Winter then drawing nigh, M'Quillan gave Colonel M'Donald an invitation to stay with him at his castle of Dunluce, advising him to settle there until the spring, and to quarter his men up and down the Rout. This M'Donald gladly accepted; but in the course of the winter seduced M'Quillan's daughter, and privately married her; upon which ground the M'Donalds afterwards founded their claim to the M'Quillan's territories. The men were quartered two and two throughout the Rout; that is to say, one of M'Quillan's gallogloghs and a Highlander in every tenant's house. It so happened that the galloglogh, besides his ordinary mess, was entitled to a noggin of milk as a privilege. This the Highlanders esteemed to be a great affront, and at last one of them asked his landlord "Why don't you give me milk as you give the other?"

The galloglogh immediately made answer, "Would you, a Highland beggar as you are, compare yourself to me or any of M'Quillan's gallogloghs?"

The poor tenant, heartily tired of both, said, "Come, gentlemen, I'll open the door, and you may go and fight it out in the field, and he that has the victory let him take milk and all to himself."

The galloglogh was soon slain in the encounter, after which the Highlander came in and died heartily. M'Quillan's gallogloghs assembled to demand satisfaction; and in a council which was held, where the conduct of the Scots was debated, their great power, and the disgrace arising from the seduction of M'Quillan's daughter, it was agreed that each galloglogh should kill his comrade Highlander by night, and their lord and master with them, but M'Donald's wife discovered the plot, and told it to her husband. So the Highlanders fled in the night-time, and in attempting to escape into Scotland, were driven into the island of Rathery.

In 1612, Dunluce Castle was the scene of a villainous act of treachery. In the month of April of that year, General Munroe made a visit to the Earl of Antrim at this castle, and was received with many expressions of joy, and honoured with splendid entertainments; and, further, the earl offered him assistance of men and money to reduce the country to tranquillity. But Munroe, when this was over, seized on the earl's person, and put the other castles of his lordship into the hands of the Marquis of Argyle's men. He conveyed the earl to Carrickfergus, and imprisoned him in the castle, but from this he soon effected his escape, and withdrew to England.

There are, of course, numerous traditions connected with Dunluce, but I had not time to inquire them out among the people, and it has been well done by that

fruit-gathering traveller, Cesar Otway, whose description of a visit to Dunluce I subjoin.

"It was as fine a morning as ever fell from heaven when we landed at Dunluce; not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the water; the brown basaltic rock, with the towers of the ancient fortress that capped and covered it—all its grey bastions and pointed gables lay pictured on the incumbent mirror of the ocean; everything was reposing—every thing so still, that nothing was heard but the flash of our oars, and the song of Alick M'Mullen, to break the silence of the sea. We rowed round this peninsular fortress, and then entered the fine cavern that so curiously perforates the rock, and opens its dark arch to admit our boat. He must, indeed, have a mind cased up in all the common-place of dull existence, who would not while within this cavern and under this fortress, enter into the associations connected with the scene; who could not hold communings with the 'Genius Loci.' Fancy I know called up for *me* the war-boats and the foemen, who, either issued from, or took shelter in this sea-cave. I imagined, as the tide was growling amidst the far recesses, that I heard the moanings of chained captives, and the huge rocks around must be bales of plunder, landed and lodged here, and I took an interest, and supposed myself a sharer in the triumphs of the fortunate, and the helplessness of the captive, while suffering under the misery that bold bad men inflicted in troubled times, when the M'Quillans of the Rout, and the M'Donnells of the Glyns, either gained or lost this debateable stronghold. Landing in this cavern, we passed up through its land side entrance towards the ruin; the day had become exceeding warm, and going forth from the coolness of the cave into the sultry atmosphere, we felt doubly the force of the sun's power—the sea-birds had retreated to their distant rocks—the goats were panting under the shaded ledges of the cliffs—the rooks and choughs, with open beaks and drooping wings, were scattered over the downs, from whose surface they arose with a quivering undulating motion; we were all glad for a time to retire to, where under the shade of the projected cliff, a cold, clear spring offered its refreshing waters.

"Reader, surely you cannot be at a loss for a drawing or print of Dunluce Castle; take it now I pray you in hand, and observe with me the narrow wall that connects the ruined fortress with the mainland; see how this wall is perforated, and without any support from beneath, how it hangs there, bearing time and tempest, and still needing no power of arch, simply by the power of its own cemented material; the art of man could not make such another self-supported thing, it is about eighteen inches broad, just the path of a man, do not fear to cross it, rest assured it wont tumble with you, it has borne many a better man, so come on, who's afraid?"

"I really cannot bring myself to venture," was the reply of both my companions.

"Sit ye down then, ye giddy-headed cockneys, and bask your day in the sun, Alick and I will step across and visit the Banshee."

"So, with the greatest ease, we tripped across: Carrick-a-Rede is seventy times more fearful.

"And now, Mr. M'Mullen, as you and I have this old place to ourselves, come show me everything, and tell me all about it."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, sir," says Alick, 'for it gave me joy to see a gentleman like you, hopping like a jackdaw over that bit of a wall; and indeed many a good one comes here like you, gentleman and lady, who I believe have their skulls full of what they call nerve, instead of *sensible* steady brains.'

"Well, Alick, beyond a doubt this is a fine old place."

"Why, then, sir, it's you that may say that, for many a battle and bloody head was about it in good old fighting times, when fighting and fun were all one in merry Ireland."

"Come then, Alick, tell me some of this fighting fun that the good old happy people you speak of enjoyed here in Dunluce."

"And does it become me to tell your honour of the wars of Dunluce? why I thought as how with your black coat and spatterdashes, you might be a scholar—besides, as you intend to see the Causeway, and the Cave, and Pleaskin, it may be your honour won't have time to hear all I have to tell you about the M'Quillans and M'Donnells, and Surly Boy and Captain Merriman—but, at any rate, I'll tell you, in short, about the boat-race, whereby this castle was won and lost, when the M'Quillans and M'Donnells contended for it in the presence of the King of Scotland, and agreed to leave their right to the issue of a row from Isla to Dunluce—he who first touched the land was to have the castle as his prize; so they started on just such a day as this, wind and wave agreed to sit still and let the oarmen have fair play—and to be sure it was they who rowed for honour and glory as for life, and the M'Quillans prayed enough to St. Patrick, and the M'Donnells to Columkille of the Isles, and neither, you may be sure, spared the *spirits*—for it's hard to say whether John Highlandman or Pat of the green hills is better at that work; but, at any rate, on they came, beautiful and abreast, like two swans cutting, with white bosoms, the green waters; and now it was Pull Paddy, and now it was Pull Sandy, and none on the shore could tell for their lives which was foremost; but at any rate, the Irish boys shouted enough, and prayed enough for the M'Quillans: and now, sir, they were within stone's throw, and almost within ear's length, when what do you think my Scotchman did? For never put it past canny Sawney, all the world over, for getting the better of others; and if he fails at fair beating, he'll not pass by cheating: so it was here. The two chiefs were each at their boat's bow, and M'Quillan had his long arm outstretched, and M'Donnell held his locharbar axe in his hand, and all at once laying his left wrist on the gunwale before him, he slashed at it with his hatchet; severed it at a blow, and while it was spinning out blood, he flung it with all his

force against the rock; and do you see where that sea-parrot is now perched, on that bird's-nest ledge there the bleeding hand lay, and the red mark is said to be there, though I have never seen it, unto this very day.

"Huzza for M'Donnell, Dunluce is our own,
For spite of M'Quillan, the castle is won."

Such was the cry of the Scotchmen as they landed, and so it was that even the Irish gave it in favour of the foreigner, who, at the expense of his limb, won the prize, and long and many a day the Scotchman held it, until he became a good Irishman, and to this hour you may see a bloody hand painted in the middle of Lord Antrim's coat of arms.'—*Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland, by Stirling Coyne.*

Reviews.

EMERSON'S REPRESENTATIVE MEN.¹

OF the multiplicity of books which the press in these years is continually sending forth, there is a small and comparatively neglected number deserving considerably more attention than the rest. These are the writings of a few recluse thinkers, who, holding themselves aloof from the allurements of a temporary popularity, have respect rather to that better and loftier distinction, which consists in giving shape and utterance to thoughts calculated to promote the spiritual elevation of humanity. These men aim, apparently, at that which is properly the end of all literature and philosophy—the discovery and publication of truth and wisdom. Being enlightened and inspired by these admirable realities, they seek to shed around them something of the grand effulgence which has illumined and exalted their own souls. They would make their words a living and impressive testimony to whatsoever is highest, most beautiful, and excellent in man; and with splendid thoughts and images, would recall him to the contemplation of that potential worthiness, which is lodged as a germ within his soul, and which, by sedulous striving and endeavour, may be practically developed in his character and life.

Among the men thus earnestly devoted to this noblest work of literature, it is now almost becoming fashionable to reckon Emerson. His writings, though at first misapprehended and abused, both in America and England, have gradually won their way to the reverent admiration of many a thoughtful reader, and have gained, at length, a considerably wide celebrity; so that even the obtusest of gainsayers are beginning to perceive that it is no longer advisable to speak of him otherwise than respectfully. Two or three years ago, he was highly eulogised in "Blackwood;" and Mr. Gilfillan, more recently, has asserted (we suppose from personal knowledge) that "sincere spirits, in every part of the country, who have, many of them, no

sympathy with Emerson's surmised opinions, delight, nevertheless, to do him honour, as an earnest, honest, and gifted man." When he was in England, in 1848, the intelligent classes of all opinions anxiously thronged to hear him lecture; even Exeter-hall was, for two evenings at least, quite handsomely occupied, and from time to time resounded with the applauses of the audience.

We are not prepared to say that everything Emerson has written ought to be received as worthy of implicit acceptance; but we nevertheless believe that he has written very little which is not fairly entitled to a candid consideration. The sayings of a man of genius are always worth examining. His very errors are instructive; and may often indirectly aid the cause of truth better than the most respectable array of commonplaces. To use a definition of his own, Emerson is a "man thinking." He does not expect you to receive his utterances without examination; he neither aspires nor desires to teach dogmatically; but seems to say to you, "Such and such a thought has arisen in my mind; see, friends what you can make of it." His originality of expression is very remarkable; and is indeed the occasion of much of that obscurity which has been attributed to his writings. It is not to be denied that these writings present considerable difficulties to unprepared readers. We have met with even intelligent persons who declared they could not apprehend his meaning. The frequent novelty of the thoughts, and the general uncommonness of the phraseology employed in uttering them, give to these productions a character of strangeness, which is not readily apprehensible to minds principally familiar with the easy clearness of the current literature. They require a sustained and vigilant attention, such, probably, as few ready and rapid readers may be inclined to give; their full and complete significance being nowise discernible at a glance, but to be gathered only by repeated and sedulous perusal. In short, Emerson is a writer whose works demand that almost obsolete kind of application which is expressed by the word *study*. He is, therefore, never likely to be popular, in the wide and ordinary sense of the expression. The greatest order of minds really never are so with the mass of their contemporaries. The popularity which Shakspeare enjoyed in his own age, is not the same kind of popularity which he enjoys at present with the poetical and philosophical class of minds that can best appreciate his excellences. The popularity of Cervantes was altogether secondary, and far inferior in extent to that of Lope de Vega, who was the acknowledged prince of dramatists of his time, but whose works are now read only by critics and scholars out of motives of curiosity, while the illustrious Don Quixote is the delight of every household. For one earnest reader of Coleridge or William Wordsworth, there have probably been thousands who have derived a morbid and temporary gratification from the pages of Ainsworth or Eugène Sue. The present popularity of a writer is no evidence or indication of the greatness of his genius,

(1) "Representative Men:" Seven Lectures; by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

or of the ultimate influence which he will exercise upon society. A blaze of fireworks, or a burning tar-barrel, may very effectually illuminate a common street or market-place, and for a time exclude from observation more permanent and less ostentatious lights; but above, in the vast firmament, the stars send forth their lustres, gently and solemnly for ever, over boundless realms of space.

Ebenezer Elliott has said, that through his habit of reading only the master-pieces of literature, he found their thoughts invariably suggested to him other thoughts, which, if not new in themselves, were at least new to him. This is precisely one of the merits of Emerson. He suggests as much as he teaches. If you have any capacity for reflection, he has the power to make you think. Accepting no hearsays, he strives to unravel the actual truth of things. He deals at first hand with the loftiest speculations, and, leading you through regions of difficult and abstruse thought, leaves you finally in possession of novel and commanding truths. Under the shifting appearances of existence, his genius has the power to detect the electric current which runs through them, and is the splendour and the mystery of life. Man and nature are his great themes, and the habitual objects of his reverence. He holds by a latent worthiness in man: not man as he finds him in commonplace and degenerate society; but man exalted to the height of his possibilities, through a wise and earnest culture. He exults in the beauty and magnificence of nature; but loves her not alone for the glories of her sensuous impressions, but rather in so far as she is the symbol of a ruling and predominating spirit. It is the divinity that is supreme, and pervades all the elements of creation; nor is man invested with any worth or greatness, save as he partakes of the Divine energy, and subordinates his aims to the constitution of the universe.

The leading lesson which Emerson inculcates, is, that all knowledge and inquiry should minister to the training and development of the individual man—to the unfolding and manifestation of whatsoever is most noble and enduring in his soul. He would have a man "to know his worth, and keep things under his feet." To promote the formation and culture of character, is the chief aim of all his writings. He insists that, under all circumstances, we should possess a cultivated self-reliance—or rather a reliance on the intuitions communicated by that remoter Power, whence every individuality derives its basis and its strength—that we should yield an habitual obedience to the voice of moral sentiment, and strive to realize the aspirations that arise in us when we are most consciously in communion with exalted truths and feelings. He would have us, regardless of all customs and conventions, of all merely secular restraints, prescribed courtesies and compliances, to endeavour to attain to a nobleness and truthfulness of life and manners, which should exhibit a constant reference of every action to the highest known and revealed standards of right and purity, and give the

impression of a mind in unison with the natural realities of things. Whatsoever aids are to be accepted as the means of successfully educating and elucidating the inborn character, must be restricted to their proper agency as means, that so the soul of man may grow in freedom, and be advanced to the very utmost, in its career of a spiritual development. Enlargement and elevation of soul and intellect, form the grand success of life. He only is turning his life to just account, who lives in conformity with the divine ordinances, and is rising progressively to higher stages of intellectual and moral energy and perfection.

To Emerson's mind, the workings of the universe are infallible. God has ordained that truth and justice shall succeed, and that all falsehood in act or word, every lying and unjust pretension, shall finally and permanently fail. Hence, to him, the apparent success of cunning and injustice is a sheer delusion. He holds that, "In labour, as in life, there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself; the swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labour is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen; but that which they represent—namely, knowledge and virtue—cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labour cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature, which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing, have not the power." In like manner, a lie is its own disgrace: there is so much abstracted from the man; he is the less a man to the extent of the enormity of the lie. Only in truth and rectitude is well-being possible: but he who pursues the true and good, has the furtherance of all nature to establish his endeavours, and his success is clenched by the enduring integrity of her laws.

The order of the universe, and the ideal relations of men, being thus inviolable, Emerson tests the worth of a man's activity by its approximation to the pre-ordained conditions under which human nature has been appointed to display itself. Virtue, with him, is that which harmonises with the design of God—the visible manifestation of the sacred laws, which are the vital forces of humanity, and according to which, all life and human action must practically correspond. This doctrine is well and ably illustrated in the sixth of these lectures—on Napoleon, who stands as the representative "man of the world:" and it is to this that we shall here direct our chief attention, inasmuch as it is an exposition of the whole character and aims of the age in which we live.

"Men," it is asserted in the introductory discourse, "have a pictorial or representative quality, and serve us in the intellect." As things are representative of large classes of objects distinguished by the same or

kindred characteristics; so "men are also representative; first, of things, and secondly, of ideas." Thus, in Emerson's arrangement, Plato stands as the representative of Philosophy; Swendenborg, of the whole class of mystics; Montaigne, of the sceptical tendencies of modern cultivation; Shakspeare, of the poet; Goethe, of the writer, or class of literary men; and Napoleon, of the man of active life and enterprise in the nineteenth century. The influence or predominance of these, in their several departments, is ascribed to their large receptive powers, and to the faithfulness wherewith they represent the prevailing tendencies of their age, condition, art, or circumstances. Napoleon, for example, "owes his predominance to the fidelity with which he expresses the tone of thought and belief, the aims of the masses of active and cultivated men" in the times in which he lived and established his supremacy. His success was the result of the general accordance of his aims, with the universal aims of his times and country. His whole generation furthered and supported him in his purpose, because he sought after the like distinctions, and laboured for the same ends, as those which were the objects of the general pursuit. Napoleon became the leader and highest personage of France and Europe, because the people whom he swayed were all Napoleons in less degree, and were kindled with the like spirit and desires which were displayed supremely in himself. They were ruled by the hope of partaking of his fortunes, and were his willing servants, inasmuch as they saw in him the successful reflection of their own ambition.

In bringing this colossal figure once more before the reader; it will be needful to transcribe first, some of Emerson's remarks on the special characteristics of the age which afforded so astonishing a field for the exercise of his abilities.

"In our society," says he, "there is a standing antagonism between the conservative and the democratic classes; between those who have made their fortunes, and the young and the poor who have fortunes to make; between the interests of dead labour,—that is, the labour of hands long ago still in the grave, which labour is now entombed in money stocks, or in land and buildings owned by capitalists—and the interests of living labour, which seeks to possess itself of land, and buildings, and money stocks. The first class is timid, selfish, illiberal, hating innovation, and continually losing numbers by death. The second class is selfish also, encroaching, bold, self-relying, always outnumbering the other, and recruiting its numbers every hour by births. It desires to keep open every avenue to the competition of all, and to multiply avenues;—the class of business men in America, in England, in France, and throughout Europe; the class of industry and skill;—Napoleon is its representative. The instinct of active, brave, able men throughout the middle class everywhere, has pointed out Napoleon as the incarnate democrat. He had their virtues, and their vices: above all, he had their spirit or aim. That tendency is material, pointing at a sensual success, and employing the richest and most various means to that end; conversant with mechanical powers, highly intellectual, widely and accurately learned and skilful, but subordinating all intellectual and spiritual forces into means to a material success. To be the rich man is the end. 'God has granted,' says the Koran,

'to every people a prophet in its own tongue.' Paris, and London, and New York, the spirit of commerce, of money, and material power, were also to have their prophet, and Bonaparte was qualified and sent."

The written history of Napoleon affords delight to countless readers, because every man reads in it his own history, on the grandest scale. He sees himself and all his projects magnified to those dimensions in which he loves to contemplate them. Besides, Napoleon is entirely a man of to-day; there is nothing antiquated or traditional about him; he is a living mass of strength applied to the occasions of the hour. He "is thoroughly modern, and, at the highest point of his fortunes, has the very spirit of the newspapers. He is no saint—to use his own word, 'no capuchin;' and he is no hero, in the high sense. The common man finds in him the qualities and powers of common men. He finds him, like himself, by birth a citizen, who, by very intelligible merits, arrived at such a commanding position that he could indulge all those tastes which the common man possesses, but is obliged to conceal and deny; good society, good books, fast travelling, dress, dinners, servants without number, personal weight, the execution of his ideas, the standing in the attitude of a benefactor to all persons about him, the refined enjoyments of pictures, statues, music, palaces, and conventional honours; precisely what is agreeable to the heart of every man in the nineteenth century, this powerful man possessed."

It is to be admitted that a man of such truth of adaptation to the mind of the masses around him "becomes not merely representative, but actually a monopolizer and usurper of other minds." Indeed, a person of Napoleon's stamp and character almost ceases to have a private speech or opinion.

"He is so largely receptive, and is so placed, that he comes to be a bureau for all the intelligence, wit, and power of the age and country. He gains the battles; he makes the code; he makes the system of weights and measures; he levels the Alps; he builds the roads. All distinguished engineers, savans, statistas, report to him; so likewise do all good heads in every kind; he adopts the best measures, sets his stamp on them, and not on these alone, but on every happy and memorable expression. Every sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing, deserves reading, as it is the sense of France.

"Bonaparte was the idol of common men, because he had in a transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men. There is a certain satisfaction in coming down to the lowest ground of politics, for we get rid of cant and hypocrisy. Bonaparte wrought in common with that great class he represented, for power and wealth, but Bonaparte *especially*, without any scruple as to the means. All the sentiments which embarrass men's pursuit of these objects, he set aside. The sentiments were for women and children. . . . He would help himself with his hands and his head. With him is no miracle, and no magic. He is a worker in brass, in iron, in wood, in earth, in roads, in buildings, in money, and in troops, and a very consistent and wise master workman. He is never weak and literary, but acts with the solidity and precision of natural agents. He has not lost his native sense and sympathy with things. Men give way before such a man, as before natural events. To be sure, there are men enough who are immersed in things, as farmers, smiths, sailors, and

mechanics generally; and we know how real and solid such men appear in the presence of scholars and grammarians: but these men ordinarily lack the power of arrangement, and are like hands without a head. But Bonaparte superadded to this mineral and animal force, insight and generalizations, so that men saw in him combined the natural and intellectual power, as if the sea and land had taken flesh and begun to cipher. Therefore the land and the sea seem to presuppose them. He came unto his own and they received him. This ciphering operative knows what he is working with and what is the right product. He knew the properties of gold and iron, of wheels and ships, of troops and diplomatists, and required that each should do after its kind."

By a fortunate combination of the times, his constitution, and his early circumstances, Napoleon was developed as the "pattern democrat."

"He had the virtues of his class, and the conditions for their activity. That common sense, which no sooner respects any end than it finds the means to effect it; the delight in the use of means, in the choice, simplification, and combining of means; the directness and thoroughness of his work; the prudence with which all was seen, and the energy with which all was done, make him the natural organ and head of what I may almost call from its extent the *modern party*."

"Nature must have far the greatest share in every success, and so in his. Such a man was wanted, and such a man was born: a man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours; of going many days together without rest or food, except by snatches; and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action; a man not embarrassed by any scruples—compact, instant, selfish, prudent, and of a perception which did not suffer itself to be balked or misled by any pretences of others, or any superstition, or any heat or haste of his own. He respected the power of nature and fortune, and ascribed to it his superiority, instead of valuing himself, like inferior men, on his opinionativeness, and waging war with nature. His favourite rhetoric lay in allusions to his star, and he pleased himself as well as the people, when he styled himself the 'Child of Destiny.' 'They charge me,' he said, 'with the commission of great crimes: men of my stamp do not commit crimes. Nothing has been more simple than my elevation; 'tis in vain to ascribe it to intrigue or crime; it was owing to the peculiarities of the times, and to my reputation of having fought well against the enemies of my country. I have always marched with the opinion of great masses, and with events. Of what use, then, would crimes be to me?' Again he said, speaking of his son, 'My son cannot replace me; I could not replace myself. I am the creature of circumstances.'"

Napoleon had a directness of action rarely before combined with such extraordinary comprehension. "He is a realist, terrific to all talkers, and confused truth-obscuring persons. He sees where the matter hinges, throws himself on the precise point of resistance, and slights all other considerations. He is strong in the right manner, namely, by insight. He never blundered into victory, but won his battles in his head, before he won them on the field. His principal means are in himself: he asks counsel of no other. In 1796 he writes to the Directory, 'I have conducted the campaign without consulting any one. I should have done no good if I had been under the necessity of conforming to the notions of another person. I have gained some advantages over superior forces, and when totally destitute of everything,

because in the persuasion that your confidence was reposed in me, my actions were as prompt as my thoughts.'"

History is full of the imbecility of governors and ruling persons; and there is to this day a standing complaint that they seldom or never know what to do in times of difficulty.

"But Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who, in each moment and emergency, knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad. Napoleon had been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigour by the extraordinary unity of his action. He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim—money, troops, generals, and his own safety also, to his aim; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendour of his own means. 'Incidents ought not to govern policy,' he said, 'but policy incidents.' 'To be hurried away by every event is to have no political system at all.' His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward, in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark. He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not therefore be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not blood-thirsty, not cruel—but woe to what thing or person stood in his way!—not blood-thirsty, but not sparing of blood, and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. 'Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery.' 'Let him carry the battery.'—'Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?'—'Forward, forward.'"

Napoleon's vigour was guarded and tempered by the coolest prudence and punctuality. "A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments." Every movement was the result of calculation. In fighting a battle, he concerned himself extremely little about what he should do in case of success, but thought a great deal about what should be done in case of a reverse of fortune.

"The same prudence and good sense mark all his behaviour. His instructions to his secretary at the Tuileries are worth remembering—'During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate: with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost.' It was a whimsical economy of the same kind which dictated his practice, when general in Italy, in regard to his burdensome correspondence. He directed Bourrienne to leave all letters unopened for three weeks, and then observed with satisfaction how large a part of the correspondence had thus disposed of itself, and no longer required an answer. His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings—Ulysses, Alfred, Justinian, Czar Peter, William of Orange,—but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance."

To his manifold gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. He passed through all the degrees of mili-

tary service—was a citizen before he was an emperor—and had thus a knowledge of all the rights and claims of citizenship.

"His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and Europe; and he exists as captain and king only as far as the Revolution, or the interest of the industrious masses, found an organ and a leader in him. In the social interests, he knew the meaning and value of labour, and threw himself naturally on that side. I like an incident mentioned by one of his biographers at St. Helena. 'When walking with Mrs. Balcombe, some servants carrying heavy boxes passed by on the road, and Mrs. Balcombe desired them, in rather an angry tone, to keep back. Napoleon interfered, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." In the time of the empire he directed attention to the improvement and embellishment of the markets of the capital. 'The market-place,' he said, 'is the Louvre of the common people.' . . .

"But though there is in particulars this identity between Napoleon and the mass of the people, his real strength lay in their conviction that he was their representative, in his genius and aims, not only when he courted, but when he controlled and even decimated them by his deadly conscriptions. He knew as well as any Jacobin in France how to philosophize on liberty and equality, and, when allusion was made to the precious blood of centuries which was spilled by the killing of the Duc d'Enghien, he suggested, 'Neither is my blood ditch water.' The people felt that no longer the throne was occupied, and the land sucked of all its nourishment, by a small class of legitimates, secluded from all community with the children of the soil, and holding the ideas and superstitions of a long-forgotten state of society. Instead of that vampire, a man of themselves held in the Tuileries knowledge and ideas like their own, opening, of course to them and their children, all places of power and trust. The day of sleepy, selfish policy, ever narrowing the means and opportunities of young men, was ended, and a new day of expansion and demand was come. A market for all the powers and productions of man was opened; brilliant prizes glittered in the eyes of youth and talent. The old, iron-bound, feudal France was changed into a young Ohio or New York; and those who smarted under the immediate rigours of the new monarch pardoned them as the necessary severities of the military system which had driven out the oppressor. And even when the majority of the people had begun to ask whether they had really gained anything under the exhausting levies of men and money of the new master, the whole talent of the country—in every rank and kindred—took his part, and defended him, as its natural patron and chieftain.

"Napoleon met this natural expectation. The necessity of his position required a hospitality to every sort of talent, and its appointment to trusts; and his feeling went along with his policy. . . . Every species of merit was sought and advanced under his government. 'I know,' he said, 'the depth or draught of water of every one of my generals.' Natural power was sure to be well received at his court. Seventeen men in his time were raised from common soldiers to the rank of king, marshal, duke, or general; and the crosses of his Legion of Honour were given to personal valour, and not to family connexion. 'When soldiers have been baptized in the fire of a battle-field, they have all one rank in my eyes.'"

Napoleon seems thus to have been marked out in the eyes of the masses as a natural-born king, as one who was really competent to rule and govern, and was accordingly raised with their sanction or assent to the office of command.

"There is something in the success of grand talent

which enlists an universal sympathy. For, in the prevalence of sense and spirit over stupidity and malversation, all reasonable men have an interest, and, as intellectual beings, we feel the air purified by the electric shock, when material force is overthrown by intellectual energies. As soon as we are removed out of the reach of local and accidental partialities, man feels that Napoleon fights for him; these are honest victories; this strong steam-engine does our work. Whatever appeals to the imagination, by transcending the ordinary limits of human ability, wonderfully encourages and liberates us. This capacious head, revolving and sovereignly disposing trains of affairs, and animating such multitudes of agents; this eye, which looked through Europe; this prompt invention; this inexhaustible resource; what events, what romantic pictures! What strange situations! . . . We cannot, in the universal imbecility, indecision, and indolence of men, sufficiently congratulate ourselves on this strong and ready actor, who took occasion by the beard, and showed us how much may be accomplished by the mere force of such virtues as all men possess in less degrees; namely, by punctuality, by personal attention, by courage, and thoroughness."

Emerson would cite Napoleon, in his earlier years, as a model of prudence. His power does not consist in any extravagant force, wild enthusiasm, or singular capacity of persuasion, "but in the exercise of common sense on each emergency, instead of abiding by rules and customs." The grand lesson taught by him is that which native vigour uniformly teaches,—that it is always acceptable, and may find its opportunities.

"To what heaps of cowardly doubts is not that man's life an answer. When he appeared, it was the belief of military men that there could be nothing new in war; as it is the belief of men to-day, that nothing more can be undertaken in politics, or in church, or in letters, or in trade, or in farming, or in our social manners and customs; and as it is, at all times, the belief of society, that the world is used up. But Bonaparte knew better than society, and, moreover, knew that he knew better. I think all men know, better than they do. Bonaparte relied on his own sense, and did not care for other people's. The world treated his novelties just as it treats every body's novelties—made infinite objection; mustered all the impediments: but he snapped his finger at their objections."

How he rose through successive gradations of eminence till he reached the loftiest place in Europe, is matter of history more or less familiar to all readers. Who does not see that he was eminently the creature of his age; a man of nerve and vigour, sense, accomplishments,—every way fitted to take the lead in a great social revolution? His grand fault is, that he was nowise conscious of any mission to act publicly for the benefit of his race, but wrought only or mainly for the satisfaction of his personal ambition. In this respect, however, he is not the less a faithful representative of the prevailing aims of the nineteenth century. It is for a personal importance that we are all striving. A worldly success is the great pursuit of life. As is well known, there is also a too general indifference about the means. Since it is not mainly worth, but social consequence, that commands respect, in all departments of society, the social consequence is sought after, often with an utter unscrupulousness in regard to the mode of its attainment. The virtues and abilities which are most esteemed are precisely

those which Napoleon displayed in his career. They are in general worthy of respect; but the ends for which they are exercised, splendid as the results may be, are not the ends for which men ought exclusively to live. Talent, activity, brilliant successes, shall be honoured; they naturally command the esteem of men; but if they have no purpose beyond a material aggrandisement of the individual, if their final scope is but a conventional exaltation, their aim is partial, frivolous, and false. Man does not through them answer the design of his existence. He dwarfs his true greatness. It is a sacrifice of the eternal for the temporary. Moreover, it is even in life a failure, since it accords not with the constitution of the world. It is a thing of to-day, which Fate disowns to-morrow. Here, again, however, we must return to Emerson:—

"I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society: of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting-houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course, the rich and aristocratic did not like him. England, the centre of capital, and Rome and Austria, centres of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and conservative classes, the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave—who in their despair took hold of anything, and would cling to red-hot iron—the vain attempts of statisticians to amuse and deceive him, of the Emperor of Austria to bribe him, and the instinct of the young, ardent, and active men, everywhere, which pointed him out as the giant of the middle class, make his history bright and commanding."

In all this glowing delineation, whatever worth or merit Napoleon had has been fairly and faithfully exhibited. There remains, however, another *side* or view of him and his procedure, which is also rendered with no less spirit and fidelity.

"He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments; and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this unscrupulous champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means."

"Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to all his generals, egotistic, and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his '*Moniteurs*,' and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and (what is worse) he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts, and dates, and characters, and giving to history a theatrical *éclat*. Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by his calculation. His star,

his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. 'I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days.' To make a great noise is his favourite design. 'A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages.' His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering. 'There are two levers for moving men, interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name. . . . I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women: but men should be firm in heart and purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government.'

"He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but more vulgar hatred. He was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip, and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police; and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence, concerning the men and women about him, boasting that 'he knew everything,' and interfered with the cutting of the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and compliments of the street, incognito. . . . In short, when you have penetrated through all this immense power and splendour, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserved the epithet of *Jupiter Scapin*, or a sort of scamp Jupiter."

It ought to be mentioned that the two parties into which modern society is divided, the Democrat and the Conservative, differ only as young and old—the party which stands on its possessions, and the party which strives to realize possessions. "The democrat is a young conservative; the conservative is an old democrat, ripe and gone to seed; because both parties stand on the ground of the supreme value of property, which one endeavours to get and the other to keep. Bonaparte may be said to represent the whole history of the party—its youth and its age—yes, and with poetic justice, its *fate*, in his own."

"Here was an experiment under the most favourable conditions, of the powers of intellect without conscience. Never was such a leader so endowed, and so weaponed; never leader found such aids and followers. And what was the result of this vast talent and power, of these immense armies, burned cities, squandered treasures, immolated millions of men, of this demoralized Europe? It came to no result. All passed away, like the smoke of his artillery, and left no trace. He left France smaller, poorer, and feebler than he found it, and the whole contest for freedom had to be begun again. The attempt was in principle suicidal. France served him with life, and limb, and estate as long as it could identify its interest with him; but when men saw, that after victory was another war; after the destruction of armies new conscriptions; and they who had toiled so desperately were never nearer to their reward;—they deserted him. Men found that this absorbing egotism was deadly to other men. It resembled the torpedo, which inflicts a succession of shocks on any one who takes hold of it, producing spasms, which contract the muscles of the hand, so that the man cannot open his fingers, and the animal inflicts new and more violent shocks, until he paralyzes and kills his victim. So this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impoverished, and absorbed the power and

existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France and Europe, in 1814, was, 'Enough of Bonaparte.'

"It was not Bonaparte's fault. He did all that in him lay, to live and thrive without moral principle. It was the nature of things, the eternal law of man and of the world, which balked and ruined him; and the result, in a million experiments, will be the same. Every experiment, by multitudes or by individuals, that has a sensual and selfish aim, will fail. The pacific P^{our}rier will be as inefficient as the pernicious Napoleon. As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick, there will be bitterness in our laughter, and our wine will burn our mouth. Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."

If Napoleon is to stand as the representative of the popular external life and aims of the nineteenth century, Emerson conceives that its other *half*, its poet, is to be found in Goethe—"a man quite domesticated in the century, breathing its air, enjoying its fruits, impossible at any earlier time, and taking away by his colossal parts the reproach of weakness, which, but for him, would lie on the intellectual works of the period."

"He appears at a time when a general culture has spread itself, and has smoothed down all sharp individual traits; when, in the absence of heroic characters, a social comfort and co-operation have come in. There is no poet, but scores of poetic writers: no Columbus, but hundreds of post captains with transit telescope, barometer, and concentrated soup and pemmican; no Demosthenes, no Chatham, but any number of clever parliamentary and forensic debaters; no prophet or saint, but colleges of divinity; no learned men, but learned societies, a cheap press, reading rooms, and book clubs, without number. There was never such a miscellany of facts. The world extends itself like American trade. We conceive Greek or Roman life, life in the middle ages, to be a simple and comprehensible affair; but modern life to respect a multitude of things which is distracting.

"Goethe was the philosopher of this multiplicity, hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and sciences, and, by his own versatility, to dispose of them with ease. A manly mind unembarrassed by the variety of coats of convention with which life had got encrusted, easily able by his subtlety to pierce these, and to draw his strength from nature, with which he lived in full communion. What is strange, too, he lived in a small town, in a petty state, in a defeated state, and in a time when Germany played no such leading part in the world's affairs, as to swell the bosom of her sons with any metropolitan pride, such as might have cheered a French, or English, or once a Roman or Attic genius. Yet there is no trace of provincial limitation in his muse. He is not a debtor to his position, but was born with a free and controlling genius. . . .

"He was the soul of his century. If that was learned, and had become, by population, compact organization, and drill of parts, one great exploring expedition, accumulating a glut of facts and fruits too fast for any hitherto existing savans to classify, this man's mind had ample chambers for the distribution of all. He had a power to unite the detached atoms by their own law. He has clothed our modern existence with poetry. . . . He has explained the distinction between the antique and modern spirit and art. He has defined art, its scope and laws. He has said the best things about nature that ever were said. He treats nature as the old philosophers, as the seven wise masters did, and, with

whatever loss of French tabulation and dissection, poetry and humanity remain to us; and they have some doctoral skill. Eyes are better, on the whole, than telescopes or microscopes. He has contributed a key to many parts of nature, through the rare turn for unity and simplicity in his mind. . . .

"What distinguishes Goethe for French and English readers is a property which he shares with his nation, a habitual reference to interior truth. In England and in America, there is a respect for talent, and if it is exerted in support of any ascertained or intelligible interest or party, or in regular opposition to any, the public is satisfied. In France, there is even a greater delight in intellectual brilliancy, for its own sake. And, in all these countries men of talent write from talent. It is enough if the understanding is occupied, the taste propitiated,—so many columns, so many hours, filled in a lively and creditable way. The German intellect wants the French sprightliness, the fine practical understanding of the English, and the American adventure; but it has a certain probity which never rests in a superficial performance, but asks steadily, *to what end?* A German public asks for a controlling sincerity. Here is activity of thought; but what is it for? What does the man mean?"

Goethe teaches the pre-eminence of spiritual culture. The end of life is to be the development and perfecting of the spiritual nature. Emerson inculcates the same doctrine. Here, however, we are compelled to close our quotations from this book. To some it may seem singular and superfluous to have quoted so largely from a volume which may be purchased for a trifle. In justification we may say that cheap books are numberless, and therefore cannot be all accessible to general readers. A wise selection is required; and, moreover, readers cannot always know beforehand what books are worthy of attention. We venture to recommend this to all such as wish for something in a book beyond amusement. It has more wisdom and practical downright sense in it than will be found in whole circulating libraries. It is honestly worthy of all the time and pains required to master it, and will yield no inconsiderable results to any attentive reader. It is the expression of a mind highly gifted, thoroughly and accurately informed in various knowledge, filled with a pure purpose,—a mind admirably fitted to enlighten others, and to show them the way onwards through obscure and difficult investigations. Let the writings of such a man be widely known, weighed with candour, and the truths they yield adopted in human practice. Something of latitude must in this age be permitted to opinion; yet we strenuously recommend that Emerson may have no undue quarter for his opinions, should any of them, after a due examination, be found false, partial, or exaggerated. Truth, knowledge, wisdom—to the end that we may incorporate them in life—these are what we want; these we should reverence and accept, wheresoever they may be found, permitting no prejudice, no vanity, to defraud us of the possession.

SHIRLEY.¹

WE are sorry to be unable to speak of this book in the manner which its pretensions would seem to claim.

(1) "Shirley." By the author of "Jane Eyre."

Indeed, the extracts appended to the publisher's advertisements, and purporting to be specimens of the opinions expressed by some contemporary journals, might lead us to fear that we were perversely singular, did we not know how to estimate at its real value such piecemeal criticism. We have been, we confess, disappointed. A comparison of the present with the earlier production of the same hand would well induce many to reconsider the verdict which they passed; not, indeed, unanimously, though in the main, it was a favourable one, two years ago. The opponents of "Jane Eyre" (and they were "legion") will find in "Shirley" much to cavil at—more to condemn. The somewhat offensive portraiture of a female character in the one is so little altered in the other, that we can hardly hail it as an improvement, or even a sign of progress. "Jane Eyre" had, at least, the charm of originality; the freshness of the colouring no less than the novelty of the subject, arrested and interested us, while it also extorted our praise. Its faults—arising, perhaps, from a desire to express strongly rather than delicately, what was strongly felt—were, indeed, numerous; but still, we were willing to hope they were capable of emendation, without marring aught of the genuine spirit that breathed throughout the work. But, as we said, we have been disappointed in our hopes, when even thus much cannot be urged in favour of its successor. Here, either blinded by too indiscriminate praise, or too eager in asserting a complete triumph over the reign of convention, the authoress has outdone herself. So little satisfied are we with the change, that we would have preferred another "Jane Eyre," with all its errors, rather than sacrifice so entirely all its merits. We now discover, with concern, that the writer's is but a limited skill. With her, to feel deeply is to paint coarsely, to mould with spirit is to leave deplorable excrescences on the work. She cannot polish without wearing off all vigour, character, and truth. The world complained of her last work, because the sentiments, however genuine, were too lightly veiled, and the expression of them too little suited to the taste of the age. The authoress has ill-judgedly or wilfully mistaken its opinion. We are as far from being prudish as from being over-aristocratic. It is not because Jane Eyre is low-born or a governess that her sentiments displease us, neither is it because Shirley is more highly bred that we can tolerate her utter recklessness of expression and thought. The error consists in making a woman and a heroine, one in whom we are to take special interest and delight, such that her sex disowns her—nay, will even blush for her. With all her claims on our commendation, therefore, we cannot but say that the authoress has lost ground. What was original has here become simply imaginary, and unreal; and she has marred freshness by bombast, homeliness by unmeaning common-place. The same mistaken notions pervade her whole work, and involve her in a crowd of absurdities. *Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcumque infundis acescit.*

• We cannot better illustrate what we mean than by

going more in detail into the work before us. We refrain from giving any extracts, in consideration of the value of our space. Shirley, of course, must first attract our attention; yet we hardly know why any undue importance is conceded to her. There is no reason why the tale might not, *omissis omittendis*, have been called "Caroline;" or, even "The Three Curates." There are at least materials for several tales here squandered in profusion. The attempt to make Shirley what is vulgarly called a "character," has, we think, proved an unequivocal and signal failure. We have stated our opinion, that she is far from being a just representation of her sex. We think, that to produce such was not even the authoress's intention. We are tempted to be ill-natured, and to hazard a solution of what may appear an enigma. It is almost self-evident that, so far as her course of fiction has hitherto gone, the writer has drawn the image of her heroine from but one model, its features slightly varied, as circumstances required, but without presenting in three different novels an extraordinary and unmistakable likeness, such as it is impossible to regard as casual. Are we overstepping our office in inquiring "whether this is a portrait of what the writer is, or wishes, or fancies herself to be?" We might remind the reader of Lord Byron's taste for giving in his poetry what has well been called, a "loose incognito" of himself. Vanity, morbid vanity, does such an attempt betray. But, while we condemn both as equally absurd, and something more than absurd, we must do the latter the justice of saying, that the effect they produce is widely different. Toleration of error impliedly carries with it somewhat of condonation, besides, there are many points of relief in, if there were not much to be said in excuse for, Lord Byron's self-portraiture. Lara, Manfred, the Giaour, and others, are not without interest; further, they are characters too far removed from our own sphere to render themselves distasteful. Besides, the self-idolatry is too harmless to put us out of temper with the author. His design, vain and foolish as it is, we can afford to smile at. Those "dark imaginings" on which his withered soul loved to dwell, the burning language, in which we read the outpouring of the poet's own bitter complaints, thus given only in a more current shape to the world, afford materials for many able passages; with which, gifted as their author is with the eloquence of woe, it is not unnatural that we should sympathise at least in some sort. At all events, none can say their patience is tried. But in "Shirley," nature, taste, all conspire to induce us to rebel against so gratuitous a self-gratification, or self-glorification; and this, too, in spite of the utmost deference towards a lady, and one who has pleased us once not a little. We would willingly have believed that common report had erred on the question of authorship. The style of thought and expression is so marvellously unfeminine, that we know not which to condemn most, the unblushing avowal, by implication, that the writer identifies herself therewith, or the vanity that prompted its publication. Besides, the self-portraiture

here, somewhat more pretentiously concealed, becomes on that account more intolerable; we are jealous, too, of the assumptive spirit displayed throughout the work, and we gladly take our revenge by avoiding those parts for the sake of which it is only too evident that a certain event is described, or a certain character introduced. For what other earthly purpose is such stress laid upon such an incident as the Village-school Festival, but to enable Shirley, and Caroline, or rather the authoress, to hold forth on the subject of nature, accompanying it with a discourse on mythology and metaphysics that is positively startling? "These be thy gods, O Israel;" we can never be thankful enough that we are not obliged to live under such a creed. Many, we feel sure, will not waste their eye-sight on so gratuitous a lecture, but will, like the Nigger, exclaim against the tyranny of uniting the infliction of the lash with that of a sermon. Equally uncalled for, except with a like intent, is the appearance on the same occasion of the "prize mechanic," William Farren, with the historically-inclined overlooker John Scott, whereby the taste of these two most philosophic young ladies is gratified by a discussion on politics, *ad nauseam*. Whence Caroline derived her knowledge, or acquired on the instant a taste she has never before discovered, we must leave to the reader's sagacity to determine. But our present intention, from which we have somewhat wandered, was to examine the breadth and depth of our heroine's character,—one in its conception as repugnant to good taste, as it is foreign to even the most artificial spirit of romance. What is she represented to be, or rather what is she not? Beauty, talent, wealth alone, only place her on a level with other idols of romance or the drama. It is but fair to confess that she *is* something more. A second Jane Eyre as she would appear uncramped by her position and circumstances; a somewhat rational and subdued Catherine Linton, transported from the chilling neighbourhood of "Wuthering Heights," and put on her best behaviour as a responsible land-owner amidst the luxuries of Fieldhead Manor. A blue- stocking of an importunate description, she can rave of Oceanus and the Titans—of Nature on her knees before heaven—can recognise in her Nature, (while in that position, we suppose!) the true prototype of Eve; whereas, Milton (more shame for him!) neglected this obvious model, and, though his penetration into the regions of Sin, Death, and Hell, was so truthful, could paint the innocence of "our first mother" by no more proper image than one borrowed from his *cook*.

Yet, with all this fine discrimination of what a woman should be, "Captain Kceldar" is a very sceptic to her better feelings—her practice is as wide as the poles asunder from her principles. Young ladies there may no doubt be found who, in their impatience of society's control, may occasionally breathe a wish that they had been born of the stronger and freer sex. Let such, we say, read "Shirley," and learn to be content. Wayward, fantastical being! she must be wooed in the accents of very churlishness, in repartee of the

most approved Amabean temper. Haughty, high-spirited Amazon! when won, she must be held fast with bit and bridle, which she will champ the while for very defiance of the bonds that curb her ancient liberty. Bold the man that meets her angry glance of withering scorn! Mr. Donne, the low-bred curate, gets himself very nearly kicked for the experiment; we thought this incident alone was wanting to crown the grand conception. Bitten by a mad dog (as supposed), she conceals her terrors for three weeks till they prey visibly on her frame, and then, one being alone is to be trusted with the secret; and that person, not one of her own sex, her bosom friend, nor even her respected rector, Mr. Helstone, but a "young old cher ami," as Tom Shuffleton would call him, half lover, half French master, and whose better half his pupil eventually becomes. He is bound to eternal silence; he is to be alone admitted to the scene of her expected ravings; with his own hand he is to administer the poisonous narcotic that is to rescue her from the feather-bed. And this is character, and incident, and fine original writing! Can it be so? Are we mistaken? Have we missed the right point whence to discern the true heroic, which, thinks our authoress, like charity, conceals a multitude of sins? We are inclined to believe we have not; and yet, in the nineteenth century, this is attempted to be forced upon the public. One of the laudatory extracts, above alluded to, goes so far as to tell us (and heaven knows we had need of the information,) that "there is something in 'Shirley' akin to Jane Austen's books, or Maria Edgeworth's, or Walter Scott's." Here is a fair specimen of random criticism. The latter artist, in spite of our critic, we put out of court, and we think we might safely leave the two ladies to contradict the assertion. Yet will the curious inquire, Whom has the critic in his eye to compare with "Shirley?" Will he echo answer, "Elizabeth Bennet, of *Pride and Prejudice*?" Judge, reader, between them: here behold "the counterfeit presentment of two" women; the one, a bold but artistic sketch of an every-day character, the other elaborated out of all truth, the mere fantastic creation of a limited imagination and a morbid mind. One thing Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth never forgot in their pictures, whether of vulgar or genteel life—the charm that belongs to truth and reality. But such has no allurements for the authoress of "Shirley;" effect is all she looks for—startling effect—to produce which, after having in one novel exhausted her view of nature, she seeks for a monstrous birth. And to set off the chief figure, the others are drawn in a style unworthy of the same hand. What is not in the authoress's sense of the word *original*, is painfully common-place. The affection of two such women as Caroline and Shirley were impossible, if the latter be a truthful representation; the amity of the lion and the lamb is not more ideal. We do not profess to understand the Yorke family; their oddities may be "locally" authentic: we must leave their merits to be discerned by the initiated. Meanwhile, we may in silence admire the *dominus utriusque lingue*,

and weigh in sceptical mood the historical probability of blending with a broad Yorkshire lingo the pure intonation of the French accent.

We have yet another complaint to make, where we already feel that enough has been said. The last lines of "Shirley" we read with an intense desire to understand our authoress, and to part on good terms. This we find impossible. After remarking that perhaps the reader would be glad to have the moral pointed out to him, the book concludes with the pious wish that heaven may speed him in the discovery. We must certainly have been at a loss for an interpretation of these words, when we are tempted to fancy them ironical. Now, without subscribing to the doctrine of the extreme school, that would point with a strict meaning what is intended merely to amuse, we still cannot but agree in the verdict that puts all *unmeaning* works out of the pale of true art. We wish to be understood distinctly. The proper end of romance, no less than of her twin sister, the drama, must not be forgotten. The right purpose once overstepped, either may admit of the grossest perversion and abuse; once made the means of pandering to the bad passions of men,—false sentiment, be it remembered, being one,—its occupation is obviously lost. We might have fairly expected that in her third production, a writer would think it high time to employ her acknowledged powers in the attainment of more solid if not more worthy results. In a tale that reflects neither the features of nature, nor real character, nor just sentiment, was it unreasonable to look for design, or, if you will, a moral?—by which we mean, something more than a mere dancing of the puppets during three volumes, and then doing no more than marrying up all who were marriageable,—a consummation that might have been arrived at, without much violence, on their first introduction. We have in a memorable instance in our age seen the long-established romance give place to a style that, disguised under an apparently easy garb, carries with it a deep, lasting, and serious moral. But it is the pencil in a master's hand, the magician's rod wielded by the arch-enchanter, that has been all-powerful and successful. Let those who would follow Thackeray in his bold desertion of a beaten track, beware of the dangers that beset every footstep. In "Shirley" the attempt has been made: we fear, or, perhaps, we hope, the opinion of the world will not sanction a further effort. It is at best but the imitation, by the journeyman, of the form without the substance. Petty conceits, quips of style, mere bubbles upon the stream, will not fill, much less atone for, the void that is every where apparent. The great merit of Thackeray is his taste for picturesque effect, which he produces by an ingenious, yet simple process, of grouping together in amusing contrast the salient absurdities and contradictions in men; he is quite content to take his materials from every-day life. The great fault of "Currer Bell" is a neglect of the picturesque, even where it should strike her most obviously, in her observation of the face of nature. Graphic power she undoubtedly possesses, and of an extraordinary kind;

yet her pictures are like those of Turner, not calculated to please. Like him, the images she chooses are not such as fall under usual observation. We could hardly expect her to be more successful when she came to treat of the more complex subject of man.

To deny the present volumes *any* merit is not our wish, were it in our power, though we leave its elucidation to abler hands. In what we have advanced above to their discredit, it may possibly happen that some may not concur—be that as it may, we cannot but remember the words of a great critic on a triumph, temporary because ill-deserved, that, "though it may make the unskilful admire, it cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

SKETCHES OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.'

No history is more full of curious anecdotes than that of newspapers. It exhibits the struggles of the most active intellects with all the obstacles that for time and power have thrown in the way of their success; for the progress of no class has been more vigorously opposed, or more successfully pursued, than that of the men who have wrought the resources of the press. It is a gigantic engine, of unlimited power,—for evil as well as for good. It was, the other day, remarked by a bold philosopher, that of all the curses inflicted on civilization by mankind, none is equal in magnitude to the press. This, which seems a daring paradox is, like most other paradoxes, more extravagant in its aspect than in its reality, for it seems a natural law that tares will grow up with the wheat, in all the productions of human industry, ingenuity, or skill. Books and papers, endlessly multiplying, form so many stars to shed light in the intellectual world, and as their radiance increases, humanity is enabled to pursue more certainly its course towards perfect civilization; yet such is the weakness of our nature, that we value good things more when they are scarce than when they are abundant, and because knowledge lies around us scattered in mountains over the surface of the world, it is neglected by many, and by some despised, while before the age of printing, when knowledge lay hidden in gloomy mines, learning was revered and ambitious men consented to labour, as though in the bowels of the earth, in search of the coveted ore.

Whether our philosophy or the reader's patience be the most durable, is a point to be considered; but we intend at present to make no further call on either; but to link and weave together a number of the interesting anecdotes treasured up in the work before us. Mr. Knight Hunt has collected a mass of curious details. With an easy pen, he has in a graceful style recorded the progress of the newspaper press, from the 23d of May, 1622, when the first number of the earliest paper—The Weekly News—was published,

(1) "The Fourth Estate: Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press." By F. Knight Hunt. 2 Vols. London: Bogue. 1850.

to the present day. His book recommends itself by its abundant interest and its original character. Full of entertainment, and infused with the right spirit, it must secure for its author a familiar acquaintance with a very large class of readers.

On the 23d of May, then, in the year 1622, appeared the first newspaper. Before that time printed sheets of intelligence from the counties and from the continent had been occasionally circulated in London, but no regular record of events had been hitherto attempted. The infant power at first assumed, as was to be expected, a rough, a puny, and an incomplete form; but from its birth the rulers of the country possessed sufficient discernment to perceive that it was destined to work great changes, to spread truth and create an interest in politics, to link men together by a commonality of sentiments, to give them strength by union, and courage by exhortation. We therefore find persecution, in all shapes, employed, with ridicule and derision, to stunt the growth of the press; but hostility creates ardour, and the founders of this Fourth Estate were not to be subdued or disheartened. They printed books in secret, and others as privately read them. They were prepared by means of presses set up in the remotest chambers of large rural houses, where the work was carried on by stealth, and the printers were supplied with money, food and drink, by the master or the mistress of the place, without the knowledge of servants. Thus were embodied the speculations of earnest thinkers, and these curious establishments, scattered over England, gave birth to immense numbers of productions subversive of the feudal system. Flying sheets of intelligence or advice were during the civil war transmitted from province to province, sewn between the saddle flaps of riders who frequently knew not the dangerous nature of their mission, and where this was impossible, the wings of the carrier pigeon performed the service.

However, in spite of stealth and precaution these secret doings were noised abroad, and the authorities frequently made a victim of the unhappy printer. In the metropolis especially, the process was dangerous. An inquisition of the press was formed, spies were employed, censors overlooked all printed sheets, and parties of men patrolled the town at night, occasionally directed by an informer to the door of some unlucky patron of free opinions. In the time of Charles II. one Twyn, a printer of obnoxious books, was suddenly called up at midnight by a loud knocking at his door. After vainly endeavouring to destroy the offending sheets, he opened to the intruders. They guarded all the avenues to the house, searched it, collected the fatal evidence, hurried the poor wretch to prison, whence in a day or two he emerged to appear before Judge Hyde for condemnation. His punishment was death inflicted in a manner too ferocious to describe. Such were the means by which the king sought to make loyalty an article in the national creed.

Twyn's story is one of countless instances; of these, many are related by Mr. Knight Hunt, but we pass

over the first volume of his narrative, interesting as it is, and push on to the description of the modern newspaper press. The fortunes of the living daily papers have been marked by great vicissitudes. The men who established them and gave them a position were often the most original characters. Some of a lively and brilliant genius; others of an indefatigable industry in scheming; others of an acute knowledge of public taste; but all possessed of that very peculiar class of abilities required to ensure the success of a newspaper. Before entering on the details of their fortunes, let us quote some curious statistics connected with the press of the present day. It will be seen that in spite of oppressive imposts, levied with the professed view of checking its growth, it has increased to an immense extent.

"During the last year, 1849, it has been estimated that the press sent forth, in the daily papers alone, a printed surface amounting in the twelve months to 349,308,000 superficial feet; and if to these are added all the papers printed weekly and fortnightly in London and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,446,150,000 square feet; upon which the press has left in legible characters the proof of its labours.

"A summary of the British newspaper press, arranged according to the locality and to political bias at the end of the year 1849, offers the following results:—in London, 113 papers; in England, 223; in Wales, 11; in Scotland, 85; in Ireland, 101; in the British Islands, 14; general summary: liberal papers, 218; conservative, 174; neutral 155. The total number of journals of all shades of opinion being five hundred and forty-seven."

The Letters of Junius have given immortality to the name of the Public Advertiser, which preceded the *Public Ledger*, the oldest London paper now in existence. We have many curious particulars in connexion with this journal, and its system of theatrical intelligence illustrates a remarkable feature in the newspaper economy of that day:—

"Garriek was one of the shareholders in The Public Advertiser, a fact which has its significance in reference to the newspaper critiques in those great days of the theatre. At that time dramatic intelligence cost the journals much more than foreign news, and such was the interest taken in all theatrical events, that the newspapers had messengers whose duty it was to wait about the theatres to get the earliest possible copy of each new bill of the next day's performance. When these were got, the scouts ran off to the office; and who first delivered the then important sheet was rewarded with a shilling, or half-a-crown, according to the importance of the news he had secured."

From a notice of the names formerly given to newspapers in London,—The World, The Devil, Man, Old Maid, and Monitor, The Test, Prater, Contest, Humourist, Centinel, Crabtree and Busy Body, we pass to the sketch given in this work of the fortunes of the *Morning Chronicle*, the second brother among the living members of this great family. Unfortunately in this, as in all families, (or most,) there is much dissension, and still more jealousy, with very little consistency. The paper was started in 1769, under the editorship of its printer and proprietor, Mr. William Woodfall. It flourished but feebly until there came from Scotland James Perry, a man whose life had run a varied course, but whose abilities were of

a high order. When young, he entered this metropolis without resources. Failing to procure a mercantile situation, he turned to the pen, and wrote, though without any prospect of success.

"There was at that time an opposition journal, published under the title of *The General Advertiser*, and being a new paper, it was the practice of the proprietors to exhibit the whole contents of it upon boards, upon different shop windows and doors, in the same manner as we now see the theatrical placards displayed. Perry being unemployed, amused himself with writing essays and scraps of poetry for this paper, which he dropped into the editor's box and which were always printed. Calling one day at the shop of Messrs. Richardson & Urquhart, booksellers, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he found the latter busily engaged, and apparently enjoying an article in the *General Advertiser*."

After Mr. Urquhart had finished the perusal, Perry put the usual question to him, whether he had heard of any situation that would suit him? to which he replied in the negative; at the same time holding out the paper he said,—

"If you could write articles such as this, I could give you immediate employment." It happened to be a humorous essay written by Perry himself. This he instantly intimated to Mr. Urquhart, and gave him another letter in the same handwriting, which he had proposed to drop into the letter-box. Mr. Urquhart expressed great satisfaction at the discovery, and informed him that he was one of the principal proprietors of the paper—that they wanted just such a person, and, as there was to be a meeting of the proprietors that same evening, he would propose Perry as a writer. He did so; and the next day he was engaged at a salary of a guinea a week, and an additional half-guinea for assistance to the *London Evening Post*, then printed by the same person."

Perry succeeded well in his new vocation. By assiduous industry and lively talent, he "wrote up" and "pushed" the paper into a large circulation, and by the commencement of the great French Revolution was enabled, with Mr. Gray, to purchase the *Morning Chronicle*. He wrote the gay and graceful, his partner composed the profound and serious articles, whereupon it was currently said the paper was sure to succeed, for it carried both sail and ballast. It carried a sting also, for two criminal informations were filed against Perry and his printer. On the first of these Sir John Scott was Attorney General, and prosecuted the case with rancorous zeal. He fancied he knew the temper of the jurymen, and especially counted on the vote of a gentleman who supplied the Dean and Chapter of Westminster with coals. That fellow, he thought, must decide for the crown; but when the jury withdrew, and the foreman observed that of course the verdict must be against the free-spoken editor, the coalman said, No,—the Attorney General had been abusive, but unable to prove his case. He should therefore vote for an acquittal. The other jurors argued stubbornly *pro* and *con*, until the coal-merchant pulled forth his night-cap, remarked that his mind was made up, and that he should enjoy a nap until the rest came into his views. At length they yielded; the Attorney General was defeated, and the Editor was at liberty. "You may be sure," says the narrator of

this anecdote, "that Perry took his coals afterwards from this sturdy juror."

Campbell and Coleridge were contributors to the *Morning Chronicle*, and the latter, at the time when he enlisted into the light cavalry, sent a poem of a few lines to Perry, soliciting the loan of a guinea for a distressed author. He received it immediately, and was afterwards employed on the journal, but neither he nor Campbell ever shone as newspaper writers. They wrote slowly, and too feebly for the polemical columns of a daily paper. After them Black joined the staff in 1810, as a reporter. In 1819, about the period of the Manchester massacre, he wrote constantly for the *Chronicle*, and its sale rose to about four thousand copies a-day,—then considered a fair circulation. After Perry's death the paper sold for 42,000*l.* to the proprietors of the *Observer*, who disposed of it in 1834, for a much smaller sum.

"The *Morning Chronicle*," says our author, "must not be dismissed without remembering, that Sheridan speaks of it in his 'Critic'; that Canning linked it into one of his poems; that Byron honoured it with a 'Familiar Epistle'; that Hazlitt wrote for its columns some of the finest criticisms in our own or any other language; and that for it also were the first 'Sketches by Box' prepared."

Next comes the *Morning Post*, a fashionable paper, once celebrated for its advertising connexions with horse and carriage dealers. Its history is a striking example of the various fortunes that befall a daily journal. In 1795 it sold no more than three hundred and fifty copies, and was disposed of with house and printing materials for 600*l.* It was bought by Daniel Stuart, who quickly made much of his bargain. Different journals were then considered as famous for different classes of advertisements, though each took a variety of others, while it preserved its own distinction. The *Morning Herald* and The *Times* were patronised by auctioneers; The *Morning Post* by horse and carriage dealers; The *Public Ledger* by missionaries and merchants; The *Morning Chronicle* by booksellers. Perry sought to give his journal a literary character, and was careful to produce a striking display of book announcements.

This Stuart observed. The love of fame and money was gratified, he saw, by the show of advertisements. "Sixty or seventy short advertisements, filling three columns, by Longman one day, by Cadell & Co. another! Bless me, what an extensive business they must have!"

The auctioneers then, as now, stipulated to have all their advertisements printed at intervals *en masse*, that the public might be struck with a great idea of their extensive business; not dribbled out day by day, a few at a time. Stuart resolved to adopt the same plan, and exposes the stratagems of newspaper proprietors to produce a similar impression.

"They keep back advertisements, fill up with pamphlets and other stuff unnecessary to a newspaper, and then come out with a swarm of advertisements in a double sheet to astonish their readers, and strike them with high ideas of the extent of their circulation, which

attracts so many advertisers. The meagre days are forgotten; the days of swarm are remembered."

Publishers, booksellers, and others swarmed in the office of the *Morning Post*, bringing their advertisements, and each desirous of displaying a cloud of announcements at its front page. The character and circulation of the paper had now given it the pre-eminent place, and Stuart was compelled to resort to a trick to refuse advertisements without offence.

"When a very long advertisement of a column or two came, I charged enormously high, that it might be taken away without the parties being able to say it was refused admission. I accommodated the booksellers as well as I could with a few new and pressing advertisements at a time. That would not do; they would have the cloud. 'Then,' said I, 'there is no place for the cloud but the last page, where the auctioneers already enjoy that privilege.' The booksellers were affronted, indignant. The last page!"

To resent this slight, the booksellers started opposition journals, and decoyed from the service of the *Morning Post* one of its "great guns," Mr. Lane. He was very serviceable to Stuart, who lamented his departure, as he was a clever, willing, and industrious assistant. He wrote long accounts, and printed them in large types, of the Corn Law riots in 1800, "while the *Times* and *Herald* had only a few lines in obscure corners in black."

The procession proclaiming peace, the ascent of balloons, great fires, boxing-matches, and interesting trials, were fully described, and the paper rose in prosperity under the influence of this careful management.

Coleridge wrote for the *Morning Post*; but the editor always found it a task of sore trial to force him to his work. He possessed talents of a brilliant order, but neglected them whenever a temporary fit of fortune made him superior to the world even for a day. In conversation he was particularly sparkling, and it was regretted that want did not oftener compel him to put forth his astonishing powers. One day, at a dinner-party, in company with Sir Richard Philips, the bookseller, he was dilating on some topic with unusual eloquence, when the knightly vender of books, enchanted with the conversation, came round behind his chair, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "I wish I had you in a garret without a coat to your back." "In something like this," says the vexed editor, "I had Coleridge; but though he could talk over every thing so well, I soon found he could not write daily on the occurrences of the day."

In a letter to Stuart we find him saying, that if his writing is particularly wanted he will send some, though he has a bad headache. "I will send you this evening three or four paragraphs, of seven or eight lines each."

We must refer to Charles Lamb's pleasant gossip for an account of these small contributions to a daily journal:—

"In those days every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs.

Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant."

At the heels of the *Post* comes the *Morning Herald*, started on Wednesday, the first of November, 1780. Before it was a year old, a certain libel on the Russian ambassador entitled its publisher to a year's imprisonment, and the penalty of a hundred pounds. A fellow-sufferer was the printress of the *Gazette*, who being a *woman*, escaped the pillory, but was fined fifty pounds, and put in gaol for six months. Meanwhile the paper thrived. Bate, its editor, was a vigorous writer, and though a clergyman, entered warmly into the political discussions of the day, and other topics, being compelled on one occasion to answer for the meaning of a certain paragraph at the point of the sword:—

"The cause of quarrel arose from some offensive paragraphs that had appeared in the *Morning Post*, highly reflecting on the character of a lady, for whom Captain Stoney had a particular regard." An explanation was demanded, but was refused, and a duel took place at the Adelphi Tavern, Strand. They shut the door, and providing themselves with pistols, discharged them at each other without effect. They then drew swords, and fell upon each other, both being wounded. Bate's sword was bent against the Captain's breast bone; he called for time to straighten it; his antagonist consented, and they prepared to fight with unexhausted fury, when the alarm was given, and the angry combatants were parted. The Captain, having thus vindicated the lady's honour, married her in a few days.

On the first of January, 1788, appeared the first number of the colossal journal, the *Times*, once considered, and with justice, the leading paper in Europe. It was a continuation of the *Daily Universal Register*, of which 939 numbers had appeared. The system of printing adopted by John Walter, who established it, differed altogether from the common one. The metal was cast in whole words, instead of single letters in the usual mode, these words being placed side by side by the working printer, instead of leaving him to compose with single letters. "But practical difficulties arose, and many jokes were made at the expense of the new plan." It was said that the orders to the type-founder ran after this fashion:—"Send me a hundredweight made up in different pounds, of *heat, cold, wet, dry, murder, fire, dreadful robbery, atrocious outrages, fearful calamity, and alarming explosion.*" Another hundred were to be made up of "*honourable gentleman, loud cheers, gracious majesty, interesting female, and so on.*" Had the system continued to our day, the printer's chief occupation would have been to cast *lawless violence, selfish demagogues, horrors of anarchy, royal dignity, and sanguinary democrats*, with others of still less sense or significance. But, however printed, the *Times* progressed well. It professed itself a many-headed

being, of the neutral gender, because the prospectus says, "we have no distinction of sex." It classes into several orders. "The heads of the Times:—The literary, the political, the commercial, the philosophical, the critical, the theatrical, the fashionable, the humorous and the witty. "The Political Head of the Times, like that of Janus, the Roman deity, is double-faced; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies."

The great journal could not refrain, in its preliminary address to the reader, from a joke at the expense of its contemporaries. Apologising for the shortening of its own name, it says, the alteration is not without precedents. "The World has parted with its *caput mortuum*, and a moiety of its brains. The Herald has cut off half its head, and has lost its original humour. The Post, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features, and as to the other prints, they appear as *having neither heads nor tails*."

At the period when the Times was considered a successful journal, with a circulation of three or four thousand, it occupied many hours to strike off the copies by the tedious process of the hand-press. Steam-power had been discovered, and was suggested as an aid. Of course the world laughed at the idea, for "to take off 5,000 impressions in an hour, was as ridiculous a conception as to paddle a ship fifteen miles, or to drag a train of carriages weighing a hundred tons, fifty miles, within that time." Walter, however, welcomed the suggestion, and by the aid of his ingenious assistants, succeeded, in spite of the pressmen's fierce opposition, in applying steam to the press. At six o'clock in the morning, on the 25th of November, 1814, the town was startled by the news, that the Times was at that very hour worked off by steam; that the great engine was casting forth its children at the rate of thousands in the hour!

From that day to this, improvements have followed each other, until four copies of the paper pass out of the machine in the space of one second.

The great exertions made, and the expenses incurred by the Times on occasions of importance have secured it its place among the journals of the day. One memorable instance is noticed by Mr. Knight Hunt:—

"It is now about ten years ago," he says, "that the then Paris correspondent of the paper (Mr. O'Reilly) received secret information of an enormous fraud that was said to be in course of perpetration on the Continent. The author of the plot was described to be an old officer, who had been a personal favourite of Napoleon, and who, by the aid of talents, great knowledge of the continental world, and a most polished exterior, had put in operation a mode by which the English bankers were to be robbed of a million, and which had, when O'Reilly was informed of it, fleeced them of 10,000*l*. The position of the accused parties, the great skill and secrecy with which the plot had been contrived, rendered it a hazardous experiment for private individuals to attempt the crushing of such a formidable conspiracy. But neither correspondents abroad, nor editors at home hesitated in their duty. The whole plan was exposed; but, to throw the swindlers on the wrong scent, the ex-

posed was dated Brussels, instead of Paris. This is believed to have saved O'Reilly from assassination; for the French swindling genius who presided over this gigantic fraud had, it was said, seen enough of blood not to let a single life stand between himself and the realization of his plans. The Times exposed the robbery, and saved the bankers from farther loss, but were not allowed to pass scot free."

An action was brought against them. They defended it at a heavy cost, and gained a verdict. A subscription was opened to pay the expenses of the trial, but they declined it; and the 2,625*l*. which had been collected was expended in honorary tablets, in perpetuation of the memory of this great service; and two scholarships were founded, in Christ's Hospital and the City School, in Milk-street.

Other daily morning papers have since started, but none of them with success, except the *Daily News*. Of the evening journals—and especially of the *Sun*, the most important of them all—we have also accounts; when our author winds up with a brief view of the world within the precincts of a newspaper-office, and the general economy of a daily journal.

Mr. Knight Hunt, who is evidently very familiar with his subject, estimates at about 520*l*. the weekly cost of supporting a double daily paper, during the sessions of Parliament, or an average of about 25,000*l*. a-year, exclusive of paper and stamps. The expenses attending the expresses of intelligence brought by the overland mail are enormous. A courier once brought an action against the Times for unjust dismissal; when it was shown that his regular salary was 100*l*. a-year. Besides this, he received 60*l*. for every journey he made in sixty hours between Marseilles and Paris, 14*l*. for travelling thence to Boulogne in fourteen hours and a half, and 16*l*. for making the journey from Paris to Calais in sixteen hours and a half, with 2*l*. for every hour he saved out of the specified time. And all this expense to obtain a summary of the Indian news a few hours in advance of the regular mail! When this account reached Paris, the French editors thought the English were either madmen or magicians.

The method of telegraphing is described in a very entertaining manner, by a writer in one of the provincial journals quoted by our author. Suppose the West Indian and Mexican mail to have reached Southampton. The news travels along the electric wires, and is transmitted to the newspaper-office, perhaps, in the following form:—

"Great Western. Jamaica, 2. Cruz, 26. Million dollars. Dividends 50,000. Mosquito War ended. Antilles healthy. Havana, hurricane—100 ships lost. Crops good, Jamaica, rains. Sea covered, wrecks, plantations."

This appears flaming in a second edition:—

"ARRIVAL OF THE WEST INDIA AND MEXICAN MAIL.—IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE WEST INDIES. DREADFUL HURRICANE AT HAVANNA. AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY IN JAMAICA!" and beneath it, in conspicuous type, is an account, neatly written in the editor's office, of all the transactions indicated in the telegraphic report. Out of that

skeleton the writer creates a detailed description,—picturing the blessing of wars being ended,—the desolation of the country after the tempest,—the frightful scene at sea,—the stranded vessels, the trees uprooted, the rivers cumbered with the wreck of the plantations, &c.; and all in flaming language, so that the innocent readers imagine the narrative was written, word for word, in Jamaica, and transmitted, syllable by syllable, along the electric wires, instead of being based on the unintelligible words we have quoted.

But we must close Mr. Hunt's book. If our readers are tempted to open it, we promise them great pleasure and much profit from its perusal. We have drawn from it some matter for their entertainment; but it contains more than would furnish material for a series of similar sketches.

MODERN STATE TRIALS.¹

In the publication before us, Mr. Townsend, (a gentleman already favourably known as a legal biographer,) has reproduced in a popular form some of the most remarkable trials which have occupied our judicial tribunals during the last thirty years. The reports are given in a condensed form, and are accompanied and illustrated by numerous explanatory comments. In the selection and arrangement of his materials, the learned editor has obviously consulted the taste of the general reader, and has endeavoured to make an interesting book for all classes. In his own words, it has been his object "to free the work from dry severity, by introducing the '*loci latiores*' of the advocates, the salient parts of cross-examination, those little passages of arms between the rival combatants which diversified the arena, the painting of the forensic scene, the poetry of action of these legal dramas. He has sought to give the expressed spirit of eloquence and law, upon occasions which peculiarly called them forth, pruning what was redundant, rejecting superfluities, weeding out irrelevant matter, but omitting no incident or episode that an intelligent witness would be disappointed at not hearing."

A few words should be said concerning the title of the book and its applicability to the contents. By the words, "Modern State Trials," our readers must not imagine that these volumes are restricted to trials for political offences only. Mr. Townsend has chosen rather to accept the more liberal and popular definition of the title, and to include under it all criminal proceedings of great general interest which would be most likely "to command the attention of all members of the community, and to be read by them with pleasure and profit." The course he has adopted is justified by precedent, and approved by general convenience. In the voluminous collection of state trials commenced by Mr. Hargrave, in which some of the most valuable materials of history are to be found, many

trials are inserted which have no reference to state offences, but which were considered of public importance and great general interest. Such are the various convictions for witchcraft, and the prosecution of Elizabeth Canning for perjury. Among the trials included in Mr. Townsend's volumes, those for high-treason and political misdemeanours form but a small proportion; but we have no hesitation in stating that the judicial proceedings which have been selected are those most likely to prove attractive to the reader, and to answer the purpose which the editor had in view.

In the ordinary incidents of an important trial in an English court of justice, there is much to excite and impress the spectator. The keen encounters of acute and subtle intellects, and the displays of practised actors on the forensic stage, are of themselves sufficient to prevent the attention flagging, and to keep every faculty on the stretch. We enter the crowded court where the life, the liberty, or the character of a fellow-being is at stake; we are awed by the decent solemnities of justice, and we watch with eager eyes the demeanour of all who are personally interested, or who are called to take part in the proceedings. We respond to the murmur of admiration which runs through the crowd when an honest witness gives his straightforward, manly testimony, in homely but appropriate language, and baffles every effort to browbeat and intimidate him. We are personally gratified at the exposure of some concocted falsehood; we are pleased to see an unprincipled knave, suborned to bear false witness, "pulled to pieces," amid the delighted roars of the auditory, till he descends discomfited from the witness-box, and sneaks out of court, too happy to escape further observation. With no slight interest do we watch the countenances of the jaded jurymen, or steal a side-long glance at the pale and agitated face of the culprit, and wonder within ourselves what is passing in his bosom. Superadded to the dramatic interest of the proceedings are the earnestness and reality which are wanting on the mimic scene; and although we are little prepared to defend the taste, we are scarcely surprised at the eager anxiety sometimes evinced by intelligent persons, even of the softer sex, to be present at the trials of notorious culprits, whose crimes have rendered them the temporary objects of morbid interest.

Next to being present at an important trial, we consider it one of the greatest intellectual gratifications to peruse an accurate report: and although much that interests the spectator cannot be embodied in any report, yet, thanks to the art of stenography, the shorthand writer's notes are generally a fair transcript, and present us with a tolerably truthful picture of what actually occurred. To return to Mr. Townsend's volumes, it appears to us that in these days of book-making, it is decidedly a happy idea to furnish the English public with a collection of modern *causes célèbres* in a compact and readable form. Apart from the temporary interest which they excited,

(1) "Modern State Trials, revised, and illustrated with Essays and Notes." By William C. Townsend, Esq. M.A. Q. C. 1850.

they have a permanent and historical value, and contain much that will always interest and instruct.

The learned editor has not arranged his materials in any systematic order, chronological or otherwise. The first trial in the collection is that of John Frost, for high-treason, in 1839-40, and the second, that of Edward Oxford, for shooting at the Queen. Then follow the trial of James Stuart, Esq. before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel, in 1822; and then, the trial of the Earl of Cardigan, before the House of Peers in full Parliament, for felony in shooting at Captain Tucket, (another duelling offence,) in 1841. The trial of Courvoisier, for the murder of Lord William Russell, comes next, and the extremely questionable conduct of his advocate is defended by the editor as being within the bounds of propriety and professional etiquette. We have no wish to cater upon the discussion of a question which has occasioned so much newspaper controversy, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Phillips's true friends must regret the officious zeal which so recently forced the painful question upon public notice.

The trial of Daniel M'Naughton, for the murder of Mr. Drummond, which is next in the series, affords a remarkable proof of the superior humanity and discretion of the present age. It was proved by indubitable testimony, that the wretched man had committed the frightful crime under the influence of a fatal delusion, and he was properly acquitted. As his counsel, Mr. Cockburn, forcibly intimated, it would have been cruel and unjust to "visit one on whom God had been pleased to bring the heaviest of all human calamities—the most painful, the most appalling of all mortal ills—with the consequences of an act which most undoubtedly, but for this calamity, never would have been committed." Full time had been allowed to procure the necessary evidence respecting the state of the prisoner's mind, and all the discoveries of modern science were ingeniously adduced by his eloquent counsel to illustrate the nature of the mysterious malady under which he laboured. In the course of his eloquent address, Mr. Cockburn appropriately alluded to the beneficent changes which modern science had introduced in the treatment of the insane, and forcibly dwelt on the different forms of mental hallucination.

"It is known to all that it is but as yesterday that the system of treatment, which in past ages—to the eternal disgrace of those ages—was pursued towards those whom it had pleased Heaven to visit with the heaviest of all human afflictions, and who were therefore best entitled to the tenderest care and most watchful kindness of their Christian brethren—it is but as yesterday, I say, that that system has been changed for another, which, thank God! exists to our honour, and to the comfort and better prospect of recovery of the unfortunate diseased in mind! It is but as yesterday that darkness and solitude—cut off from the rest of mankind like the lepers of old—the dismal cell, the bed of straw, the iron chain, and the inhuman scourge, were the fearful lot of those who were best entitled to human pity and to human sympathy, as being the victims of the most dreadful of all mortal calamities.

This state of things has passed, or is passing fast away. But in former times when it did exist, you will not wonder that these unhappy persons were looked upon with a different eye. Thank God! at last, though but at last, humanity and wisdom have penetrated, hand in hand, into the dreary abodes of these miserable beings, and whilst the one has poured the balm of consolation into the bosoms of the afflicted, the other has held the light of science over our hitherto imperfect knowledge of this dire disease, has ascertained its varying character, and marked its shadowy boundaries, and taught us how, in gentleness and mercy, best to minister to the relief and restoration of the sufferer. . . .

"Science is ever on the advance; and no doubt, science of this kind, like all other, is in advance of the generality of mankind. It is a matter of science altogether; and we who have the ordinary duties of our several stations and the business of our respective avocations to occupy our full attention, cannot be so well informed upon it as those who have scientifically pursued the study and the treatment of the disease. I think, then, we shall be fully justified in turning to the doctrines of matured science rather than to the maxims put forth in times when neither knowledge, nor philanthropy, nor philosophy, nor common justice, had their full operation in discussions of this nature."

Contrast with the circumstances of this trial—the calm deliberation, and respectful reference to the discoveries of science,—that of Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval,—a parallel case.

"At five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, May 11th, 1811, the Premier was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons; *at the same hour on the following Monday, the dead body of the assassin lay exposed in the dissecting room!* Within seven days he had been examined before the magistrate and committed to Newgate, a true bill had been found, he had been tried at the Old Bailey on the Friday, convicted, sentenced, and executed at eight o'clock on the Monday morning that succeeded the murder: a cruel, unrighteous, intemperate haste,—an eager thirst for retribution, not slaked certainly at the fountain of justice. The fervour of popular excitement and indignation, which did not admit of a calm and tranquil investigation into the state of the prisoner's mind, furnished unanswerable arguments for delay. The result of the trial might have been, probably would have been, the same; but the judicial disgrace and national opprobrium that accrued from this intemperate haste would have been averted. For the opinions of those best qualified to judge are still anxiously divided on the question, whether, under all the circumstances, Bellingham was a free agent, and responsible for his acts."

Mr. Bellingham had been a Liverpool merchant, trading to Russia, and had suffered a long imprisonment in that country for a debt incurred through some unfortunate mercantile speculation. He had claimed redress for the supposed wrong through the British ambassador at the Russian Court, who, finding that he had been treated according to the law of the country in which he had become a resident, declined to interfere. He was at last released, and returned to England burning with indignation. Regarding the British cabinet as responsible for his long imprisonment, he took his revenge by shooting Mr. Perceval, and then calmly surrendered himself to justice. His conduct at the trial is thus described:—

"On Friday, the 15th of May, he was tried at the Old Bailey, before Sir James Mansfield. Mr. Alley

applied for a postponement of the trial, and read an affidavit of Ann Bellitt, averring in direct terms the insanity of the prisoner, which was known to several witnesses at Liverpool and elsewhere. He appealed to the justice and humanity of the Court to let the trial stand over till they could be subpoenaed to appear. The Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, greatly to his discredit, resisted the application, and declared in his bitter style, that the prisoner had displayed a masculine understanding! The application was peremptorily overruled. Sir Vicary Gibbs, as if to exasperate their feelings, then stated to the jury a pathetic truth, 'that the crime had been perpetrated against a man who, if sufficient life had been allowed him, after he had received his death-wound, would have employed it in breathing a prayer to heaven for the forgiveness of his murderer.' The same mild spirit that would have uttered such a prayer would have anxiously desired the state of mind of his murderer to have been calmly investigated, that he might not be punished if he were irrational, and knew not what he did.

"Bellingham spoke for two hours, recapitulating his wrongs—six years' imprisonment in Russia; yet Lord Leveson afforded him no redress. He regretted that lord had not fallen by his hand instead of Mr. Perceval. [*A murmur of disapprobation, we are told, ran through the court at this vindictive declaration.*] He had given notice at Bow Street he would take justice into his own hand, when he was told he might do his worst. He was obliged to the court for their setting aside the plea of insanity. Whenever he should appear before the tribunal of God, he should be adjudged innocent of wilful murder."

It was proved by one of the witnesses that his father had died insane; but Chief Justice Mansfield "declared that he saw no reason whatever for supposing that the prisoner was an irrational and irresponsible agent," and the jury at once convicted him.

The trial of the great naval hero, Lord Cochrane, for a conspiracy to defraud the Stock Exchange, in 1814, is well described by Mr. Townsend, as one of the most painfully interesting proceedings in the records of our criminal jurisprudence. "After an anxious and repeated investigation," he says, "of all the documents and circumstances connected with this strange case, the editor has arrived at a firm conviction that the jury ought not to have convicted that gallant nobleman, whose uncle made him his dupe, and who lost all chance of an acquittal by the two cases being blended together." The defendants, eight in number, including Lord Cochrane and his uncle, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, were charged with "causing persons, disguised as officers, to pretend that they had arrived at Dover and Northfleet with expresses from France, on the morning of Monday, February 21st, 1814, announcing the overthrow of Buonaparte, and the conclusion of the war." The principal agent in the hoax was a man named De Berenger, who, on the morning of the fraud, having just arrived in London from Dover with the pretended news, proceeded to Lord Cochrane's house, where he changed the disguise which he had worn on the journey. This was the strongest circumstance of suspicion against his lordship. Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was the "arch artificer" of the fraud, and his clearly proved guilt of course prejudiced his nephew's case. Party feeling then ran high; and Lord

Cochrane having interfered in politics with something of a seaman's heedlessness, was obnoxious to the ruling powers. This was painfully evident at the trial. The Chief Justice, (Ellenborough,) who presided, treated the defendants with marked severity, and he went so far as to force their counsel to address the jury for the defence after twelve o'clock at night,—an instance of judicial despotism almost without parallel. The counsel did not fail to represent to him the hardship of such a course, and the following dialogue ensued.¹

"With this evidence . . . closed the case for the prosecution. It was now past midnight; fifteen hours of a long summer's day had been exhausted, and counsel and jury must have been sinking from fatigue. Under these circumstances, the counsel gave a not unreasonable intimation of their wish for an adjournment.

"*Mr. Serjeant Best.* I wish to apprise your lordship that I think it will be necessary for the defendants to call witnesses.

"*Lord Ellenborough.* I should wish to hear your opening, and to get into the defendants' case if I can; there are several gentlemen attending as witnesses who, I find, cannot, without the greatest public inconvenience, attend to-morrow.

"*Mr. Park.* The difficulty we feel I am sure your lordship will feel as strongly as we do, the fatigue owing to the length of our attendance here; but we will proceed if your lordship desires it.

"*Lord Ellenborough.* I would wish to get into the case so as to have the examination of several witnesses, upon whom the public business of certain offices depends, gone through if possible.

"*Mr. Park.* I have undergone very great fatigue, which I am able to bear; but I would submit to your lordship the hardship upon parties who are charged with so very serious an offence as this, if their case is heard at this late hour, and then a fresh day is given to my learned friend to reply.

"*Lord Ellenborough.* It will not be a fresh day, when you will be here by nine o'clock, and the sun will be up almost before we can adjourn; I will sit through it if you require it rather than that.

"After this brief colloquy counsel succumbed without further murmur or question, a memorable proof of the iron sway with which Lord Ellenborough domineered over his court. A more firm and manly resistance would not have disparaged the counsel, and might have secured the indulgence. It would have saved one innocent client."

We have not space to analyse the evidence, but we think with Mr. Townsend, that Lord Cochrane's participation in the fraud was at least doubtful. All the defendants were found guilty, and the sentence passed on the hero of the Basque Roads, a naval commander second only to Nelson in skill and intrepidity, was vindictively severe. "He was sentenced to pay a fine to the King of 1,000*l.*, to be imprisoned in the King's Bench prison for twelve calendar months, and 'to be set in and upon the pillory, opposite the Royal Exchange, in the city of London, for one hour, between the hours of twelve at noon and two in the afternoon.'" A motion was, however, made in the House of Commons relative to the latter part of the sentence,

(1) It should be observed that at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of the defendant's case, the court adjourned till ten, and the counsel for the prosecution had the great advantage of replying the next day, when the jury had been refreshed by a few hours' sleep.

and the ministers subsequently advised the Prince Regent to remit it, "the crime being too rare and too alien to the spirit of Englishmen to appear to them imperatively to require such an exposure."

The trial of the Wakefields for the abduction of Miss Turner, in 1827, was another *cause célèbre*, which excited unusual interest at the time. A young lady aged fifteen, at a boarding-school at Liverpool, was artfully decoyed away by strangers, under the pretence of a parent's dangerous illness requiring her immediate return home; and then inveigled into a Scotch marriage by the false representations of the criminal bridegroom. The childlike confiding innocence of the poor girl, and the heartless, unprincipled conduct of the conspirators, appeared in all the details of the nefarious scheme, and imparted to the trial a romantic interest. In order to prove the marriage, the Gretna priest was called as a witness. He was described as "a gentleman residing at Springfield, near Gretna Hall," and on his cross-examination, proved that he had been engaged "in the traffic of making this sort of certificates" eight-and-forty years. He was upwards of seventy-five years old, and previously to his becoming a "gentleman" had followed several occupations—that of a pedlar, or as he called it a "merchant," amongst others. He was thus re-examined by Mr. Scarlett, (afterwards Lord Abinger,) the defendant's counsel:—

"The re-examination of Mr. Scarlett, though clever and amusing, failed to set up this performer of what he called *unregular marriages*. 'It may be an unregular mode,' he said, sturdily, 'but it is right still.'

"You married these in the regular mode, did you?—I married them as many a hundred has been married before; and I have been in the courts both in Edinburgh and in the city of Dublin, and my marriages have always been held good.

"What form of words do you use?—Well, you come before me and say—

"No, I don't want to be married; but suppose any body did, I want to know what form of words are used. Do you make any declaration between the parties?—I ask them whether they take one another for man and wife before myself and two witnesses: that is the mode in Scotland.

"Well, when they say that, do you make any declaration, or what do you do?—Why they embrace one another, and *so and so*.

"Tell us what the '*so and so*' is. I don't want to be married, but some of my friends here do, and they want to know the ceremony. What is the '*so and so*?' what do you say?—After they take one another by the hand, I say, 'Now I declare you *so and so*.'

"What is it you declare? What are the words you use? You declare them what?—I declare them to be man and wife before the witnesses, and *so and so*: that is the Scotch rule."

The bridegroom and his brother, who assisted in the plot, though ably defended by the "thirteenth jurymen," (as Mr. Scarlett was commonly called,) were convicted of the conspiracy, and each sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The trial of Mr. Moxon, the eminent publisher, on an indictment for blasphemy, in publishing a complete edition of Shelley's works, has been selected by Mr. Townsend, in order to introduce the splendid defence of

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Although, perhaps, too ornate and elaborate for the appreciation of a jury, the speech was worthy of the gifted advocate's high reputation, and deserves to be quoted as one of the most finished specimens of modern forensic oratory. The prosecution, it may be recollected, originated in the following circumstances: Mr. Henry Hetherington, a bookseller in the Strand, having been convicted of selling a blasphemous publication, and thereupon sentenced to four months' imprisonment, adopted the design of becoming in his turn the prosecutor of the various booksellers who sold the complete edition of Shelley's works, issued by Mr. Moxon. As the original publisher of the edition, Mr. Moxon resolved to bear the first attack, and his trial came on in the Court of Queen's Bench, in June 1841. The case having been opened, and the publication of the work proved, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd commenced his eloquent address, and thus impressively described at the outset the nature of the poems which had been selected for prosecution:—

"The passages selected as specimens of the indicted libel are found in a complete edition of Percy Bysshe Shelley, a work comprising more than twenty thousand lines of verse, and occupy something less than the three-hundredth part of the volume which contains them. The book presents the entire intellectual history—true and faithful because traced in the series of those works which were its events—of one of the most extraordinary persons ever gifted and doomed to illustrate the nobleness, the grandeur, the imperfections, and the progress of human genius, whom it pleased God to take from this world while the process of harmonising his stupendous powers was yet incomplete, but not before it had indicated its beneficent workings."

Having forcibly dwelt on the necessity of a liberal criticism of the productions of genius, and alluded to the bold, and, (judged by a narrow standard,) almost impious speculations of our greatest epic poet, the advocate thus proceeded to vindicate the prosecuted poems from any general tendency to inculcate principles of atheism or impiety:—

"If, however, these are considerations affecting the exercise of human genius on themes beyond its grasp, which we cannot discuss in this place, however essential to the decision of the charge, there is one plain position which I will venture to assert; that the poetry which pretends to a denial of God, or of an immortal life, *must* contain its own refutation in itself, and sustain what it would deny! A poet, though not one of the highest order, may 'link vice to a radiant angel;' he may diffuse luxurious indifference to virtue and to truth: but he cannot inculcate atheism. Let him strive to do it, and like Balaam, who came to curse, like him he must end in blessing! His art convicts him; for it is 'Eternity revealing itself in Time!' His fancies may be wayward, his theories absurd, but they will prove, no less in their failure than in their success, the divinity of their origin, and the inadequacy of this world to give scope to his impulses. They are the beatings of the soul against the bars of its clay tenement, which, though they may ruffle and sadden it, prove that it is winged for a diviner sphere! Young has said,—

"An undevout astronomer is mad;"

how much more truly might he have said, an *atheist* poet is a contradiction in terms! Let the poet take what range of associations he will—let him adopt what notions he may—he cannot dissolve his alliance with

the Eternal. Let him strive to shut out the vistas of the future by encircling the present with images of exquisite beauty; his own forms of ideal grace will disappoint him with eternal looks, and vindicate the immortality they were fashioned to veil! Let him rear temples and consecrate them to fabled divinities; they will indicate in their enduring beauty "temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" If he celebrates the delights of social intercourse, the festal reference to their fragility includes the sense of that which must endure; for the very sadness which tempers them speaks the longing after that "which prompts the eternal sigh." If he desires to bid the hearts of thousands beat as one man at the touch of tragic passion, he must present "the future in the instant,"—show in the death-grapple of contending emotions a strength which death cannot destroy—vindicate the immortality of affection at the moment when the warm passages of life are closed against it; and anticipate, in the virtue which dares to die, the power by which "mortality shall be swallowed up of life!" The world is too narrow for us. Time is too short for man; and the poet only feels the sphere more inadequate, and pants for the "All hail hereafter!" with more urgent sense of weakness than his fellows."

At the conclusion of this glowing speech, in which the lawyer and the poet put forth all his strength, the personal character of the defendant was thus slightly glanced at; and our readers will admire with us the exquisite taste and consummate art displayed by the advocate in this part of his address.

"It has been fairly conceded that Mr. Moxon is a most respectable publisher; one who has done good service to the cause of poetry and wisdom; and one who could not intentionally publish a blasphemous work without treason to all the associations which honour his life. Beginning his career under the auspices of Rogers, the eldest of a great age of poets, and blessed with the continued support of that excellent person, who never broke by one unworthy line the charm of moral grace which pervades his works, he has been associated with Lamb, whose kindness embraced all sects, all parties, all classes, and whose genius shed new and pleasant lights on daily life; with Southey, the pure and childlike in heart; with Coleridge, in the light of whose Christian philosophy these indicted poems would assume their true character as mournful yet salutary specimens of power developed imperfectly in this world; and with Wordsworth, whose works, so long neglected or scorned, but so long silently nurturing tastes for the lofty and the pure, it has been Mr. Moxon's privilege to diffuse largely through this and other lands, and with them the sympathies which link the human heart to nature and to God, and all classes of mankind to each other."

The trial of Mr. O'Connell, for conspiracy, in 1843, and that of Mr. Smith O'Brien, for high-treason, in 1848, occupy a considerable space in Mr. Townsends' volumes; and we may add that several other proceedings of great political interest are inserted, which will always retain a certain value from the light they throw on contemporary history.

Since this notice was penned, we have learned by the public newspapers that the learned editor of these volumes—distinguished by his private virtues no less than for his literary attainments—a scholar and a gentleman, as well as an able lawyer—has passed from amongst us, in the prime of life, widely and deeply regretted.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Two small volumes of poetry, their respective natures differing widely as "Indus from the Pole," have lately come under our notice. The most important of these volumes, "Lays of Past Days," by the Author of "Provence and the Rhone," brings before us, for the first time in a collected form, sundry metrical facetiæ over which we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh in the pages of Blackwood, Bentley, and other magazines, while, together with these mirth-provoking stanzas, are to be found some longer poems, partaking more nearly of the ballad style, which evince (much as we rejoice in some of the comicalities,) a higher degree of artistic skill and true poetical feeling than the perusal of their lighter *confrères* had prepared us to expect. Of these graver pieces a ballad entitled "Sir Hugh the Forester" most won upon our admiration, from its terse style and harmonious though unpolished versification, and the manly, vigorous, frank manner in which the life-like characters work out the striking incident on which the chief interest of the tale depends. A most curious anecdote, founded on fact, is embodied in the "Squire's Dream," while equal scholarship and humour are to be found in the elegy of the poet Catnachus on Ægidius, and in the polyglot verses in praise of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. In a species of prefatory dedication to Miss Mitford, the Author assigns as one of his reasons for "rushing into print," his "dislike to go down to posterity as a mere 'portrait of a gentleman' in the family picture-gallery. Thus, in order to figure in the family tree as decently as a good average dean or post-captain," and to prevent his being summed up by his possible great-grand-children as follows—

"He lived in Berkshire, and studied at Oriel,
And of him we've really no other memorial,"—

he has collected his "*disjecta membra*" from the corners of periodicals into which fate had pitched them; rejoined the precious morsels; and a very good figure do we consider them to make when carefully stitched together, and "neatly bound in cloth."

The second work we proceed to notice, "A Dream of Tasso, and other Poems," by William Brailsford, although in every respect the complete antipodes of the volume we have just discussed, possesses much "modest merit" of its own. Its author, (for some time a contributor to "SHARPE,") is evidently a disciple of the modern school of poetry; but while his bold flights of imagination and delicate touches of pathos remind us not unpleasingly of parts of Tennyson and poor Hood, his good taste prevents his out-Heroding Herod by attempting to follow the meteor course of Mrs. Browning, or the Delphinian ravings of that prince of mystics, her most transcendental spouse. Among our especial favourites we may mention, "The Forsaken Home," parts of "The Dream of Tasso," "The Grave in the Village," "The De-thronement of Summer," and "The Lament of Ororic."

Mr. Brailsford has only to write carefully, and select good models for style and metre, to attain a very prominent place among the poets of the day. The good

taste, religious feeling, and unexceptionable morality of this little volume render it a very fit book to place in the hands of young people who may be sufficiently advanced to appreciate it.

"Latter Day Pamphlets." Edited by Thomas Carlyle. The third of these remarkable publications is entitled "Downing Street."

Like its two predecessors, "Downing Street" seems to us to be in every way worthy the reputation of the Author; nor can we comprehend the reason of the violent objection, still less of the indiscriminating, vituperative outcries, raised against them in certain quarters of the literary world, from which something like justice, if not generosity, should be looked for. That the "Latter Day Pamphlets" should not be exactly to the taste of "the million,"—that they should, indeed, be *caviare* to it,—is not astonishing; but it is astonishing, and much to be regretted, that those whose task it is to teach "the million" should make such mistakes as they have done in the matter.

That they do not recognise in these addresses to the British nation, something more than a violent and altogether absurd tirade against the existing state of things; that they do not find in them anything but matter for contemptuous disapprobation or superficial laughter,—is unreasonable, and consequently, surprising, in men who ought to know better. Upon what principle can a thoroughly-understanding reader of "Sarto Resartus" and "The Past and Present" esteem these as the writings of a Philosopher and a Truth-Teller, and at the same time, thoroughly understanding the "Latter Day Pamphlets," inveigh against them, as the ravings of a lunatic, or the dangerous falsehoods of a passion-blinded partisan? We venture to assert, that Carlyle has said nothing yet, in his "Latter Day Pamphlets," which he has not said before in his other works, either positively or by implication, or which cannot be proved to be in accordance with them. In these he has only taken up certain points of his system of philosophy, and applied them with heart-stirring energy in the consideration of some very important political and social questions of the time. There is something uncandid, ungenerous, and ungrateful, in turning round to jeer at a man whom we have hitherto looked upon with reverence, as our superior, endowed by heaven with genius to teach us what truth he can discover on the earth,—there is something worse than ungrateful, we say, in turning round upon him, to jeer, or to question his sanity, or the purity of his motives, when he begins to say things which we find hard to understand, or unpleasant when understood.

We do not contend for the infallibility of this or any other genius; we, ourselves, do not hold Mr. Carlyle to be a genius of the *first* order; but that he has genius, such as few in this age possess, we think no one will deny, and we are ready to fight to the death in support of our belief in the "Sanity of true Genius." We cannot see any evidence in these "Latter Day Pamphlets," that Mr. Carlyle is

"beside himself;" rather do we see that he "speaks forth the words of truth," and the most noble and ignoble Festuses would do well to lay aside their preconceived notions of what should and should not be spoken upon certain public questions of the day, and listen to what it shall seem fit to Mr. Carlyle to utter about them. A respectful hearing he is entitled to, from all cultivated persons, as a thinker and an honest man, whose will to tell the truth may, in their opinion, sometimes exceed his power of seeing it, but who will tell what "he troweth" if he speak at all.

In "Downing Street" there is less startling eloquence, less astounding, home-striking apostrophe than in "The Present Time" and "Model Prisons," and, at a first hasty reading, it appeared to us to be less brilliantly executed. The tone is quieter, but on a second reading, we are inclined to prefer it to the other two; much as we see to admire in them. It is not our intention to criticise the contents of this Pamphlet, but, for the benefit of those among our readers who may not have read it, we will subjoin a sample or two. Let them judge how much of falsehood and extravagant nonsense there is in these.

"In every ship, I say, there must be a *seeing* pilot, not a mere hearing one! It is evident you can never get your ship steered through the difficult straits by persons standing ashore, on this bank and that, and shouting *their* confused directions to you. 'Ware that Colonial Sand-Bank! Starboard now, the Nigger Question! Larboard, larboard, the Suffrage Movement! Financial Reform, your Clothing-Colonels overboard! The Qualification Movement, Ware-re-re Helm-a-lee. Bear a hand there, will you! Ir-r-r, lubbers, imbeciles, fitter for a tailor's shop-board than a helm of Government, Ir-r-r-r.' And so the ship wriggles and tumbles, and, on the whole, goes as wind and current drive. No ship was ever steered, except to destruction, in that manner. I deliberately say so, no ship of state either. If you cannot get a real pilot on board, and put the helm into his hands, your ship is as good as a wreck. One real pilot on board may save you; all the bellowing from the banks that ever was, will not, and, by the nature of things, cannot. Nay, your pilot will have to succeed, if he do succeed, very much in spite of said bellowing; he will hear all that and regard very little of it; in a patient, mild-spoken, wise manner, will regard all of it as what it is."

Surely *that* is not very nonsensical; still less *this*:—

"True, nevertheless, it for ever remains, that intellect is the real object of reverence, and of devout prayer, and zealous wish and pursuit, among the sons of men; and even, well-understood, the one object. It is the inspiration of the Almighty that giveth men understanding. For, it must be repeated, and ever again repeated till poor mortals get to discern it, and awake from their baleful paralysis, and degradation under foul enchantment, 'That a man of intellect, of real and not sham intellect, is by the nature of him, likewise, inevitably a man of nobleness, a man of courage, rectitude, pious strength; who even, *because* he is, and has been loyal to the laws of this universe, is initiated into discernment of the same; to this hour a missioned of Heaven, whom if men follow it will be well with them; whom if men do not follow, it will not be well. Human intellect, if you consider it well, is the exact summary of Human Worth, and the essence of all worth-ships and worships is reverence for that same. This much surprises you, friend Peter, but I assure you it is the fact, and I would advise to consider it, and to try if you, too,

do not gradually find it so. With me it has long been an article, not of 'Faith' only, but of settled insight, of conviction, as to what the ordinances of the Maker in this Universe are. Ah! could you and the rest of us get to know it, and everywhere religiously act upon it as our *fortieth* article, which includes all the other thirty-nine, and without which, the thirty-nine are good for almost nothing, there might then be some hope for us! In this world there is but one appalling creature; the stupid man *considered* to be the missioned of Heaven and followed by men."

And then we come to the main difficulty. "It is wisdom alone that can recognise wisdom." "Ay, there's the rub!" "Who is there that can recognise real intellect and do reverence to it, and discriminate it well from sham intellect, which is so much more abundant and deserves the reverse of reverence? He that himself has it." A melancholy fact.

"What method, then, by what method? ask many. Method, alas! To secure an increased supply of Human Intellect to Downing Street, there will be evidently no quite 'effectual' method but that of increasing the supply of Human Intellect, otherwise definable as Human Worth, in society generally, increasing the supply of sacred reverence for it, of loyalty to it, and of life and-death desire and pursuit of it among all classes, if we but knew such a 'method!' Alas, that were simply the method of making all classes servants of Heaven, and except it be devout prayer to Heaven, I have never heard of any method! To increase the reverence for Human Intellect or God's light, and the detestation of Human Stupidity or the Devil's darkness, what method is there? No method, except even *this*, that we should each of us 'pray' for it, instead of praying for mere scrip and the like; that Heaven would please to vouchsafe us each a little of it, one by one! As, perhaps, Heaven in its infinite bounty by stern methods gradually will? Perhaps, Heaven has mercy, too, in these sore plagues which are oppressing us, and means to teach us reverence for heroism and human intellect, by such baleful experience of what issue imbecility and parliamentary eloquence lead to."

Fortunately, as we believe, for thinking men in England, Mr. Carlyle is about the last man in the kingdom to abstain from speaking when he thinks fit to speak, merely because what he says may not meet with general approval. He can wait to be understood.

In the "New Downing Street," which is the title of the fourth of these pamphlets, we have further proof of this. It is, we think, the best of the set; the most satisfactory—the most complete. The stern, grim humour in the following passage, which deals an annihilating blow at the "dual individual" whom the Protectionists honour, will raise a hearty laugh in all well-constituted minds, because it is supremely funny and supremely just:—

"As for the Protectionist jargon, who in these earnest days would occupy many moments of his time with that! 'A costermonger in this street,' says Crabbe, 'finding lately that his rope of onions which he hoped would have brought a shilling, was to go for only sevenpence henceforth, burst forth into lamentation, execration, and the most pathetic tears. Throwing up the window, I perceived the other costermongers preparing impatiently to pack this one out of their company as a disgrace to it, if he would not hold his peace and take the market rate for his onions. I looked better at this costermonger. To my astonished imagination a star and garter dawned upon the dim figure of the man; and I perceived that

here was no costermonger to be expelled with ignominy, but a sublime, goddess-born, dual individual, whom I forbear to name at this moment! What an omen! Nay, to my astonished imagination there dawned still fatal omens.' Surely, of all human trades ever heard of, the trade of owning land in England ought *not* to bully us for drink-money just now."

The "Stump Orator" is not so good as we expected to find it, judging only by the first part. The reason is, that there is no second part; no reverse of the picture given here. It is itself an eloquent piece of "Stump Oratory;" a something which is not true, because it is only half the truth; and is calculated to mislead and amaze weak minds. Because words have been misused, is that any argument in favour of total silence? Surely Mr. Carlyle has allowed his anger against vain and foolish talkers to carry him too far. There are "Stump Orators" truly; men who speak what will move the multitudes to their own purposes without any regard to the truth, or justice, or propriety of the things said; who speak only that they may show how well they can talk: there are also "Stump Writers," thousands of them, who do the same thing in print. But is, then, all eloquent speaking that moves the heart of a multitude, or of a select few, to be stigmatized as Stump Oratory? Were Isaiah and St. Paul—lower still, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Burke,—were they mere charlatans? Would their silence have been better than their speech? Not while man remains constituted as he is, can we believe that eloquent speech that comes from the heart and goes to it, is a thing to be despised or lightly spoken of—or that it should be spoken of at all without remembering that all the other God-given faculties of mankind would be well-nigh useless without it. A *dumb* human race would be, as far as we can judge now, not what we call *human*; it would be much more like *brutal*, since, by speech and its symbol, writing, all the acquirements of one generation are transmitted to the succeeding ones. As to the expression of thought in writing, Mr. Carlyle's argument, taken as it stands here, declares that Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Goethe, would have done better *not* to write. We know well that Mr. Carlyle does not mean this, but he should "avoid all appearance of evil" by letting the whole truth appear. Having said many true things about the unprincipled *abuse* of words, he should have said the true things that are to be said in favour of the glorious gift of speech! A word spoken in season, how good is it! We wish Mr. Carlyle would dilate a little on that theme. The depreciation of oratory, and passionate writing in general, scarcely comes well from so great a master of the art of word-wielding. Having entered this protest against the pamphlet, as a whole consideration of the subject, we must assure our readers that they will find here an admirable view of one side of it; a side which requires careful looking at, in these days. The following sentence is worth pondering on, as a truth not well recognised. "Do you want a man *not* to practise what he believes?—then encourage him to keep often speaking it in words."

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OF

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FOR GENERAL READING.

With Elegant Steel Engravings.

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PREFACE.

IN bringing to a conclusion another Volume of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, the Editor begs to return his own thanks and those of the Publishers, for the continued support that has been afforded them, amidst so numerous a crowd of competitors. It is truly gratifying that hardly a single complaint has reached them, either in regard to the tone of the Magazine, the character of the contributions, or quality of the Engravings with which the Work is adorned. On one subject alone has any dissatisfaction been expressed by the Subscribers, namely, the irregular appearance of the "Story of a Family," and its final disappearance (for such it proves to be) from the pages of the Magazine. The Editor can only assure his Subscribers, that it has been entirely out of his power to prevent these mortifying occurrences; that the neglect in question was not his own; and that he was never informed of the Authoress's intention to leave the story in its present state, or he should have used every endeavour to prevent so unpleasant a conclusion.

The Editor appeals to his pages for a proof of his intention to maintain those principles, which originally obtained so fair a standing for SHARPE'S MAGAZINE, and to render it safe and acceptable reading for the Family Circle; and can assure his friends that every exertion shall be made to render the next Volume superior in interest to the present.

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SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL.

FURNESS ABBEY.

OUR way lay along a lane overshadowed with trees through the remaining part of the valley, in the immediate vicinity of the Abbey, not an unfitting prelude to that solitude which the royal thirst for spoil, not reformation, had created around us, and but for which the venerable walls of the abbey had been now entire, dedicated to some useful purpose. The luxuriant foliage, sheltered from the sea winds by the hills, grew more dense as we proceeded; the ash seemed to predominate in all the greenness of hue so peculiarly its own, and so refreshing to the vision. A situation so well adapted for the contemplative spirit, for the mind "commencing with the skies," could not be found. Sequestered, solemn, tranquil, and heart-soothing, the predominant gloom was in perfect keeping for ushering us to the wrecks of the past, and the sepulchres that lay beneath their neglected fragments; it was the "lodge in the wilderness," the "boundless contiguity of shade"—that was Cowper's aspiration.

At length the vista of foliage disclosed before us a venerable gateway, consisting of a fine Gothic arch partially concealed among the overhanging branches, built of a red-coloured stone abounding in the neighbourhood, and overspread in some places with ivy. We never saw an arch applied to a similar purpose that united grace with strength so effectively, but simple and unornamented. Passing beneath, immediately within on the left side appears what has been the lodge of the outer porter, built with great strength, having massy ribs in the arched roof; and a little further on upon the right, are barns and stables, which once belonged to the abbey. Opposite these stands on the left the remains of the Eleemosynary, the place where strangers were entertained, and an old building, which is now used for a farmhouse, once most probably the manor house, erected out of the ruins of the abbey. Directly in front is an open space covered with the natural turf, at the extremity of which, stretched across the full expanse of the vale, rise the noble ruins of the church, the northern side of which, for its entire length, first presents itself to the view—a melancholy memorial of departed greatness, majestic in decay, beautiful in desolation. The choir, nave, and belfry, with the northern transept, rent and ruined, still exhibit walls in some places between fifty and sixty feet high. Not far from the east end, are the remains of a porter's lodge, that was the entrance of the inner inclosure, between which and the transept are the graves of the fathers, whose tombstones were recently discovered. The last, thanks to the Earl of Burlington, the owner of these fine

ruins, still rest over the ashes where they were originally placed. Near this spot the broken arches and shattered walls to the southward have a striking effect, and from the eastern end the window, rising nearly to the roof and descending almost to the ground, affords a noble view of the interior, looking westward, terminated by the massy belfry, the walls of which are of vast thickness, relieved by the dark wood beyond, and on the southern side exhibiting windows overhung with foliage; here broken arches and shattered buttresses are crowned with vegetation in picturesque wildness, its fresh colours smiling upon the decay which sustains the festoons with which it has connected the rents of time, mocking the greyness of centuries with ornaments that survive but for a summer. The choir has been lately cleared of rubbish, as well as the entire level of the church, in doing which several effigies from monuments were discovered, as well as the tombs of the fathers on the outside, already mentioned. These effigies are of marble, and are preserved by wooden coverings. Over the great east window, some of the glass of which is preserved still in Windemere church, so high as to be beyond the reach of mutilation, stand the busts of King Stephen and his queen in excellent preservation, they having been the great benefactors to the abbey in 1127. These busts appear to have suffered little from time, being most probably carved of a different stone from that used in the other parts of the building. The south transept has an entrance into two chapels on the east side and into the vestry. A door from the dormitory opens into one of these chapels, by which the monks entered the church at night, and another door in the south-east corner of the nave leads into the cloisters, of which there are very unimportant remains. The chapter-house, refectory, and a suite of apartments that extended as far as what is supposed to be the school-room, many of which have little of the walls remaining above the foundations, must have been, when perfect, most extensive and commodious, if not magnificent, since from the north transept to the school-room, which last is entire, measures 430 feet, the length of the building at right angles with the transepts of the church. The simple but solid workmanship in the arches and the strength of the masonry, are not more striking than the deficiency of the materials in durability. The kitchen and offices had very pure running water beneath them, over which an arch was turned for a considerable width, with here and there openings for access; the whole plan may be easily traced, although the appropriation of some of the outbuildings it may be difficult to decide upon. The trees which surround or grow out

of the walls add much to the impressive effect, by causing numerous changes of light and shade, often overshadowing windows through which the eye takes in dark arches and intervening lights, with bits of exquisite beauty for pictorial effect. In some places, where through arched windows others of massy proportions cross them, and the light comes flashing between, the effect is not only solemn but grand. A row of broken pillars, a range of windows little injured, an arch with beautiful and massive regularity, or groins of most exact execution, all catch the attention. The finest perspective is from the east window to which we before alluded, the best position for the spectator in this perhaps the first of British monastic ruins. From thence the labours of man under the wasting of time are seen in a union of effect highly picturesque; and the pride of humanity is more humbled by the lesson, than it ever was by the words uttered before the blazing altars once standing there, declaratory of the vanity of earthly things; these, visible and tangible, echo to thoughts, not to words, that have become trite from repetition. To these noble apartments must have repaired all the "pride and circumstance" of monastical authority and of religious duty. Great hospitality, large alms, devout exercises, and monastic laws; and all these having passed away, we can only meditate over their memorials, and regret, in place of enriching court sycophants and a tyrant's power, some less questionable application had not been made of their spoils.

Both round and pointed arches occur in this building, as well as Saxon and Gothic pillars. The whole was constructed with great solidity, the cement being more durable than the stone; but we were struck with the decay of this material in some of the arches, where water has most probably been the agent, while the cement remains unaffected by its action. The chapter-house roof was entire as late as the middle of the last century. This room measures sixty feet by forty-five, the roof was supported by a double row of columns, which divided it into three aisles of fourteen feet each in width; and it is the only apartment that, admitting some little share of ornament, infringed upon the severe simplicity of this noble edifice elsewhere. The roof of the school-house is the only one entire in the large extent of the ruin. The centre tower rested upon four arches, supported by a like number of pillars richly clustered, while the whole was closely surrounded by a wall, which left only the western end of the building and the northern side of the church open as far as the north-western corner of the northern transept, where the entrance door was close to the western angle, and the wall beginning near it was continued, after a small turn, to the inner lodge, which stood at the entrance of the burying-place of the abbots. There, upon removing the rubbish, their memorials were recently discovered, lying over the remains they were designed to record; objects of as much interest as the abbey ruins themselves. From the lodge the wall ran southward, and terminated near the school-house, and the area of the quadrangular

court in front of the cloisters measured 338 feet by 102. There was yet an outer wall, which enclosed monastery, mills, fish-pond, and gardens, circumscribing a space of sixty-five acres; from the site of which there are noble views. The labour in producing such an establishment as that of Furness, with the gardens and granges, must have been enormous, for the spot was an uncultivated wild when the monks settled there. The gardens were generally kept in order by their own hands; and it is a singular proof of the lapse of the people in the districts round Furness into agricultural barbarism, at least after the ruin of the place, that marl pits opened by the monks may be still seen on all their granges near the abbey, the use of which was unknown in Furness until a few years ago, having been lost, nor was it credited that wheat had ever been grown there until of late years, though it was constantly harvested by the monks and their tenantry, until Henry VIII. rendered the neighbourhood again a desert.

Such is the state of this remnant of the most noted Cistercian house in England, and thus it vanished, despite its charters from twelve kings, and many Papal bulls in its favour. Its revenues, that fed numbers of poor persons, became the prize of crowned avarice, and the poor were turned out to perish. Nor was the fate of the abbey inmates much better; the last abbot, Roger Pyle, had no choice but to surrender his high trust or be hanged, as most of the principals of such institutions were, who would not declare that they surrendered them "voluntarily," and add their belief that Henry VIII. was God's viceregent upon earth in place of the Pope. Pyle was recompensed by the rectory of Dalton, worth 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum, and was thus destined to live in the midst of the melancholy wrecks of what it had been his lot to govern, and the toil of many ages to accumulate.

AN ADVENTURE NEAR THE LAKE OF GERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FROM Sixt, the pedestrian can enter the valley of the Arve, by crossing a chain of high mountains which extend between Cluses and Sallenche. This passage, however, is scarcely ever taken but by the contrabandists or land smugglers, who abound in that part of the country. These bold and desperate men, after stocking themselves at Martigny in the Valais, make their way, loaded with enormous weights, over the almost inaccessible hills, and thus descend into the interior valleys of Savoy; whilst the douaniers, honest folks! keep good guard on the more habitable frontiers of the country.

These douaniers, or custom-house officers, are a worthy class of gentlemen, who sport a uniform, have always very dirty hands, and a pipe in their mouth. Sitting in the sunshine, they doze away their time until a carriage happens to pass,—the driver of course

only taking that road, for the simple reason that his vehicle contains no contraband articles.

If an unfortunate tourist be in it, their business at once begins.—“Monsieur has nothing to declare?”—No!—and the next moment, regardless of this laconic and very definite reply, they tear open the trunks and portmanteaus, and thrust their before-mentioned not over-delicate hands, amongst all the mysteries of the traveller's wardrobe; much to the detriment of the clean linen and cambric handkerchiefs;—and the state pays them for these *useful* services, a thug droll enough!

The contrabandists are a set of fellows armed to the teeth, and always disposed to welcome with a musket-ball a douanier who should venture to intrude upon the roads which they reserve for themselves. Happily, the douaniers, of course ignorant of this circumstance—who would for a moment doubt it?—not being geologists enough, nor sufficiently ardent admirers of nature, to care to fatigue themselves and injure their boots on the rugged and break-neck paths of the mountains, keep away—and thereby show their wisdom.

I have often been bothered by these douaniers. My travelling items, shirts, and toilet paraphernalia, have had the honour of being acquainted with the agents of almost every government, absolute or otherwise, from Sicily to Sweden; but no prohibited article was ever found amongst them. I have also been introduced, against my will it must be confessed, to the contrabandists—witness the fatal day when I took it into my head to walk from Sixt to Sallenche, across the mountains of which I have already spoken. I had the road pointed out to me, before I started, by my landlord at Sixt. An hour before arriving at the summit of the mountain, I should reach, he said, a little lake, called the *Lake of Gers*: beyond which I should have to follow a ridge of rocks traversing a plain of frozen snow, and then to descend towards the woods which crown on the side of Sallenche the cascade of the Arpenas.

Thus instructed, I set forth on the morning of a fine autumnal day; and after mounting rapidly for three hours, I discovered the little lake, confined within its green and mossy banks. Sitting down upon its edge, I began, after the example of Narcissus, to contemplate my image in its sparkling waters; but not with the same results: for I saw myself quietly satisfying the cravings of hunger, rendered doubly keen by the exercise and mountain air, with the wing of a plump chicken!

Besides my own image, I saw also in the lake, the reversed shadows of the surrounding peaks, the dark pine forests, and floating clouds, and all the panorama of nature around me; not omitting from the picture two crows, which, soaring high in air, appeared in this sunlit mirror to be flying in the profound depths of the antipodes. Whilst I was amusing myself thus, and dreaming away my time—suddenly, the head of a man, or of a woman it might be, or of an animal of some other genus, but at least of something possessing

life, seemed to me to be popped over the ridge of the mountain up which I was next about to clamber. I raised my eyes instantly to catch a view of the object itself, but I saw nothing; so that, attributing this moving phenomenon to some undulation on the surface of the water, I recommenced my journey; tolerably well persuaded that I had the field to myself. Nevertheless, being equally inclined to believe that I really had seen something, I stopped every now and then to look about me; and when I began to draw near the spot at which I fancied I had seen the head, I kept as clear as I could of certain black-looking rocks that lay in my path, and walked with redoubled circumspection.

My host at Sixt, in giving me the instructions concerning my road, had related a little history, the scene of which was laid in the rocky hollow through which I was now passing. This is, I think, the time to tell it:—

“Eighteen contrabandists, each laden with a sack of Berne gunpowder, were toiling through it one hot summer day. The last of the rank (they were marching in single file) felt that his load was becoming lighter, and he was already about to congratulate himself upon the fact, when he began ingeniously to reflect that the decrease of weight was perhaps at the expense of the powder. It was but too true! He turned round, and perceived a long train of the combustible article marking the track they had taken. This was not only a loss, but it might also prove a clue to betray their march, and thus seriously compromise their safety. He therefore called out, ‘Halt!’—and, at this command, the seventeen others sat down comfortably upon their sacks, to take a turn at their brandy flasks and wipe their faces.

“Meanwhile the ingenious gentleman retraced his steps as far as the commencement of the train. This he reached after a walk of two hours, and he immediately set fire to it with his pipe, in order to destroy all traces of their road. Two minutes afterwards he heard a magnificent explosion; which, reverberating along the sides of the mountains, rolling down the valleys, and reascending by the narrow defiles, caused in him a wonderful surprise and admiration. The seventeen sacks, connected to the train, had blown up into the air, taking with them the seventeen fathers of families sitting thereon!”

Concerning this story, I remark two things:—first, that it is an alarming one, and no doubt true, because proved by tradition and by the rocky hollow which is still existing, as any one may go and see for himself. We must, indeed, consider it to be as much an established fact as that the passage of Hannibal was made by the Little Saint Bernard. For how do they prove to you the truth of this latter? Let us see!—These learned guides commence by pointing out a white rock at the foot of the mountain; after which, they inform you that this was the rock which the Carthaginian dissolved in vinegar!

Secondly, I remark that in this history seventeen men perish; but, observe well! there remains one to

tell the tale. This, if I do not deceive myself, is the model to be followed by all good novelists; for, in a battle, a shipwreck, a catastrophe of any kind, where few perish, there is no excitement—and where all are killed, there is an end of the thing at once! But where one only, in the midst of a terrible disaster, escapes to carry home the news, we have sufficient horror and exciting interest to satisfy the most fastidious admirers of the marvellous.

But to return to my own adventure. It began now to get very warm in my apparently undisputed territory, although at this elevation, the heat is always tempered by the rarefaction of the air; besides which, the beauty of the scenery which we have under our eyes, captivates the soul, and makes us forget those little inconveniences which, in an uninteresting plain, become sometimes so intolerable. In looking back, I saw at a little distance the icy dome of Mount Bicet, and I fancied that I saw also, and still nearer to me, something moving behind the last of the pines I had just passed. My imagination being upon the alert, I immediately pictured to myself a pair of legs belonging to the before-mentioned head, and thereupon continued to journey onwards with increasing circumspection.

Unfortunately, I am very nervous! I am no hero, I hate danger, and like nothing better than perfect security! The sole idea, that in a duel one is forced to see the point of a sword facing one's right eye, has always been sufficient to render me very prudent, and of a somewhat obtuse susceptibility, in spite of my temper which is naturally quick, and my pride which is easily affronted. And this affair might be worse than a duel! It might be an attempt upon my purse or my person, or upon both at once,—a frightful calamity, and no one left to tell the tale! When this thought came into my head, it drove all other reflections out of it, and at length compelled me to hide myself amongst the rocks, in order to observe, from a place of safety, what was passing in the rear.

I had kept watch for about half-an-hour—it is very fatiguing to keep watch!—when a man of sinister appearance ventured to steal out from behind the pines. He gazed intently and for some time in the direction of the rocks amongst which I was concealed, and then clapped his hands twice. At this signal two other men appeared; and all the three, each lifting upon their shoulders a large and well-filled sack, pushed quietly forwards, relighting at the same time their pipes. They soon arrived in the vicinity of my hiding-place, where they halted, and sat down upon their sacks, precisely as did the seventeen unfortunates, but luckily their backs were towards me.

I had plenty of time to take my observations. These gentlemen appeared to me to be very well armed. They had among the three a carbine and two pistols, without reckoning the sacks of dangerous obesity, which my imagination, faithful to its historical remembrances, did not fail to fill with Berne gunpowder. I was already trembling at the bare thought of some unlucky train, when one of them, getting up, placed upon his sack his lighted pipe. At this sight

I gave up all for lost, and, squeezing myself as closely as possible against the rock, upon the shelter of which I reckoned just enough to prevent myself from calling out with fright, I waited the explosion.

The smuggler who had thus terrified me went a little way off, and clambered up to a higher part of the mountain, from whence he examined carefully the road they were about to take; after which, returning to his companions, "I see nothing more of him," said he. "All the same," replied the other; "that rascal will be enough to betray and sell us." "And I wager," interrupted the third, "it is for that purpose that he has hastened on in advance. A douanier in disguise, I tell you! He stopped below there, like a hound off the scent, staring about him, here, there, and everywhere. Why did we not put him out of the way, without any one being the wiser for it, in that snug little corner? The dead alone tell no tales."

"Thus it happened that old Grognon did not tell any," replied the first speaker. "Close by, at the bottom of the cliff there, is the hole in which his bones are whitening. The cunning knave! When we caught him, in order to look like a traveller only, he threw away his carbine. But this was of no use. His trial was soon made. Lameche tied him to a tree, and Peter finished him by sending a ball through his temple; and the merry dog forgot to call out till all was over—Grognon, say your prayers!"

A frightful laugh followed these horrible words; when the same man getting up to give the signal for departure, suddenly caught sight of me in my hiding-place, and cried out, "Parbleu! we have found the bird in its nest—here is our gentleman!" The other two, at these words, jumped up in great haste, and I saw, or fancied that I saw, a thousand pistols pointed at my head.

"Gentlemen!" I stammered out, "gentlemen, you deceive yourselves. Allow me to explain. I am the most honest man in the world"—they began to frown. "Take away, I beg of you, your pistols, which may go off without your intending it! I am an author, a man of letters, altogether a stranger to douaniers, married, the father of a family! Lower then, I beseech you, these weapons which prevent me from collecting my ideas; and pray continue your road without troubling yourselves about me! I have an abhorrence of custom-houses; I am even much interested in your calling. You are brave and honest men, carrying abundance amongst the victims of an odious law. Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you good day!"

"Stop!" replied the most ill-favoured of the three, in a gruff voice, "you are here as a spy upon us!"

"Not at all, not at all; I am here for the purpose of—"

"Watching us and selling us! you are known. We saw you below there peeping and peering—"

"At the beautiful scenery, my worthy gentlemen! nothing more."

"At the beautiful scenery, indeed? and this corner

in which you were crouching,—was that, tell me, to gather simples? A losing trade you were following there. These mountains belong to us; bad luck to those who would track us here,—say your prayers!”

He raised his pistol; I fell flat upon my face. The other two approached him, apparently to intercede, and the three spoke together a few words in a low tone; after which, one of them, placing without ceremony his load upon my shoulders, gave me a kick and cried, “forward!” It was thus that I found myself obliged to take part in a contraband expedition. It was for the first time in my life, and I have always since taken care that it should be the last.

It seemed that my fate had just been decided in their secret council, for these men did not trouble themselves any more about me. They walked in silence, carrying by turns the two remaining loads. Several times I again tried to prove to them my innocent intentions; but their practised eye pleaded more in favour of the truth of my words, than all the protestations in the world could have done. The only thing that looked doubtful to them was my having walked so cautiously, and looked so frequently about me, when I had reason to believe myself alone; but I explained away this suspicious circumstance, by acknowledging the apparition that had struck me whilst I was looking into the little lake.

“It is enough!” said the ill-looking one. “Innocent or not, you are able to betray us. March; we shall soon be at the forest, where we will settle your business for you!”

Any one may judge of the dubious and dreadful sense that I attached to these words; and thus, during the half-hour's walk before we reached the neighbouring forest, I had ample time to form a good idea of the anguish endured by a criminal on being led to the scaffold. It is worthy of all pity, I assure you. Still, I had in my favour, my innocence in the first place, and then the chance of meeting some one; without reckoning that which was always open to me, to precipitate myself, sack and all, into a very convenient abyss which yawned upon our right. The first of these chances did not present itself, and I did not fancy the other; so that, we arrived without hindrance at the wood. There these gentlemen cased me of my burden, and tied me tightly to a strong larch-tree; after which, instead of *finishing* me as they had served Grognon, they said, “We require twenty-four hours of security, amuse yourself there till our return, and to-morrow in repassing we will set you free, trusting to your gratitude to keep you discreet;” so saying, they took up their sacks, and left me.

Never did Nature appear to me to wear so beautiful and so joyous an aspect as at that moment, and, singular fact! my larch-tree did not incommode me in the least. Twenty-four hours seemed to me but a minute, and these men must be, I thought, assuredly very honest fellows, a little rough in their manners perhaps, from necessity, but otherwise estimable enough, and sufficiently well acquainted with the

usages of society. Life was really restored to me, and after a few minutes, a powerful sensation of joy succeeding the most pitiable emotions, I felt almost about to swoon away; when I recovered myself, the tears were flowing down my cheeks, tears of gratitude for this mercy of heaven.

I will not, however, mingle with the recital of this, after all, ludicrous adventure, an account of the movements which thus agitated my heart. Suffice it to say, that I rendered thanks to the all-protecting Providence a thousand times, and with all the fervour of my soul.

My thoughts now wandered to my family, and becoming impatient to embrace again my children, after so great an escape, I first began to perceive the inconvenience of having a larch-tree attached to one's person. It was, however, two o'clock in the afternoon and I had only twenty-three hours to wait!

The spot in which I was located, was wild and lonely in appearance, not far below the line of the unmelting snows, and rarely passed by travellers; although in regard to this latter circumstance, if one had really passed, I believe that, in these first moments, penetrated still by a profound respect for my persecutors, who could not be a great way off, I should have begged of him to let me alone, and not to approach me. Nevertheless, towards four o'clock my respect had diminished in the direct ratio of the *squares* of the distances, and, at the same time, my larch-tree began to make my back ache in a strange manner, whilst I could see nothing but the rat in the fable that could possibly set me free. Suddenly, however, a countryman, or labourer, evidently a native of the district, came in sight.

This native was himself of a very “fabulous” appearance. He had a hat without a crown to it, coarse leathern breeches, no stockings, and, under his nose, a kind of black forest arising from the immoderate use of snuff, no doubt contraband.

“Hollo! ho! help, good man!” cried I.

Instead of obeying me, he stopped short, and regaled himself with an enormous pinch.

The peasant of Savoy is more cautious than inquisitive. He never hurries himself, nor even stretches out his arm, but when he sees clearly what he has to reach. Neither does he interfere in any affair, without being assured, that, by doing so, he will not bring himself into trouble with the authorities, nor get into quarrels with his neighbours, nor into any scrape whatsoever; otherwise, he is the best fellow in the world, and this I say seriously, having tested the truth of it on many occasions.

My native was then one of the best fellows in the world! but why was this man tied to a tree? that did not seem clear to him. He might have been placed there by the authorities, or, as he reasoned, “for some purpose or another.” Therefore, before he came forward, he wished to examine me a little.

By-and-by he called out, smiling graciously, as though I had been there for the pleasure of a walk:—“It is very charming weather to-day, very charming!”

"Come and set me free, instead of talking about the weather, you stupid fellow."

"You will be set free soon enough. Have you been there long?"

"Three hours or more, so be quick, and get to work!"

He took two steps in advance.

"You are quite sure you were fastened there by rogues?"

"Yes! yes! I will tell you all about it, but first let me loose."

He took three more steps towards me, and I believed that the end of my tribulation was at last arrived, when he whispered in a mysterious tone:—"Tell me, were they any of the contraband gentlemen?"

"Exactly so, you have hit it! Those rascals have tied me to this larch until they pass again to-morrow."

These words had a prodigious effect upon the native. He retreated in horror, and appeared about to leave me there; when, not being able to restrain my anger, I abused him, and called him all the names that I could think of, treating him as the lowest of the low; whilst he, without being at all moved by my reproaches, said very quietly, in retreating still farther:—"Have a little patience, you will be set free soon enough!" Then, increasing his pace, he disappeared in turning a corner of the footpath; and I sent my maledictions after him.

I now scarcely knew what to think. My situation seemed to me to be aggravated by what I had said to this man; who might compromise my safety with the contrabandists, if, indeed, he were not himself one of the gang. My spirits thus began to fall again terribly; and I should almost have given way to despair, but for the gambols of two squirrels, which afforded me a little distraction. These pretty, and usually timid animals, believing themselves to be alone in the wood, darted about with the most graceful movements; and, pursuing each other from tree to tree, surprised me by the agility of their bounds, and the elegant playfulness of their manœuvres. As I made a part of my tree, one of them descended heedlessly along my body, in order to climb a neighbouring larch; the other one springing also upon it, and following its comrade from branch to branch until they reached the top; where, all of a sudden, they remained motionless, as with one accord. This made me conjecture, that, from their elevated position, they perceived some one approaching; and I was not deceived.

A stout man appeared, followed by the native of the *black forest*. The stout man had three chins, a face like the full moon, a small eye, (and I thought, unfortunately for myself, a very prudent one,) a pointed hat, and a coat with long tails reaching to his heels. When he came in sight of me, he stopped; and settled himself into a scrutinising attitude.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"The syndic of the commune," replied he, without advancing a single step.

"Well then, syndic of the commune! I summon

you to set me free; or to make this assistant do so, who is cramming himself with snuff at your side."

"You will be loosened soon enough! said both of them at the same time; the syndic adding, "explain to me the reason of your being there."

Instructed by experience, I took care to say no more about the smugglers. "My story," replied I, "is a very simple one. I have been attacked and robbed by brigands, who have tied me to this tree; and I insist upon being instantly loosened."

"Ah, here is an affair!" said the syndic,—"brigands, do you say?"

"Yes, brigands! I crossed the mountain with a mule which carried my portmanteau, and they have robbed me of both."

"Ah, here is an affair."

"Most certainly, it is an affair! and now that you know all about it, come forward and set me free. Allons!"

"Ah, here is an affair!" again replied he, instead of advancing. "Let us see! this will take a good deal of writing—"

"Loosen me at once, blockhead! What have I to do with your writings?"

"Have patience! We must take down the depositions, do you see, according to law."

"You can do this afterwards. Untie me at once!"

"It is not possible, my good sir! I should be acting wrongly—we must fill up the forms first, and set you free afterwards. I will send in search of witnesses, of whom I must have at least two to sign their names. It will take a little while to get them, you know, and then there will be their time to pay for; but Monsieur has the means." Then, turning to the native, he said:—"Go down to La Pernette's house at Maglan; she will tell you where to find her husband the notary, you will then seek him out, and bid him come up here; after which, you will run on to St. Martin, where you will seek Benaiton the churchwarden, who is sure to be there, because he rings to-day for Chozet's wedding; and tell him to come up also. Likewise remind the notary to bring his ink-stand, as our ink was all spilled last Tuesday: and, moreover, let him bring some stamped paper with him. Go, my boy! and use all diligence,—with liberal employers one reckons afterwards, and loses nothing by it. Go! and in passing Veluz, tell Jean-Marc that his mare has the glanders, and they have fired it; but that the autumn will bring it round again,—Go!"

"Let him go to the —! and Jean-Marc, and his mare, and you also, wretches without humanity!—but stay! untie me, and I will give you each a louis d'or."

At this proposition, the native, who had already started upon his errand, stopped short, and looked wistfully at the other; "but the syndic replied:—"You will pay for the writings and the expenses, and afterwards, if you choose, you can make us a little compliment and be as generous as you please without any one finding fault with you for it; but an attempt to bribe me from my duty, even by piling louis d'or on louis d'or, will serve you nothing. Know that our

family has held the post of syndic of the commune from father to son, since the time of Antoine-Baptiste, my ancestor, and before a blemish shall fall upon our name, the Arve shall cease to flow. Then turning to the boor, who still lingered, "Begone with you!" he cried, "and fulfil your mission;" after which, he added, in quitting me, "and you, sir, have patience! I will endeavour to get you a mug of wine to comfort you in the interim."

Thus was the dreadful, though praiseworthy honesty of this good man, as inimical to my hopes as his respect for legal forms had been. I remained again alone, and this time, being certain that I should not be set at liberty until the following morning, I tried to make up my mind to the idea of having the larch-tree for a bedfellow. Fortunately the evening was warm, and the air delightfully serene. The sun, already on the decline, penetrated with softened beams horizontally into the forest, and projected the lengthened shadows over the verdant and mossy ground. The hawks which I had seen at intervals hovering high above my head, had now disappeared; but a few crows still crossed from time to time, winging their way up the valley of the Arve to regain their nightly resting-places; whilst the snow-peaks around me, losing little by little their roseate hues, seemed passing from the activity of life, into the stillness of tranquil sleep. This calm of the twilight—this sight of nature enveloped in dim and floating shadows, and ebbing into the night,—exerts upon the soul a secret power, soothing all our troubles and our restless thoughts by the charms of a soft and pleasing melancholy. In spite of my situation, I was not lost to these impressions. My heart, deeply moved, traced back all the events of that stormy day; and remembering the anguish of the morning, enjoyed with greater happiness the sweet tranquillity of the evening hour, reassuring itself with the hope of a certain, if not of an immediate deliverance.

By the last gleam of the sinking sun, however, I saw appear at the edge of my horizon several dusky forms; which gradually drawing nearer, resolved themselves into the semblances of men, women and children; in fact, the whole population of a village. These figures being placed between me and the sun, I did not at first perceive my syndic amongst them; he was, nevertheless, there, and with him came also the curé, attracted by the noise of my adventure. The visit of this ecclesiastic reanimated my hopes; for I trusted to turn whatever christian virtues might be in him to the purpose of my speedy liberation.

He was very old and infirm, and mounted slowly. "Ah!" cried he, as soon as he came within hearing, "those wretches have swathed you, Monsieur, most villanously! I have the pleasure to wish you good evening."

The friendly tone and open countenance of the good old man caused me inexpressible joy. "Villanously, indeed!" I replied, "but excuse me, Monsieur le curé, if by their fault I be not able to take off my hat to you in returning your salutation. May I speak to you for a moment, alone?"

"We should first, I think," returned he, "set you at liberty; you will then be able to speak to me at greater ease. Be quick then, Antoine!" he added to the syndic, "and cut me these cords; that will be the readiest method of undoing them."

I loaded him with expressions of gratitude, which, believe me, came truly from my heart. Antoine took out his knife, and was already about to cut my bonds, when the native, who coveted the rope, pushed him aside, and fastening upon the knot with his teeth, quickly loosened it;—and in a few minutes I was again free.

The first thing I did, was to seize the hand of the curé; and in the transport of my joy I embraced him repeatedly. Very shortly, however, I began to experience an agonizing pain in all my aching limbs; and, incapable of walking, I was obliged to sit down upon the grass. Antoine then made his appearance, with his flagon of mountain wine, which restored me greatly; whilst the curé sent off one of his parishioners to fetch his mule, in order to take me to the village. After giving his orders, he returned, and said, "I am now ready to listen to you;" and all my wondering beholders, men women and children, formed a circle around us. A deep silence succeeded; during which, the sun, like a globe of fire, casting its last radiance upon the group, dipped and disappeared behind the peaks of the neighbouring hills.

I related my adventure minutely from beginning to end. The atrocious murder of Grognon filled the minds of the honest people with the greatest horror; and when I had repeated the cruel pleasantry which occasioned so much merriment to the smugglers, *Grognon, say your prayers*,—the good curé and his parishioners crossed themselves simultaneously, in the midst of a profound and respectful silence. Moved at this sight, and feeling an uncontrollable desire to associate myself in some way with this spontaneous act of devotion, I took off my hat, and remained uncovered. The villagers seemed surprised, and the old man, after standing gravely for a moment, without appearing to notice what I had done, said—"Continue, I pray you, and let us hear the end of your story." This was soon told; and I did not forget to mention the excessive prudence of the native, nor the praiseworthy honesty of the syndic.

"It is well!" said the curé; then addressing his parishioners, he added: "My flock! listen to me. You tremble before these bad men, and thus embolden them by your cowardice to dare so much: and, what is worse, some of you, I fear, profit by their illegal commerce. Do you see, now, André, to what your filthy mania for snuff, and this disgraceful custom of consuming it beyond your means, has led you. Your nose is gorged while you have no stockings, and your clothes are in rags; but beyond all this, you buy your tobacco of those who defraud the government, and thus to avoid embroiling yourself with these wretches, you are afraid to liberate a fellow-creature in pain and trouble. Think you, should a christian have such fears? But know, André, that those murderers will

groan in everlasting flames, and I cannot answer for those who have dealings with them; believe me, my boy! take less snuff, and purchase it lawfully. As for Antoine, he only did his duty, and did it well too; the forms of law alone prevented him from doing that to which his own wishes prompted him."

The good curé in uttering these last words, tapped Antoine kindly on the shoulder; who, proud of receiving this approbation before all the village, comforted himself with a droll appearance of dignity and satisfaction, holding his empty flagon in one hand, and his pointed hat in the other.

During this discourse, the mule arrived. They helped me upon it, and as we descended, I turned round and took leave of my larch-tree. The syndic held the bridle; the worthy curé chatted at my side; and the villagers brought up the rear: and thus this picturesque procession moved on in the clear but fading twilight. In the course of a few minutes, I was snugly housed in the pleasant though humble abode of this good old curé, who, excusing himself for an instant, called out to Martha, his old housekeeper, to get ready a fowl as soon as she could, and to bring him the key of the cellar.

We supped together *tête à tête*; he regaling himself upon his fruit and bread, whilst I devoured the fowl; and finally, after we had enjoyed a bottle of old wine, which he opened in honour of my company, I took leave of him for the night, with many expressions of regard, to seek upon my welcome couch the repose I so greatly needed.

The following day I descended to Maglan. My intention had been to have visited Chamouny; but after this rough adventure, I turned my back for a time upon the mountains, and hastened to regain my home at Geneva, by the shortest road.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *Sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak-gates which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrance of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water, rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as a cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties. The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay

too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters,—the boy now stooped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gaiety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager, returning to his cottage-home, nor the rough voice of the carter grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter-night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day. The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country that must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and to his delight he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night, but alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbours—nay, the whole village. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and

terrible night; but certain it is, that at day-break he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History, too often blind to (true) glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

ORNITHOLOGIA POETICA.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

THE EAGLE—*Aquila Chrysaetus*.

"BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Whose home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven;
Thy throne is on the mountain top,
Thy fields the boundless air,
And hoary peaks that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are."—PERCIVAL.

It is thus that one of the most imaginative and polished of American poets commences his noble ode to the EAGLE; than which we know of nothing much finer in the way of lyrical composition; and, indeed, we should scarcely imagine it possible, throughout the whole range of poetry, ancient and modern, to make such a selection of descriptive passages wherein the grand and the beautiful are harmoniously blended, of sublime images, and of lofty similitudes, as may be found in the poetical allusions to this Imperial Bird—this Lord of the Realms of Air, and Monarch of the whole Feathered Creation. A few of these passages we propose placing before our readers, and perhaps, it will be better for us, in order to the preserving of some kind of arrangement, to take one of the best popular histories of the bird, (say Mudie's,) and let the text of that form the framework of the pictures which we here intend to present, and which, or we shall sadly lack the power of discrimination, for there are ample materials at command, will be an embodiment of magnificent grandeur and sublimity, as regards natural scenery; of power, and elevation, and wide range of thought; of richness of imagination; and most perfect command of language, and of rhythmical numbers:—

By these the poet-painter shadows forth
Forms full of beauty and of majesty;
And o'er them throws the glowing, lively tints
Of his imagination, like the sun
Gilding, irradiating all around.
No green leaf quivering in the sunshine there,
With tuneful-throated warbler flitting by;

No rock that towers aloft until it seems
To pierce with jagged edge the azure dome,
Where, as upon a throne, the eagle sits,
And proudly glances o'er his wide domain;
No fleecy cloud with silver edge that floats
Above the mountain tarn, o'er whose dark face
Its bright reflection passeth like a smile;
No primrose peeping o'er a river's brim,
As striving to obtain, though but a glimpse
Of that which nourish'd and refresh'd its roots,
And with low-murmur'd music hail'd its growth,
Even from the first hour of its perfumed life;
No form of earth, or air, inanimate
Or full of motion, but suggests some thought,
Quickens some nobler impulse, or excites
Some hope divine, or lofty aspiration.

Let us now turn to MUDIE, than whom we cannot have a much better guide in this matter, and who, with respect to eagles generally, tells us that "in every age they have been the most celebrated of rapacious birds; and, in so far as power, strength, daring, and grandeur of situation are concerned, they deserve their celebrity. They frequent more lonely and secluded places than any of the others; they nestle on more wild, elevated, and inaccessible rocks; they rise much higher and range much farther; and their stoop, when they come down on their prey from a great elevation, is perhaps the grandest display in the whole action of animated nature." And how finely is all this illustrated in those words of inspiration uttered by the patriarch Job!—addressing his Lord and Maker, he asks,—

"Is it at thy voice that the eagle soars?
And therefore maketh he his nest on high?
The rock is the place of his habitation.
He abideth on the crag, the place of strength;
Thence he pounces upon his prey.
His eyes discern afar off.
Even his young ones drink down blood;
And wherever is slaughter, there is he."

And we are reminded by the latter words of this paraphrase, of the prediction uttered by our Saviour to the unbelieving Jews:—"Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together;" (Matt. xxiv. 28),—meaning, as most commentators agree in thinking, to say, that wherever those unfaithful dealers with God were, there should their enemies the Romans, who bore figures of eagles on their standards, be, to fill them with fear and dismay, and to destroy them as the pitiless eagle does his quarry. We may here very appropriately quote the fine lines of Mrs. Barbauld:—

"The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amid the gathering clouds and sullen storms:
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight;
With cruel eye premeditates the war,
And marks his destined victim from afar;
Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound;
The fairest of the fold he bears away,
And to the nest compels the struggling prey."

The allusions to the eagle in Scripture are very numerous, and they all have reference to it as an emblem of strength, and swiftness, and keenness of sight; of power and dominion, and loftiness of station. "Strong

is thy dwelling, and thou puttest thy nest in the rock," said the prophet Balaam, predicting of the Kenites, (Numb. xxiv. 21.) To the Israelites it was said—"The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth." (Deut. xxviii. 49.) David in his lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, exclaimed, "They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions," (2 Sam. i. 23,) thus associating the acknowledged king of the beasts with that of the birds. Job describes the rapid flight of time by saying, "My days are passed away as the eagle that hasteth to his prey," (Job ix. 26;) and Solomon could not more appropriately tell of the vanishing nature of earthly treasures than in these words, "Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven." The prophet Obadiah thus addresses Moab: "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord," (Obad. v. 4;) and Jeremiah, in a similar strain, pronounces the doom of Edom: "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill: though thou shouldst make thy nest high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." (Jer. xlix. 16.) This bird retains its vigour to a very great age. One that was kept in confinement at Vienna lived until it was 104 years old; and there was, and still is, perhaps, a popular notion in some countries, that at certain periods it renews its plumage, and therewith its youthful strength. Thus, in Ps. ciii. 5, David says of the Lord, addressing his soul, "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; making thee young and lusty as an eagle;" and again, in Isaiah xl. 31, an allusion of the like kind occurs.

Cyrus, King of Persia, is compared by Isaiah (xlvi. 11,) to "a ravenous bird," and this, it appears, should have been translated more specifically as an Eagle. Now Xenophon and other historians state, that the Golden Eagle with expanded wings was the ensign of the Persian monarchs, long before it became that of the Romans; and it seems likely that the Persians borrowed it of the Assyrians, on whose banners it was emblazoned until after the fall of Babylon: well might the prophet proclaim to the children of Israel, when the measure of their iniquity was full, that the Babylonian monarch should come up "as an eagle against the house of the Lord," (Hos. viii. 1;) and well might many of the Jewish seers and holy men of old, when speaking of the enemies of their country, and the instruments of the Lord's vengeance, do so under the similitude of an eagle, likening the armies which they led to the mighty wings of the king of birds; as in the case of Ezekiel, who denominates Nebuchadnezzar "a great eagle, with great wings." This prophet also alludes to the king of Egypt in precisely similar terms; and, speaking of the powerful wings of the bird, we are reminded of a very beautiful figure of speech employed by Moses, when he represents Jehovah as saying to his chosen people, "Ye have seen what I did to the Egyptians; how I bore you on

eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself." (Exod. xix. 4.)

Apuleius, and many other ancient authors, might be quoted to show how universally celebrated was the eagle for those qualities, which were held in highest estimation by the heathen world, such as courage, and strength, and power and dominion; the bird was, and is, the very prototype of one of those heroes of antiquity, whose daring spirits and great physical powers led to the attainment of the highest points of earthly greatness and grandeur, where they sat enthroned like demigods, or from whence they descended with a fell swoop upon the selected victim of their rapacity, for whom there was no chance of escape. It is a grand, a stately image, that of this royal bird, sitting thus apart in lone and unapproachable majesty, and it takes the imagination captive:—

"Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of man;
As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands unmovable
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabash'd,
In the cold light above the dews of morn."

As Landor describes his Count Julian;—a magnificent picture, we say, for the imagination to dwell upon, but scarcely one which the heart delights to contemplate; it is too abstract, too cold, too statuesque; about it and the surrounding scenery there are all the elements of grandeur, of greatness; but it stirs not the gentler and kindlier feelings of our nature; it touches no chord of sympathy or affection; it seems more ideal than real; more a thing to be wondered at, and, perhaps, admired for its stately beauty, than to be loved and cherished as a living, breathing, rejoicing, suffering creature. Who shall wonder that the ancient fabulists ascribed to this bird the office of bearing the thunderbolts of Jove; with an eye so keen and steady, with a wing so broad and sweeping, with an aim so swift and sure, and a home that seemed the very birth-place of the rushing winds and the vollied lightnings? Who shall wonder that the scalds and bards of Scandinavia invoked, and almost worshipped it, as a creature of unearthly power and intelligence, in words something like those put by Scott into the mouth of "Norna of the Fitful Head:—

Stern eagle of the far north-west;
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt;
Thou whose rustling pinions stir ocean to madness;
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of
navies;
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings:
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing
nation;
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of
ten thousand waves;
Hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim kennar!"

Nor can it be a matter of surprise that a bird so powerful and majestic, should have been the chosen

emblem of several of the most warlike nations of antiquity—the symbol, at once, of their strength and rapacity; it well might be fancied that the fierce, insatiable creature emblazoned upon their banners, would flap its huge wings, and utter its wild scream of delight at the sight of the gory feast spread out upon the battle field:—

“ When in his airy course
The famish'd eagle hears
The dying groan :
The dying groan revives
His weaken'd frame ;
He stops his rapid flight,
And feasts his hungry eye
With human gore ;”

says Dr. Sayer in his “ Sketches of Northern mythology ;” and again:—

“ The famish'd eagle screams
And asks his wonted food ;
No more shall Harold's arm,
Prepare the feast of slain.”

thus expressing the prevalent idea of the bird in the old rude times of lawless violence, as one of slaughter and bloodshed. With Æschylus it was “ the winged hound,” the minister of the vengeance of a remorseless deity; he makes Hermes, speaking to Prometheus, chained to the rock, say:—

“ ———— but then of Jove
The winged hound—the sanguinary eagle,
A daily guest unsummon'd shall devour
Voraciously a portion of thy flesh,
And on thy liver's dark food revel long.”

And when the all-conquering legions of imperial Rome went forth upon their dread mission of universal conquest, there was a peculiar fitness in their bearing aloft, and ever in the van, the figure of this mighty bird of prey, the lord and tyrant of the realms of air, from whose presence all other birds fly, as the jays are said to have done in the sarcastic reply given, according to Macaulay, (see “ Lays of ancient Rome,”) to the herald of the Latins, when he comes to threaten war upon the seven-hilled city:—

“ Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:—
‘ Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest:—
Now yield thee up thine eyrie,
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly and face
The jays in deadly fight,—
Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
Fled screaming far away.’ ”

An emblem, we say, of power, and strength, and dominion, has this bird ever been considered from the days of Homer downward, nay, from an earlier period than this,—witness the Old Testament bards and prophets, whom we have quoted; and following the examples set by the Assyrians and Romans, we find in modern times that the Russian, and the Prussian, and the French, and other warlike nations,

have adopted the figure of the bird as their symbol and representative, and a most appropriate one, it must be confessed, for the latter people especially, and the daring and ambitious spirit in whose deeds and mighty projects of conquest they so gloried:—

I saw an eagle day by day,
With talons sharp and bloody beak,
Go swooping o'er the land to prey
Alike upon the strong and weak;
He rode upon the howling blast
Rejoicing in the power to kill;
His wings a death-like shadow cast,
His scream with fear each breast did fill;
At length, chain'd to a rock, he died—
What did the people then? why him they defied!

Apropos to this part of our subject we may relate an anecdote, found in “ Campbell's Letters from the South of Africa:”—“ Not a tent, not an Arab, not a camel was to be seen; every living thing seemed to have fled from before the French, except a majestic eagle, that hovered over the troops, and you would have thought exulted in hearing the military band. What a glorious fellow he was! I see him yet in my mind's eye, towering up to the topmost heaven, then dropping plump down till his shadow was pictured on the sunny ground: at times he would shoot before us, turning his crested head and splendid eyes completely back over his shoulders; anon he would wheel in elliptic circles, or turn vertically, as if in sport, on his yard-wide wings. How, said I to myself, can Frenchmen under arms see an eagle towering over their trumpets without certain reminiscences? And I was not mistaken; looking round, I saw more than ordinary expression on all their Gallic faces; it was a grave, and not gay expression; but it was, to my imagination at least, strongly intelligible. I said to an officer, at whose side I was riding,—‘ Is it merely my fancy, or do the soldiers look at that bird with peculiar admiration?’

“ ‘ *Pauca verba,*’ he replied, ‘ this is no place for making remarks, but you are perfectly right that the eagle is producing a sensation.’

“ In spite of this caution I kept behind, and observed to an elderly sergeant of cavalry,—‘ That is a noble bird up there.’

“ ‘ *Oui!*’ he answered, emphatically; ‘ *l'aigle vaut mieux que le coy.*’ ”

The North American Indian considers an eagle's plume the fittest badge and ornament that a warrior can wear, and the “ pale faces,” who have taken possession of the land, whose boundless prairies and mighty forests once owned him as their lord and master, have also chosen this bird as their national emblem, and sung to it such strains as these:—

“ Bird of Columbia! art not thou
An emblem of our native land;
With unblench'd front and noble brow,
Among the nations doom'd to stand;
Proud like her mighty mountain woods,
Like her own rivers wandering free,
And sending forth from hills and floods
The joyous shout of liberty!”

The whole of the poem, by C. W. Thompson, from which these lines are taken, is very fine, and we would quote on, but it seems to us that there arises an indignant protest, and a cry of anguish and despair, from the enslaved population of the southern states, which mars their effect, and makes the noble bird to which they allude appear like the very personification of tyranny and oppression—cruel, and bloodthirsty, and relentless, as the fates themselves are pictured in the Grecian drama, even as Young describes it:—

“The towering eagle soars from human sight,
And seeks the sun in her untiring flight;
High on some mountain crag she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o’er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a piercing glance marks out her prey;
Her young she feasts with blood, and hovering o’er
The unslaughter’d host enjoys the promis’d gore.”

We have asserted, that in the whole range of poetry nothing can be found, in the way of description and imagery, finer than in those passages which relate to the Eagle; and, although it is scarcely necessary for us to justify this assertion by numerous quotations, even had we space for them, for all readers of poetry will at once acknowledge its truth, yet a few of them, in addition to those already quoted, we must give; and first let Percival, a stanza from whose ode to the Eagle headed this chapter, describe how GENIUS awoke from the slumber in which sloth and sensuality had bound him:—

“Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side;
Close as when the storm-bird weathers
Ocean’s hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady,
Wide his burning eye;
Now his open wings are ready,
And his aim, how high!
Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretched for flight;
Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright!
Onward—onward—over mountains,
Through the rack and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flies his glancing form.
Glorious bird, thy dream hath left thee—
Thou hast reached thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not rest thee
Of the glory given;
With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None to fame’s supreme dominion
Mightier ever trode.”

What a glorious piece of imagery have we here, and all through the poem of some ten stanzas it is equally fine; the analogy is beautifully commenced, and as beautifully carried out. See, what a lofty pitch the author takes at starting; it is thus he addresses the slumbering spirit of Genius:—

“Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion
Thou didst upward bear,

Like a herald, winged with lightning
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillar’d props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rent the sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O what rare and heavenly brightness
Flow’d around thy plumes,
As a cascade’s foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern’s glooms!
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright!

There! we could not help it, for the life of us; the only wonder is that we did not give the entire poem. Tell us not after this that our Yankee brothers are wanting in imagination. Why, Shelley himself has scarcely produced any thing finer; perhaps that glorious image in his song of the Cloud has a *little* more of the sublime about it, what think our readers?—

“The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, for a moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.”

Has Spenser anything to equal this in all his rich gallery of imaginative pictures, “The Faerie Queene?” we think not. He thus describes Sir Artegall, the personification of justice, flying to the rescue of Sir Terpin from the clutch of the Amazon Radigund:—

“Like to an eagle in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sails, by chaunce hath spide
A goshaue, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare,
With dreadful force she flies at her bylive;
That with his souce which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.”

And speaking of this author brings us back again to Shelley, who in Spenser’s own majestic measure (see Revolt of Islam) has given us so beautiful a description of a combat between an eagle and a serpent—representatives of two antagonist principles:—

“A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight;—
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before the aerial rock on which I stood,
The eagle, hovering, wheel’d to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air’s solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleam'd therein—
Feather and scale inextricably blended,
The serpent's mail'd and many-coloured skin
Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined
within

By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
And far the neck receding lithe and thin
Sustain'd a crested head which warily
Shifted and glanced before the eagle's steadfast eye."

And so the strife goes on through several more of these fine Spenserian stanzas, which we cannot well quote here—

"Wile baffling wile and strength encounter'd strength
Thus long but unprevailing:—the event
Of that portentous fight appear'd at length:
Until the lamp of day was almost spent
It had endured; when lifeless, stark, and rent,
Hung high that mighty serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
With clang of wings and scream, the eagle past,
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast."

Not always, however, is the lordly bird victorious in the struggle, even with much meaner enemies than that which he is here described as overcoming, as the following incident, related by Brown in his "Anecdotes of Quadrupeds," will show:—

"A group of haymakers, while busy at their work in Chapelhope meadow, at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch (or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land,) saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley. The eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight; but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles, that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing; he used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionably rapid. The now idle haymakers drew together in close consultation on the singularity of the case, and continued to fix their attention on the seemingly distressed eagle, who rose perpendicularly, until he was nearly out of sight in the concave recess of the blue ether. In a short time, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth, evidently not as he ascended, in spiral curves; his descent was like something falling, and with great rapidity. As he approached the ground they plainly perceived that he was tumbling like a shot bird, the convulsive fluttering of his wide and powerful pinions but slightly impeding the rapidity of his descent, until he fell at a small distance from the men and boys of the party, who naturally ran forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large black-tailed stoat ran from the body as they came near, turned with the usual nonchalance and impudence of the tribe, stood up upon its hind-legs, crossed its fore-paws over its nose, and surveyed its enemies a moment or two (as

they frequently do, when no dog is near), and bounded into a willow bush. The king of the air was dead; and, what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and upon further examination they found his throat cut. It was clear that the stoat must have been the regicide."

Doubtless the great king of birds, elevated on his lofty granite throne, or hovering on outspread wings far up in the blue sky, had seen the little animal, when it looked but like a moving speck upon the earth, and pounced upon it forthwith, expecting an easy prey, such as old Homer speaks of, when, alluding to Menelaus, he says:—

"—The field exploring with an eye
Keen as the eagle's—keenest-eyed of all
That wing the air, whom, though he soar aloft,
The leveret 'scapes not, hid in thickest shades,
But down he swoops, and at a stroke she dies."

But it was no timid hare, nor bleating lamb, nor other harmless creature, that he clutched in his relentless talons; and when he soared again to seek his cyrie on the rock where, perhaps, his mate and clamorous little ones were awaiting their mid-day meal, he took with him a foe fierce and bloodthirsty as himself, and far more lithe and subtle, so that it was enabled to pierce the throat of its gigantic captor, and bring him gasping and struggling in the death throes to earth again, never more—

"Lord of his own imperial sky,
In virgin 'pride of place,'
To soar where others could not fly,
And hardly dared to gaze."

The Eagle and Dove by Goethe, the Swan and the Eagle by Schlegel, and a hundred other poems in which this majestic bird is a prominent object, must be familiar to our readers: indeed, we can scarcely take up the works of any poet, ancient or modern, in which he is not apostrophised, or described, or introduced as an image or illustration; it is therefore with peculiar fitness that the classic Gray, addressing Poesy, says;—

"Perch'd on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing,
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrors of his beak and lightnings of his eye."

Tennyson, the prince of dreamers, beheld the bird that waited by the throne of Jupiter, and bore his thunderbolts, conveying the blooming Hebe,—beauty and strength thus fitly symbolized—on some errand, doubtless, of gracious import.

"Flush'd Ganymede, her rosy cheek
Half buried in the eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot through the sky,
Above the pillar'd town."

With some it is an emblem of liberty, and who shall say that it is not an appropriate one? Wordsworth, addressing the "Montain nymph," says:—

"If unreprieved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,

Bays, gulphs, and Indian wealth shall be
Till the world perishes, a field for thee."

And L. E. L.—we shall never know her by any other name—pictures a home for it such as only the spirit of freedom can inhabit :—

"Not in a close and crowded atmosphere
Does life put forth its noblest and its best,
'Tis from the mountain's top that we look forth,
And see how small the world is at our feet.
There the free winds sweep with unfetter'd wing,
There the sun rises first, and flings the last
The purple glories of the summer eve;
There does the eagle build his mighty nest,
And there the snow stains not its purity."

To us there is no more melancholy sight than to behold a naturally free fearless creature, like this, "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined," as it sometimes is in private and public collections of birds and animals: there it sits, moping and blinking, the very image of fallen majesty; every now and then subjected to the indignity of being stared, and wondered at, and perchance poked with a stick or umbrella to make him more "lively," as if a living thing, so formed and endued, could be other than sullen and sorrowful under such circumstances. But what says Leigh Hunt?—

"The poor eagles and vultures! The very instinct of this epithet shows what an unnatural state they must have been brought to. Think of *eagles* being commiserated, and called 'poor!' It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and most of all such as are accustomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded now seems that grand and stormy depression of the cyclid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hencoop. And see, poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row!*—quiet, impaired, *scrubby*; almost motionless! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer? Is this the eagle of Pindar, heaving his moist back in sleep upon the sceptre of Jove, under the influence of the music of the gods? Is this the bird of the English poet,

'Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
To weather his broad vane?'

"Wonderful and admirable is the quietness, the philosophy, or whatever you choose to call it, with which all the creatures in this place, the birds in particular, submit themselves to their destiny. They do not howl and cry, brutes though they be; they do not endeavour to tear their chains up, or beat down their dens, they find the contest hopeless, and they handsomely and wisely give it up."

No thanks, however, are due to him or those who

placed the poor birds in such unnatural confinement; we should be quite inclined to join in the denunciation of J. S. B. (*Tail's Magazine*), who thus addresses a caged eagle in the Zoological Gardens of London:—

"Him I denounce who did prepare
Thy bonds: what title he may bear
I reckon not—he did sin.
If from his stock more than thy share
Thy noble thrift did win,
He had the right, by force or snare,
Where thou wert found, to sell thee there;
But so to bar thee in,
To rob the wingful of his wing,
To chain thee here—the mountain-king,
I say, it was a sin!"

But, bless us! where is Mudie all this time? telling, in his own eloquent and picturesque way, all about the nature, instincts, haunts, and habits, of the royal bird—THE GOLDEN EAGLE! and his scarcely less noble and powerful congeners the SEA and FISHING EAGLES, (*Falco albicilla* and *haliaetus*;) we, the while, paying no more attention to him than if he had never been introduced, or rather, used as a means of introducing our subject. But it is all the fault of those plaguey poets; once let *them* begin, and your matter-of-fact naturalist has no chance of being listened to. However, *n'importe*: we are not writing chapters for a new natural history, nor getting up another edition, with additions, of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," and therefore, to such of our readers as may wish for more precise information on the subject of our paper, we would say,—Is it not written, and well written, in the Book of British Birds, or, to be more exact, in "The History of the Feathered Tribes of the British Islands," by Robert Mudie? We have been obliged to omit much that might very properly have been included under such a title as that which heads our paper—many graphic pictures of the Royal Bird and its haunts, both in prose and poetry we have passed over somewhat unwillingly, because the hard-hearted editor or proprietor of this miscellany, would not consent to add a supplementary sheet to the present number for our especial delectation. He insists upon variety, forsooth, and tells us that his periodical is not "The Zoologist," nor "The Ornithologist," nor any other ologist whatever, but "A Magazine." Well, be it so, we bow to his decision; but some day see if we don't have a volume, a thick one, too, all to ourselves, and then we will tell *such* a tale about the eagle! Before concluding here, however, we must find room for Thomson's fine lines:—

"High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounced and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering sent
For ages of his empire; which in peace,
Unstain'd, he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles."

PARISIAN HOUSEWIFERY IN OLDEN TIME.

In the fourteenth century, that period when baronial rapine and feudal tyranny were giving place to a tolerant and regular system of law and order, there lived a writer in the good city of Paris who penned a manuscript treatise on Domestic Economy, as the modern phrase has it, "in all its branches," to which he gave the title *Menagier de Paris*; "Householder, or housekeeper of Paris." This manuscript, which bears date 1393, has been published very recently by a society of bibliophiles in Paris,¹ and we think that the glimpse of manners, customs, and modes of thinking prevalent more than four hundred years ago, afforded by an outline of the contents, will be acceptable to our readers.

The writer treats principally of the duties of women, and he follows Xenophon's example, by putting his sentiments and opinions into the form of a dialogue, but in which he is one of the interlocutors, and the other his young wife. Being, as he says, somewhat advanced in years, he discourses with his youthful and docile companion about all that a discreet and prudent housewife ought to know and to practise in the management of a household, not only for herself, but for her daughters, also, should she have any, and her female friends.

The inequality of age between the speakers adds a peculiar charm to the counsels which the senior addresses to the junior. In common with other writers of that period, he uses the term "dear and comely sister" in addressing his partner, and his lessons are characterised by a tone of gravity and indulgent disinterestedness. Although near the end of his own life, he desires that his wife may be happy after him; that she may become more submissive, perfect, and loving, not on his account, for what she does for him is already enough, as he tells her almost at the commencement of his prefatory observations. "Know, dear sister, that all which you have done since we were married until now, and all that you shall do in good intention, pleases me, has pleased, and will please me. For your youth excuses you from being very wise, and will excuse you still, in all that you shall do with good intent, from my displeasure. And know, that I take not displeasure, but pleasure in that you cultivate roses, tend violets, and make garlands; and also in your dancing and singing, and desire truly that you continue it among our friends and our equals; and it is but fitting and decorous thus to pass the age of your feminine adolescence, withal desiring not, nor permitting you to repair to the festivals and dances of grand seigneurs, for that is neither becoming in you, nor becoming to your estate nor mine. And as for the service which you offer willingly to pay to me more largely than what you now render, did you know how, or if I teach you, know, dear sister, that it well suffices me, when you perform for me such services as do your good neighbours for their husbands, who are our equals and of our estate. And the more you

know the more honour will you have, and the more praises will your relations and myself also have, and others near whom your were brought up."

After this paternal style of opening his subject, the sage writer goes on to say that his instructions will form three parts or "*distinctions*," thus enumerated:—1. The general duties of wives. 2. The practical and technical understanding of what concerns the profit of housewifery. 3. The games and pastimes proper to women of middle estate. The first of these only is complete, the second and third being fragmentary; it is, however, not devoid of interest, and enlightens us as to what was considered proper for a woman of that day to know and practise.

The lesson begins with the young wife's "morning waking," by furnishing her with a formula of prayers, among which is one to the Virgin of most angelic sweetness; at the same time the Mentor cautions his gentle partner that "praying without devotion is sending a message without words." Then follow good counsels concerning "dress and attiring," after which he goes with her into the town, or to church, watching well her mien and deportment, and counselling her to listen attentively to the mass, and to confess devoutly; "for you ought," he says, "to remember that you are speaking to God; the priest but lends his ear." This leads to a dissertation on the seven capital sins and their opposite virtues, and the young wife is admonished to be chaste, and "loving to her husband, be it I or another." This part of the lesson is supported by examples drawn from history—Sara, Rebecca, Rachel, Susannah, Lucretia. Next, she is "to be submissive to her husband," and here again the advice is strengthened by instances of disobedience. Afterwards, "to be careful of the person of her husband, because after a woman hath lost her first husband, commonly she findeth not in her estate a second to her liking, and thus remains long time astray and disconcerted." Then she is "to silence her husband's secrets and conceal his faults;" and last, "to maintain good patience towards her husband, and if he be angry and molest you, complain not to your friends and others, but retire to your chamber, weep softly in low voice, and make your complaints to God."

The grave adviser now adduces examples of temptation to which women have been subjected, and of dissimulation on their part. "It is ill done," he adds, "thus to vex and deceive one's husband, for a woman ought always to incline to promote her husband's pleasure when he is wise and reasonable; and sifting her husband craftily and hiding malice by a cloak of diligent endeavours, this also is ill done; for with her husband a woman ought never to act with craft and malice, but plainly and roundly, heart to heart." Further on he discourses on a higher order of duties. "Meroy," he observes, "has seven branches: the first is, to give to eat and drink to the poor; the second, to clothe the naked; the third, to lend to the poor in their need, and pardon them the debt; the fourth, to visit the sick; the fifth, to shelter the poor; the sixth,

(1) Journal des Savans. 1848.

to visit the sick in prison; the seventh, to bury the dead. And all these things you ought to do for the love of God only, and without vain glory."

In the second *distinction* we come to the practical duties of housewifery. There is a recommendation to "diligence, perseverance, and regard to labour," followed by a sort of gardening almanac, in which the young wife is taught "to understand, for pastime, a little tillage and gardening; to sow, and plant, to graft in the season, and to have roses in winter." This is succeeded by judicious counsels with respect to the choice and governance "of pages, servants, and chambermaids of the house;" and here we are initiated into more minute details, which show us what was expected from a respectable citizen's wife at that period. "When you shall have known," says the didactic husband, "by dame Agnes the *beguine*, or by *maître Jehan* the steward, that the chimney fires are every where covered, give your people time and repose for their limbs. And having provided beforehand that they have each one far from their bed a tinned candlestick, in which to put the candle, and made them to be instructed to put it out wisely with their mouth or hand before they got into bed, and not with their shirt." From this we may infer that domestics were in the habit of flapping out the candle with their shirt after they were in bed; and it is pretty certain that whatever may have been the provision for the master, neither snuffers nor extinguishers had as yet come into use for the servants.

In this place the old citizen forgets his wife for a time, while he instructs *maître Jehan* the steward how "to manage horses, as much those for the plough as for riding;" then he returns to his former subject, and gives his pupil a lesson in marketing; the prices and preservation of provisions; number of dishes, and order of service, according to the season, and quantity of the guests. He would have his wife competent as a chief *maître d'hôtel*, able to understand the office of butcher and poulterer, to devise dinners and suppers, to order a marriage feast, and command meats and dishes; and further, she must not be ignorant of "soups, salads, roast of flesh and fish, by-dishes, fries, stuffings, sauces, spices, and beverages, as well for table as for the sick." This part of the subject is dilated upon with much unction, notwithstanding that the author somewhere previously says, "If a man provided with two ears, two nostrils, two eyes, has, however, but one mouth, it is that he may soberly eat and speak withal;" and, "to eat once a-day is angelic, twice a-day is human, but three, four, or more times is the life of beasts and not men." In strange collocation with this we find a recipe "for writing a letter that no one shall see except by warming the paper." Another, "to preserve the teeth," and "to make sand for the hour-glass." Under the head *meat* there is an account of the slaughter-houses of Paris, the annual consumption of meat by the city, by the king, queen, and their family, and the dukes of Orleans and Berry.

The art of epicurism had made marvellous progress at that day, and noted cooks of later times have done

little more than vary what their predecessors discovered. There is the same endless variety of dishes, by the same names, as now tempt the hungry or dainty visitor to Paris; the spelling of the terms only is a little changed. Amid all the vicissitudes that the metropolis of France has witnessed, the nomenclature of the restaurateur's art has scarcely altered since the fourteenth century.

We may conclude our review by another quotation, which shows that the science of personal comfort was also pretty well developed. Speaking of a husband's cares and occupations, the writer says, "Has he to go and come, to run hither and thither, in rain, wind, snow, hail; one time wet, another time dry; one time sweating, another time shivering; ill-fed, ill-lodged, ill-warmed, ill-bedded. All this harms him not, insomuch that he is comforted by the hope that he hath in the cares that his wife will take of him; of the ease, the joys and pleasures she will prepare or cause to be prepared; to be unbooted by a good fire; to have the feet washed, and to put on clean shoes and stockings; to feed and drink well; to be well served and *be-sirred*; and to bed with clean sheets and kerchief, well covered with good furs, and the next day, new gowns, linen and vestments."

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION OF 1801.

PART I.

THE annals of despotic governments present a series of unique dramas never played on more legitimate arenas, for the actors are amenable to no human laws, and must depend entirely upon their own individual strength. A man of great native power can play his part well, but he must have foresight, perception, courage, decision; must be his own privy-council, parliament, general, and prime minister. He requires also personal beauty and personal strength. Peter the Great possessed all these requisites, and he succeeded—for the effects of his sway are still seen. Peter III. was not capable of such a rôle—he perished. His consort was calculated to be the head of a despotic state, and the pupil of Voltaire was unscrupulous—her game was a brilliant one—but if she did not fear God, she feared her son. His hereditary rights clashed with her acquired ones, and she dreaded the bow-string he was destined to feel. Maternal tyranny injured the sensitive mind of Paul, which the immense burden of empire crushed; yet the moral perception of Paul was sufficient for a constitutional ruler. Russia, however, required the talents of Peter the Great, or Catharine. The brain of Paul became distempered, and his mental infirmity took the shape of tyranny. A stern, hard, barbarous tyranny is less aggravating than one which condescends to petty detail. Without possessing the faults which stained his mighty ancestor, or the crimes which disfigured the atheist, Catharine, Paul became the most unpopular sovereign who ever ruled in Russia. To describe the series of melo-dramas that

led to the revolution which put an end to his reign and life, seems the readiest way of illustrating that game of despotism which the infirm, but well-meaning Paul played so ill, and which terminated in the dismal tragedy of 1801.

The lamentable cry uttered by Catharine II. after a death agony of thirty-seven hours, proclaimed Paul Autocrat of all the Russias. At that cry the empress and the imperial family, falling at the feet of their sovereign, were the first to salute him Emperor of Russia. Paul raised them, with assurances of imperial favour and paternal tenderness. Their example was followed by the courtiers, the great civil and military officers, and the nobility according to their several degrees of rank, and the guards on duty at the palace. Those who had lately arrived from Gatchina, the old residence of Paul, came to swear fidelity to the sovereign whom they had watched like a prisoner; but to whom they had never rendered the honour due to the heir of the imperial crown.

In a moment the apartment in which the great Catharine had just expired echoed with the word of command, the sound of arms, the creaking of heavy boots, and the jingle of spurs. The next day Paul was proclaimed Emperor of Russia, and his eldest son, Alexander, was recognised, by the title of Czarewicz, as the heir-apparent of his throne.

Paul came to the throne after five-and-thirty years of exile and contempt, and at the age of forty-three years found himself supreme master of an empire which the evening before had been his prison. During these years he had suffered much and learned much. He took his seat upon the throne with his pockets full of rules for his future conduct; nor was this all: in his haste to reduce these regulations into practice he disregarded time and order, opposition to everything that had been done by his mother being his only fixed principle of action. Yet one, at least, of the acts of the new monarch was certainly beneficent and noble.

Among the victims of Catharine's ambition was a man whose very name sheds a lustre on the country that gave him birth, and the sovereign who restored him to liberty. Kosciusko was at that time a close prisoner in the house of Count Anhalt, whither Paul went in person to announce to the patriot Pole "that he was free."

In the first moments of surprise the Polish general scarcely comprehended the blessing he had received from the emperor, or at least his feelings found no words, and before he had recovered his amazement his benefactor was gone. The hero, still suffering from the effects of his unhealed wounds, was unable to make use of his recovered freedom, owing to extreme debility; but he remembered his omission with regret, and ordered himself to be carried to the palace to express his gratitude. He obtained the interview he sought, and made his appearance before the emperor and his empress, with his head bound up, and his person disfigured with scars. He refused the estates and presents offered him in Russia by his

generous liberator; but accepted one hundred thousand roubles, with the permission of living in Switzerland, where he remained till his death; for if Paul was magnanimous in his gifts, the illustrious Pole was equally so in receiving them. The emperor, in fact, gave like a great sovereign, and Kosciusko received his favours like a free man. Soon after this action, from which many persons erroneously presaged a noble reign, the time approached for the funeral of the great Catharine, which Paul resolved to solemnise with those of his murdered father. For five-and-thirty years the name of Peter III. had never been uttered at St. Petersburg but in whispers. In the Convent of St. Alexander Niewski, an aged monk opened the tomb and uncovered the bier of the unfortunate grandson of Peter the Great; Paul knelt down before the august remains of his father, and, withdrawing the glove from his skeleton hand, kissed it many times. Long and fervently did the pious son pray beside that bier on which reclined the dishonoured relics of his sire, to whom he then decreed a sumptuous funeral as an atonement for more than a quarter of a century of neglect and contumely. The bier was then removed to the centre of the church, where the usual services of the Greek ritual on such occasions were for the first time performed.

These posthumous rites were strangely opposed to the religious opinions of the deceased emperor, whose firm attachment to the doctrines of Lutheranism had alienated the affections of his subjects, and had enabled the atheist Catharine to play her regicidal game under the mask of devotion to a faith she had outwardly embraced for the sake of worldly advantages.

This fact, though not cited by our author, was the leading cause of the revolution which dethroned the grandson of Peter the Great, though Paul, educated in the national religion, naturally employed her offices while paying these solemn duties to the remains of his father. But the new emperor did not confine his filial affection to these unavailing honours; he sought out his father's ancient friends, and among them, the aged Count Nugern Hernberg, his faithful adherent, for whose obscure retreat he caused diligent search to be made.

Paul received the old veteran in an apartment in which he had caused his father's portrait to be placed.

"I have sent for you here," said he, "in the presence of this portrait of my father, that at least this image may bear witness how tenderly and gratefully I receive his faithful friend." He then took him in his arms, passed the ribbon of the order of St. Alexander Niewski round his neck, conferred on him the highest military rank in the kingdom, and charged him to appear in the same uniform, and to hold the same office near the bier of the late emperor as he had been accustomed to do during his reign.

Upon the same platform in the citadel, the biers containing the mortal remains of Peter III. and Catherine II. were placed, and during eight days, the murdered sovereign and his regicide consort lay side

by side, and all who approached to kiss the pale hand of the empress, were required to render the same homage to the bier of Peter, upon which the imperial crown was placed. Of the ghastly vigils previously kept by the actual murderers of the Emperor Peter, in the church of St. Alexander Niewski, Dumas has not spoken, although it was the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed in a cathedral, with the exception of the coronation of Inez de Castro, some centuries earlier. Unable to bring to a scaffold the destroyers of his father,—for even the power of an autocrat has its limits,—the moral justice of Paul devised a punishment to which that of death seemed light. He compelled the regicides to watch every night the remains of the sovereign they had murdered; and to do him honour, when lying dead, whom they had cut off and consigned prematurely to the tomb, was the expiation he exacted from them. They were compelled by the rigid rule not of an imperial sentence, but a courtly ukase of etiquette, to look not only upon the bier, but upon the man himself taken from the darkness and silence of the grave to punish them.

They were all attired as chief mourners, and three, perhaps, were really so, for their countenance betrayed deep horror and remorse. Gregory Orloff went mad, Alexis trembled—Count Bariatinsky fainted; but Count Zuboff, associated with the guilty group as a salutary warning by which he profited very little, alone appeared unmoved. His only crime then consisted in being the last lover of Catharine; but did Paul, in appointing his future murderer a place at this ceremonial, feel no foreboding presentiment, that that daring nobleman was destined to become his own future regicide, or was this association with conspirators and murderers, the spark which consumed the allegiance Count Zuboff had lately sworn to his sovereign? He looked calm, rigid, and unmoved upon the conscience-stricken prince in a swoon beside that bier, the convulsed features of the low-born Orloffs, and the motionless remains of the murdered emperor. The church hung with black, the solemn midnight hour, the mental horror of these chief mourners, had little effect upon the firm nerves of a haughty young man whose birth had occurred long after that tragedy had been acted. Could those who contemplated the singular scene have pierced the veil that shrouded his feelings, they would have found, perhaps, in the depth of his heart, the vow which offered up Paul as another victim by the military aristocracy to their hatred of absolute power.

In the infliction of this punishment upon the surviving murderers, in crowning the bier of his father, and in seeing the parents united together in death, whom murder, conspiracy, and a long usurpation had separated for five-and-thirty years, the mental powers of a sensitive mind were overwhelmed. That act of filial reverence and love had shaken the fibres of a brain already burdened with the cruel jealousy of a mother and an hereditary tendency to disease. "At the feet of the double tomb, the new sovereign laid down," remarks Dumas, "his wisdom

and magnanimity. The promise of a great reign was never realized by him."

A thousand strange ordinances in the state continually were issued relative to court etiquette of the most teasing and vexatious nature. The army and navy had new uniforms every day; Paul was once more a child, and his soldiers and sailors were his dolls. Three hours were consumed daily by the military autocrat in the parade. The fire in his brain made him brave the cold with his head uncovered, and his person undefended by the warm furs in general use. He stood between his two eldest sons, who like himself, were compelled to brave the wintry weather of the coldest capital in the world, hatless and cloakless; but they were shivering and regarding with forced respect their imperial father, who, with one hand behind him, held in the other a formidable cane, with which he used to indicate the time to be used in the regulation of the military step, continually using the Russian numerals, *raz* (one), *два* (two), till the parade was concluded. The only consolation his sons could feel, was in the deep and feeling sympathy of all the bare-headed officers and soldiers who shared personally the horrors of these parades. Russian soldiers are, however, often victimized by their commanders-in-chief, and Paul, who loved his playthings excessively, was always considering some new plan for their protection. White plumes would expose them too much in the field; he assigned them black with a yellow edge. His paternal care even descended to their gaiters, and that officer always obtained promotion who appeared in the new uniform, in the morning, the emperor had ordered the evening before. It would be no easy matter to follow the changes the emperor continually effected in the army and state. His next step was to compel his people in general to adopt his own notions in costume.

An imperial ukase issued by the Emperor Paul compelled every man in his dominions to abandon the usual round hat, and to adopt a queer three-cornered chapeau which the ingenuity of the Russian autocrat had invented for the disfigurement of his male subjects and himself.¹ Now this horror of a hat was alone sufficient to have caused a dozen revolutions in civilized countries; but the Russians only sighed and complied with the ukase. What, however, was their compliance in the eyes of a despot! Another ukase directed that all foreigners should wear the obnoxious covering. Those who considered a queer three-cornered unfashionable hat as a lesser evil than a long walk to Siberia with no hat at all, grumbled and provided themselves with that prescribed by the emperor. Paul considered this reformation had secured his reign, for the Jacobins of Paris wore round hats. He ordered himself to be driven about St. Petersburg, to see his new ukase enforced by the police, who, assisted

(1) A portrait of this Emperor, in this identical hat, may be seen in the house of an eminent Russian merchant in the city, and as he presented the picture to that gentleman, the fidelity of the likeness of the autocrat and his chapeau may be relied upon. The features of the Emperor are Tartar-like, but his hat is the shape of half a card-table elongated in the middle to the length of a spout, of which it takes the form.

by some Cossacks, stood at the corners of every street to remove from the heads of strangers the obnoxious round hat anathematized by the imperial ukase. Paul seemed indeed to have commenced in good earnest his despotic reign. He was in the height of his glory, enjoying in idea the plenitude of his power, when he perceived an Englishman crossing the quarter of the Admiralty in the prohibited hat; for the sturdy islander, who considered the imperial ukase as an encroachment on his national liberty, thought proper to wear one after his own liking, without any regard to the commands of the emperor.

Paul stopped his carriage, and directed his aide-de-camp to deprive that contumacious insular of the covering he wore to insult him in his own capital. The aide galloped off to fulfil the mandate of his master; but seeing the Englishman wearing a three-cornered hat, concluded the emperor was mistaken, and returned to report that the manner of the Englishman was respectful, and his hat of the legitimate form. Paul thought his eyes had deceived him; he took up his lorgnette, and beheld again the identical round hat. The officer, then, had dared to deceive him. He ordered him under arrest, and despatched another aide-de-camp to compel the impertinent insular to yield up his detestable chapeau. There was the Englishman in the queer-looking three-cornered hat. The aide brought back the same report; Paul applied the lorgnette to his eye and saw once more a round hat, and sent the unfortunate aide to join his comrade. A general officer whose perceptive powers were greater than those of the ill-starred messengers, offered to undertake this difficult mission. He rode towards the Englishman, upon whose hat he kept his eyes fixed, and had the satisfaction to see it suddenly assume a triangular form. He prudently brought the magician back with him to the emperor, that he might himself explain its mechanism to his master.

In fact, the Englishman had ordered a hat to be constructed on an ingenious plan, which at once combined his own notions of freedom with the arbitrary enactments of the imperial ukase. A spring inside elevated or depressed the crown, and expanded or folded up the corners, and made the chapeau assume by turns the interdicted or legal form. Paul, who was highly amused at the idea, dismissed the Englishman very courteously, and permitted his countrymen to wear their hats after their own fashion.

His next ukase was of a more annoying kind; every person in his capital was to kneel down on the ground as soon as his carriage appeared in sight, and death or exile was decreed to those who dared resist the absurd mandate. The haughty Russian prince was levelled at once to the humblest slave by this odious regulation. In the winter season, when the streets were clean, the command was only a degradation; but an early thaw rendered it a serious inconvenience, for the Russian capital then became dirty, and in the dirt Paul chose every body to kneel. Ladies were not exempted from this penance, and the sight of a Russian princess and her little family kneeling in the

mud was a very common spectacle during the continuance of this odious ukase. The streets were deserted the moment the imperial carriage was seen. The people fled from the presence of their sovereign, as if the plague had suddenly swept off the swarming population of the second commercial city in the world.

Some attempt was made one evening by a young and beautiful bride of high rank, in her white and silver tissue dress, to escape the ukase by ordering her coachman to turn down a bye street upon the approach of the autocrat's coach; but alas! it had been seen, and her coachman got a caning, and herself a command to alight and pay her homage.

Our titled lady cast her eyes on her lovely spotless dress and the streets, which were ankle-deep in mud; she sighed, but women are fruitful in expedients, so, divesting her fair form of a costly sable cloak, she flung it upon the ground, and knelt upon that rich carpet, in order to preserve her glittering dress from the dirt. Paul, displeased at her attempt to evade the law, commanded the cloak to be removed, and the lady to perform her homage on the bare ground. In the eyes of ladies, human despotism could go no farther.

These ridiculous comedies ushered in a dark tragedy. Paul saw himself universally detested. His infirm brain alienated from him the love and devotion of his people, who did not, perhaps, attribute his vagaries to their true cause. The autocrat saw himself the object of universal hatred, and became alarmed for his personal safety. He exiled and disgraced those he suspected, and his capricious temper made those he loved and trusted, distrust and fear him. His political conduct annihilated the commercial relations between England and Russia, and his sudden predilection for France concluded his fate. To restore the national prosperity of Russia, it was determined by the military aristocracy to dethrone Paul, for though they were not merchants, they were the owners of the merchandise, and a war with England would prove fatal to their wealth. But independently of these considerations, the nobility beheld the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, and themselves exposed to the capricious tyranny of a despot, in whom malady took the shape of crime. Frank, generous, and naturally confiding, Paul became jealous, cruel, and inaccessible to pity. He distrusted his wife, he was suspicious of his children. Only two persons shared his confidence—a Turkish slave who was his barber, and his prime minister, Count Pahlen. The barber held the safest post; but the count knew that his life and freedom depended upon the breath of a madman. A bolder or more unscrupulous statesman never existed than this Russian noble, who, descended from an ancient family, united to the military frankness of the soldier, the astuteness often mingled with Asiatic blood. The bond that united Paul to him originated in gratitude; he had received from Pahlen, when governor of Riga, the respectful homage due to the heir of the Russian Empire,—an attention Paul had not forgotten. Catherine would not have forgiven

the Major-General this courteous reception of her son, if he had not been patronized by Zuboff. Pahlen acted from policy, and Paul rewarded him with his full confidence and favour. Zuboff was in exile when the powerful prime-minister determined to make him an instrument in dethroning his master. He placed no confidence in the attachment of the emperor, and had already laid down his plans; but, to carry them into effect, it would be necessary to recall his former patron. Paul, he was aware, would be invulnerable to all entreaty upon that point. The Turkish barber could obtain anything of his master, and the artful minister wrote to Zuboff, to advise him to demand of the favourite domestic the hand of his daughter in marriage. Count Zuboff, a man of ancient lineage, haughty temper, and eminent talent, did not refuse to play the lover, and the next courier from Germany brought a proposal for Ma'amselle Kintaisoff, to the infinite astonishment and delight of her parvenu parent, who laid the letter and himself at the feet of the emperor, and pathetically entreated him to recall his destined son-in-law, and give his consent to an alliance so flattering to his pride. "Let him return then," replied the autocrat, "for it is the first wise thought that ever entered that madman's head;" and these fatal words sealed the fate of Paul. Zuboff returned to pay his pretended addresses to the lady, and under that veil the conspiracy was effectually concealed, and gathered strength daily. Pahlen, the soul of the plot, dexterously avoided affording the slightest proof that he formed its head, and upon its success or failure would alone depend whether he threw his weight on the side of the conspirators, or on that of Paul. He himself forwarded to Paul a list containing the names of the conspirators, through an unknown channel, and warned him of the perilous position in which he was placed.

He received, in return, a summons to attend the emperor in the palace of St. Michael, which that unfortunate sovereign had strongly fortified. Paul was traversing his bed-chamber with rapid strides, muttering terrible imprecations to himself; he fixed his eyes upon the calm and unmoved countenance of the prime-minister, and accosted him with these abrupt words, taking him by the arm with a sudden movement that betrayed his own feelings without discomposing the iron nerves of the count, "Were you at St. Petersburg in 1742?"

"Yes, I was," quietly replied the minister, who was fully aware that his master's agitated question related to the assassination of Peter III.

"What part did you play in the tragedy of that year?"

"That, please your majesty, of a subaltern officer in the ranks of his regiment. I witnessed a catastrophe in which I took no share."

"Well," remarked the emperor, "they want to re-act that tragedy to-day;" and he turned his eyes full of distrust upon the prime-minister, whom he still held by the arm.

A start, the slightest tremour or change of complexion must have betrayed the guilty conspirator to

his injured sovereign; but Pahlen showed no emotion, but quietly replied, "I know they do, for I am one of the conspirators."

"What! are you then privy to the plot?" rejoined the distressed and agitated prince.

"Yes, in order to insure your personal safety."

"I have received a list of their names," said the emperor, putting one into Pahlen's hand, who coolly placed the counterpart of the paper in that of Paul.

"You see the documents are alike; but in both, your majesty, three names have been omitted."

In a voice hoarse with emotion, Paul replied, "You must mean my wife and my two eldest sons."

"Respect, sire, will not permit me to reveal their august names;" and he bowed his head.

The agonized husband and father cast a fearful look round the room, which was large and completely square, with the door facing the chimney, and two windows looking upon the court below. Directly opposite to the windows stood the bed, and, at the foot of the bed, a concealed door communicating with the apartment of the empress. Beyond this portal a trap-door was contrived in the floor, which could be raised by the slightest pressure made by the heel of the boot. This trap-door opened upon a stair-case, which communicated with the corridor, and made instant flight from the palace perfectly practicable. The palace of St. Michael was, besides, very strongly fortified, vigilantly guarded, and completely inaccessible from without. In taking these precautions Paul had forgotten that the foes of despotic sovereigns are to be found within—not without—the walls of their palace. Some impression of this kind thrilled upon the brain of the unfortunate autocrat, for he turned his eyes suspiciously upon the private door which led to the empress's apartment. His terrible agitation contrasted strangely with the imperturbable tranquillity of the cold and cruel statesman. "I understand the allusion," remarked Paul, still keeping his eyes fixed upon the door. "You wish to tell me that the Empress, the Czarewitz Alexander, and the Grand Duke Constantine are implicated in this conspiracy against my life."

"Sire, the law only regards those it can venture to punish," replied Pahlen, emphatically.

"The law regards every one alike, Count," said Paul, the dignity of the sovereign overcoming the anguish of the husband and father. "Crime, because the criminals are found in an exalted station, ought not therefore to remain unpunished. Go, Pahlen, and arrest instantly the Grand Dukes. To-morrow they shall depart for Schlussembourgh. As for the Empress, I will take charge of her myself. In regard to the other conspirators, that is your business."

"Sire," rejoined the astute Pahlen, "give me a written order, and, however lofty the heads to be struck may be, or however exalted those to be arrested, I shall obey."

"Good Pahlen!" rejoined the emperor. "Thou art the only faithful servant left me. Watch over me, Pahlen, for I see that every body about me

wishes my death, but thee." He signed two orders, for the arrest of his sons, and for that of the conspirators, and placed these documents in the treacherous hand of the Count, who made no delay in seeking out the other conspirators, whom he knew he should find at the house of Count Zuboff.

"Every thing is discovered," said he: "Behold the order for your arrest. There is not a moment to lose. This night I am governor of St. Petersburg—to-morrow I shall be in prison—What do you mean to do?"

There was no time for hesitation, for the scaffold and Siberia stared the conspirators in the face. They agreed to meet that night at the house of Count Talitzen, colonel of the regiment Preobrajenski; but still they required an augmentation of number, and therefore it was determined to increase their strength by adding to the conspiracy those who had lately been arrested on frivolous pretences by Paul. Thirty officers of high birth and military rank had been degraded by the emperor, and sentenced to exile for faults for which a slight reprimand would have been sufficient punishment.

The Prime Minister ordered a dozen trains to be in attendance at the different prisons wherein these injured men were confined, and hurried to meet the Czarewicz Alexander.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

WE are tempted to make a few observations on the Life and Poems of the Reverend George Crabbe, and though there are open to us no peculiar sources of information, and we can but recall incidents that have been read, and read with interest, by most of his admirers, we trust that the topic we have chosen may find favour in our readers' eyes. Among the verse-writers of the last generation, the Poet of the Poor, the author of the "Village" and the "Register," occupies a prominent place as a man of marked and original genius: a *mannerist*, it is true, but still a poet of high pretension, and not undeserving of the distinction accorded him by a brother bard, in the emphatic line which described him as

"Nature's sternest painter, yet her best."

His life—so calm and dignified at its close—has been rendered interesting by the narrative of early struggles, which are worthy of being recorded with those of Chatterton and Goldsmith, for the warning and instruction of the literary aspirant, and haply for the timely encouragement of "some forlorn and shipwrecked brother," who, pondering over the strange story, may, in his uttermost desolation, "take heart again."

On Christmas eve, 1754, Crabbe was born at Aldborough, at that time a mean and miserable fishing-town, on the coast of Suffolk. His father, who is described as "a man of strong and vigorous talents," and "skilful in business of all sorts," then filled the office of collector of the salt duties, or Salt-mas-

ter, in that port. He had a large family, of whom George was the eldest. The mind of the poet derived enduring impressions from the scenery amidst which his childhood was passed. The graphic minuteness with which he has depicted the harsh features of the Suffolk coast and the amphibious inhabitants of his native town, and the indifference which he evinced in after life to the grandest and most beautiful features of inland scenery, would seem to imply that the withered commons and slimy marshes which were familiar to him in early years, had a peculiar charm and attraction, which suited the character of his genius, and harmonized with his tastes and feelings. His childhood was not on the whole a happy one. His father, though a man of considerable intellect and kindly disposition, was passionate and overbearing. The inhabitants of Aldborough were a rough and curious race, with whom the shy and thoughtful boy had little in common. In the poem of the *Village*, they are thus characteristically described:—

"Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe display'd in every face;
Who far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye."

His father participated in the sea-faring habits of the place, and possessed a share in a fishing-boat, but the future poet had little aptitude for such pursuits. "The Salt-master," observes Crabbe's biographer,¹ "often took his boys out a-fishing with him; and sorely was his patience tried with the awkwardness of the eldest. 'That boy,' he would say, 'must be a fool. John, and Bob, and Will, are all of some use about a boat; but what will that *thing* ever be good for?'" However, the father was pleased with the way in which the quiet lad took to his books. He was first sent to a dame's school, and as soon as he had learned to read, he eagerly devoured every book which came in his way. This bookish propensity induced his father to send him first to a school at Bungay, and afterwards to one of higher pretensions at Stowmarket, kept by a Mr. Richard Haddon. It had been resolved that he should follow the profession of a surgeon, and for that purpose it was considered desirable that he should acquire the rudiments of a classical education. After leaving school he returned home, to wait till an opening could be found for him as a doctor's apprentice. In the interval he had ample time to wander about the coast, and to indulge in the solitary musings which he has depicted as characteristic of a poet's youth.

"I loved to walk where none had walk'd before,
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way;
For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath.
Here had I favourite stations, where I stood,
And heard the murmurs of the ocean-flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing, or the grey curlew. . . .
When I no more my fancy could employ—
I left in haste what I could not enjoy,
And was my gentle mother's welcome boy."

(1) Life of the Rev. G. Crabbe, by his Son. 1835.

A situation was at length found for him in the village of Wickham-Brook, near Bury St. Edmunds, and he departed thither with a heavy heart. After a tedious journey across the country, the first sound which reached his ear, on arriving, with a melancholy face, at his new home, was the loud laughter of his master's daughters, who gazed with gusto on his woe-begone appearance, and boisterously shouted—"La, here's our new 'prentice!" His master united the occupation of a farmer to the responsible duties of his profession, and the apprentice "was made the bed-fellow and companion of the plough-boy!" After about three years of this sort of life, he was transferred by agreement from the custody of this rustic professor of the healing art, to a Mr. Page of Woodbridge. The change was in all respects most desirable, and had an unforeseen but important influence on his future life. At Woodbridge he made the acquaintance of several young men of his own age, and of kindred tastes, and amongst others that of a surgeon named Levett, who introduced him to Miss Sarah Elmy; with whom he fell violently in love, and to whom, after many eventful years had intervened, he was at last united. He had already been a copious writer of verses, but his passion inspired him with a new theme, and stimulated his poetical ambition. Whilst at Woodbridge he published a poem entitled "Inebriety," a thin quarto, price one shilling and sixpence, in which his early bias to the style of Pope is curiously shown.

In the following paragraph from the preface to this maiden essay, a truth which is ever present to the author's mind is gracefully expressed:—

"The World! how presumptuous, and yet how trifling the sound. Every man, gentle reader, has a world of his own, and whether it consists of half-a-score or half-a-thousand friends, 'tis his, and he loves to boast of it. Into my world, therefore, I commit this, my Muse's earliest labour, nothing doubting the clemency of the climate, nor fearing the partiality of the consoriums."

However much the poem might have satisfied those who formed at that time the young poet's world, the sale was very trifling, and there is little doubt that it was a losing speculation.

In the same year in which Crabbe published his first poem he completed the term of his apprenticeship, and returned to Aldborough. But his home was now thoroughly unhappy. During his absence his father had grown more violent and imperious; spent his evenings in the alehouse, and treated his wife—a meek-spirited, uncomplaining woman—with a harshness that roused the son's resentment. Unseemly quarrels, also, frequently occurred on another score. The Salt-master's affairs were not over prosperous, and he was unable to furnish his son with the means of pursuing his professional education in the metropolis; but, more than this, he insisted that he could not be maintained at home in idleness. Accordingly, he required him to assist in the drudgeries of the warehouse; and on the Slaughden quay the young surgeon might be often seen, sorely against his will, piling up cheeses, and butter-casks. At length an effort was made to send

him to London; and, with a slenderly-furnished purse, he embarked in a trading sloop for the great metropolis, with the avowed purpose of "picking up a little surgical knowledge as cheap as he could." For eight or nine months he lived with some Aldborough people in Whitechapel, in the pursuit of this laudable object; but his funds being then exhausted, he was compelled, to return to his native town, where, after a brief interval, with small qualifications, and still smaller hopes of success, he started as a surgeon. Apart from his imperfect knowledge of his profession, he had, in fact, little aptitude for it. "Ready sharpness of mind," says his son, and biographer, "and mechanical cleverness of hand, are the first essentials in a surgeon; and he wanted them both, and knew his deficiencies far better than any one else did." But he persevered for some time, sustained by his attachment to Sarah Elmy, whom he had frequent opportunities of seeing, and who cheered and encouraged him with the delicate tact of a loving and high-minded woman. In the meanwhile he pursued his literary avocations, and his desk was filled with verses. His profession continued to grow more distasteful to him, and he was haunted by the vague hope of finding elsewhere a more profitable and congenial avocation. At last, on one gloomy day toward the close of the year 1779, during a stroll on the Marsh Hill, "a bleak and cheerless part of the cliff above Aldborough," he made the desperate resolution that he would proceed to London with his poems, and venture all. He had not then heard of Chatterton, whose miserable fate might have warned him from such an enterprise; his knowledge of the world was small, his ambition and self-reliance great. To the vast "brick desert" where Johnson in his days of poverty had felt the frequent pangs of hunger, and Goldsmith had wandered a homeless man, the poor Aldborough apothecary resolved to direct his steps, without a friend to guide or assist him, and, with as little apparent chance of success, as the fresh-water sailor who should venture, in a fragile vessel, without chart or compass, on the broad Atlantic.

His friends in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, and of course refused to furnish him with funds for the journey. He accordingly applied to Mr. Dudley North, whose brother had been a candidate for the representation of Aldborough, who sent him five pounds. On the receipt of the money, he gathered together his worldly substance, took an affectionate leave of his friends, and embarked again, in a trading sloop, for the modern Babylon.

He had but one acquaintance in London to whom he made known his arrival, and this was the wife of a linen-draper in Cornhill, named Burcham, who had been the early friend of Miss Elmy. The cordial welcome of this kind-hearted woman, and her equally kind-hearted husband, prevented him from feeling at first the loneliness of his situation. He did not disclose his plans, but they suspected the real object of his journey to London, and warned him of the dangers and difficulties that awaited the literary adventurer. He now, for the first time, heard of Chatterton, and

the fate of the "marvellous boy" must have damped his ardour, and cast a temporary gloom over his sanguine spirit. For the purpose of being near his friends, he took lodgings, in the house of a hair-dresser, named Vickery, near the Royal Exchange, and then diligently set to work to correct and transcribe the poetical pieces he had brought with him to London. He practised from the first the strictest frugality; his only extravagance being the purchase of a fashionable tie-wig, which he deemed necessary for his station. With a dogged stoicism he avoided every place of amusement, and solaced himself, occasionally, with the cheap indulgence of a stroll in Hornsey Wood, with his Ovid or Horace in his pocket. But as every incident of his daily life, during the first three months of this miserable period, is noted down in "The Poet's Journal," a diary which he kept for Miss Elmy, it will be most convenient to refer to that simple and authentic narrative of his struggles, as we proceed in our narrative.

On the 21st of April, 1780, he thus commences this interesting record. "I dedicate to you, my dear Mira, [Miss Elmy's poetical name,] this journal, and I hope it will be some amusement. God only knows what is to be my lot; but I have, as far as I can, taken your old advice, and turned affliction's better part outward, and am determined to reap as much consolation from my prospects as possible; so that whatever befalls me, I will endeavour to suppose it has its benefits, though I cannot immediately see them." On the 25th of the same month, glancing, as many another adventurer has done, down the advertising columns of a newspaper, his attention was attracted by an announcement which yielded a glimmer of hope. "Reading the Daily Advertiser of the 22d, I found the following:—'Wanted an amanuensis of grammatical education, and endued with a genius capable of making improvements in the writings of gentleman not well versed in the English language.' The opportunity seemed a good one, and an appropriate note was despatched to the advertiser's address by a porter, who returned with an answer that 'the person should call in a day or two.'" The next entry, dated April 27th, gives the sequel. "Called on Mrs. Brooke, from whose husband or servant in the shop, I had the intelligence that the gentleman was provided—twelve long miles walked away, loss of time, and a little disappointment, thought I:—now for my philosophy. Perhaps, then, I reflected, the 'gentleman' might not have so very much of that character as I at first supposed: he might be a sharper, and would not, or an author himself, and consequently could not, pay me. He might have employed me seven hours in a day, over law or politics, and treated me at night with a Welsh rabbit and porter. It's all well; I can at present buy porter myself, and am my own amanuensis. N.B. Sent my poem to Dodsley, and required him to return it to-morrow, if not approved, otherwise its author would call upon him." Mr. Dodsley's reply was received the next day; a true bookseller's note, civil but

decidedly unfavourable. But the poor poet was not yet wholly discouraged. "Once more, my Mira," he says, "I'll try, and write to Mr. Becket: if he fails me!—I know not how I shall ever get sufficient time to go through my principal design; but I've promised to keep up my spirits, and I will. God help me!" On the same date, he says that "he finds himself under the disagreeable necessity of vending or pawning some of his more useless articles." On the 10th of May, having been for some days buoyed up with a vague hope of better things, he notes down the result of his appeal to bookseller Becket. "Mr. Becket says just what Mr. Dodsley wrote, 'Twas a very pretty thing, but, sir, these little pieces the town do not regard: it has merit,—perhaps, some other may.' 'It will be offered to no other, sir!'—'Well, sir, I am obliged to you; but,' &c.—and so these little affairs have their end. And are you not disheartened? My dearest Mira, not I! The wanting a letter from you to-day, and the knowing myself to be possessed but of sixpence-farthing in the world, are much more consequential things." His spirits indeed did not fail him in his adversity, for in the same entry he continues thus:—"We are helped, I am persuaded, with spirits in our necessities. I did not, nor could, conceive that, with a very uncertain prospect before me, a very bleak one behind, and a very poor one around me, I should be so happy a fellow; I don't think there's a man in London worth but fourpence-halfpenny—for I've this moment sent seven farthings for a pint of porter—who is so resigned to his poverty." On the 16th of May, troubles seemed to be thickening round him. "Oh, my dear Mira," he writes, "how you distress me: you inquire into my affairs, and love not to be denied,—yet you must. To what purpose should I tell you the particulars of my gloomy situation; that I have parted with my money, sold my wardrobe, pawned my watch, am in debt to my landlord, and finally, at some loss how to eat a week longer." Some of the mischances of poverty, and its ludicrous expedients to keep up appearances, as told in this part of the Journal, may provoke a smile. May 20th, the following incident is recorded:—"It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half away. Pinioned to the side, it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with, puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle &c. to sew them together. This finished my job, and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet."

On the 21st of May we find that he had resolved on writing a letter to Lord North; and the same entry contains the melancholy statement that "his last shilling became eightpence yesterday."

The humiliating expedient which in his abject poverty he was induced to pursue, was perhaps

scarcely worthy of an independent mind; yet having regard to his painful struggles and urgent necessities, his small knowledge of the world, his integrity, and good intentions, it would be prudish to visit him with censure. As a last resort he proceeded to address several eminent individuals, whose station and reputation pointed them out as likely to become the patrons of a friendless poet. It was a course which many men of loftier pretensions and sterner virtue have in the bitterest straits of poverty scorned to pursue, and we cannot wholly approve it; but it will be seen that the letters he indited were simple, dignified, and true, and utterly free from cant and adulation. No success having attended his application to Lord North, he next applied to the Earl of Shelburne, enclosing a copy of verses. The letter is inserted in the journal to Mira, and is full of manly and pathetic eloquence. It commences thus:—"Forgive, my Lord, a free, and, perhaps, unusual address; misfortune has in it, I hope, some excuse for presumption. Your Lordship will not—cannot—be greatly displeased with an unfortunate man, whose wants are the most urgent; who wants a friend to assist him, and bread." After relating his unsuccessful application to Lord North, he concludes with this strong appeal:—"My Lord, I now turn to your Lordship, and entreat to be heard. I am ignorant what to ask, but feel forcibly my wants—patronage and bread. I have no other claim on your Lordship, than my necessities—but they are great—unless my muse, and she has, I am afraid, as few charms; nor is it a time for such to flourish: in serener days, my Lord, I have produced some poetical compositions the public might approve, and your Lordship not disdain to patronise."

The poor poet was again doomed to disappointment. His communication was disregarded; and he next addressed himself to Lord Chancellor Thurlow; "but," says his son, "with little better fortune. To the first letter, which enclosed a copy of verses, his Lordship returned for answer a cold polite note, regretting that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses," and of a second application he took no notice at all. This apparent neglect was, however, as we shall see, afterwards nobly atoned for; for notwithstanding his rough exterior and repulsive eccentricities, Thurlow was endowed with a noble nature and generous disposition. Meanwhile, his situation became every day more critical; his distresses more appalling. Heartsick and lonely in the great metropolis, his spirits at length gave way, and he must have keenly felt what he has so well expressed in his poem of the *Library* :—

"Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind
On the precarious mercies of mankind;
Who hopes for wild and visionary things,
And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous wings."

How he lived at all is a mystery. His landlord, Mr. Vickery, treated him, it is evident, with great consideration, and his kind friend Burcham furnished him with an occasional meal. His journal to Mira was discontinued, as we have before intimated, after three months of his residence in London; perhaps it

became too painful for him to record his daily troubles and keen vexations, and in the absence of any record, we can only *guess* at the extent of his misery and privations.

At length, early in the year 1781, a "propitious influence" induced him to address a despairing appeal to the great statesman whom he ever afterwards regarded as the kindest, best, and greatest man of his generation,—whose ear was open to every cry of distress, whether proceeding from the oppressed and down-trodden natives of a distant dependency, or from a poor stranded adventurer in this London wilderness—the generous and noble-hearted Edmund Burke. Spirit-touching, and very piteous, was the poor poet's address to the great politician; but we question whether many men in Mr. Burke's position, immersed in public business, and beset with daily applications, would not have put it aside as an ordinary begging-letter. That great man, however, with the just and rare discrimination which resulted from an uncommon knowledge of mankind, saw at once that Crabbe was no common applicant for charity. He read with interest the detail of his sufferings; they were so truthfully and intelligently penned that he could not doubt. The letter is too long to be quoted entire, but we cannot pass it over without making a short extract. Having portrayed his early hopes, struggles, mistakes, and disappointments, his pressing exigencies and abject poverty, the friendless poet thus concluded his appeal to the statesman :—

"You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour, than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

"Can you, sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress; it is, therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

"I will call upon you, sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me is distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life unpromisingly begun; in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it."

Some verses were enclosed with the letter, which Mr. Burke perused, and acting instantly on the impulses of his generous nature, he appointed a day and hour for an interview with the author. With trembling anxiety, but, we may imagine, with confident hope and many pleasing anticipations, the poor adventurer knocked at the door of Mr. Burke's mansion. He was ushered into his presence, received with unexpected kindness, and finally dismissed with assurances that left him no room to doubt that a bright future had dawned upon him. The readiest mode to aid the young author, thought Mr. Burke, was by the publication of his poems; and he accordingly selected the *Village* and the *Library* from other compositions, and read them, in his most impressive manner, to Dodsley, the publisher. The bookseller did not feel much confidence in the success of the verses, but admitted their excellence. The publication of the *Library* was at last decided on, and Dodsley generously promised that all the profits should be appropriated to the author.

Burke's kindness did not stop here. He had found, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that his new *protégé* "had the mind and feelings of a gentleman;" and in order to give him leisure for study, he invited him to his seat at Beaconsfield, lavished on him every attention, and laid plans for his future life. "It was in the course of one of their walks," says the poet's son and biographer, "amidst the classical shades of Beaconsfield, that Burke, after some conversation on general literature, suggested by a passage of the *Georgics*, which he had happened to quote on observing something that was going on in his favourite farm, passed to a more minute inquiry into my father's early days in Suffolk than he had before made, and drew from him the avowal, that, with respect to future affairs, he felt a strong partiality for the church. 'It is most fortunate,' said Mr. Burke, 'that your father exerted himself to send you to that second school; without a little Latin we should have made nothing of you; now, I think we shall succeed.'" After this conversation, Mr. Burke, continues the biographer, "though well aware of the difficulties of obtaining holy orders for any person not regularly educated, exerted himself to procure the assent, in this instance, of Dr. Yonge, the then Bishop of Norwich; and in this, backed by the favourable representations of Mr. Dudley North and Mr. Charles Long, he was eventually successful."

The transition which Crabbe had made from poverty and neglect to comfort, consideration, and congenial society, was sudden and unforeseen, and has no parallel in literary history. His heart was filled with gratitude and pious thankfulness. In after life, he could not speak of Burke's kindness to him without tears in his eyes. He was at once introduced to the distinguished and intellectual circle by whom the statesman was surrounded; amongst others, to Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson. By the latter he was at first received with a *growl*, but afterwards treated with substantial kindness. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow invited him to breakfast, soon after the publication of

the *Library*, and at parting put into his hand a £100 bank-note, at that time a most acceptable present.

In December 1781, Crabbe was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, having passed a creditable examination; and immediately prepared to officiate as a curate in his native town. With a swelling heart he took leave of his generous patron, and eminent associates; nor did he omit to bid a kind adieu to the linendraper in Cornhill, at whose hospitable table he had so often sat, when without the means of purchasing a meal. Arrived at Aldborough, he received the congratulations of his friends, who now commended the imprudent step they had before so emphatically condemned. The father gloried in the unexpected success of his bookish son, and confessed that he had underrated his abilities. But one gentle voice the poet missed, whose lightest word of sympathy and congratulation would have gladdened him more than all; one approving smile which fondly and fervently he had hoped would have beamed upon him in the day of his triumph and success, was wanting to complete his happiness. His mother, the poor meek woman, whose heart would have leaped with joy at his good fortune, who would have gloried in his fame, as only a mother could, had died during his absence. The feelings which such a loss inspired, have been beautifully delineated in his poem of "The Parish Register:"—

"Arrived at home, how then he gazed around,
In ev'ry place, where she, no more, was found;—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew she fill'd with all her race—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place;
That while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise."

While officiating as a curate in his native town, the poet was subjected, it seems, to many annoyances. The good people of Aldborough were mystified and surprised by his strange good fortune, and many ill-natured rumours were invented and circulated to account for his success. It was, therefore, with no small delight that Crabbe accepted the post of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, procured for him by the never-tiring kindness of his benefactor Burke. He immediately exchanged his humble quarters at Aldborough for aristocratic apartments in Belvoir Castle; and whilst residing there, in 1783, he published his poem of the *Village*.

In this poem were displayed all his most striking excellences. Without any affectation of originality, there was a freshness and vigour in his conceptions which took the reader by surprise. It is worthy of remark, that whilst carefully discarding the conventional images and affected phraseology that marked the common-place poetry of the age, in the mechanism of his verse, he followed the popular models, and scrupulously adhered to the fashionable standard. We need not remind our readers that the great writers who had immediately preceded him, had used the metre of Pope with singular success:—Johnson, in his

masterly imitations of Juvenal; Churchill, in his coarse but vigorous satires, and finally Oliver Goldsmith, in the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village." It is possible that the latter poem might have suggested to Crabbe a delineation of rural life of a somewhat different complexion; and in many of his descriptions there is much of the manner of Goldsmith. The poem had been sent to Dr. Johnson, who honoured it with his corrections, and heartily approved of its manly sentiment. The Doctor was undoubtedly pleased with its orthodox form, as well as with its originality and truth. Earnestness and reality were rare virtues in the verse-writers of the day; and many of the respectable readers of poetry must have been startled by the originality of Crabbe's delineations. His *Village* was no pastoral paradise. He depicted the manners of country people not as they *might*, or as they *ought* to have been, but as they *were*. He did not subscribe to the notion that happiness and contentment were always to be found in the rural cottage, or that the rustic's life was one round of cheerfulness and comfort. His great object was to convince the sentimentalist that there was another side to the picture:—

"Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely not wholesome, plain not plenteous, such
As you who praise would never deign to touch."

The description of the parish poor-house—such as parish poor-houses used to be—with its putrid vapours and walls of mud, is, perhaps, the most powerful sketch in the poem; but it is too familiar to bear quotation. As a specimen of his forcible satire, we cannot, however, forbear inserting his portrait of the village apothecary—a sketch from life:—

"Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect."

At the latter end of the same year in which this successful poem was published, Crabbe was married to his early love, Sarah Elmy, in the parish church of Beccles.¹ Amidst all the discouraging circumstances of his early life, the ardour of their attachment had never cooled; and for many a long year their wedded life was blest with all the felicity which such sincere and well-tried affection deserved.

In 1785 was published the poem of the "Newspaper," which can scarcely be said to have added much to Crabbe's reputation, and from that time for twenty-two years, his muse was wholly silent.

In this interval, he held successively several church preferments, and sedulously devoted himself to the duties of his profession. In the society of his wife and children,—a simple and unassuming country clergyman,—he pursued the even tenor of his way, undisturbed by visions of literary fame. In the discharge of his duties, he evinced a Parson Adams-like simplicity, which showed how foreign to his character was every species of affectation and pretence. Perhaps some of his parishioners might have thought him occasionally wanting in dignity, and too careless of the proprieties of his profession. His son observes that "he had the most complete exemption from fear or solicitude," (whilst officiating as a minister.) "'I must have some money, gentlemen,' he would say, in stepping from the pulpit. This was his notice of tithe-day. Once or twice, finding it grow dark, he abruptly shut his sermon, saying, 'Upon my word, I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again.' Or he would walk into a pew near a window, and stand on the seat and finish his sermon, with the most admirable indifference to the remarks of his congregation."

Although the *Village* and the *Library* had taken their place amongst English classics, their author was almost forgotten by the reading public, when in 1807 he published "the Parish Register," with some minor pieces. The new poems were received with the applause they merited: all the peculiar excellences of the *Village* were displayed in the *Register* in still higher perfection; and it was evident that time had matured and strengthened the poet's powers. There was the same wonderful talent for minute description—the same singular adherence to the literal and prosaic truth, blended with a profounder pathos, and still deeper insight into human nature. His former poems contained no description equal in solemn and terrible effect, to his sketch of the Village Infidel in the first part of the *Register*:—

"His, a lone house, by Dead-man's Dyke-way stood;
And his, a nightly haunt in Lonely wood;
Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast
That he believed 'in neither God nor ghost';
That when the sod upon the sinner press'd,
He, like the saint, had everlasting rest;
That never priest believed his doctrines true,
But would, for profit, own himself a Jew,
Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen do;
That fools alone on future worlds rely,
And all who die for faith deserve to die."

His command of quaint and vigorous language, and terse, epigrammatic expression, were never more fully displayed than in his description of the dwelling-place of the ancient maiden, whose death is recorded in the third part of the "Parish Register." We quote it as a specimen of his excellence in another style:—

"Down by the church-way-walk, and where the brook
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook;
In that small house, with those green pales before,
Where jasmine trails on either side the door;
Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild at will,
Were clipt in form, and tantalised with skill;

(1) So called from its fine old church, (*Beata Ecclesia*.)

Where cockles blanch'd and pebbles neatly spread,
Form'd shining borders for the larkspurs' bed;—
There lived a lady, wise, austere, and nice,
Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice;
In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd,
A pen-green Joseph was her favourite vest;
Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean."

We will make one more extract from the "Register," and we trust our readers will pardon the length of the quotation. The portrait of Isaac Ashford,—an honest, manly English labourer, has always appeared to us not merely the most successful of Crabbe's delineations, but one of the most beautiful sketches in the whole range of our poetical literature. We doubt whether the bard of Auburn himself has written anything which leaves a more pleasing impression on the mind, or which from its tranquil beauty and manly sentiment is more worthy of citation.

"Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind.

If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied—
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed *pride*.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was *all* with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till *Mister* Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise, good man, contented to be poor."

In the "Borough" (published in 1810, for the poet was now encouraged to proceed,) the reviewers discerned "greater beauties and greater blemishes," than in any of the former poems. The "Tales in Verse," 1812, and the "Tales of the Hall," 1819, were

still more popular; and amongst a select few, at least, Crabbe was regarded as one of the greatest poets of his age. His productions did not at first obtain a very wide popularity; for they wanted the glare and glitter which attract a certain class of verse readers; but they gradually grew upon public estimation, and, as a test of their worth, it may be mentioned that Mr. Murray was induced to give him for the "Tales of the Hall," and the remaining copyright of his previous poems, the munificent sum of 3,000*l*. He was not a rapid writer; indeed, it is probable, since he abstained from it so long, that he felt severely the task of composition. "He fancied," says his son,—and these small particulars are always interesting—"that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner. It was during a great snow storm, that, shut up in his room, he wrote almost *currento calamo* his *Sir Eustace Grey*."

We have not enlarged upon Crabbe's striking poetical virtues, without being sensible of his faults; but, as a great critic¹ has observed, his faults are obvious and prominent, and "are all on the *surface* of his writings." His bald and homely phraseology has been excellently parodied in the "Rejected Addresses." The poet himself confessed that the young men "had done him admirably;" though, he added, "it is easier to imitate style than to furnish matter." Our readers will readily recall some lines of this famous imitation; *e. g.*—

"John William Richard Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes," &c.

That he committed many sins against good taste cannot be denied; that he is frequently formal, flat, and prosaic, and that he dwelt too much on repulsive and disagreeable subjects—all this is admitted. Like the too faithful portrait-painter, he offends by over minuteness, and rigid truth.

"His verse from Nature's face each feature drew,
Each lovely charm, each mole and wrinkle too."

The distinguished wit who with such success parodied his style, conferred on him the nick name of "Pope in worsted stockings;" and the ludicrous appellation was enrolled amongst the happy sayings of the day, and gladly seized on by the numerous opponents of his poetical creed. But his merits are too great to suffer from a few admitted errors. His virtues were all his own; and as long as originality and genius are admired and revered, he will hold a distinguished place among the poets of the last generation.

In the latter portion of Mr. Crabbe's life he appears to have entered more into general society. He made frequent journeys to London, where his genius and fame secured him admission into all the literary and distinguished circles. In 1822 he paid Sir Walter Scott (who had always been a genuine admirer of his

(1) Lord Jeffrey.

poems,) a visit, at Edinburgh. Mr. Lockhart has recorded a curious and characteristic anecdote connected with this visit. "Mr. Crabbe," he says, in a letter addressed to the poet's son, "had, I presume, read very little about Scotland before that excursion. . . . I believe he really never had known, until then, that a language radically distinct from the English, was still actually spoken within the island. And this recalls a scene of high merriment which occurred the very morning after his arrival. When he came down into the breakfast parlour, Sir Walter had not yet appeared there; and Mr. Crabbe had before him two or three portly personages all in the full Highland garb. These gentlemen, arrayed in a costume so novel, were talking in a language which he did not understand; so he never doubted that they were foreigners. The Celts, on their part, conceived Mr. Crabbe, dressed as he was in rather an old-fashioned style of clerical propriety—with buckles in his shoes, for instance—to be some learned *abbé*, who had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Waverley; and the result was, that when, a little afterwards, Sir Walter and his family entered the room, they found your father and these worthy lairds hammering away, with pain and labour, to make themselves mutually understood, in most execrable French. Great was the relief, and potent the laughter, when the host interrupted their colloquy with his plain English 'Good-morning.'"

Tranquil and placid were the last years of the poet's life, but they present few incidents for the biographer. At length, on the 3d of February, 1832, in the 78th year of his age, he breathed his last, full of years and honours, at Trowbridge in Wiltshire, of which parish he had been nineteen years the rector. His life must, on the whole, be pronounced a fortunate instance of the union of rare talents with high principle and amiable manners; and few of our modern poets have, to the writer's mind, a greater claim on the respect and regard of Englishmen than George Crabbe.

WINNING THE GLOVES.

BY J. M. W.

THE gay, pageant-loving queen, Anne of Denmark, had arranged a grand archery festival at the palace of Hampton Court, for the special delectation of the Spanish ambassador and his suite. The prizes were numerous, and, for the most part, of considerable value; but the one reserved for the best shot was esteemed a perfect marvel of costliness, and withal of the rarest fancy. It was a small pair of gloves, made of some rich silken fabric, of a pale blue colour, elaborately embroidered with seed-pearl by the hand of the queen herself. Whether the gems or the queen's handicraft gave this said pair of gloves its greatest value in the eyes of the young lords and ladies who contended for the prize, I will not venture to say, but it was very evident to all observers that each strove very hard to win it;—the young ladies for themselves, the young lords for some chosen one of the heart, or some Cynthia of the minute, to whom they

had been pleased to devote themselves. Great was the astonishment and small the approbation in that brilliant assembly of competitors, when the beautiful gloves were awarded to a mere stripling who had but recently been enrolled among her majesty's pages, who had, for the first time, been called upon to exhibit his skill in archery, and had done the thing so effectually as to distance all rivals and to gain the loud applause of the spectators.

"Who is he? what is his name?" was uttered in accents of curiosity, as strongly marked as the courtly breeding of the well-dressed crowd would allow.

"One of her majesty's pages—Master Laurence Raby."

Further questions being asked, further information was elicited, to the effect that Master Laurence Raby was "frae the north countree," (like most other importations to court at that period of English history,) that he was a relative of the Earl of Westmoreland, in whose household he had been educated, and by whose interest he had obtained his present place.

"He is a fair stripling," said the Lord Percy, "and like to thrive at court. I wonder what work my Lord of Westmoreland hath set him to do here."

"If it be to play the spy on his fair daughter," replied the old Countess of Shrewsbury, glancing her keen eyes towards the Lady Alice Fane, "I'll warrant ye he'll do the work passing well. Saw you ever his face turned from her, save when he fitted the arrow and took aim for these same marvellous gloves? He hath learned archery from Dan Cupid, I fear."

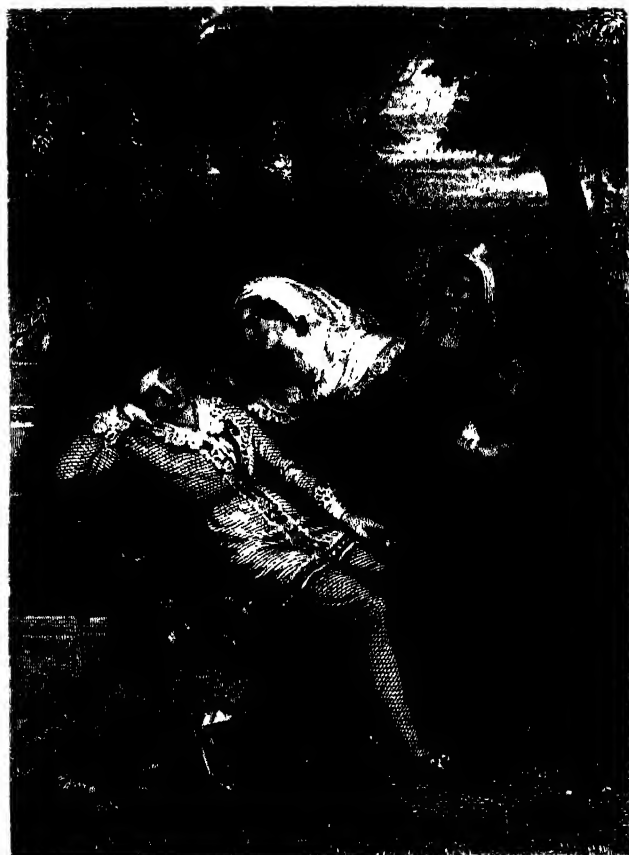
"Nay, but Cupid should have taught him cunning, too," said Lord Grey, smiling. "The Lady Alice hath set her heart strongly upon these gewgaws, and hoped to win them, for she draws the best bow among the damsels. If it had not been for that arrow of Master Laurence's, which bettered her best, the gloves would have been hers. Look you now! See how she knits her fair brows, and turns disdainfully away as he approaches!"

The old countess smiled grimly as she watched young Laurence Raby stand for a moment irresolute, with his eyes fixed on the coveted prize, as he held it in his hand, and then look after the retreating figure of the Lady Alice Fane, as she disappeared among the crowd.

"You are right, my lord. The poor boy hath lost more in love, this bout, than his winnings in archery are likely to make him amends for."

"What if he present the gloves to his mistress?" asked Lord Percy.

"He!" laughed the old countess. "Poor child! he is dying to give them to her. It was for her he won them, you may be sure; and yet will he never have the courage to address her in a fair embroidered speech, and ask her gracious acceptance of the prize, as an accomplished courtier, like my Lord Percy, would do, with so much ease." And the three old people laughed at the youth with that melancholy gaiety which is born of regret that we have lost what we laugh at.



Painted by H. Richter

Engraved by H. Richter

THE END OF THE WORLD

* * * * *

It was later in the day; the evening banquet in the palace was over; the queen and her guests were dispersed, some throughout the galleries and chambers, and others in the beautiful gardens, which then, as now, formed one of the great attractions of this royal residence. It was a pleasant sight to see the courtly groups sweeping over the soft grass, or along the broad alleys, with their jewelled dresses flashing in the light of the setting sun. Here and there stately dames might be seen reposing upon benches beneath the trees, with half-a-dozen gay cavaliers around them; some lying at their feet, sunning themselves in a shower of bright down-cast looks; others erect, as if overwhelmed with a sense of their dignity as man; bending, with lofty condescension, over their companions, and allowing themselves to inspire a tender passion which they meant to return at their convenience; but just that moment it seemed too much trouble to them to fall in love with any face, however fair. Here and there the soft sounds of a lute, and the still sweeter song of the human voice, was heard among the groups; and through the beves of young girls peals of silvery laughter rang round clearly, as they glided to and fro over the terraces and lawns, or fed the fish in the basin with delicate morsels crumbled by the fairest hands in the world. If Watteau had been there, he would have made a dozen of his best pictures from the aspect of the gardens on that particular occasion. Indeed, all nature there, animate and inanimate, was nature *à la Watteau*.

But nature of another kind might have been detected by the discerning eye that followed two of the fairest ladies of the court, as they stole away from the groups in the more public part of the gardens to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* in a secluded grove, where the overshadowing trees shut out the sunlight, but imprisoned the evening breeze, which seemed as if it could not get away from that leafy labyrinth. The Lady Alice Fane and her chosen friend, Isabelle Liddell, moved on, in silence, till they were out of the sound of the gay crowd. The latter then spoke:—

"Alas! alas! So you will not forgive poor Laurence Raby for winning the gloves for you?" and she glanced archly at her companion.

"Winning them for me! How do I know that he won them for me? Besides, I preferred winning them for myself. To think, indeed, that Master Laurence should be a better shot than I! Why, I taught the boy! A year ago, at Raby Castle, we used to practise archery every day, and Master Laurence had much ado to hit the target's outer ring at twenty paces—while I was the best shot in the company, except my father."

"One may learn much in a year, with a fair motive," quoth Isabelle, sagely.

"I do not choose to be outdone by Laurence Raby. Besides, Isabelle, to tell you a piece of female truth, I sorely coveted those gloves, and made sure of the prize till that awkward boy marred my good arrow by splitting it. The colour of the gloves, and

their exquisite embroidery, (her majesty's own work, too,) are just in accordance with my new suit of sapphire taffeta, which my lady mother has caused to be made for me against the day of the prince's marriage; and now I have lost those beautiful gloves! I will never forgive him!"

"Not if he give you the gloves?" suggested the pretty Isabelle.

"Give them to me!" laughed the displeased lady. "Nay, that were a pretty tale: Alice Fane was obliged to Laurence Raby to win a pair of gloves for her at the queen's archery! May I never draw bow again if that would be believed at Raby? No, no. Were he to be bold enough to offer them, I should be obliged to refuse, for very shame at my defeat. I marvel at his audacity in shooting better than myself. These boys, these boys!—how soon they think themselves men!" and the mature lady of seventeen summers shook her graceful head, while a smile curled her lip.

They moved on through the grove—Isabelle peeping here and there among the trees, as if on the look-out for something or somebody—Alice Fane, with preoccupied mind, looking straight before her with those violet-blue eyes which had pierced the heart of her cousin, Laurence Raby, more than two years before. With what object was that unclouded young mind filled? Alas, for the dignity of human nature! I am obliged to confess that it was not with her young lover, (though she guessed him to be such,) nor with vexation that she had not distinguished herself as the best shot of the day, that her mind was filled at that moment; it was with something that romantic persons would deem below the consideration of a heroine.

"Isabelle, Isabelle!" said she, stopping suddenly, "Was ever anything so provoking as to lose those exquisite gloves? My sapphire taffetas will not be complete without them. I have half a mind to set my maid Bridget to steal them from the malapert youth. He cannot wear them, you know. His hand is bigger than my two together. And if he does not give them to me, I know not to what lady in the court he would think of giving them."

"To me, perhaps," said Isabelle. "Why not? I like Master Raby. I would not scorn his pretty present."

"Present!" and the Lady Alice coloured slightly. "I tell you, Isabelle, I do not want them as a present—I want them as a prize. They should be mine, by right."

"Stay!" and Isabelle laid her hand suddenly on her friend's arm—"I was right; and he *did* wander hitherward to conceal his chagrin at your displeasure. See there!" and she pointed through an opening in the trees to the marble base of a large vase, whereon reclined the offending youth, Laurence Raby. "As I live, he is asleep! See! the book has dropped from his hand; and there are the beautiful blue gloves peeping out from the opening of his tunic. Now, Alice, I will be generous. I want those gloves quite as much as you do; but I will give them up to you, if

you choose to win then now with a little kiss; but, if you do not condescend to do so, I vow by St. Cuthbert, who hated women and kisses and fine gloves, that I will win them myself, and you shall never see them on your own pretty hands."

The girls were but girls, and terribly in need of amusement. They looked at each other and laughed, and then glanced at the insensible youth. Lady Alice was moved, by a slight expression of sadness on his comely features, to whisper, "Poor boy!" then her eye rested on the portion of a pearl-broidered glove, which hung out from the breast of the sleeper.

"It is but one little touch of his cheek—besides, he is my cousin, Isabelle! and—and—I will have those gloves."

They came nearer—Alice bent forward, but ere she could touch the cheek with her lips, she was obliged to retreat again, lest she should betray herself by laughing outright. At last the deed was accomplished; but not without Master Laurence's cognisance, for he opened his eyes widely enough upon the blushing Alice; found words enough to say in his own defence for having won the gloves from her in the morning which she had now fairly won from him in the evening. He took them from his bosom, and laid them in her hands with as pretty a speech as my Lord Percy himself could have manufactured. Laurence Raby had improved wonderfully in many things besides archery during the past year, as Isabelle Liddell asserted. The gloves were won, as my reader may see in the accompanying picture; but whether fairly or not I cannot undertake to say. My private opinion involves Master Laurence and Mistress Isabelle in something like a well-grounded accusation of conspiracy and collusion; but I am not bound to promulgate it. Certain it is that Lady Alice Fane won the gloves, and wore them in the sight of the whole court on the day of the marriage of Prince Charles with the very *Parisian* princess, Henrietta Maria.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

POTMUS, RIVER HORSE, OR HIPPOPOTAMUS

AMPHIBIUS.

BY ARACHNOPHILUS, F.L.S.

AFRICA is a curiously rich continent; we could quote Latin (and Greek too) in proof, only we fear that this practical age cares rather for Saxon. We leave learning to the *Times* and *Penny Cyclopædia*, to Mr. Birch, Mr. Vaux,¹ Mr. Broderip, and others. It is interesting to know that Anacreon noticed the chanting *Cicada tibicen*, and has addressed a world-known ode to it, and that Shakspeare loved

"Oxlips and the nodding violet,"

much as other men. The *Times* lately had a valuable chronological history of the Potmus² from before the

days of Job, and the *Penny Cyclopædia* has another, so we forbear telling our readers what the Patriarch records of Behemoth, and what old coins say, and what hieroglyphical history spells; and advise them to go straight, on foot, by omnibus, by cab, or by railway, to the Zoological Gardens, and see this marvellous production of Africa—in its case, that great land is no "*Arida nutrix*."

There is no mistake about the Potmus being fat—none whatever of its loving water—not a doubt that it is the most singular (we wish it was not *single*, but *mated*) quadruped—beast, mammal—that has yet been imported. As for the Giraffes, we remember we thought them once—fourteen years make a difference—truly marvellous; now we only think them *seraphic*;³ so familiar are we with their fine heads, graceful necks, angelic eyes and mildness, spotted body, and delicate manners and movements;—that Potmus, "*rollocking*" among water; in its play (think of a seven foot sow being fond of a joke), snaps at its keeper, with its comical, as yet toothless, mouth and alligator-like muzzle, but takes care not to touch him; think of its curious eyes, projecting and retractile,⁴ the bend of its mouth, its flat head, its small ears, its obesity,⁵ its well-greased skin. We heard a paper read on its perspiration, and could not help winking wickedly, lest the writer had got hold of lard instead of the sudorifics of potmus. It was, however, at the Society's Rooms, on Tuesday last; the Secretary was in his seat, and the president looked as solemn as a salmon fisher, or the author of the History of British Fishes; so the philosopher must have had some of its real sweat,—we should say, sensible perspiration, only the first word is shorter.

We mean to return to the Potmus, and have his autobiography in hand; it will tell of his birth, parentage, and education, give a statistical table of the number of cows and goats he required to keep him in milk; what he thought of Cairo and Mahomedanism in general; what he thought of the Sea, the Mediterranean Sea, Straits of Gibraltar, Bay of Biscay, Chops of the Channel, and of steam boats, the Ripon particularly; what of his fellow voyager, the great Nepaulese Prince, with a terrifically long name; what of Buddhism; what of the secretary and officers who waited on him at Southampton; and what of Albion's coast in general, and of Regent's Park in particular, and the comparisons the Potmus drew between his tank and the Nile; what of the Fellows of the Society, and of us gentlemen of the press who were invited on Monday and Tuesday to inspect; and what of the Public, that "*great fact*," whose shillings and sixpences he is invited over to *draw*. There is a moral in the Potmus, which Esop could have written, and which, some day, when we are in the mood, we may entertain.

get animals, and plants, named *shortly*, in common language at least—*e.g.* ox, cow, bull, horse, mare, cat, dog, &c., oak, beech, ash, box, grass, rose, &c., gold, lead, &c.; our Saxon ancestry, as an able writer in the *Athenæum* has shown, did so.

(3) Xiraffa means angel, seraph.

(4) A paper will be written on this subject, and the muscular development of the eye.

(5) *Cæzute* would have written *fatness*, but this polished age prefers *obesity*, and the word really sounds better.

(1) Mr. Vaux wrote an article on the Chronology of the Potmus, which appeared in the *Times*.

(2) The mode in which a Saxon child, known and related to Arachnophilus, pronounces what Londoners are beginning to call "Hippopotamus;" let us try and shorten these long words, and

These Zoological Gardens are pleasant places, with their Tasmanian pursed tiger-wolf, their comical erect tailed Warthogs, (*Phacochærus æthiopicus*). We love "ugliness," for amiability and friskiness often accompany it—these boas, iguanas, lizards, asps, &c. &c. these beautiful flowers—those fragrant hawthorns—those dry walks—those delighted children—we hope the Government will some day buy them (the gardens) and throw them open to the public. They (children and gardens) made us on Monday, glad, and gladdened the faces of thousands, many of whom "Elia," the "gentle Charles," would have recognised as "lone sempstresses, and hard-working mantua-makers and milliners."

Lord John!! increase the innocent pleasures of the people! Give them open gardens, more Kews, more Regent's Parks, more Edinburgh Botanical Gardens, more British Museums, and, *with God's blessing*, less money may be wanted for houses of correction, for transport-convict ships, and for policemen and soldiers to keep down chartist mobs. Poor men, had they innocent, cheap, or gratuitous pleasures, would, perhaps, prefer Potmuses to pot-houses, and Kew Gardens to crying and corrupting democrats. May the museum, public library, and public parks movement prevail.

Victoria Park pitted against the Eagle Tavern; Battersea Park *versus* the Red house; Copenhagen Park, Islington, *versus* the "White Conduit;" and Salford, Ipswich, Canterbury, Newcastle, and Elgin Museums, pitted against Robert Owen, Socialism, and Madame Tussaud's "Gallery of Horrors!"

We subjoin a short sketch of the natural history of the Potmus, referring to Dr. Smith's work, and any of the numerous popular histories of mammalia, for further particulars.¹ Many of our readers know that the Potmus attains a large size, as they are familiar with the large stuffed specimen in the British Museum. This, though *at least* fourteen feet long, is by no means one of the largest. Our excellent friend, Dr. Burchell, whose two quarto volumes, of the rarest interest, contain many particulars regarding Potmus, mentions that three bushels of vegetable matter were taken from the stomach and intestines of a half-grown specimen; if this be true—and there is no reason to doubt it—the commissariat department of the Society must look well to their provisions. During the day, this large beast keeps in the water; Warwick told us yesterday, that at such times their nostrils alone are above the surface; at night, they are active and feed. The flesh is very excellent and wholesome, resembling pork; the fat lying immediately under the skin is particularly prized by the South African epicure. Dr. Smith tells us, the Dutch call it, *Zee Kow speck*, or *Sea Cow's speck*. Where the Hippopotamus amphibius abounds, it is easily shot: the Rev. Henry Methuen says, that a good shot has only to direct his

gun at its nostrils; the wound prevents the poor creature keeping under water, and its death soon follows, when two or three sportsmen are present.

The flesh sold, when Mr. Warwick was in South Africa, for from threepence-halfpenny to fourpence a pound. Butchers' prices vary at the antipodes, somewhat as they do here, and "in the matter of *the speck*," Dr. Smith neglects not to say, that the aristocratic feeders of Capetown, some of whom have the privilege of being our readers, "do not disdain to use their influence with the country farmers, to obtain a preference." Bribery and corruption are not confined to reformed Parliaments, and we hope that our colonists will not create a rebellion because they have been over-reached "in the matter of sea cow's speck." We might add long histories of the Potmus, but want space. Our friend in the gardens evinced a resolution of character on his way to England, worthy of Behemoth, who "drinketh up a river, and *hasteth not*, he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." We reserve an account of his preventing interference with what he deemed his comforts on his voyage in the Ripon, for the autobiography which will be written in imitation of Gilbert White's (of Selborne) autobiography of the tortoise, quoted by Mr. Jesse, in one of the series of the "Gleanings," meanwhile read Job, chapter xl. verses 15 and onwards, ye who say that Behemoth is a crocodile, and let the first verse answer you,— "he eateth grass as an ox."

The Potmus now in the Zoological Gardens, was caught when a very suckling, in July or August, 1849, at the Island of Obaysch, somewhat under 2,000 miles above Cairo. He lived in that city of the Caliphs for several months, drinking milk enough not only to drain several cows and goats, but sufficient, we guess, to appal, if not to exhaust, some milkman in Islington, inferior to Rhodes, the milkman of that "merry" suburb. If not loved, he was at all events respected, and on his debarkation for Alexandria, was attended by a levee of "ten thousand spectators," who were pressing forward so curiously, that a paper before us says, that "the intervention of a strong body of the Pasha's troops" (from a colonel to the private) was required to keep back the people.

The Council of the Zoological Society in general, and the unwearied Secretary in general and in particular, would be glad even with Gibbon's deduction to let the Potmus be seen "for a consideration," every lawful day. We strongly urge our readers to lose no time in making themselves familiar with Behemoth's physiognomy, and can recommend Dr. Andrew Smith's graphic account of *Hippopotamus amphibius*, in the illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa, only beseeching them, if they won't follow little Saxon Helen Elizabeth, and Arachnophilus in

(1) Since writing the above, we have seen a very graphic sketch by Professor Owen, in the June number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, addressed to our worthy friend, Richard Taylor, Esq.: it contains the observations of a lynx-eyed man.

(2) Gibbon (see his "Decline and Fall"—any edition), might have annotated as follows: "When a captain in the Surrey Militia, the papers announced that 7,000 volunteers from the adjoining counties met in 'battle array' I counted them, and found there were hardly 3,500. A similar deduction must be made in the Newspaper's report from Cairo."

calling him Potmus, at least *not to call* the fat curious beast Hippopotamus.

P. S. We have not succeeded in catching the name of the great Nepaulse Prince, nor of any of his Buddhist followers. It was *longer*, however, than Hippopotamus, at least twice as long, and Hippopotamus is twice the length of *Potmus*. VIVAT HIPPOPOTAMUS—Long live the Potmus.

May 30th, 1850.

LEWIS ARUNDEL,¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ANNIE GRANT FALLS INTO DIFFICULTIES.

LEWIS had accompanied Frere to the Palæontological, and had added to the circle of his acquaintance those mysterious beings the "relations of the earlier Zoophytes." When the lecture was over, Frere, who had an order to admit two into the House of Commons, took Lewis with him to hear the speaking. The debate proved interesting; the premier addressed the house at length; a well-known satirist rose to reply to him, remarking on various points in the speech with much talent and more ill-nature, and the minister was again on his legs to answer his opponent, when Lewis, glancing at his watch, discovered to his annoyance that it was considerably past eleven; and aware that General Grant had a particular objection to his servants being kept up late, communicated this fact to his companion, and wished him good night.

"What! can't you stay and hear ——'s answer?" was the reply; "and then I'd come away too."

Lewis explained that the thing was impossible, and Frere continued,—

"Well, what must be must, I suppose, and, as my hearing ——'s reply is another inevitable necessity, I must e'en say Good night, so *schlafen sie wohl*."

Lewis grasped his proffered hand, and leaving the gallery, started on his homeward route. As he approached Charing-cross, his attention was attracted by the restlessness of a magnificent horse, which, in a well-appointed cab, was waiting at the door of one of the houses. As he slackened his pace for a moment to ascertain whether the efforts made by a diminutive cab-groom to restrain the plunging of the fiery animal would prove successful, the house door was flung open, and a gentleman, apparently in headlong haste, sprang down the steps so recklessly, that he missed his footing, and would have fallen, had not Lewis caught him by the arm in time to prevent it. As the person he had thus assisted turned to thank him, the reflection of the gas-light fell upon his face, and Lewis recognised Lord Bellefield, though his features were characterised by a strange expression which Lewis had never observed in them before. Drawing back, he bowed coldly, and was about to pass on, when Lord Bellefield exclaimed,—

"Stay one moment, Mr. Arundel; I have been forced to leave the Opera-house suddenly: the Countess Portici and Miss Grant are in my father's box, and I have promised to return to see them home, but am quite unable to do so;—you would oblige,—that is, I am sure General Grant would wish you—"

"Will your lordship favour me with the loan of your pass-ticket?" interrupted Lewis, shortly.

As Lord Bellefield complied with this request, Lewis remarked that his hand trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely grasp the ivory ticket.

"You will tell the Countess that it was impossible for me to come to them," continued his lordship, hurriedly; then, passing his hand across his eyes, as if he were half bewildered, he sprang into the cab, and, seizing the reins, drove off at a furious pace in the direction of Westminster Abbey.

Lewis gazed after him for a moment in surprise, then, turning on his heel, walked rapidly to the end of the Haymarket, hoping to reach the theatre before the Opera should be concluded. In this expectation he was however disappointed, for, when he gained the Opera Colonnade, he perceived, from the crush of carriages, and the bustle and confusion which was going on, that the opera was over. Hastily pushing through the crowd, he endeavoured to find the box Lord Bellefield had indicated, but to one as little acquainted as was Lewis with the intricacies of the Opera-house, this was no such easy matter; first, he ran up considerably too high, and in his eagerness to retrieve this error, he descended as much too low; and even when he had attained the proper level, he more than once took a wrong turning. At length he caught a box-keeper, who, on being shown Lord Bellefield's ticket, volunteered to conduct him to the box he was in search of. Lo, and behold, when they reached the spot, the door stood open, and the box was tenantless!

In order to explain how this awkward and embarrassing result had been brought about, we must beseech our reader's patience while we resume the broken thread of our narrative where we relinquished it at the end of the last chapter.

Scarcely had Lord Bellefield quitted the box five minutes, when the attendant opened the door, and Augustus Travers made his appearance. He was very humble and courteous, and all he said to Emily with his tongue, might have been printed in the Times the next morning without affording matter for the most arrant gossip to prate about; but the language spoken by his eloquent blue eyes was of a very different character. He told her vocally that he had been travelling in the East since they had last parted; that he had been unwell, had felt restless and unsettled; that he had found it impossible to remain contentedly in any place, he had become a citizen of the world, a wanderer over the face of the globe; he had only returned to town during the last week, and had no notion she had left Italy—dear Italy!—and here his eyes said—"that country which your presence made a paradise to me," just as plainly as if his tongue had spoken the words, in fact, they said it

(1) Continued from p. 361.

more plainly, for his tongue appeared to consider it fashionable to speak English with a slight lisp, which occasionally rendered his meaning indistinct; "but when he saw her"—continued his tongue—"he could not resist coming up to her box to see whether she had quite forgotten all her old friends;—and here his eyes resumed, that his faith in her was so strong, that nothing, neither absence nor aught else, could in the smallest degree shake it.

Then Emily replied, that she was always delighted to see any old friend, but that she really was quite shocked to find him looking so ill; which observation she uttered with particular tenderness, because, not being aware that he had played French Hazard till five o'clock on the previous morning, she accounted for his pale looks by the romantic hypothesis that he was dying for love of her. And so they continued to converse in an under-tone, apparently much to their mutual satisfaction, while Annie, having bowed coldly when she was introduced to the fascinating Augustus, of whose presence there she greatly disapproved, pretended altogether to ignore him, and turn her attention solely to the opera: and so time ran on, till, looking at her watch just as the baritone singer was approaching, with suicidal intentions, the (imitation) marble tomb supposed to contain the corpses of his tenor and soprano victims, but which really was tenanted by a live carpenter, who, in a paper cap and flannel jacket, was waiting till the fall of the curtain should enable him to carry away the entire mausoleum, Annie perceived that it was past eleven, and, glancing at Emily, reminded her in dumb show that Lord Bellefield might be momentarily expected. This intelligence Emily, in a low tone, communicated to her friend, who smiled, to show his white teeth, and replied, that "Bellefield and he had met at Baden and had become wonderful friends again;" despite which assurance Emily still urged his departure, and he still lingered on till the opera came to an end, and Lord Bellefield had not made his appearance. Being Saturday night, there was no ballet, and the house began to empty rapidly.

"What can possibly have become of your brother, Emily?" exclaimed Annie, who, disliking the whole situation most particularly, was fast lapsing into that uncomfortable state of mind familiarly termed "a fuss."

"If you will allow me, I shall be delighted to see you to your carriage," insinuated Gus.

"Thank you, but I am sure my brother will be here directly," returned Emily; "he would be extremely annoyed to find that we had gone without waiting for him. Pray do not let us detain you."

But of course Gus would not go; "he should be wretched unless he knew they were in safety; he saw they were anxious, he would ascertain whether Lord Bellefield had returned; there might perhaps be difficulty in getting up their carriage,"—and so he left the box, promising to return instantly.

"What are we to do, Emily, if Bellefield does not come?" exclaimed Annie, pressing her hands together

much as the *prima donna* had done, when, some quarter of an hour since, she had ejaculated at the very tip-top of her lofty voice "*Addesso Morir!*"

"What are we to do, you silly child?" replied Emily laughing, "why, walk down stairs, to be sure, and allow Gus to take care of us till we can find the carriage. Is not he handsome? poor fellow!"

Before Annie could urge her dislike to this scheme, Travers returned, bringing with him a good-looking shy boy, embarrassed by a perpetual consciousness of his extreme youth and his first tail-coat.

"I can see nothing of Lord Bellefield," began Gus; "it is evident something must have occurred to prevent his return. Let me introduce my brother Alfred," he continued, addressing Emily, "he was a naughty little boy in pinafores when you saw him last—and now what will you do? every one is going or gone."

"Oh wait a minute longer; I'm sure he will come," urged Annie.

"Really we cannot," returned Emily; "we shall get shut up in the Opera-house all Sunday, if we don't take care."

"Which would be dreadfully wicked—a most terrific climax of depravity," simpered Gus. "Seriously," he continued, "you must accept my arm, though I am sorry the alternative should be so very disagreeable to you." These latter words he spoke in such a tone that Emily alone could hear them, for which he obtained a reproachful tender and upbraiding glance, with a view to which reward he had probably uttered them.

"Come, Annie, we positively must go," exclaimed her cousin impatiently.

"Alfred, why don't you offer Miss Grant your arm," chimed in Gus, drawing Emily's within his own; thus urged, poor Annie, sorely against her will, accepted Alfred's trembling arm, and quitted the box—Emily and Augustus Travers following. As they descended the stairs, a slight confusion occurred: an Irish gentleman had lost his hat, and wanted to return to look for it, a measure against which a stout old lady, to whom he was acting as escort, vehemently protested, while an obsequious boxkeeper was vainly endeavouring to understand the locality in which the embarrassed Irishman imagined he had left the missing article. While Annie and her juvenile protector were manoeuvring to get past this group, Augustus Travers paused, saying in a low tone to his companion—"Let them precede us; I *must* speak two words to you in private, and if I lose this opportunity, I may never have another. Emily, if you value my peace of mind, I entreat you do not refuse."

A large party, composed chiefly of young men, was descending at the moment, so that Emily's reply was inaudible, but when, having got in some degree clear of the confusion, Annie looked back for her Chaperone, Travers and the Countess were nowhere to be seen. Horrified at this discovery, Annie stopped abruptly, exclaiming, "Oh, we have missed Mr. Travers and my cousin! we had better turn back."

The boy glanced quickly round, and as he por-

ceived the truth of her assertion, a meaning smile passed across his features. All traces of it had however vanished ere he replied—"They must have turned down the other staircase, but it will bring them out at the same place as this would have done, we shall meet them at the bottom;" then, as his companion still hesitated, he continued—"I can assure you it is so; we should only lose them if we were to return."

Half convinced by this argument, and completely frightened by the party of young men, who, talking and laughing, were rapidly following them, Annie suffered herself to be hurried on by her companion till she reached the foot of the staircase: here she paused and looked anxiously around for her cousin and Travers—they were nowhere to be seen. Annoyed, distressed, and frightened, she turned to her companion, exclaiming—"They are not here, you see; what *are* we to do?"

"Wait, I suppose," returned the boy, who seemed puzzled and vexed. "This is a nice trick of Master Gus's," he continued, in a half soliloquy. "He ought at least to have given me a hint what to do."

Before Annie could inquire what he imagined his brother's intentions might be, a fresh incident diverted, and, from its disagreeable nature, soon wholly engrossed her attention. The crush-room, as it is called, where she was now standing, was occupied almost entirely by men, who, broken up into parties of four or five, were pacing up and down, waiting for their friends to join them, or standing in groups, canvassing the various merits and demerits of the different performers. To one or two of these coteries Annie soon became an object of especial notice.

"Do you see that girl?" whispered a pert youth with light curls and a turned-down collar, "isn't she a regular stunner, eh?"

"Ya'as, dev'lish pwitty, ra-ally," drawled a moustachioed puppy, staring through an eye-glass at the object of his admiration. "Aw—I wonder who she possibly ca-an be. I actually don't know har."

"I suppose she's standing there to be looked at," returned the first speaker; "her juvenile gullant can't get her along at any price, it seems."

"Ra'ally, it were almost worth while to relieve him of his charge," drawled moustachios; "he seems particularly incompetent to fulfil it, not—aw—equal to the situation,—ha! ha!—"

"Why don't you volunteer, Spooner, if you think so," urged a third speaker.

"Na-o, I don't do that sort of thing—I'm—aw—quite a reformed character," was the reply; "but if you wa-ant a leader for such a forlorn hope—aw—here comes your man."

As he spoke, a tall, distinguished-looking individual, with much watch-chain and more whisker, who looked forty, but might be a year or two younger, lounged up to the group, and, showing his teeth, with a repulsive smile, inquired, "What are you young reprobates grinning about, eh?"

We were only saying it was a pity that young lady

had not a more efficient protector, and advising Spooner to volunteer, Sir Gilbert," was the reply.

"Who are the parties?" inquired the last comer, screwing a glass into the corner of his eye. A moment's inspection served to elucidate the mystery; and, removing the glass, with a contemptuous smile he added—"The boy is little Alfred Travers, who has just left Eton; he's evidently waiting for his brother, who, I've a notion, has more strings than one to his bow to-night; as for the damsel, *noscitur a sociis*. We'll play Master Gus a trick for once in his life. Come with me, Forester; I may want you to bully the boy." Then turning on his heel he advanced towards Annie, and saluting her with a low bow, began,—

"This is a most unexpected pleasure! I had no idea you were here to-night: where have you hid-den yourself this age?" then, perceiving that, confused by this address, and uncertain whether he might not be some acquaintance whose features she had failed to recognise, the young lady was completely at a loss how to reply, he continued, "I see that you have been cruel enough to forget me; while I, on the contrary, have carried your lovely image in my heart, and time has failed to efface even the shadow of a charm. But let me be of use to you. Have you a carriage here, or will you allow me to place mine at your disposal? The house is becoming deserted—let me escort you. Stand aside, young gentleman," and, as he spoke, he advanced towards her, offering his arm.

But Annie, having recovered from her first surprise, felt convinced that the person addressing her was a total stranger, and, drawing back in alarm, she said to her companion in a hurried whisper,

"Indeed, I do not know that gentleman—there must be some mistake—pray let us get away."

Thus urged, the boy drew up his slight figure to its full height, and turning to the individual in question, said haughtily,

"You are mistaken, sir; I must trouble you to allow us to pass."

"It is you who mistake jest for earnest, young man," was the contemptuous reply; "the lady and I are old friends; she is merely trying to tease me by pretending to have forgotten me. This gentleman" (and he glanced at his companion) "will explain the matter to you." Then again offering his arm to Annie, he continued, "Really, if you persist in your silly joke we shall have the carriage drive off."

Confused by his pertinacity, Alfred Travers glanced at his trembling companion, and reading the truth in the terrified expression of her face, his boyish chivalry took fire, and anxious to vindicate his title to be considered a man, he exclaimed, angrily,

"Stand back, sir, and let us pass; do you mean to insult the lady?"

The person he addressed, Sir Gilbert Vivian, was a *roué* Baronet who, having been a man about town for the last sixteen years, and having long since lost all the good character he had ever possessed, and acquired a reputation of a diametrically opposite tendency, was

scarcely a person to stick at trifles, laughed as he replied,

"Do you hear that, Forester? This good youth accuses you of insulting the young lady—hadn't you better give him a lesson in civility?"

As he spoke, he made a significant gesture, which the other responded to by exclaiming,

"Insult the lady! what do you mean, you young cub, eh?" and grasping him by the arm, he twisted him roughly round, thereby separating him from Annie.

"Take that, and find out," was the thoroughly school-boy answer, as, bounding forward, the ex-Etonian administered to his antagonist a ringing box on the ear.

This, save that the blow was more skilfully applied, and rather harder than he had calculated upon, was just the result Forester had anticipated. Seizing the struggling boy by the collar, he declared he would give him in custody for an assault, and, despite his resistance, dragged him from the spot in a pretended search after a policeman. Availing himself of the confusion, the Baronet placed himself by Annie's side, and bending over her, said,

"It's no use waiting for the fascinating Augustus, I can assure you; he has other game in view to-night, and can't come; so for once you must allow me the honour of acting as his deputy,—'pon my word, you must," and as he spoke he attempted to take her arm and draw it within his own.

Poor Annie! distressed, confused, and frightened, the desertion, or rather capture, of the boy, her only protector, had increased her alarm twenty-fold, and now the renewed persecution of the Baronet brought her fears to a climax, and attempting to withdraw her hand from his grasp in a very agony of terror, she exclaimed,—

"Oh! where is Emily? will nobody help me?" and burst into a flood of tears.

At this moment a tall figure interposed between them, and the Baronet's wrist was seized with such a vice-like grasp that he uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and pain, and dropped the little hand of which he had unjustly possessed himself, as though it had been a red-hot cinder, while Annie, uttering a cry of delight, sprang forward, and clasping the arm of the new comer, clung to it as some drowning wretch clings to the plank which shields him from the rushing waters that threaten his destruction.

Lewis, for he it was, (as every reader above the unsuspecting age of four-and-a-half has of course ere this discovered for himself,) understanding at a glance the outlines of the situation, and intuitively divining much of what Annie must have gone through, pitied and sympathized with her so deeply, that the anger he would otherwise have felt against the man who had insulted her was completely conquered by the stronger feeling which absorbed him, and his only thought was how best to soothe and tranquillize the frightened girl who clung to him.

"Do not tremble so," he said kindly, "you have nothing more to fear. I will not leave you for a

moment till you are again at home, and in safety. Lean on my arm, you tremble so that you can scarcely walk"—and half leading, half supporting her, he drew her away from the scene of her disasters, and passing through the crowd of loiterers whom the scuffle between Forester and Alfred Travers had attracted to the spot, he conducted her towards the nearest exit.

So quietly and suddenly had all this taken place, that ere Sir Gilbert Vivian had left off rubbing his wrist, or thoroughly realized the sudden frustration of his scheme, the object of his insolent attentions was almost out of sight. Irritated at his failure, and urged on by the scarcely suppressed laughter of those who had witnessed his defeat, he muttered an oath, and turning on his heel, followed hastily in the track of Annie and her deliverer. Coming up with them just as they reached the entrance leading into the colonnade, he tapped Lewis smartly on the shoulder, saying angrily,

"A word with you, sir, if you please; I wish to ask what you mean by your impertinent interference. Who the d—l are you, I should like to know?"

A flush of anger passed across Lewis's brow, and he was about to make a reply which would scarcely have tended to bring the matter to an amicable conclusion, when an almost convulsive pressure of the arm on which Annie hung, recalled his self-control, and drawing himself up with a stern dignity which bespoke an apt pupil in the school of General Grant, he fixed his piercing eyes upon the Baronet as he answered. "You have already, sir, acting probably under some *mistake*," (and he laid a strong emphasis upon the last word) "subjected this lady to an amount of fright and annoyance which should secure the forbearance of any one moving in the society of gentlemen. Should you wish to call and apologise to her father, for your share in this unlucky adventure, I shall be happy to explain to him or to you the part I have taken in the affair. There is my address,"—and without waiting farther parley, Lewis handed him his card, and drawing Annie gently forward, passed on. As they reached the entrance, a gentleman, coming hastily the other way, nearly ran against them. Looking up, Annie perceived it to be Augustus Travers, who, recognising her, exclaimed—"I have left the Countess Portici in the carriage and was returning to seek for you, Miss Grant. She is much alarmed at having missed you." The only reply Annie made to this speech was by a slight inclination of the head, and pressing hastily forward, she passed on. As Lewis assisted her into the carriage, she, for the first time, spoke. "You will come with us," she said, eagerly; "remember you have promised not to leave me." Then catching sight of Augustus Travers, who had followed them, a new idea struck her, and she continued, "Tell that gentleman I am afraid his brother has become involved in some difficulty on my account; he had better go back and look for him." Lewis did as she wished him, and then sprang into

the carriage, which instantly drove off, leaving the discomfited dandy to accomplish his mission as best he might.

CHAPTER XL.

A TÊTE À TÊTE, AND A TRAGEDY.

A PARTY more silent than the trio occupying General Grant's carriage, never drove from the door of her Majesty's theatre. Annie, delighted to find herself once again in safety, leant back amidst cloaks and cushions, to recover as best she might the effects of the terror she had undergone;—somewhat to her surprise and displeasure, Emily, without uttering a word by way either of explanation or condolence, also threw herself back among the cushions, and arranging a fold of her mantle so as to conceal her face, appeared unconscious of the presence of her companions. To this silent system they scrupulously adhered till they reached Conduit Street, when Emily exclaimed in a quick eager tone of voice, "Where are they going? tell him to drive to Berkeley Square directly."

Lewis, to whom this speech was addressed, let down the window and gave the coachman the requisite order, and in less than five minutes the carriage stopped at the house occupied for the season by the Countess Portici. The servant let down the steps, and Lewis springing out, assisted the countess to alight; as she did so, she turned her head, and saying hurriedly, "Tell Miss Grant I shall see her to-morrow," entered the house and the door closed after her. Lewis delivered his message as the carriage drove away.

"I think she is very unkind not to have said she was sorry for having missed me, and I'll never go out with her again," was Annie's petulant reply. "And Lord Bellefield, too," she continued, vehemently,—for she had by this time reached that stage of recovery, when, tracing back her alarm to its first causes, it became a relief to her to pour forth her wrongs, and in Lewis she felt sure of a prudent and sympathizing auditor—"it is all his fault, for deserting us in such a shameful way."

"You are not perhaps aware that, meeting me accidentally, his lordship despatched me to you as his substitute," returned Lewis.

"Did he intend then to have come back himself, if you had been unable to act as his deputy," inquired Annie quickly.

"He told me it was impossible for him to do so," was Lewis's reply.

"Then if he had not happened to meet you by mere chance, he would have left us to find our way to the carriage as best we could. How shameful! just imagine what would have become of me, if you had not arrived when you did? I believe I should have died of fright." She paused, then added, in her usual gentle winning voice—"I must again plague you with my thanks, Mr. Arundel; you are fated always to render me services for which I am unable to make you any return; except by my sincere friendship," she continued timidly.

"And that is a reward for which a man might——"

began Lewis, 'passionately. He was going to add "gladly die," but he checked himself abruptly, and if Annie could at that moment have seen his face, she would have been scared at the expression of despair by which it was characterised, changing instantly to a look of the sternest resolution, as he continued in a calm grave voice, "I mean, that your uniform kindness and consideration have overpaid any trifling service I may have been fortunate enough to render you."

"Did Lord Bellefield give any reason for being unable to return to us?" inquired Annie after a pause. Lewis replied in the negative, and Annie resumed, "Papa will be waiting for us—he never goes to bed till I come home. You must tell him all you know of what has occurred, Mr. Arundel; and pray make him understand clearly how much Lord Bellefield is to blame in the matter."

"Of course, if general Grant asks me, I must say exactly what I have done and why I did it," returned Lewis, gravely, "but—may I indeed use the privilege of a friend, and venture for once to advise you?"

"Oh yes, pray do," rejoined Annie, eagerly, "I shall be so much obliged to you. I dare say I am going to do something very foolish."

"From my acquaintance with your father's high and chivalrous character," continued Lewis, "I feel sure that the facts with which I must make him acquainted will incense him greatly against Lord Bellefield, and as the General is, from temperament and education, a man of action, his resentment is almost certain to lead to some practical results. Now just at present you are naturally and justly angry with your cousin; but young ladies' anger is seldom of a very vindictive description, yours least of all so, and when after frowning him into penitence, you have graciously forgiven him, will not a serious rupture with the General be a source of annoyance (to use no stronger word) both to you and to Lord Bellefield? All that I would recommend," continued Lewis, seeing that Annie bent down her head and made no reply, "would be, not what the lawyers term *suppressio veri*—I would not for the world have you conceal anything; but much depends upon the spirit in which a tale is told, and I am anxious to save you from the subsequent regret which yielding to a momentary impulse of anger may cost you."

"Tell me plainly what it is you think my father would do?" inquired Annie, abruptly.

"I think—pardon me if speak too freely—I think the General would resolve to break off the engagement which Mr. Leicester long since informed me existed between yourself and Lord Bellefield; and it was to save you the pain such a resolve might cost you, that I ventured to offer you my advice."

"You are mistaken," replied his companion, hurriedly, "such an arrangement as you refer to, may have been, perhaps still is contemplated; but the idea was always distasteful to me, and anything which would preclude the possibility of farther reference to it, would be to me a subject of rejoicing rather than

of regret. You may think it strange in me to speak thus openly to you; but I am sure my confidence is not misplaced, and—and I am most anxious my father should understand clearly the insult (for I consider it no less) my cousin has to-night offered me."

Whether the information thus communicated was a source of pain or pleasure to her auditor, we must leave the reader to conjecture for himself, as when Lewis next spoke, his manner was calm and grave as ever.

"There is one possibility," he said, "of which you must not entirely lose sight: there may have been some urgent necessity for Lord Bellefield's presence elsewhere,—some sufficient reason for his apparent neglect, which he will only have to mention, in order alike to disarm your indignation and that of General Grant."

"Really, my cousin appears to have secured a most able advocate," returned Annie, with the slightest possible shade of annoyance perceivable in her tone. "I was scarcely prepared to find you so zealous in his cause."

Lewis's face grew dark as he replied in a low deep voice—"While I live, Lord Bellefield shall always meet with the strictest justice at my hands! Justice!" he continued, bitterly, "it is a god-like principle, and sculptors have symbolized it well—the blinded brow, to show the stern singleness of heart; the scales, to weigh the merits of the case; and the keen sword, the agent of a sudden and complete retribution."

He spoke in a tone of such deep and concentrated feeling, that Annie, as she listened to his words, trembled involuntarily. With the keenness of a woman's instinct she appreciated the intensity of the feeling and the power of the will that was, for the time, able to control it. For the time!—in that phrase lay the secret of her prescient terror.

Lewis was too much engrossed by the strength of his own emotions to perceive the alarm he had excited; nor was it till they reached the corner of Park Crescent, that he again spoke:—

"How did you contrive to become separated from the Countess Portici?" he inquired. "You were absolutely alone amongst those people,—were you not?—when I came up?"

Scarcely had Annie informed him of the circumstances which led to her desertion, when the carriage stopped.

"The General wishes to see you before you retire for the night, Miss Grant," insinuated the aristocratic butler, as, leaning on Lewis's arm, Annie entered the paternal mansion.

"Where is my father?" she inquired hastily—"in the library?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, she continued, turning to Lewis: "You must come with me; remember your promise!—I by no means consider myself safe till this interview is over."

Lewis smiled assent, his unnatural stiffness of manner seemed to have disappeared like magic the moment

their *tête-à-tête* was over, and Annie was again restored to the protection of her own home.

The General appeared in high good humour:—"You are late, you dissipated puss!" he said, as Annie entered. "Ah! Mr. Arundel," he continued; "I did not know you had been of the party. What have you done with Emily and Bellefield, Annie?"

"Emily is safely at home," was the reply; "she would not come farther than Berkeley-square; as to my cousin Bellefield, he must answer for himself, if he is not irrecoverably lost; he chose to leave us to take care of ourselves;—we have had an adventure, and I should have died of fright, if Mr. Arundel had not come to my assistance like one of the good geni in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.—But I must go to bed, or aunt Martha will be implacable; she always examines Lisette on oath as to the precise moment at which she finally leaves my room. Mr. Arundel will tell you the whole history much better than I can,—so good night!" and, casting a glance, half arch, half imploring, but wholly irresistible, at Lewis, she glided out of the apartment, and was gone ere the General had sufficiently "come at" the meaning of her speech to attempt to detain her.

Fixing his eyes on Lewis, with a look of sublime perplexity, which bordered closely on the ludicrous, he exclaimed, "Pray what is the meaning of all this, Mr. Arundel!—Can you explain to what my daughter alluded?"

Thus called upon, Lewis was forced to narrate the adventures of the evening, with the details of which the reader has been already made acquainted.

The General heard him attentively, though his brow grew dark as he proceeded; he listened in silence, however, till Lewis began to describe the scene in the crush room at the Opera-house, when he became so much excited that he sprang from his seat and began pacing the apartment with impatient strides. At the mention of Sir Gilbert Vivian's impertinent behaviour, he exclaimed—

"A scoundrel!—I remember when he was broke upon parade for insolence to his commanding officer:—I hope you knocked him down, Sir!"

"I felt strangely tempted to do so," replied Lewis, "but he had several of his friends with him, so that I should have been certain to get into a disagreeable squabble; and in that case what would have become of Miss Grant?"

"Very true, sir; very true," returned the General hastily; "next to courage, coolness in action is the greatest attribute in a soldier,—that is to say, in a gentleman—and I honour your forbearance for such a cause. Shake hands, sir!" and, suiting the action to the word, General Grant crossed the room, and, seizing Lewis by the hand, shook it warmly.

At this unusual display of feeling, Lewis's pale cheek flushed, and he continued his narration to the point when he handed Sir Gilbert Vivian his card. Here he paused, and continued in an embarrassed tone of voice: "I dare say he will take no notice of this,—but if he should—of course I am aware that the

affair must be left entirely in your hands, and that it is Lord Bellefield's privilege to—to defend—that is, to chastise any insult offered to Miss Grant: but, as you have so kindly signified your approval of my conduct in the affair hitherto,—if you could reward me by allowing me to go out with this scoundrel——?”

This was a request so thoroughly after the General's own heart, that, as he listened to it, his little bright eyes danced and sparkled with satisfaction, which he had much difficulty not to express in words; but his moral obligations, as a disciplinarian and the father of a family, came across him, and he replied, “Duelling is a practice alike subversive of military discipline, and contrary to the dictates of religion; it is one, therefore, against which I have always—that is, for many years past—felt obliged to set my face. Until Lord Bellefield has afforded me some perfectly satisfactory explanation of his extraordinary conduct, his intercourse with this household must entirely cease; a man who could thus neglect his trust is the last person to whom I should dream of committing the honour of—ahem!—my family. As to this Sir Gilbert Vivian, from what I have heard of him, he is beneath the notice of a gentleman—quite a contemptible character; the fact of his annoying my daughter proves this. If it were not so, I vow to Heaven I'd fight the man myself on Monday morning.” And, finishing with this consistent remark his tirade against duelling, the General resumed his peripatetic exercise, much to the detriment of the library carpet.

When Lewis had completed his recital, his auditor again “took the chair,” and, leaning his head on his hand, remained pondering the matter for some minutes in silence; at length he said, “Did Lord Bellefield give you any possible clue to the reason why he could not return to the Opera-house?”

“He said nothing, sir, to throw any light upon the matter, but when I accidentally met him, as I have already mentioned, he appeared much agitated, his features were unusually pale, and characterised by an expression—I should almost say of horror.”

“Have you any knowledge of the house he was leaving? Why do you hesitate?”

“I will tell you frankly, General Grant,” returned Lewis, drawing himself up, and meeting the General's scrutinizing glance with a clear steadfast gaze. “For some time past, Lord Bellefield and I have not been on good terms together—since I have lived beneath your roof he is the only person who has treated me ungenerously, or caused me to feel the full bitterness of my dependent situation. Respect for you, and a sense of my own position, have prevented my resenting his lordship's conduct as under other circumstances I might have done, but enough has passed between us to prove that we regard each other with no very friendly feeling.”

“I was not at all aware of this—you should have told me this sooner, Mr. Arundel. I allow no one to be treated discourteously in my house,” interrupted the General, hastily.

“I should not have mentioned the fact now, sir,”

replied Lewis, calmly, “had I not been anxious to explain to you why it is in the highest degree repugnant to me to be forced by circumstances to appear as Lord Bellefield's accuser, and thus lay myself open to the suspicion of being actuated by malicious motives.”

“No one who knew you would imagine that, sir,” returned the General; “but the truth should always be spoken, regardless of consequences, and you must yourself perceive how important it is that I should form a just estimate of Lord Bellefield's conduct in this affair.”

Lewis paused a moment in reflection, and then replied, “The part I have taken in this business was none of my own seeking, nor do I see that I am bound by any obligation of honour to withhold from you the only other fact of which I am aware in regard to the matter. I do happen to know the character of the house from which Lord Bellefield was coming out, for as I walked down to the Palæontological Society this afternoon with my friend, Richard Frere, he pointed it out to me as a gaming-house of some notoriety.”

The expression of the General's face, when he became aware of this unfortunate little fact, grew so stern, that an artist, wishing to paint some Roman father sacrificing his son, would have given all the small change he might have about him, for one glimpse of that inflexible countenance. Suggestive, however, of evil as was this circumstance, the whole affair appeared wrapped in such a veil of mystery that neither General Grant nor Lewis could, as they that night lay awake revolving the matter in their anxious minds, arrive at any satisfactory hypothesis by which to account for Lord Bellefield's extraordinary behaviour. The following paragraph, which appeared in several of the Sunday papers, and was reprinted in the Morning Post of Monday, was the first thing that tended to enlighten them—it was headed

“APPALLING SUICIDE.

“As our columns were going to press, we received intelligence of one of the most awful catastrophes which has ever been our melancholy duty to record; we refer to the untimely decease of Captain Mellerton,—of the —th foot, who perished by his own hand, in a notorious gambling-house, not far from Charing Cross. As far as we have been able to ascertain the facts of the case, the unfortunate young gentleman, who was adjutant of the —th, lost a considerable sum of money (it is said 12,000*l.*) to Lord B—f—d, a nobleman of sporting notoriety, at the first Newmarket meeting. Being unable to meet so large a call upon his finances, he was induced in an evil hour to speculate with some of the regimental money committed to his charge, intending to replace it by the sale of an estate in Yorkshire; and having thus satisfied the demands of his noble creditor, he was on Saturday last unexpectedly called upon to send in his regimental accounts. In this extremity we have heard it rumoured that he was induced to apply to Lord B—f—d, as the only

person on whom he had the slightest claim; but, if we have not been misinformed, the appeal was vain, and, urged to desperation by this failure of his last hope, the unfortunate young man repaired to the gaming-house in which the rash act was committed, played deeply, and when fortune again declared against him, drew a loaded pistol from his breast, and before the bystanders were aware of his design, terminated his existence by blowing out his brains. Captain Mellerton was the eldest son of the Honourable H. Mellerton, of Harrowby Park, Beds., and was shortly to be married to Miss A— D—, daughter of Sir C— D—, the wedding day being fixed immediately after the commencement of the recess."

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BABYLON, NINEVEH, AND PERSEPOLIS.¹

THE discoveries of Dr. Layard on the banks of the Tigris, and the knowledge that he is still labouring successfully in the same field, have awakened, and still maintain, a feeling of the most lively curiosity. Until thus recently stimulated, however, there existed but faint and vague ideas in the public mind respecting the great capitals of the Asiatic empires. The descriptions of travellers, "few and far between," were almost unknown to the mass of readers, published as they were in costly and inaccessible folios, and the names of Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis awakened but dim and undefined associations in connexion with sacred or profane history. But with the acquisition of a collection of sculptures, tangible evidences of the importance and interest of this new field of research, has naturally arisen an earnest wish for further information. The light that has burst suddenly forth from unburied Nineveh, gleams over the whole field of Asiatic antiquities, and is reflected back from the monuments of Egypt; new relations and connexions are constantly unfolded, and thus a succinct and compendious account of the ruins, as well as of recent speculations and researches concerning them, scattered through many voluminous productions, has become a great desideratum with the inquiring part of the public; a desideratum, we are happy to say, admirably provided in the work before us. It is of course a compilation, but prepared by one who, himself an accomplished scholar, has devoted the leisure of years to the study of a favourite subject, patiently explored every source of information, and has, moreover, enjoyed the advantage of personal intercourse and correspondence with the principal travellers and scholars who have taken it up. Thus furnished for the task, Mr. Vaux has laboriously compressed for our instruction into *one small octavo*, all the essential facts in the history of the empires of Assyria and Persia, and, beginning with the earliest pilgrims to the sites of their ruined greatness, has

also followed down the stream of travel and research, terminating with a copious account of the recent discoveries of Dr. Layard, and of the inquiries of Major Rawlinson into the arrow-headed inscriptions. The work is in truth most elaborately and conscientiously executed, and rendered more interesting and intelligible to the public by the addition of a series of excellent engravings. Having thus characterised this well-timed and really valuable production, we shall not vainly endeavour, in the scope of a brief article, to travel over the immense field of its subject, but, enjoying the permission of the publishers of the work to make free use of its illustrations and contents, shall present to our readers a few selections explanatory of Babylon, Nineveh, and Persepolis, which may serve to convey to them a somewhat clearer and more distinct idea of the principal ruins of those great cities, than they have probably been able as yet to attain.

"At the earliest periods to which our records ascend," says Mr. Vaux, "we find Babel or Babylon mentioned as a city already existing, the beginning of the kingdom of Nimrod, though apparently not owing its foundation to him. It was, probably, the earliest town in which there was a large and settled people, and from it the first rudiments of civilization spread over the surrounding nations. Much of its early splendour is no doubt attributable to its remarkable geographical advantages: in a position nearly central, the chief city of a land watered by two of the finest rivers in the world, Babylon must have been very early in history the foremost state of Western Asia, and the natural centre for receiving and transmitting onward the international commerce of Asia. Between the Indus on the east, and the Mediterranean on the west, it was the central mart for such eastern luxuries as found a ready market in the west; at no great distance from the Persian Gulf, and in its great river possessing all that was necessary for inland traffic, it would be the natural place at which the seafaring nations of India were admitted to the heart of Asia, and afforded the readiest means of communication with those who dwell on the Euxine or Caspian shores. Thus favoured by nature, it was long the central point where the merchants of nearly all the nations of the civilized world assembled, and such through all its changes it continued till the operation of external causes changed the course which Asiatic commerce had hitherto pursued. Neither the sword of the conqueror, nor the untiring hand of oriental despotism could ruin, though for a time they might diminish, its prosperity; and it was only when the enterprise of Europe found a path across the ocean to India, and the commerce of the world became a sea trade instead of a land trade, that the royal city on the banks of the Euphrates finally decayed.

"But not alone her position, unrivalled as it seems to have been for carrying on a commerce with the whole world, was Babylon indebted for her greatness. Her people seem to have known full well how they could best assist the beneficent intentions of nature. The very soil they dwelt on, and the river which fertilized their lands, had their respective disadvantages, and the peculiar geological formation of their country, which was one vast alluvial basin of dried mud, like the generality of steppe regions, afforded them no stone wherewith they could exercise their architectural genius. The vast waters of the Euphrates roll on to the sea in a slow and sluggish tide, between banks so low that the least increase from the melting snows of Armenia would, but for artificial embankments, be ever causing an overflow. Emulating their kindred tribes in Egypt, the Babylonians had to wrest their lands from the inva-

(1) "Nineveh and Persepolis." By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A. Hall, Virtue & Co.

sion of the flood and the dominion of the waters; and an impulse was thus directly given to the progress of civilization and of arts which made them no less celebrated than their Egyptian brethren. Hence a variety of canals and lakes, some of extraordinary size, which were used to draw off the superfluous waters of the great river, and those remarkable constructions of baked and unbaked bricks which, from the earliest historian to the latest traveller, have been the wonder and admiration of the world.

"Yet, full of interest as would have been the Babylonian history during the earlier stages of its existence, it is not a little remarkable how entirely after its first appearance Babylon vanishes from the page of history. The Jewish annalists had, as we have already mentioned, no inducement to mention her; the Babylonian chronicles have long since been wholly lost; and the accounts of Herodotus and Ctesias, though, on the whole, doubtless true, hardly admit of accurate chronological arrangement. Their historical myths rest almost exclusively on the names of Semiramis, Ninus, and Belus, suggesting indeed a strong probability that great conquerors had arisen in this part of Asia before the origin of the Babylonian-Chaldean Empire, and had founded two separate kingdoms whose deeds have been preserved under the one name of the Assyrian Empire, yet omitting many important facts which the student of history would gladly have preserved from oblivion.

"With this slight sketch of the early history of Babylon it will be perhaps well to take next in order that of its great rival, and long superior in military power, NINEVEH.

"It is indeed by no means easy to keep the story of the two towns separate and distinct, as there was a great resemblance between them, not only in their structure but in their extent and population.

"The Greeks and Romans give no account of Nineveh which can be considered satisfactory, and so great a variety exists between the different reports which have been handed down to us, that it is not easy to deduce from them any one consistent account. The entire overthrow of the city preceded the first of the Greek historians by more than a century, and from the time of its destruction it appears never to have been, like its sister city, rebuilt.

"Unlike Babylon, though well placed for land-commerce, its position, at above four hundred miles from the Persian Gulf, did not render its continuance so necessary to the purposes of the world; while, at the same time, it could never have been the centre of that trade which made Babylon so great, and its power so enduring. Yet, though inferior to Babylon in length of duration, as perhaps in early greatness, it is remarkable that, during the great blank of Babylonian history to which we have alluded, Nineveh was supposed, by all the classical writers at least, to have been the chief and ruling city, and a long succession of kings has been given to her. Their ignorance, however, of the geography of the country is curious, inasmuch as no two authors agree as to the exact position of this once illustrious city.

"The ancients seem to have had a more just idea of its magnitude than of its position. Thus Strabo considers it to have been much larger than Babylon. Diodorus speaks of the immense structure of its walls, and states that Semiramis erected a tomb in its centre for Ninus and herself; and Eustathius, in Dionys. Perieg., confirms this view; there is also a distich in the Anthologia, attributed to Antipater, which seems to confirm this view. Jonah calls it a city of 'three days' journey,' but whether this means in circumference or diameter is uncertain; the idea of its magnitude is further confirmed by Nahum in his description of its overthrow."

"It has been argued repeatedly that the description of the size of Babylon, given by Herodotus and other ancient writers, must be greatly exaggerated, and that

no city could ever have existed similar to that which they describe. Now it must be borne in mind (as Heeren has remarked), that the great cities of Asia were constituted in a manner wholly different from those of Europe. They generally grew up from the camps of Nomad chieftains, who fixed their abode in the countries they conquered, and gradually exchanged their warlike camps for peaceful abodes. The encampment of a chieftain near an existing city soon became itself a new city, which eclipsed the splendour of the old one. The plan of the camp was regularly followed out, and its square form and regular intersection of streets was generally preserved. The close streets of our continental towns afford a striking contrast to the scattered mansions of many eastern capitals surrounded by extensive gardens, which occupy more than half the whole area. Quintus Curtius says of Babylon, 'that the buildings of the city do not reach the walls, but are at the distance of an acre from them, neither is the whole city covered with houses, but only ninety *stadia*; nor do the houses stand in rows by themselves, but the intervals that separate them are sown and cultivated, that they may furnish subsistence in a case of siege,' and Marco Polo describes a city within the confines of China which he calls *Taidu*, and which was built by Kublai Khan the successor of Genghiz Khan, in a manner somewhat similar. This city was twenty-four miles in circumference, no one side being longer than the other, but each six miles. The streets were all built in exact lines, so that a person standing at one gate of the wall could see the opposite. The sections of the building were also square, and in every part were large palaces surrounded by spacious courts and gardens. The ancient city of Moscow in like manner contained within its walls a large extent of garden ground, and Mr. Franklin has noticed that the Puranas assign to the celebrated Indian city of Palibothra an extent of not less than seventy-five or eighty miles."

"It may be interesting to mention in what way the different accounts which remain to us speak of the taking of Babylon. That in Scripture is the shortest: we are simply told that Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, was engaged in giving a feast to a thousand of his lords, when he was alarmed by observing a hand writing on the plaster wall of his palace, in characters which he could not decipher. His wise men were called in, but equally failed; and at length Daniel, having been sent for at the suggestion of the queen, interpreted the meaning of the unknown writing, and prophesied the immediate destruction and division of the empire by the Medes and Persians. The narrative adds, that 'In that night was Belshazzar the King of the Chaldeans slain, and Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.' Herodotus (I. 177), in his account of the proceedings of Cyrus, gives some additional details. He states that Cyrus, after the conquest of Upper Asia and Asia Minor, turned his arms against the Assyrians, and invested Babylon, the residence of the kings of that country subsequent to the destruction of Nineveh. He describes at length the size and peculiar structure of that city, and the great works to which we have alluded, which he attributed to Semiramis and Nitocris, at an interval of five generations from one to the other, and adds, that it was against the son of the latter, whom he calls Labynitus, that Cyrus was now marching. He mentions his arrival, with his army, on the banks of the River Gyndes, and the drowning of one of the sacred white horses, which induced him to delay his advance during the whole summer, till, by drawing off the waters, he could make the stream fordable even for women. Having crossed the Gyndes, he tells us that Cyrus advanced upon Babylon at the commencement of the following spring, and engaging the Babylonians near their city, beat them and drove them within their walls. Having in vain attempted to take the city by a regular siege, he changed

his operations into a blockade, placed one division of his army at each end of the town, where the Euphrates enters and where it flows out of it; and, leaving orders with his best troops that they should force their way into the city as soon as the river should become sufficiently shallow, he employed the remainder, and least effective part of his force, in draining the river, by means of a canal which led into the great lake above the town. By this means, the Persians entered and took the city, the inhabitants being the more careless of their defences, as the day on which they entered happened to be one of their festivals."

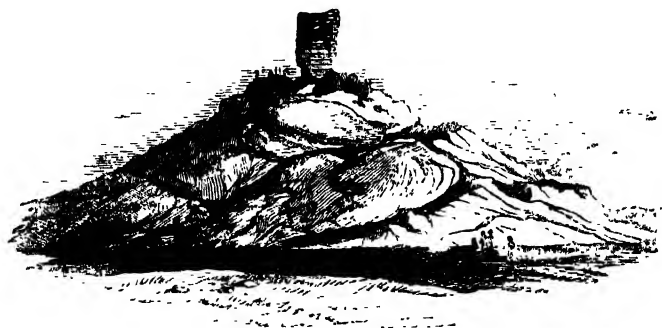
"We come now to the consideration of what may be called the present state of Babylon, and to a more particular examination of the remains, which still exist on the banks of the Euphrates below Baghdad, and which traditionally have been held to represent the once mighty 'Queen of the Nations.' As might have been expected, few sites have been so much visited by travellers, or so often described. Yet few excavations have been made there as yet; and the best accounts we have are but of the superficial view of the mounds, with a description of gems, cylinders, bricks, and fragments of inscriptions which have been picked up on the spot, or gathered from the Arab peasantry of the surrounding villages. It is hardly too much to hope, that, ere long, a brighter light may be thrown upon the obscurity which now veils these ancient ruins, and that extensive researches may be conducted on the same principle which has been pursued so successfully by M. Botta and Mr. Layard. The mounds, which occupy different parts of the great plain, admit of excavation no less than those of Nimrud;

and we can hardly doubt that the results of similar excavations, even if not so interesting as those obtained by Mr. Layard, will set before us the records of the days of Babylonian greatness, hardly less curious and valuable.

"The traveller who in modern days has devoted most time and patience to the illustration of Babylon and its ruins, and to whom we are indebted for the best exertions, and the most connected narrative of them, is Mr. Rich, who, during many years which he passed at Baghdad, as British resident, had great facilities and opportunities for the task he undertook. A very complete account of his labours was published about ten years ago by his widow. It contains an account of his journey to Babylon; two memoirs which he wrote on the ruins, the first of which was published at Vienna in the *Fundgruben des Orients*, in the year 1811; and a paper on the topography of Babylon, by Major Rennell, originally read before the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in the *Archæologia*."

After narrating the earliest visits to Babylon, Mr. Vaux proceeds to the account of Rich. The ruins of the city are scattered for miles over an immense plain, through which flows the river Euphrates, and they chiefly consist of enormous mounds of vitrified brick, of which the principal is the celebrated Birs Nimrud.

"On the ninth of December, Mr. Rich made an expedition to the Birs Nimrud. He found vestiges of mounds all round it to a considerable extent, and the



country traversed by canals in every direction. The soil round it is sandy. Close to the Birs, or at about a hundred yards from it, and parallel with its southern front, is a high mound, almost equal in size to that of the Kasr. 'The Birs,' says he, 'is an enormous mound. At the north end it rises, and there is an immense brick wall, thirty-seven feet high, and twenty-eight in breadth, upon it. This wall is not in the centre of the north summit of the mound, but appears to have formed the southern face of it. The other parts of the summit are covered by huge fragments of brickwork, tumbled confusedly together; and what is most extraordinary is, that they are partly converted into a solid vitrified mass. The layers are in many parts perfectly distinguishable; but the whole of these lumps seem to have undergone the action of fire. Several lumps of the same matter have rolled down, and remain partly on the side of the mound, and partly in the plain. The large wall on the southern face of the summit is built of burnt bricks, with writing on them, and so close together, that no cement is discoverable between the layers. Small square apertures are left, which go quite through the building, and are arranged in a kind of quincunx form. Down the face of the wall the bricks have been separated, leaving a large crack. On the side towards the mound of Ibrahim Khalil, the mound slopes gradually down, and

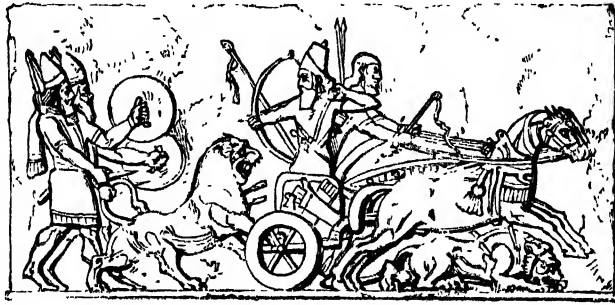
up nearly half its height is a flat road running round this part of it, twenty of my paces broad. From this, the mound slopes more gradually to the plain or valley between it and the mound of Ibrahim Khalil, and is worn into deep ravines or furrows, like the Mujelibé. On the other, or north face of this pile, it slopes down more abruptly at once into the plain, with only hollows or paths round it; the road before mentioned, which from that part appears to surround the building, losing itself before it reaches this. On the north-west face, where it also slopes down into the plain, are vestiges of building in the side, exactly similar in appearance and construction to the wall on the top, with the holes or apertures which are mentioned in the description of that. At the foot of all is, seemingly, a flat base of greater extent, but very little raised above the level of the plain. The whole sides of the mound are covered with pieces of brick, both burnt and unburnt, bitumen, pebbles, spar, black stone; the same sand, or limestone, which covers the canal at the Kasr, and even fragments of white marble. No reeds were to be seen in any part of the building, though I saw one or two specimens of burnt bricks which evidently had reeds in their composition, and some had the impression of reeds on their cement. I saw also several bricks which were thickly coated with bitumen on their lower face. In the lowest

part of the mound, opposite Ibrahim Khalil, the mounds are most evidently composed of unburnt bricks, the layers being in great measure visible. This would lead one to suppose that it was not originally part of the great pile, were not specimens of this kind of bricks found in it also.' 'The circumference of the base—not the low one—is 762 yards. The whole height of it from this measured base to the summit of the tower or wall is 235 feet; but there can be no doubt that it was much higher. The form is more oblong than square. I found the longest side to be 248 of my paces.'"

"Sir R. K. Porter paid two visits to the Birs Nimrud, and, the second time he was there, encountered some objects which he had not expected. 'On this my second visit to Birs Nimrud,' says he, 'while passing rapidly over the last tracks of the ruin-spread ground, at some little distance from the outer bank of its quadrangular boundary, my party suddenly halted; having descried several dark objects moving along the summit of the hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the look out, while their armed brethren must be lying concealed under the southern brow of the mound. Thinking this very probable, I took out my glass to

examine, and soon distinguished that the causes of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking air upon the heights of the pyramid. Perhaps I never had beheld so sublime a picture to the mind, as well as to the eye. These were a species of enemy which my party were accustomed to dread without any panic fear; and while we continued to advance, though slowly, the hallooing of the people made the noble beasts gradually change their position, till in the course of twenty minutes they totally disappeared.' 'Wild beasts of the desert,' says Isaiah, speaking of the utter fall of Babylon, and the abandonment of the place, 'shall lie there; and the houses shall be full of doleful creatures; owls shall dwell there; and dragons shall cry in the pleasant places.'"

In a previous review of Dr. Layard's work, we gave so full an account of his discoveries at Nineveh, that we shall here content ourselves with presenting a few of the more remarkable sculptures disinterred from the mounds, illustrative of the manners and customs of the ancient Assyrians.



Our first selection is the representation of a lion hunt, justly considered by Mr. Layard, from the knowledge of art displayed in the treatment and composition, the correct and effective delineation of men and animals, the spirit of the grouping, and its extraordinary preservation, as probably the finest specimen of Assyrian art in existence. Nor perhaps less interesting is the following.

"One of the most remarkable slabs is one which terminates a victorious procession; it represents the castle and the pavilion of the conqueror. The ground plan

of the former is represented by a circle divided into four equal compartments, and surrounded by towers and battlements. In each compartment there are figures evidently engaged in culinary occupations and preparing the feast; one is holding a sheep, while the other is cutting it up; another appears to be making bread or boiling a caldron. Various bowls and utensils stand upon tables and stools, all of which are remarkable for the elegance of their forms. The pavilion is supported by three posts or columns; on the summit of one is the fir-cone, the emblem so frequently found in the Assyrian sculptures; on the others are figures of the Ibex or mountain goat. They are designed with great spirit and



carefully executed. The material, probably silk or woollen stuff, with which the upper part of the pavilion is richly ornamented, is clearly shown, and an edge with a fringe of fir-cones alternating with another ornament, which generally accompanies the fir-cone in the embroidery of dresses and in the decoration of rooms. Beneath the canopy a groom is currycombing

one horse, while other horses, picketed by their halters, are feeding at a trough. An eunuch stands at the entrance of the tent to receive four prisoners, who with their hands tied behind them are brought to him by a warrior with a pointed helmet. Above this group, but on the same slab, are two singular figures, uniting the human form with the head of a lion: one holds a whip

or thong in his right hand, and grasps his under jaw with his left. The hands of the second are elevated and joined in front. They wear under tunics, descending to their knees, and a skin falls from their heads over their shoulders to their ankles. They are accompanied by a man clothed in a short tunic, and raising a stick with both hands."

As a specimen of the sculpture, on a larger scale, we cannot do better than select the following admirable cut representing the king, from the North-West Palace, Nimroud. We regret that our limits will

not allow us to dwell more at length upon this part of our subject. Suffice it to say, that the reader of Mr. Vaux's work will find, besides numerous other engravings, a succinct account of all the recent researches on the banks of the Tigris.

Of PERSEPOLIS and its ruins but very misty ideas are generally entertained.

"The approach to this capital of ancient Persia," says Mr. Vaux, "as the traveller crosses the vast plain of Merdusht, is described by every one who



has had the good fortune to visit it, as magnificent in the extreme. The clearest, and most spirited, that we have met with, is that of the author of 'Rough Notes of a Rough Ride from the East.' 'We were in our saddles,' says he, 'at the first streak of day, and ere the sun's rays had gilded the few surviving capitals of Chehel Minar, its tall white columns stood before us in naked majesty at the foot of the bare and dreary ridge of mountains which bounds the wide alluvial plain of Merdusht. No other work of man was visible, except a few tents of wandering Eelyauts—specks in the distant horizon. There stood in stately solitude the pride of ages, which appear almost fabulous from their distance; of empires nearer by five centuries to the time of Noah than to ours, and of which no trace remains; but here are sufficient to verify the narrations of their splendid existence, and to show that in some arts, and those among the noblest, our vaunted march of intellect is but an idle boast; indeed were it not for the models we imitate—the more servilely the better—this "march" would most certainly be a countermarch. As it is,

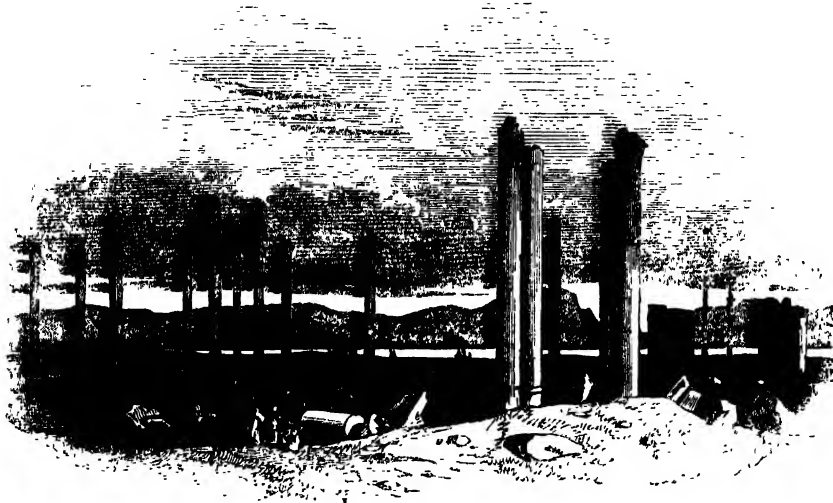
where is the modern city which will have such a glorious wreck as this after its ephemeral, though perhaps more utilitarian, existence has passed away?"

"Yet, wonderful as are the remains which still exist, it is doubtful whether we know with accuracy what was the original name of this celebrated place. We know that after the establishment of the empire by Cyrus, he and his immediate descendants divided their residence between Babylon, Susa, and Ecbatana. Cyrus himself seems, chiefly, to have resided at Babylon and Susa, and, as he did not live more than eight years after he became master of the whole empire, it is doubtful whether he could have spent much time at Persepolis, or have added much to its splendours. From Strabo and Diodorus we find, that the Greeks usually called the city Persepolis, and Xenophon demonstrates its locality by mentioning, that it was at no great distance from the frontiers of Media. But, whether the Persian monarchs passed much of their time at Persepolis or not, it is certain, that their sepulchral repose was found among the caves of these their native mountains. Here we

still find tombs, by universal tradition, the Tombs of the Kings; and the most authentic historians testify that their remains were transported thither.

"Still less can we form any certain conjecture respecting the origin of the architectural art still visible in these ruins. Sir R. K. Porter, who has given the

fullest description of them, considers that they bear a strong resemblance to the architectural taste of Egypt; and when we recollect the history of Egypt during the Persian times, there is some ground for imagining, that the columns of the Nile may be found upon the plains of Persia. Forty years before the conquest of



Babylon, we know that Nebuchadnezzar overran the whole of Egypt, and, loading his army with the spoil of the country, returned in triumph to Babylon. When Cyrus, subsequently, annexed Babylon to his empire, and brought away with him the treasures and artisans of that city, Babylon naturally yielded the lessons it had learnt from Egypt to the Persian conqueror. Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus, subdued Amasis and Psammenitus, and, following the example of Nebuchadnezzar, transported from Thebes the precious ornaments of the city of the Hundred Gates; bringing, also, with him six thousand Egyptian captives, who were, probably, employed in the works he was constructing in his own kingdom. Future princes pursued a similar course, and adorned their capital with the riches of the countries they conquered, till at length, in the words of Curtius, 'Persepolis became the glory of the East, and no other existing city could be compared to it.'

"Diodorus Siculus has preserved a description of it, which will be found to tally remarkably with the present position and state of the ruins. 'A triple wall,' says he, 'surrounded the place. The first wall was sixteen cubits in height, defended by parapets, and flanked with towers. The second wall was in form like the first, but twice in elevation. The third wall was a square, and cut in the mountain, being sixty cubits in height. It is defended by palisades of copper, and has doors of the same of twenty cubits high. The first wall is to inspire awe, the second for strength, and the last for the defence of the palace. To the east of this, about four hundred feet distant, is the spot called the Royal Mountain, containing the Tombs of the Kings. Here the rock is hollowed out into several chambers, to gain the entrance to which the coffins are hoisted up by machinery; no other way of ascending to them exists.' At the present time, the ruins stand on an immense artificially-levelled platform, facing the cardinal points, measuring on the south 802 feet, on the north 926, and on the west 1,425. This platform has evidently been cut down from the rock, and abuts on the hill, which no doubt Diodorus meant to imply by the name of the 'Royal Mountain.' On the level of the platform appear several mounds and stony heaps, marking three distinct lines of walls and towers, the situation and direction of

which can be easily traced. It is over this part, that the fighting was probably most severe, when the Arabs took the city in A.D. 642, at the close of the reign of Yazdigird, the last of the Sassanian princes, as innumerable quantities of arrow-heads have been found from time to time along the ruins, at the walls above, and also over the ground below, and on the tops of the remaining walls of what has been called the palace. The irregularity of the shape of the palace is probably due to the nature of the ground. The level, on which the building stands, is now exceedingly uneven, owing to the accumulation of the fallen ruins: on the northward, considerable masses of the native rock show still marks of the original hammers and other implements, with which the higher pieces were hewn down to the level required. Beyond the space of the artificial platform, the rock protrudes itself in vast abrupt cliffs, bearing traces of the pick-axe: in some, too, of the cavities, the progress of a quarry is still visible: part of the rock remains hewn through, and completed slabs are lying ready for removal.

"It is probable that the vast pile was never finally completed. 'It was a costly gem,' says Sir R. K. Porter, 'to which every succeeding hand thought it could give an additional polish.' The stone which has been used for this building is dark grey marble; it is cut into gigantic square blocks, and in many cases exquisitely polished; and, though unaided by mortar, the separate stones adhere so closely, that, when first completed, the terraced platform must have appeared as part of the solid mountain itself, levelled as a foundation for the columnar edifice erected on it. The apparent height of the platform from the ground is much lower now, than in the time of Diodorus. The encroachments of ruins and vegetation have thrown up heaps and hillocks against its sides, making rough slopes where once were smooth perpendiculars. The present height varies from twenty to thirty feet, but there can be little doubt that, were the bases of the wall cleared out, we should obtain fully twenty feet more in height. The three sides towards the plain are each supported by a similar wall, and on the fourth side, where the rock advances upon the plain, it has been scarped perpendicularly. The levelled plain within the wall consists of a series of terraces, one

rising beyond the other; the first or lowest embraces the whole length of the southern face, and is in width one hundred and eighty-three feet. The second contains the whole central area; the third and most elevated has been entirely covered with buildings, and was probably the most magnificent of the whole. Along the edge of the lowest terrace, large masses of stone remain in different places, which look like the fragments of a parapet wall; they are worked with the same colossal strength and gigantic proportions with the rest of the edifice. On the edge of the third or highest terrace, are marks apparently showing the former existence of a strong range of railing or palisades. They occur at the top of the flight of steps, which connects this terrace with the one beneath, and Niebuhr thinks that the stones, which formed it, have been removed to other buildings and towns, as Shiráz.

"The ascent from the plain to the great levelled platform is by one vast double flight of steps, the finest perhaps in the world, which rise to the north and south with a very gentle ascent, and emerge from the flat space, which has been gained from the face of the valley, over a slope of accumulated ruins and rubbish. The entire height is forty-five feet, the width of each step twenty-two, its height three inches and a half, and the whole number of them fifty-five. The blocks of marble, which have been used in their construction, are gigantic, and some are so large as to allow of ten or fourteen steps being cut into its solid mass. The size of the base which they cover is sixty-seven feet by twenty-two. On

ascending the first flight, an irregular landing-place presents itself of thirty-seven feet by forty-four, from whence springs a second flight formed of forty-eight steps and covering fifty-nine feet by twenty-two. A couple of corresponding staircases terminate, on the grand level of the platform, by a landing-place, which occupies sixty-four feet. The ascent of the steps is so gradual, that Sir R. K. Porter and other travellers mention, that they constantly rode up the staircase on horseback. It is curious, that this splendid staircase is not in the centre of any one of the faces, but, so much to the contrary, that, while it is 961 feet from the south face, it is only 208 feet from the north.

"Having ascended the staircase and reached the platform, the first thing, which meets the eye, are two masses of stone work, which probably formed an entrance gateway for foot-passengers, as its narrowness (only thirteen feet) precludes the idea, that it could have been intended for horses or carriages. The pavement is laid with slabs of polished marble of gigantic size. Beyond the two first portals are two columns, and then again two more portals. On the front of the portals are basso-relievo figures of animals (which Mr. Morier calls sphinxes), those on the first facing outwardly, and those on the second inwardly towards the mountain.

"Sir R. K. Porter, who has studied these animals with much care, and whose beautiful and accurate drawings greatly enhance the value of his book, proves that they represent colossal bulls. Their heads, chests, and forelegs occupy nearly the whole thickness of



the walls, the bodies being left in relief. A pedestal, of five feet cut out of two blocks, raises them five feet above the level of the platform. At a considerable height above the animals are three compartments, containing arrow-headed inscriptions. As the upper part of the walls is now wholly ruined, we have no means of judging how the figures were terminated, but, there is enough left of them, for there to be no doubt as to what they were originally. The heads are indeed gone, but

the cloven foot, and the strong outline of the form make it quite certain, that the perfect figure represented a bull. Round the necks of these 'bucolic sentinels' are collars of roses, and over the cheek, neck, shoulders, back, and ribs, is a decoration resembling short curly hair, delineated with great skill, and executed with great beauty. Their proportions are excellent, and their colossal size gives them a remarkable air of grandeur. Though much injured, the resemblance between

the bulls at Persepolis, and those lately found at Khorsabad and Nimroud, is very evident, and the inference seems irresistible that, for this portion of the sculpture-art, the early Persians are indebted to the still earlier Assyrians."

Our limits must unfortunately prevent us from giving even a condensation of Mr. Vaux's copious account of these magnificent remains, and of others in their neighbourhood. Nor can we dwell upon the successful endeavours of Major Rawlinson to decipher the arrow-headed characters upon the monuments. For these and other interesting topics, we must refer the reader to the volume itself, which, as a cheap and compendious, yet scholarlike epitome of all that has been written upon these topics, is certainly without a rival, and is certain to become a standard work of reference.

SELECTIONS FROM BACON'S "APOPTHEGMS."

QUEEN ANNE BULLEN, at the time when she was led to be beheaded in the Tower, called one of the king's privy-chamber to her, and said unto him, "Commend me to the king, and tell him that he hath been ever constant in his course of advancing me; from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness; and from a marchioness a queen; and now, that he hath left no higher degree of earthly honour, he intends to crown my innocency with the glory of martyrdom."

His majesty James I., king of Great Britain, having made unto his parliament an excellent and large declaration, concluded thus: "I have now given you a clear mirrour of my mind; use it therefore like a mirrour, and take heed how you let it fall, or how you soil it with your breath."

His majesty, in his answer to the book of the Cardinal of Evereux, who had in a grave argument of divinity sprinkled many witty ornaments of poesy and humanity, saith: "That these flowers were like blue, and yellow, and red flowers in the corn, which make a pleasant show to those who look on, but they hurt the corn."

My Lord of Leicester, favourite to Queen Elizabeth, was making a large chace about Cornbury-park; meaning to enclose it with posts and rails: and one day was casting up his charge, what it would come to. Mr. Goldingham, a free-spoken man, stood by, and said to my lord, "Methinks your lordship goeth not the cheapest way to work." "Why, Goldingham?" said my lord. "Marry, my lord," said Goldingham, "count you but upon the posts, for the country will find you railing."

The lord-keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was asked his opinion, by Queen Elizabeth, of one of these monopoly licences. And he answered, "Madam, will you

have me speak the truth? *Licentiâ omnes deteriores sumus*: We are all the worse for licences."

A friar of France, being in an earnest dispute about the law *salique*, would needs prove it by Scripture; citing that verse of the Gospel; *Lilia agri non laborant neque nent*: "The lilies of the field do neither labour nor spin;" applying it thus,—that the flower-de-luces of France cannot descend, neither to the distaff, nor to the spade: that is, not to a woman, nor to a peasant.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, and having brought his trials that came before him to such a pass, as the passing of sentence on malefactors, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing that he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hogg, and in all ages Hogg and Bacon have been so near kindred, that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hogg is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Sir Walter Raleigh was wont to say of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's privy-chamber and bed-chamber, "that they were like witches, they could do hurt, but they could do no good."

"There was a minister deprived for inconformity, who said to some of his friends, "that if they deprived him, it should cost an hundred men's lives." The party understood it as if, being a turbulent fellow, he would have moved sedition, and complained of him; whereupon, being convented and opposed upon that speech, he said his meaning was, "that if he lost his benefice, he would practise physick, and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time."

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the Fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loth to lend my books out of my chamber, but if it please thy tutor to come and read upon it in my chamber, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and some days after the same Fellow sent to Mr. Mason to borrow his bellows; but Mr. Mason said to his pupil, "I am loth to lend my bellows out of my chamber, but if thy tutor would come and blow the fire in my chamber, he shall as long as he will."

In Flanders, by accident, a Flemish tiler fell from the top of a house upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself; the next of blood prosecuted his death with great violence; and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *lex talionis*: whereupon the judge said to him, "that if he did urge that sentence, it must be, that he should go up to the top of the house, and then fall down upon the tiler."

Whitehead, a grave divine, was much esteemed by Queen Elizabeth, but not preferred, because he was against the government of bishops: he was of a blunt, stoical nature: he came one day to the queen, and the

(1). This selection comprises a few, and only a few, of the choice sayings collected by the illustrious Chancellor, as he informs us in the Preface, for his "recreation amongst more serious studies;" and which, it is said, "his lordship made out of his memory, without turning any book."

queen happened to say to him, "I like thee the better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried." He answered, "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause."

Rabelais tells a tale of one that was very fortunate in compounding differences. His son undertook the same course, but could never compound any. Whereupon he came to his father, and asked him, what art he had to reconcile differences? He answered, "he had no other but this: to watch when the two parties were much wearied, and their hearts were too great to seek reconciliation at one another's hands; then to be a means betwixt them, and upon no other terms." After which the son went home, and prospered in the same undertakings.

In chancery, at one time, when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord;" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up, and said; "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"

Alonzo of Arragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, "that age appeared to be best in four things: old wood, best to burn; old wine, to drink; old friends, to trust; and old authors, to read."

† Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor with bread; and said, "There was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury."

A lover met his lady in a close chair, she thinking to have gone unknown, he came and spoke to her. She asked him, "How did you know me?" He said, "Because my wounds bled afresh;" alluding to the common tradition, that the wounds of a body slain will bleed afresh upon the approach of the murderer.

A gentleman brought music to his lady's window. She hated him, and had warned him often away; and when he would not desist, she threw stones at him. Whereupon a gentleman said unto him, that was in his company, "What greater honour can you have to your music, than that stones come about you, as they did to Orpheus?"

Dr. Johnson said, that in sickness there were three things that were material; the physician, the disease, and the patient: and if any two of these joined, then they get the victory; for, *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*. If the physician and the patient join, then down goes the disease; for then the patient recovers: if the physician and the disease join, that is a strong disease; and the physician mistaking the cure, then down goes the patient: if the patient and the disease join, then down goes the physician; for he is discredited.

Aneas Sylvius, that was Pope Pius Secundus, was wont to say; that the former popes did wisely to set the lawyers a-work to debate, whether the donation of Constantine the Great to Sylvester, of St. Peter's

patrimony, were good or valid in law or no?—the better to skip over the matter in fact, whether there was ever any such thing at all or no.

From "*Certain Apothegms of Lord Bacon, first published in his 'Remains.'*"

Queen Elizabeth, seeing Sir Edward ——— in her garden, looked out at her window, and asked him in Italian, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Sir Edward, who had not had the effect of some of the queen's grants so soon as he hoped and desired, paused a little; and then made answer, "Madam, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen shrunk in her head; but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you." Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the queen would inquire after the piety, integrity, and learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority when the man is despised?"

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of an angry man, who suppressed his passion, "that he thought worse than he spake;" and of an angry man that would chide, "that he spoke worse than he thought."

The same Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say, "that those who left useful studies for useless scholastic speculations, were like the Olympic gamblers, who abstained from necessary labours, that they might be fit for such as were not so."

He likewise often used this comparison: "The empirical philosophers are like to pismires; they only lay up and use their store. The rationalists are like the spiders; they spin all out of their own bowels. But give me a philosopher, who, like the bee, hath a middle faculty, gathering from abroad, but digesting that which is gathered by his own virtue."

Reviews.

PRIDE AND IRRESOLUTION.¹

IF "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," be the proper office of the dramatist, it is not the less, surely, the proper office of the tale-teller or novelist. In the one case, as in the other, it is common enough to see the duty of this high calling neglected, slighted, quite overlooked, and sometimes defiantly warred against, and instead of having dramas and novels in a league with all good angels that watch over man, we find them helping the powers of darkness to do their accursed work in his heart; instead of attempting "to raise the genius" of the young by the exhibition of intellectual and moral energy and fortitude, striving steadily for an immortal crown, they

(1) "Pride and Irresolution." A new Series of "The Discipline of Life." 3 Vols. post 8vo. Henry Colburn.

too often dazzle the mental vision by a display of spasmodic, explosive *tour de force*, to gain possession of a wreath of artificial roses and theatric tinfoil, the extreme worthlessness of which is hidden amid the pervading blue-light of excitement and false sentiment. That such productions will not "mend the heart," but rather mar it if it be sound, and increase the disease if it be unsound, is clear enough to a discerning judgment.

Perhaps the best praise that can be awarded to the work we have now to present to our readers is, that its object is to mend the heart, and to elevate and sanctify our views of, and conduct in life. This is done, not by showing that virtue is profitable in the way of happiness, but by showing that virtue is fair, is lovely; ay, the fairest, loveliest thing on the earth; that those only are truly miserable who cannot see *that* truth, and live according to it:—and that virtue is also *wise*. This new series of the "Discipline of Life" is, therefore, as regards its general moral tendency, of a similar character to the first series, which we noticed in these pages about two years ago. It will be remembered that the authoress in question is Lady Ellinor Ponsonby, a new writer in the department of fiction, and that while she has peculiar, distinctive merit, she belongs to the same class as Mrs. Marsh.

"Pride and Irresolution" is the general title given to these three volumes; a title which we cannot altogether approve, because it does not indicate as well as a title ought to indicate, the contents of the work. We have here two tales, each occupying about a volume and a half, the first of which is called "Susan Greville, or Irresolution;" the second, "Ada Mowbray, or Pride." Both these tales are good, but "Susan Greville" is the more interesting, and incomparably the more touching of the two.

We will not accuse the authoress of a determination to look on the dark side of things; to paint the trials of life too gloomily; for we do not believe any such perverse determination can exist in a mind which, like hers, is full of vital religious faith; but we remark in these tales, as in the former ones, that she is more at home in the delineation of trial and suffering, in the analysis of pain, than in painting the bright colours, and revelling in the warm sunny joys of our earthly existence. There is no gloom, no discontent, no misanthropy in these pages; but they are, for the most part, sad and full of melancholy. There is no satire in the first tale (unless, indeed, aunt Janet be looked upon as a satirical delineation), and very little in the second. There is nothing that can be called *plot* in either; each is a simply constructed tale, and has the rare merit of being within the bounds of fictional probability. But "Susan Greville" is the more natural and life-like of the two. Each tale is made to depend more upon character than upon incident, and more upon the conflict of passion within the hearts of the personages than upon its dramatic display. There is not much dialogue, and what there is, though appropriate and far from dull, is not brilliant. The style throughout is easy and

fluent, without being highly finished, or careful. We would recommend to the writer a little more attention to the niceties of style; as one who writes so well without effort, may well afford the pains to write better. The affecting story of "Susan Greville" is founded upon the old, ever-new fact, that a love unworthily placed "is not, and it cannot come to good;" but the fault of character in Susan's lover is not properly called Irresolution, it is want of principle.

Susan is the granddaughter of old Mr. Greville of Keevor Hall, who makes her his heiress. By a clause in his will, a marriage is arranged by the old man, between her and her cousin Julian Greville, the only child of old Mr. Greville's second son. At the beginning of the story Susan has a little brother, who dies. As a means of showing the heroine's character to the reader, we will quote the following scene between her and her dying brother. Susan is about ten years of age at this period. The person who tells the story is a mysterious and puzzling inmate of the Keevor Hall family. All that the reader learns of him is, that he is an old gentleman, and that his name is Grantley.

"There was little beauty in either of the children. Their skins were pale and sallow; and their brown hair was cut close round their temples. Their eyes were very dark, but without any peculiar beauty of size or brilliancy, and beneath the under lid of each there was that deep black mark which speaks so painfully of weakness and ill-health. And yet there was something in the appearance of both the children which could not fail to attract the attention of all except the very determined admirers of beauty. There was in their countenances a very remarkable expression of earnestness and intensity, which, although speaking of acquaintance with thought and suffering, and therefore painful to see at so early an age, excited feelings of anxious and lively interest. In addition to this there was—but it was more on the face of the girl than of the boy, (in him there was something of restlessness)—a look of tranquillity and serenity which I had never seen on any countenance before. She might look sorrowful, she might be suffering pain of body or of mind, but it was still the same, the expression never varied. It was as if an angel of peace continually hovered over her, and covered her with his wings, or, as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, 'It (peace) lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight.'

"Don't read any more, Susan," said the little boy, with a sigh, 'I can't listen any longer.'

"Susan put down her book, and turned her eyes sorrowfully and inquiringly upon her brother.

"Oh Susan! I do feel so very, very ill," he said, with another sigh; 'I think I get worse every day.'

"Can I do anything for you, Charley?" asked the little girl, with her earnest pitying look. 'Are you in very great pain?'

"No, not pain; at least, not great pain. Sometimes I wish it *was* pain; I think I could bear it better. I am so tired—my bones ache so—I seem to ache all over;" and he moaned and turned restlessly on his couch.

"You have been lying here so long: let me lift you up a little while. There now! Is that better?" and with the handiness and gentleness of an experienced nurse, she pulled up and arranged the cushions which were supporting him.

"Yes, that is better. Sit down again, Susan. Yes, I feel quite comfortable, now. But, Susan," he continued, after a short silence, during which the little girl had taken up her work, 'I don't think this can go on much

longer. Do you know, Susan, I think that I shall very soon die.'

"There was a quick sorrowful glance from the little girl, but no exclamation, no answer.

"I don't think I mind, Susan. Dying! I wonder what dying is! I wonder what it is like! I wonder if it is very painful! What do you think, Susan? Do you think it is very painful to die?"

"Mamma says we shouldn't think about death in that way, Charley," said the little girl, in her soft sad voice. "She says, when the angel of death comes to fetch us away to happiness, that we should go and not be afraid."

"I shan't be afraid, Susan; I am sure I shan't. I think I shall be very glad to go only for one thing."

"Again the earnest glance from the little girl; but no question.

"I don't mind leaving Keever, Susan; I don't mind their putting me in the ground by poor grandpapa, because, I know, I shan't stay there,—shall I, Susan? I know I shall fly away and see more beautiful things than any we have here; but, Susan, I can't die and go away from you,—I can't be happy, unless you are with me—I don't care for beautiful things, unless you see them, too."

"The little girl never raised her eyes—the tears were blinding them, but she worked away quickly and nervously at her work. After a moment, she said in a low, faltering voice, 'Don't, Charley, don't; mamma says it is not right to speak like that.'

"Why isn't it right, Susan? It's quite, quite true. I don't think I could be happy even in heaven, unless you were there. Shall you be happy without me when I go away and leave you alone?"

"Such a look from the child—such a quivering smile was her answer! The little boy had now worked himself up into an excitement of feeling; he now went on, in a voice whose tenderness would have melted a heart of stone, 'What shall you do, Susan, when I am dead? I often think, and think, and I can't fancy you without me. You never do anything but take care of me, and nurse me, and try and make me happy. What shall you do, Susan, when you have no one to take care of any more?"

"The poor little girl struggled hard to restrain herself, but in vain. Oh! Charley, Charley, don't—please, don't. I know I shall be able to bear any thing that comes, but don't talk of it now,—please, don't,—I cannot bear it now.' And in a perfect passion of grief, she laid her head down upon the couch, while the boy, almost with a look of pleasure, stroked her dark hair with his small wasted hand.

"It was at this moment that I came in from the garden, at the open trellised window. The little girl raised her head, and her eyes,—and my eyes, in the same instant, fell upon a deep red stain on the couch where she had laid her face. I was about to make an exclamation of surprise and alarm; but with instant self-possession, she held her finger to her lips, to command,—gentle as it was, I felt it as a command—to command my silence; then, moving and arranging the folds of the shawl, she got up and left the room, merely saying, as she passed me and held out her little hand,—'Will you amuse Charley, while I go away for a little while? I shall soon be back.'"

The little girl who is thus affectionate, calm, and self-possessed at so early an age, is not likely to grow up into an ordinary woman. The authoress has shown great knowledge of human nature in the arrangement of external circumstances around Susan Greville; they are precisely those that are best adapted for the fostering of such a character. Her father is gentle, affectionate, weak, and entirely dependent upon his nearest relatives for thought and action; her

mother is a steady, strong-minded, deeply affectionate, quiet, undemonstrative lady, of the old school, whose life is ordered in all things according to her principles of right. Upon his wife Mr. Greville depends to transact all business, and to manage his estate with his bailiff; to her mother Susan looks for guidance in childhood, and support in youth; and her mother's great object is to make Susan self-dependent, self-controlled. She gives her a sound education, but is not careful (as she should have been) to cultivate her taste, and to give her those feminine accomplishments which would be likely to make her attractive in the eyes of her betrothed. Julian is diametrically opposed to Susan by nature, and by nurture *his* qualities, too, acquire fresh strength. His mother was an Italian, and he has inherited her impulsive, ardent temperament. He is gay, mercurial, with keen susceptibility, and a strong love for art, especially music. He is very handsome, and gifted with that charm of manner common to natures like his. He and Susan grow up without any personal intercourse. Julian spends his time, under his fond and admiring father's direction, in travelling about the sunniest countries of Europe. Susan spends hers beside her mother, in the uninterrupted retirement of Keever Hall. When she is seventeen, and Julian about one or two-and-twenty, they meet. Julian, by this time, has lost his father, and Susan her mother, whose place in the household she fills admirably, even to the management of the accounts with the bailiff, and the direction of a miniature farm. But she cannot paint, or sing, or do any of the hundred pretty things that fill up the list of modern accomplishments.

"Now, George, this is what I call wisdom," said Julian Greville, as he stepped into the chaise that was to convey them to Keever, about three weeks after his accident;—"I wrote to Mr. Greville, to say we should arrive at six. Now, by my wise management, and by tearing myself out of bed an hour earlier than usual, we shall arrive at Keever at four."

"And what is the object of the falsehood?" said plain matter-of-fact George Vivian.

"What! Why who but you, George, would have to ask such a question? Do you think it nothing to escape the formal first introduction?—Oh! I know you English well. If you *can* make a man look awkward, you will do it. But I am not going to submit to anything of the sort, and so I wisely arranged my present plan. You think I don't know the manners and customs of this country of yours; but I have been here long enough to be aware that you have a sort of enjoyment in putting people out of countenance on such occasions as the present. I happened to be witness to a little matrimonial arrangement that took place at Mr. Prim's, between Susannah Prim and the under-master. Oh! if you had but seen the endeavours of Mr. Prim and Mrs. Prim, and the friends of the Prim's, to make the unfortunate couple look like fools; the formal announcement, the healths that were drunk, the sly witticisms, &c. &c. Susannah bore it very well; women have wonderful pluck sometimes; but poor Parker!—His unfortunate face did not recover the blushing of that day, so long as I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I have no doubt it bears the traces still. No, George, such scenes are not lost upon me. I profit by experience."

"And so all Englishmen are like Mr. Prim? You are complimentary to me, I must say, Julian."

"Why, George, you are just such another, with less wit perhaps, but even more formality. If I was, now, going down to Landover to marry your daughter, I know exactly how it would be. I will describe the scene to you. I should arrive in my chaise-and-four punctually at five o'clock. You would be standing on the steps to receive me. I should jump out rather hastily; but you would come stately down and give me welcome. There would be a short inquiry after my health, and then you would say 'Let me lead you to my daughter.' I don't know how the leading would be conducted, whether we should proceed hand in hand or not; but lead would be the word, I know. Well, you would lead me through the entrance-hall, by a long line of staring servants, into a dark, dreary, old-fashioned drawing-room, fitted up with carved oak and red damask, and there we should find Judith seated at her embroidery. You would precede me to the window, and you would say, 'Judith!'—Why, George, you are perfectly devouring my romance; you shall not have another word; never, never will you know how I shall greet your Judith."

"What a strange being you are, Julian," said George Vivian, fixing his eyes with some curiosity on his companion. "If I felt that on the events of this day, the whole happiness of my life depended, as I fear you have determined to make yours depend, I could not joke as you do."

"Because your mind is a strange one, far stranger than mine. You allow one idea to absorb it wholly, and that must become oppressive. I have a thousand ideas on one subject, and so none can weigh very heavily. I assure you, George, I am quite as much, perhaps more, occupied with wondering what I shall first say to Miss Greville, than I am with hopes or fears for my future life. Besides, you know you like a quiet life, and so anxiety is tedious to you, but to me novelty and excitement are life and spirit, whatever they are caused by—pleasure or pain."

"The journey to Keevor, which was a long one, was performed in the time allotted by Julian. It was just four o'clock when they turned abruptly down the hill, which overlooked the valley in which Keevor was situated. It lay before them in all the brightness of the sunshine, and the luxuriant verdure of June, and Julian surveyed the scene with the enraptured eye of an artist. 'This is beautiful, George! This is a valley worth fighting for!' as King William is said to have exclaimed on some occasion; it is as bright as Italy, and as fresh as Paradise."

"An abrupt turning took them from the high-road into a shady lane, at the end of which an old ivy covered gateway proclaimed that they were at their journey's end."

"I do believe we are at Keevor, George!" cried Julian, as the post-boys smacked their whips, and swept through the arch at full speed, and I am quite unprepared,—I had no idea we were so near. This arrival is an awful thing! would it were done! I feel horribly nervous! actually, there's the house! Ah! George, I wish you were in my position, and then you would not look so irritatingly demure. Here we are! as passing through another old archway, they stopped at the door of the house."

"A servant stood in the entrance; no bells were rung or notice given, and before Julian had time to think, the door of the long drawing-room was thrown open, and he was in Susan's presence."

"She was alone, seated, as usual, in the recess of the window, endeavouring by the occupation of her fingers to steady her excited mind and restless expectation. Julian stood for a moment irresolute; but Susan, accustomed to act promptly and decidedly, put down her work-frame, came quietly forward, and held out her hand to each; then sitting down, half with words, half with a movement, begged them to sit down also. So far she had acted without thought; but when she found herself seated opposite to Julian, whom she recognised,

at once, from his strong likeness to the childish portrait on which her eyes had so often rested, something of consciousness returned, and showed itself not ungracefully in her downcast eyes, and in the slight nervous movement of her fingers."

"Julian was the next to speak, and to make some apology for being earlier than the time he had mentioned; and, in answer to this, Susan said she would call her father; and left the room."

"I like your Judith," said Julian, turning to George Vivian, with a smile, after some minutes' consideration; 'but didn't I tell you how much more pluck women have than men? I assure you I did not know what to say or do when I came into the room, and I humbly thank you for all the assistance you gave me. I really beg you will exert yourself, George, for I feel so extremely bashful, that I have quite lost the use of my intellect.'"

Susan is not beautiful, but, like all heroines in novels who are not beautiful, she is "something than beauty dearer." She is pale and fragile-looking, quiet and graceful in her movements; in short, a person whom it might be very possible to meet a hundred times in society, and think nothing about, and with whom you could not live a month in the quiet atmosphere of a country home without loving. People unstable, infirm of purpose, like Julian Greville, are apt to attach themselves to earnest-minded, sober, undemonstrative people. Julian soon loves his cousin after his nature, not with a steady enduring love like hers,—that he is not capable of,—but he loves her; and she? hearts like hers do not fritter themselves away, they are given wholly and for ever; and hers becomes the property of her cousin. His showy and attractive nature, so essentially inferior to her own, gets dominion over her, but not to the extinction of the lofty principles acquired in her youth. Susan's character is now to be tried in the furnace of love; love misplaced, indeed, but sincere and passionate. Poor Susan returned Julian's love, while she did not see the far purer and higher love which was burning for her in the breast of George Vivian, Julian's half-brother. He is kept in the background, as such characters are in life—they do not make themselves prominent, but they do not on this account escape the sorrows of the heart. The following conversation between Susan and Julian, after his first hasty declaration that he loves her, will show the two characters advantageously.

"He was not like the same person from whom she had parted an hour before; then, his countenance had been all playfulness and gaiety, now it was dark and troubled. His hair was in disorder, his brows were knit and bent, and his eyes, their laughing light extinguished, had an expression of gloom and melancholy. Susan had never seen him thus before; but it was a transformation by no means uncommon to Julian; it was a transformation which thought always produced in him. So long as he lived in the present moment, and in the excitement of the moment, he was all lightness and gaiety; but if once he looked upon the mind within, if once he meditated upon himself, the lightness of his nature was gone. Restless, troubled, and ungoverned, he became terrified at the picture of his own heart. The few words he had that morning spoken, had decided his destiny, and what all George Vivian's warnings and remonstrances had failed to do, those few words had done; they had awakened his

mind to consideration on the step he had taken; they had opened his eyes to the responsibilities he had invited; they had roused his imagination to dwell on the hopes and fears, the clouds and sunshine of his future life. It is often thus. The words of others are without us, and, however forcible they be, may pass over us as but the sound of 'a lovely song,' and make no impression; but our own words are from within, and once spoken, they arouse the consciences, though, perhaps, when they have set their seal too late.

"It was not that Julian repented of the step he had taken; but what he had done lightly, now weighed heavily; and the very act of thinking, of pondering on his actions, had tossed and disordered his mind, and had brought on one of the gloomy and desponding fits to which an excitable nature is at all times subject.

"Not here, Susan, not here," he said, as he met her. "I cannot talk to you here. Let us go to the wood."

"She walked by his side in silence. His thoughts were of himself—hers were all of him. In one moment, in the one glance at that troubled countenance, she had passed, at once and for ever, from girlish shyness, from trembling love, from youthful hopes, from romantic dreams, to the deep, strong, unselfish devotion which characterizes the love of a wife or a mother.

"They reached the wood. He drew her hand within his arm, and held it there; then began—

"Susan, I hate this engagement. I wish it had never been. I love you,—I must always have loved you; but for myself, I cannot bear to think that love is not freely given; that duty, that love for your father commands it. I need a strong love, Susan; I wish to be loved for myself alone. Tell me, tell me truly, is your love free? If there had been no engagement, should you have loved me still? He looked anxiously in her face, and she hastened to answer him.

"I think I must if I had dared." It was the full expression of what she felt.

"Dared, Susan! Ah! you do not know me!" He pressed her hand, held it faster, then went on in a tone of great feeling. "It was needful that I should ask you if you truly loved me; for a light love, a light fancy, will not do for me. It will be a hard task and a heavy one, to be my wife, and not all happiness. You have not seen me, you have not known me as I am. I am as variable—he stopped and smiled; even then, though strongly and deeply moved, a poetical quotation was natural to him—

"As variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."

Never at rest, never at peace; always excited, sometimes sad and dreary, as I feel now. And worse than this; there have been moments when I have felt; moments so dark and despairing that there has been to me no truth on earth, no faith in Heaven. Do not shrink from me, Susan. You must know all, you must be ready to bear all. I need to be loved; I need to have one who will cheer me, who will cling to me; who, even if my restless wandering heart strays from perfect right and perfect truth, will still bear with me. Will you, Susan, can you be such a one to me? Will you never, never forsake me?

"I will never, never forsake you," said the soft, firm, earnest voice at his side. He started as he heard her—started at the depth of devotion expressed in the voice that spoke. He had told her that he loved her; but all his thoughts, all his feelings, all his words had been of himself. Not once had he recalled the vow which he must make, the promise to love her, to cherish her until death should them part.

"Do you indeed so love me, Susan?" he said, bending down to look in her face. "Is it possible that you can already so love me?" As Julian spoke, a mist fell from Susan's eyes. Her position stood before her in its clear colours. The force of the engagement, Julian's hasty decision, the rapid growth of her own love. Till now

his words and her own ready response had seemed but natural in her eyes. She was not easily excited or carried away; her life had been too early saddened for that; but the very fact that excitement was unusual to her, had made her more completely under its influence now. The fascination that hung upon all that Julian said and did; the attention of which she was now, for the first time, the object; the new life that was opening upon her; all the interest of her position, had conspired to blind her, and to place her under the influence of that illusion and delusion that excitement brings. She, prone as she was to deep thought, had not considered the difficulties or strangenesses of her position. But now her eyes were opened. "Is it possible that you already love me?" The words fell heavily on her mind, not for her own sake, but for Julian's. She, perhaps, had been easily won; but for her there was no more doubt or fear; easily, it might have been, but won she was, wholly and for ever; but *he*, did *he* love *her*?

"I feel that you may doubt me," she said, looking up with a deep blush, but firmly and steadily—"I feel that you may, perhaps, despise a heart so easily won. But these thoughts and feelings are not new to me. They are but the fulfilment of the hopes of two long years. And if I have been easily won," she added, with a touching smile, and unconsciously expressing something of Juliet's sentiment, "believe me, I shall not be easily shaken."

"I know it, Susan," he said tenderly,—and her manner would indeed have given the most doubting confidence—"I feel 'it now; you love me and you will bless me."

"But, Julian," she said, stopping in her walk, and looking gravely at him, while she disengaged her hand from his arm,—are you sure of yourself. Are you free? If it is strange that I should love you, is it not stranger that you should love me?—you, who have seen the brightness of the world, while I have so little, so very little to win your love."

"So little! Susan," he cried earnestly, "so little—you who are loved and must be loved by all who come near you!"

"But as your wife, Julian. It is not a light thing to be bound together for life. Consider before it is too late. You said you hated this engagement. Let there be none; you know there is none if your will is not free. You can know me but little as yet."

"Stop, Susan," he said, "if you do not wish to make me miserable. You have said you loved me—why will you now try to cast me away? Do I not know you? Do I not know that you are an angel?—Do I not hear your voice fall like music?—Do I not feel that it blesses me as my mother's voice blest me once?"

"And so they were betrothed to each other. * * * I watched Susan very anxiously that evening. Her countenance puzzled me. We had attained the wishes of years; and *she*, if I had read her rightly, should have been blest, most blest; but was she so? She was more full of thought than usual, and once, as she sat over her embroidery frame, I fancied that her brows knit, and that the peace which reigned over her face was for a moment dispelled. I have since thought that it was the weight of responsibility which weighed heavily upon her. A human being's happiness is an awful thing to take in trust; and it is not the consciousness of our own love that can lighten the burden, or our own desire to bless. There are such things as vain endeavours and ineffectual efforts; there are smiles which are not responded to, soft words which fall powerless, without the magic to soften or to cheer. Till now, Susan's powers had never failed; why did her heart sink within her now? I suppose an answer might readily be found. There are inward powers which measure love, and unconsciously show where the balance is wanting. Julian's words of love were more, much more than Susan's, but *she* knew who loved most, on whom, therefore, the burden of responsibility would lie; and already, strong

and self-reliant as she naturally was, something of the dread of failure was stealing over her mind."

Our authoress's talent is well displayed in the masterly sketch of Julian. He is not made to appear contemptible to the reader, though his weak points are all set down and commented on, his conduct analysed, and found to be utterly unworthy of Susan's lover; yet that indescribable charm which such men have, for women, in real life, is preserved in the printed page. The reader feels it, and though he pronounces his conduct unstable and weak, yet he loves him while he condemns. Such a character, ably kept up, will invariably make a tale interesting, because it calls forth many feelings in the reader's mind, while it keeps up an incessant action and reaction among the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. But, we admit, that it is a difficult thing not to make a man of this kind despicable, when his character is set down in black and white; in real life, so few persons see beyond the surface of the man's nature, that he is generally admired and liked because the surface is admirable and likeable. Susan is a sweet, deeply-affectionate, strong-principled girl, and Julian really loves her, but there is in him an inability to be steady, or satisfied, or consistent, even in his affections, and the reader is by no means surprised to find this versatile hero half in love with somebody else, before very long. This is an orphan cousin, a beautiful, accomplished, musical young lady, who is domesticated in Keever, with whom he has many tastes in common. Susan is willing to yield him up, believing that he really loves Florence Vere, and that he deceives himself when he assures her that, though Florence moves his fancy, she has his heart. Julian persuades her into a renewal of their engagement. The duets and singing cease, and poor Florence, who has already lost her heart to the brilliant Julian, is neglected again. Of course Julian's conduct depends upon the turn of a feather, not upon his own will; and soon after he has convinced himself that it is Susan only whom he loves, we find him engaged in the following scene:—

"He opened the door, and there, in the low window-seat, Miss Vere was sitting. She was partly dressed for a walk; but her bonnet was lying on the ground beside her, and the large plaid shawl which she had put on to defend herself from the cold wind, was falling from her shoulders. Her face was buried in her hands, and there was an *abandon* in her whole attitude and appearance that spoke of extreme unhappiness.

"She had not heard the opening of the door, and as Julian paused and looked at her, a pang of sorrow and remorse shot through his heart. It is one of the causes that has made his character so full of warning, that he was as frequently led astray by his good and kindly feelings as by his more selfish ones. He had not learned—how many need to learn!—that there is a higher guide of right and wrong than even the best and warmest feelings we possess. While he stood and gazed upon her, two voices made themselves audible within. There was one which reproached him for his past conduct, for the selfishness which had led him, for his own momentary relief and amusement, to gain her affections, which called upon his pity and compassion, and desired him who had caused her sorrow to endeavour to comfort her.

There was another, and this was the loudest voice—he could not say he was unwarned—which said clear and distinct, 'Depart, for the office of comforter is not for you—compassion from you will be a false compassion, tainted in its source, and, therefore, fatal in its effects.' He paused, irresolute.

"Suddenly Miss Vere raised her head, pulled her shawl over her shoulders, and laid her hand upon her bonnet. As she turned she saw him. The day was dark, and he did not observe her tear-stained cheek; but he saw that the instant she perceived him, her head was averted with a quick, he thought an angry movement. The struggle of voices which had made him pause, died away within, and it was a mere hasty impetuous movement which led him to her side.

"'Florence!' he said.

"She did not answer him by word or look.

"'Florence!' he cried, more imploringly; every resolution so lately made, the feelings of but an hour before, fading away under the influence of sorrow, pity, remorse—I know not what besides.

"She did not answer, and he bent forward and saw her tears.

"He drew nearer—'Florence, are you unhappy?' he cried.

"'What is it to you if I am?' she said at last in a tone of deep sadness. 'What is it to any one? I am alone.' And she buried her face in her hands again.

"'Nothing to me! ah, Florence! you cannot think it. Nothing to me! If I might—if I dared! Oh! Susan! how much do you cost me!'

"The words were scarcely pronounced before he would have given the world to have recalled them; not even at that moment were they the true expression of his mind. But our words—alas! alas! they cannot be recalled.

"One instant's silence followed the exclamation—it was broken by a sound as of a fall. Julian turned, hurried to the door, and a piercing shriek brought Florence to his side. The words he had said, had been heard by other ears than hers.

"Susan had been reading the evening service to her father. When she had finished, he became drowsy, and falling into a quiet sleep, Susan left him to go in search of Florence. She had a purpose half-formed to talk to her of what had lately passed—to advise her—gently to draw from her, if circumstances allowed it, her own thoughts, feelings, wishes. She had a power of reaching the hearts of others which few could resist.

"It was a kind of ante-room, which led from the drawing-room to the library. Susan entered it and approached the door, which Julian had left ajar. Her hand was upon it when those excited passionate accents—'Nothing to me! Ah, Florence!' fell upon her ear. Startled and shocked, she was drawing back; but one of those fearful beatings of the heart, so well known in childhood, fixed her to the spot. She made a faint exclamation, unheard amid those wilder words, and pressed her hands tightly upon her heart; but every tone of Julian's voice reached her ear. With a deep gasp for breath, she drew back, but at the first step she fell on the floor. When Julian reached the door, she was lying in the ante-room, her eyes closed, her cheek deadly pale, and slowly from her lips was issuing a stream of blood. It is impossible to picture the scene that followed. The unfortunate young man knelt by the side of his betrothed bride, and in imploring, despairing accents, called upon her name. Regardless of all beside, regardless even of hope for her, he held her cold hand, and again and again, in a voice heart-rending in its agony, pathetic in its imploring tenderness, besought her to look up and forgive him; and still while he knelt, the stream of life was ebbing fast away."

The tale does not end here, as the reader may per-

haps imagine. Susan hovers a long time between life and death, but at length she recovers. Florence Vere has left the house. Julian has gone away, with the steady George, and out of the way of temptation, supported by a firm-minded friend, and under the influence of sorrow, Julian remains virtuous; all his fine intellectual, and winning moral qualities come out into action. He returns to Keevor, and once more under the soothing and strengthening influence of Susan's character, he cannot bear the thought of giving her up. Susan, having reason to believe that she cannot live many weeks, and desirous of making Julian as happy as she can while she lives, and anxious that the long-cherished wish of their family should be fulfilled, promises to marry him. They are married, and Julian is all that a man should be, till he is once more tempted. Florence marries a man whom she had twice refused, and comes, as Lady Mortimer, to live in the neighbourhood of Keevor. A very slight circumstance calls into play Susan's gentle firmness in trying to warn Julian against the sin which too easily besets him; he resists, and in her delicate state of health, the excitement is too much for her; she again ruptures a blood-vessel, and dies within a few hours. Julian and George Vivian, we are told, live and remain fast friends; become better men, in consequence of their early connexion with the single-minded, pure-spirited Susan. What becomes of Lady Mortimer we are not told. Aunt Janet is a clever sketch of a sharp, cutting, lively old maid.

"Ada Mowbray" is another domestic tale, in which the old axiom, that "pride will have a fall," is duly illustrated. We do not like this tale so well as the other, because the character of Ada Mowbray, in which the interest is made to centre, is exaggerated and far from beautiful. Such inordinate pride could scarcely, we think, be united to so high a degree of good sense and general philosophic spirit as we find in Ada; at all events, her pride is so great as to make her cold and repulsive; and we think the reader is not likely to care much for her moral improvement, or to sympathise in her misfortunes. Her mother is an admirable sketch. Mrs. Mowbray is just what people call an ordinary woman, and is therefore a very difficult one to put into a book with anything like effect. Miss Austin might be proud to have created Mrs. Mowbray, the unpretending, gentle, commonplace woman, who is afraid and proud of her beautiful, haughty, accomplished daughter. This tale has more variety than the other, and it is not improbable that many persons may differ from ourselves, and like it to the full as well as "Susan Greville." Our limits will not allow us to make some quotations from Ada Mowbray, and an account of the tale itself, unillustrated by quotation, would be unfair to its merit, which is considerable. If we had not seen its companion we might, perhaps, have esteemed this the more, but it is but right to say that "Susan Greville" is so complete, harmonious, and heart-stirring a work, that few stories of its class, in the present day, would not lose by comparison with it. It has some of the

first requisites of a work of art; it is evidently told to work out one great idea, and the simplest materials are used to put it clearly before the reader's mind. This is no light praise, and we look with much pleasure for another series of "The Discipline of Life" (which discipline is various enough,) from the pen of this authoress.

THE LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.

BY M. A.

"To be a poet, is indeed very difficult," said Imlac. The truth of the observation is so evident, that the appearance of a *real* poet among us, may be considered a national boon. Nor is this too much to say, when we reflect on the high chivalrous spirit which the minstrel can inspire, and on the tenderness and purity that emanate from the feelings which it is his province to cherish. With this impression, we have read "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" and our feelings during the perusal were such as we have not enjoyed for a long time. Macaulay's "Ancient Lays" and Motherwell's poetry did not gratify us more,—perhaps scarcely so much as Aytoun's "Lays;" in Scotland, we are sure they must soon rank with its most popular minstrelsy, for they chime in with those emotions, associations and sympathies of the Scottish people, which time can never wear away. We look forward with hope, to other "lays" from the same gifted minstrel. Mr. Aytoun has made choice of spirit-stirring subjects, and they have lost nothing of their interest and vividness in his hands: his descriptive powers are of the highest order, and he has portrayed his scenes and actors with such magic skill, that as we read, we felt ourselves in the midst of them. It is difficult to make a selection from the eight lays which the volume contains; they abound in so many beauties. The scene of his first is in Edinburgh, just as the disastrous news from Flodden is brought in. Nothing can be more finely described than the return of Randolph Murray, before the fate of the battle has been communicated,—the multitudes thronging about him, asking how it went, and imploring news of their dear ones,—his ghastly looks,—his want of power to speak, and his merely raising up the riven banner in reply, is as fine as anything we have met with in painting or in poetry. His appearance before the elders of the city is equally affecting:—

"Then in came Randolph Murray;
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doff'd his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corselet
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed round him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder or a sterner man
Had never couch'd a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the king."

The inquiry of the brave old provost for his only son, who had gone to the battle, cannot be read unmoved; nor can Randolph's touching answer:—

"Right bitter was the agony
That wrung the soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groan'd aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying,—'That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquer'd,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steep'd in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom,
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!"

The burst of agony with which the news of the death of their king is heard, has a most thrilling effect as described by the poet; and the way in which the devoted loyalists lose sight of their individual sorrows, in lamentations for their sovereign, is extremely fine; we would gladly give every word of the Lay, did our limits permit,—but the mournful silence which succeeded the vehement expressions of grief is so true to nature, that we cannot pass it over. After the provost's melancholy address, it goes on:—

"So he ended, and the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring idly on the spray."

Without suggesting any ideas of imitation, many of the stanzas in "The Execution of Montrose," reminded us of Scott. The descriptive passages could not be surpassed, and have been very rarely equalled; the appearance and bearing of Montrose as he was borne to prison, are finely given in the sixth stanza:—

"But when he came, though pale and wan,
He look'd so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye:—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turn'd aside and wept."

The description of the execution is equally striking, and in exact accordance with the authentic records:—

"He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turn'd him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he look'd upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer:
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veil'd his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth, and sun, and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flush from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!"

Mr. Tytler's narrative is quoted in the little preface to "The Heart of the Bruce," and the circumstance which furnished the armorial bearings of the Douglasses is particularly noticed. Douglas, faithful to his trust, carried the heart of his master about him; it was to be laid in Scotland, and he kept it in a casket, which he wore suspended about his neck. In an action near Andalusia, he was engaged in a hot pursuit after the Moorish cavalry, but was overpowered in endeavouring to rescue Sir William Saint Clair of Roslin, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In the contest he took the casket containing Bruce's heart, and cast it before him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Now pass onward as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die." He was left dead on the field, but his friends found his body and the casket, and carried both to Scotland. The heart was laid in Melrose, and the remains of Douglas deposited with his fathers in their own burial-ground in Douglas. The bloody-heart surmounted by a crown, has been their emblem ever since. The stanzas of this Lay brought to mind some of the fine old ballads.

"There lies, beside his master's heart,
The Douglas stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!"

The world grows cold, my arm is old
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I could boast on earth
Is stretch'd before me there.

O Bothwell banks ! that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day."

The graphic pen which has given such surpassing interest to the Lays, has not been less happy in the short prefaces and notes which have been given. The vindication of Claverhouse prefixed to "The Burial March of Dundee," is strikingly earnest; he appeals to the writings of his contemporaries in favour of one who, he is convinced, has been sorely maligned; "They describe him as one who was stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and free from that selfishness which disgraced the Scottish statesmen of the time." "No one dares question his loyalty," adds Mr. Aytoun, "for he sealed that confession with his blood." The portrait of Claverhouse too, is a silent witness in his favour; "When we look at it," Mr. Aytoun says, "and survey the calm melancholy and beautiful features of the devoted soldier, it appears almost incredible that he should ever have suffered under such an overwhelming load of misrepresentation." There is indeed a calm melancholy expression of countenance, which tells of purity and holiness of thought. How unlike the stamp which the malevolent passions, and the sensual vices are sure to leave on the features; no calm melancholy is ever seen there, a revolting expression of desperation alone speaks of troubled feelings. The Lay concludes with a fine apostrophe to the warrior:—

"O thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the after time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never fail'd their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee !"

With the recollection of Scott's fine lines on the massacre of Glencoe fresh in our minds, we turned to Aytoun's lay of "The Widow of Glencoe;" and it lost nothing by the remembrance. Always happy in presenting a picture of the scene which interests him, our poet opens the Lay with the following beautiful lines:—

"Do not lift him from the bracken,
Leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye cannot fashion :
None beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather,
And the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended
To the judgment-seat of God !
Winding-sheet we cannot give him—
Seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering
Shower'd from heaven upon his head.
Leave his broadsword as we found it,
Bent and broken with the blow
That, before he died, avenged him
On the foremost of the foe.

Leave the blood upon his bosom,
Wash not off that sacred stain ;
Let it stiffen on the tartan,
Let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them
At the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and murder'd
Meet before their Judge's eye !"

The spirit is well sustained throughout the Lay. The tenderness with which the bereaved widow recurs to happy times, is exquisitely touching—

"—I found him lying murder'd
Where he woo'd me long ago !"

The preface to the next lay, "The Island of the Scots," is full of interest—King James's parting scene with the Scottish officers who had in his emergency insisted on serving as common soldiers, with the resolution of proceeding to Perpignan to join two other Scotch companies. The king burst into tears, when he saw "these brave men reduced, through their disinterested and persevering loyalty, to so very humble a condition;" he was powerfully affected as he addressed them. "The company listened to his words with deep emotion, gathered round him, as if half repentant of their own desire to go; and so parted, for ever on this earth, the dethroned monarch and his exiled subjects." The taking of the Island, the last exploit of this devoted band, is the subject of the Lay. Their plunging into the Rhine, and the indomitable courage of these heroes are admirably portrayed. Seldom have we read such an affecting passage as that which speaks of their farewell of Scotland:—

"And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn ;
And they had trod the pass once more,
And stoop'd on either side,
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropp'd and died ;
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And ta'en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth, and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands,
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again !"

The success of the daring exploit brought nothing to the conquerors but the admiration and thanks of France, who reaped all the advantage without sharing the danger. The blighted hopes and saddened feelings of these dauntless men are beautifully touched on in the following lines:—

"And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince or peer ?
What virtue had such healed words
The exiles' hearts to cheer ?
What matter'd it that men should vaunt
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere ?
They bore within their breasts the grief,
That fame can never heal—
The deep unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.

Their hearts were yearning for the land
 They ne'er might see again—
 For Scotland's high and heather'd hills,
 For mountain, loch, and glen—
 For those who haply lay at rest
 Beyond the distant sea,
 Beneath the green and daisied turf
 Where they would gladly be."

In the name of "The Island of the Scots," which that land has borne ever since, the fame of these dauntless exiles still lives.

"Charles Edward at Versailles, on the anniversary of Culloden" is the next Lay; it bears in its very title a deep interest, for time has not extinguished the feelings with which his followers burned. He and Mary Stuart are indeed rare instances of those who continue to be objects of personal attachment long after their career is run. We may venture to say, that no Scotchman, even at this distance of time, faithful though he be to the ruling dynasty, can hear the name of "*Prince Charley*" without feeling his blood tingle, and his sympathies excited for the ill-fated prince whose engaging qualities, bravery, and misfortunes made him so dear to his adherents. In the preface to the Lay, the personal attractions of Charles Edward, his dauntless bearing, the disastrous issue of the battle on which his fortunes were staked, his wanderings, and his hair-breadth escapes, all are spoken of with the deep feeling which such a romantic tale was sure to excite in one of Mr. Aytoun's cast. How the Prince was loved and revered in his fallen fortunes, is touched on in the following brief passage:—

"Although a reward of thirty thousand pounds (an immense sum for the period) was set upon his head—although his secret was known to hundreds of persons in every walk of life, and even to the beggar and the outlaw,—not one attempted to betray him. Not one of all his followers, in the midst of the misery which overtook them, regretted having drawn the sword in his cause, or would not again have gladly imperilled their lives for the sake of their beloved chevalier."

The poem opens with a vision of the lost battle; and all the details as they pass before him are given in passionate exclamation by the Prince. His love and heart-yearnings towards Scotland burned in his bosom till his last moment, and are very touchingly expressed in the following lines:—

"Let me feel the breezes blowing
 Fresh along the mountain-side;
 Let me see the purple heather,
 Let me hear the thundering tide,
 Be it hoarse as Corrieveckan
 Spouting where the storm is high—
 Give me but one hour of Scotland—
 Let me see it ere I die!"

The anecdotes given in the preface and notes to this poem are peculiarly interesting, and cannot be read without exciting tender commiseration for one so gifted and so unfortunate as Charles Edward. It seldom happens that the most unfortunate are without some solace, something which to a certain degree blunts "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" but it was not so with him; domestic life afforded none of those tender sympathies which can assuage the

most bitter grief; during his long and weary wanderings, "he was lost sight of by his friends, and even by his father and his brother," and an unfortunate marriage increased his unhappiness. It was thus, utterly deprived of the consolations which would have been congenial to his noble nature, that he sought at times to lull care by indulgences to which he would never have resorted under less adverse circumstances.

The following and the last of the Lays, "The Old Scottish Cavalier," tells of the good Lord Pitsligo, who has, it is said in the preface, "just title to be called the last of the old Scottish Cavaliers." He was in his sixty-seventh year. When Charles Edward landed in Scotland, he espoused his cause, believing it a righteous one, and the example of this pious and excellent old man had great effect; "for when he who was so wise and prudent declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in those parts of the country who favoured the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or safer guide than Lord Pitsligo." When drawn up and about to commence the expedition, "the honourable nobleman their leader moved to the front, lifted his hat, and looking up to heaven pronounced with a solemn voice the awful appeal, 'O Lord, thou knowest that our cause is just,' then added the signal for departure, 'March, gentlemen.'" After Culloden was lost, he became a fugitive for ten years. Sometimes, disguised as a mendicant, he encountered those who were searching for him, and on one occasion he guided them to the spot where they supposed he was concealed. At length he was tacitly permitted to return to the society of his friends without further notice or molestation; he lived to a great age, and as Mr. Aytoun quotes from his biographers, "calm and full of hope, the saintly man continued to the last with his reason unclouded, able to study his favourite volume, enjoying the comforts of friendship, and delighting in the consolations of religion, till he gently fell asleep in Jesus." We need scarcely add that the stanzas are fine. The story concludes thus:—

"Oh! never shall we know again
 A heart so stout and true—
 The olden times have pass'd away,
 And weary are the new:
 The fair white rose has faded
 From the garden where it grew,
 And no fond tears save those of heaven,
 The glorious bed bedew
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time!"

We cannot come to the concluding line without expressing a hope that this is not the last lay of the minstrel, and if we might express a wish which perhaps seems to savour of censure, it would be, that Mr. Aytoun in his next offering of song should adopt a greater variety of measure. If our space permitted, we should gladly enter into the merits of the miscellaneous poems, but having so largely dwelt upon the beauties of the Lays, we must satisfy ourselves by saying that they are not unworthy of a place in the same volume.

RESIDENCE IN A LEVANTINE FAMILY.¹

THE land of the Pharaohs requires few adventitious circumstances to awaken an interest in its favour. The strong links of association, the recollection of its former greatness, of the events of which it has been the scene, are sufficient to render Egypt a constant and fruitful topic of discussion. To this circumstance may be perhaps traced the fact, that whilst much is said, little is in reality known of the manners and customs of the varied population it contains. Persons are content to view it as a spot full of noble associations, containing mysterious and unexplained curiosities, boasting more extraordinary monuments of the past than any other land upon earth, and records of a people whose ambition has been to leave to posterity, startling rather than useful mementos of generations that have gone before. Travellers, again, are rather satisfied to describe the grander objects which meet their attention, than to enter into minute narratives of the domestic life of the inhabitants of a country, the social condition of which must have many and curious revelations to make. Every one who has read at all about this mysterious land, with its trackless deserts, its hot winds, its dangerous interior, knows something of the pyramids, the sphinx, Cleopatra's needle, the Arab's tower, and the majestic Nile, with all of which dim associations are connected, and concerning which, accounts the most various have been written, and the wildest tales disseminated. It is more than probable, however, that generation after generation will pass without further elucidating the important question:—For what purpose and to what end were the pyramids built? Many and constant speculations are being made upon the subject with little or no benefit either to the public or those engaged in the investigation. It suffices that the pyramids stand, and in all probability will continue to stand, an immortal record of the past grandeur of the land of the Pharaohs. They are one of those creations which the cupidity or mischievous nature of man has not yet ventured to destroy, and from their size and position, are fortunately not exposed to the absurd and puerile fanaticism of those, whose chief ambition on visiting foreign countries is to destroy all they contain of beauty by breaking off pieces of temples and statues, in order to gratify their insane partiality for relics and portions of famous monuments of departed grandeur which should be imperishable. The writer of the volume before us, however, has nothing to do with any of these subjects. He went to Egypt with totally different views from most of those who have preceded him; viz., to examine into the actual condition of the people, —little, if at all, understood in this country. Discarding from his mind all vulgar prejudice and absurd tendencies, he resolved to ingratiate himself with the people, and by mixing among them to learn the true condition of their domestic life, and by penetrating below the dull strata of ignorance and superstition, to discover

their secret motives to action, and lay bare the well-springs from which many of their curious customs proceed.

On approaching the city of Alexandria from the sea, our young traveller was actuated by many varied emotions, but by none stronger than his determination of realizing more vividly than had as yet been done a picture of Oriental private life, and it may readily, therefore, be supposed that his eagerness to plunge at once into the as yet scaled mysteries of Alexandrian society was by no means slight. We shall not linger with our author upon the topographical description of the city, but follow him into speculations more interesting to our readers. Like all other travellers, on first landing, Mr. Bayle St. John proceeded to an European Hotel. He soon, however, became fatigued with the monotony of its life, and early sallied forth to seek for something new.

He now gave way to the ardent desire which every one experiences upon setting his foot for the first time in a new country, to investigate everything, to grasp all things at once, and to run frequently from one object to another, fearful only of suffering something to escape. Although conscious that he was not merely hurrying through its streets as a passing traveller, yet it was with something of careless rapidity that he at first sped from one wukalah to another, and darted in and out the principal streets, gazed at the mosques and minarets, strolled in the gardens and villages, glancing at the Pasha's palace and harem, and suffered his attention for a time to linger upon the busy Marina, &c. The construction of Alexandria, its harbour, its fortifications, its straggling appearance, constituted so many objects of interest, and furnished employment for some days. His imagination then took another course. Quitting the more external aspect of the city, he penetrated into bazaars, bye streets, and narrow alleys of Alexandria, where he was often assailed with showers of abuse by the natives, who vented their dislike of the Feringhi by spitting on the ground over which he had passed, and shouting out their hostility in no very measured terms, in their own language, happily not then understood by Mr. St. John, who was, however, exceedingly amused at the specimens of life he beheld. In the course of his first two or three days' peregrinations he alighted upon various novel traits of character. He found himself in imagination transported into the midst of the lower orders of Irish; and while listening to the abuse of an old dame who, in order to gratify her revenge upon a young man who had offended her, was for a quarter of an hour endeavouring to scratch his face, fancied himself in the isle of Erin with a shower of broad brogue and shillelahs rattling about his ears.

No sooner, indeed, was the approach of the traveller and his guide perceived, than windows and doors were occupied in a moment; little children rushed out, clapping their hands, and in the whining tone natural to the inhabitants of the East, chanted forth the words; "Oh! Christian, creeping dog, you have taken the bread out of our mouths." Nothing daunted by his

(1) "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family." By Bayle St. John. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

reception, Mr. St. John proceeded with his investigations, which appear to have yielded for the first two or three days nothing more interesting than the fact, that the women are very assiduous in hunting in their children's heads, and that an old Turk made a galley-slave boy hold down his ear, while he bit it savagely. On another occasion, he beheld a venerable-looking old beggar holding a child's hand, and deliberately pounding its little fingers with a heavy stick. Such traits of character were in no wise calculated to impress our traveller with a favourable idea of the people with whom he was about to mingle. The most obvious of their customs, too, are calculated to repel rather than attract. What could be more repulsive to our feelings than his account of the funeral of a soldier?—

"What a confused murmur of human voices! Look at that crowd rushing pell-mell out of yon narrow lane! First come a group of boys, ragged, and merry-looking, and dirty, screaming at the top of their voices, hustling and shoving each other about as if just escaped from school; then follow some twenty or thirty men, with red caps, red shippers, red shawls, white trousers, blue jackets, and sallow faces, all struggling forward and swinging their bodies to and fro; after this there is an interval; and afterwards, staggering along, come a group of men, carrying a bier, with a turban hanging on one of the front corners. I now know that I am witnessing a soldier's funeral, and not a bacchanalian sortie. A crowd of women, in their blue skirts, hurry along behind, uttering piercing shrieks. It is an ill-managed, undignified affair, like almost all Muslim funerals. Sometimes young boys, bearing copies of the Koran covered with brightly embroidered rich veils, go before the bier."

The appearance of Alexandria is not, as our readers are probably aware, at all times inviting. It is only at certain hours of the day that the thoroughfares and bazaars wear an animated appearance. Then, however, the strange mixture is infinitely amusing. Two or three ragged Bedouins, with old matchlocks strung upon their shoulders, or spear shafts in their hands, may here be seen, working their way along the streets and alleys, or waiting for the women who have dropped into the rear. Maronite and Greek priests, with black robes, and rimless hats, and strange looking Greeks in their jaunty tarbooshes, twisting their long moustachios, and rustling their white petticoats or loose trousers, peaceable Levantines, sly Jews, oily Copts, and all sorts of Europeans under all sorts of head-dresses, camels, bad horses, good mules, and excellent donkeys, jostle along together. Then there is the strange mingling of voices, the shrill cry of the seller, the veiled beauties, who, with flashing eyes, jostle along with sail-like trousers expanded to catch the wind, the varied goods exposed for sale in the bazaars; and towards evening, from lofty minarets, the call of the muezzin to prayer echoes dreamily through the streets, awakening every one to a recollection of the fact that Allah is great, and must be worshipped.

Mr. Bayle St. John, fortunately for the success of his future proceedings, met with a valuable friend with whose precise occupation, it is true, he was not acquainted. Shrewd suspicions, in fact, crossed him that some secret political employment had drawn him to

Alexandria. Be this as it may, however, it did not behoove our author to make any very strict inquiries into this fact; suffice it, that the mysterious stranger constituted the key which unlocked the closed doors of Levantine life. Discovering Mr. Bayle St. John's object to be not to skim over the upper surface of Alexandrian society, but to penetrate lower into its depths, he offered to introduce him at once into its circle. Starting from their residence, therefore, one morning, they penetrated through a labyrinth of narrow, tortuous streets, and speedily arrived at their destination—an irregularly constructed house, through whose gateway they passed; and, after meeting with various obstructions in the shape of heavy doors, they were admitted into a court, crossing which, they wound again down various galleries, rooms, corridors, &c., and were at length ushered into a hall, where they were welcomed by a stout lady in the Levantine costume, who was afterwards destined to figure greatly in the drama of our author's Eastern life. She received them most politely, though it was evident that, in accordance with Eastern manners, some considerable confusion had preceded their admission. The room was filled with people, all of whom started up, on the entrance of the Englishmen, with the exception of the son of the lady of the house, who was ill. One dark young beauty had been unceremoniously sent out of the apartment, much against her own inclination, but there still remained a saucy little Levantine, who, in spite of protestations from her jealous husband and prudent friends, resolved to gratify her curiosity, and at the same time display her beauty. This strange assemblage of turbaned men and gracefully attired women, with their brilliant colour, and sparkling eyes,—the constant handing about of pipes, sherbet, and coffee,—the peculiar mannerisms of the people, their uprisings and sitting down, their exclamations and gesticulations,—must have struck curiously enough upon the sight of our young Englishman, suddenly, as it were, transported from the still but polished coldness of our English drawing-room; and with this unintelligible, deeply superstitious, and ignorant race he felt he was henceforth to associate, if he desired to become acquainted with them profitably to himself and others. After some hours spent very pleasantly in this society, Mr. St. John returned and employed himself in investigating the political condition of the people, into which it is not our intention to enter. Our time and space will be sufficiently employed in following closely in the domestic track.

After the proper time had, as he imagined, elapsed, Mr. Bayle St. John thought of paying another visit to his Levantine friends, and, accordingly, proceeded to the house of Sitt Madoula, the name of the lady. He arrived, and, on reaching a certain door, and in imitation of his friend, called out "Beyt! Beyt!" several times, without receiving any answer, the slaves being engaged in some other portion of the long straggling house, in their customary siesta. The son, however, who lay sick, had heard the sound of his voice, and, though unable to rise, shouted as loudly as

his condition would permit, and not being able to succeed, strove, by throwing his shoes at a large water-bottle which stood upon the table, to raise an alarm. His new friend scolded him very much for having deferred his visit so long, and he was assailed with questions like the following;—Where did you go yesterday? Why did you not come? What have we done to you? From these anxious inquiries he inferred that they expected him to call every day, which was, in fact, the case. These questions are not mere forms, but the result of a genuine hospitality, in which the Oriental character is never deficient, whatever may be the vices and follies which otherwise disfigure it.

Since his last visit the Sitt had become a widow, and was dressed in the ordinary mourning costume of the family. On her head was a tarboosh encircled with a small turban of crape, her hair was dishevelled, and the profuse mass of braid and gold ornaments which had decorated her head on her first introduction to the stranger, had given place to a large black cotton bag. Observing the glance of involuntary inquiry which her visitor cast at her, she burst into tears, and explained her position. Her grief, however, was somewhat mitigated by the fact that she had twice before been in the same condition, and had probably never known that cold aching of the heart, consequent upon the loss of one linked with the dearest hopes and associations of life. She appears, however, from the whole of Mr. St. John's narrative, to have been a very superior woman of her kind, with better and purer notions than they are in general remarkable for possessing, besides many desires to escape from the subserviency of the priesthood to which the Easterns are so universally subject. She seems to have imbibed higher views than her neighbours, though there was much in her character and manners calculated to strike harshly upon the feelings of an Englishman. The inconceivable confidences into which an Oriental woman will enter with a perfect stranger are very startling, but long usage will render the most sensitive and delicate ear accustomed to this mark of friendship. The Sitt Madoula had evidently a great fancy for her now constant guest, and, ere long, a formal proposal was made to him to enter her house, nominally as a lodger, but in reality on a perfect footing of freedom with the whole family, composed of the following members:—There was the Sitt herself, and the fair Wardy or Rose, the niece of Madoula, who had lived with her from a child, and regarded her almost in the light of a mother. It was not to be supposed that the first few opportunities the young Englishman had of gazing upon this Oriental beauty were thrown away. It was by no means a disagreeable light cast upon his otherwise monotonous existence, although he was far from regarding her in the light in which her intriguing friends and relations had speedily the kindness to place her. He confesses, however, to the following:—

"The beautiful things of this earth are made to be admired, and, in spite of ourselves, we direct our homage towards them. How many of those who read these

pages could have defended themselves from a slight emotion when this graceful girl came and presented them with coffee, waited until they had drunk it, and then slightly pressed their hand with the sweetest tips in the world as she took back the empty cup! For my part, I confess; that as long as I enjoyed the privilege of strangers, I always burnt my throat in my eagerness to get to the bottom—not, like *Le Vaillant's* *Narcissus*, because there was a lump of sugar-candy there—but because of the delicate salate that was to succeed."

There was, again, the little girl Hennenah, a noisy creature, six years old, dressed in a bag and jacket and red cap, with a mass of uncombed hair hanging over her brows; towards this child Sitt Madoula, who seems to have been in every respect a tender mother, evinced the deepest affection. She rooked it to sleep at night in a cradle of carved oak, and frequently, in a censer of burning coals, burnt some leaves of strong pungent odour, which she fondly imagined, stealing round the infant's couch, would render its slumbers easy, and drive away all evil spirits from around it. The mosquito curtains were then fondly folded over the bed, and she quitted it in perfect security that it was safe for that night at least.

There is still the son Iskender to mention, the delight of his mother, and toward whom, though full grown, she displayed the same officious but tender affection, watching him to bed at night and tucking him in, without which care she would not believe that his sleep would be pleasant. This young man proved to be by no means a disagreeable companion, and, though not taking perhaps a very prominent part in household proceedings, was still regarded as the representative and director of all things.

Such, with occasional visitors, were the persons with whom our traveller found himself destined to associate at home. At first some affectation of reserve was kept up, but this speedily wore off, and Mr. Bayle St. John was fully admitted at all hours and times to unlimited intercourse with the family, even in presence of the Sitt's relations, who regarded her with some wonder for her insane partiality to an infidel and heretic. The following is his own account of his first supper with the family.—

"Halil Aclin, whom I have already mentioned, and who, from having been a servant in the house, had become a small shopkeeper in one of the bazaars—alias, in the language of the country, a merchant—came in to supper, and we three—I, he, and Iskender, sat down at a little round table crowded with mezes: soup in a pie-dish in one corner, a bowl of melochiyeh (a glutinous kind of herb) in the middle, a plate of Kababs or small pieces of mutton boiled on skewers; here a dish of rice, there, flat cakes of bread thrust into every vacant place, with numerous limes, which are squeezed over every mess; three clean plates, one knife, four forks, two spoons; glasses placed on chairs by our sides with some extra dishes; Sitt Madoula stumping about on her stilt-like clogs, to see that everything was right; Wardy standing in the doorway with a water-cooler resting in the palm of her hand, ready to give us drink, and caressing the beams of her bright eyes upon us; Ali lazily squatting down in the gallery outside; Henna the Mad endeavouring to make himself generally useful. Such were the elements of the scene as I remember it. I must not forget that Halil was famous as an enormous

eater, and that the great joke at table was to count and exaggerate the number of bread-cakes he devoured. A few words of grace were rapidly uttered before and after the meal, during which water was the only drink. The Levantines eat very fast, start up as soon as they have done, and have water poured over their hands, which they also sometimes rub with lemon juice. Iskender had been brought up to abhor tobacco, and almost to abstain from coffee. He was a peculiar instance. The Sitt generally took one or two shisheks, or water-pipes, every day. After supper I retired to the Deewan, or raised part of the room, and sitting down on the divan, had a pipe brought to me—of course without a mouthpiece, it being a house of mourning. I had determined to conform as much as possible to their customs, and to live with them as they lived, sharing in their tribulations and joining in their amusements. In about half-an-hour, having despatched their meal as usual in the kitchen, Sitt Madoula and Wardy retired to their sleeping apartments; Ali had gone out, Hanna was asleep, and the black girls were chattering on the housetop, their favourite place. Iskender and Halil now produced their paper lanterns, and we started to see the fun."

The feast of the Ramadhan was now approaching, and it was in order to witness some of the excitement incident to this ceremony that the two young men sallied forth. A stranger would naturally imagine the period to be one of general rejoicing for some grand victory, instead of one of fasting and lamentation. The greatest activity prevails throughout the streets, which, in general, at night wear a lonely and deserted aspect, and are sheathed in dense gloom save where the brightening influence of the moon's rays silvers a few patches of the irregular line of houses, or sparkles round the graceful minaret of some mosque or kiosk. Very few wayfarers are encountered, save those whom accident or business has drawn out to stroll through the tortuous streets, and the narrow alleys, with lanterns in their hand, flashing out from the darkness like a star. The night wanderer through Alexandria must, in general, be satisfied to gaze upon the innumerable objects of nature. The shops are, of course, shut, the bazaars closed. Here and there a pile of ruins and half finished houses rises in the moonlight; then narrow alleys diverge on all sides, and lead the eye through darkness to small vistas opening upon some little square in front of a mosque; a broken line of irregularly built houses straggles to the right and left, with their terraced roofs broken up by kiosks or sheds, while balconies and windows project overhead and break the otherwise bare front of the dwellings. In the native quarter of the town, at very rare intervals, a small oil lamp sparkles with its faint glow-worm like light, and swings in the breeze with a melancholy creaking before the gateway of some large house. At the corner of most of the streets, however, sits a watchman, sometimes with a light, but mostly without, from whom on wandering about at night you are greeted with a gruff request to acknowledge the unity of God—"Waheo"—in other words, declare that you are a friend. On this occasion, however, a far different spectacle presented itself, the shops were thrown open, the gayest merchandise displayed, the bazaars crowded. Every gallery or minaret and mosque was lighted with lamps, the coffee-houses were thronged

with visitors, all engaged in preparing themselves to undergo their rigid fast, the effects of which, however, soon make themselves visible upon their countenances, in the shape of a shade of paleness deeper than ordinary, and a careworn expression of countenance. The evening is anxiously anticipated and a muezzin is stationed upon the most lofty minaret, who, the moment he perceives the sun sink into its watery bed, unfurls a flag and gives notice that all may solace themselves for their long abstinence with refreshing food. Tables are spread in the larger houses, while the lower orders immediately fly to their pipes, take a cup of coffee, and then proceed to a more substantial breakfast; for such it must be called. The night is, indeed, turned into day: some receive an assemblage of dervishes; others, more profane, indulge in musical parties with singing, and even dancing girls. Criers perambulate the streets, the bazaars are densely thronged with a mass moving hither and thither, or assembled in groups to watch the performances of buffoons, who collect in crowds so dense that the watchmen are sometimes compelled to disperse them with great straps, with which they make a regular attack upon them, striking about in the most indiscriminate manner—avoiding, however, the respectable-looking men, but showering their wrath upon the women and boys.

"One fugitive dame, in her hurry, overthrew a Levantino merchant, to the great detriment of his snow-white turban and silk robes, and receiving as she sprawled over him a rather unseasonable volley of blows, turned round in wrath upon her pursuer, whom she anatomised verbally with most extraordinary volubility—cursing his head, and his eyes, and his beard, and his tongue, and so forth; and then taking him genealogically, and falling foul of his father and mother, his grandfather and his great-grandfather. Having reached the last point—"yennahl abugid-dak!"—she came to a pause; and shortly afterwards I saw her again, an amused spectator of the atrocious contortions of the Dancing Tailor."

During the continuance of the Ramadhan it happened that the Pasha returned from his visit to Constantinople, and a grand illumination was given, which somewhat diversified the otherwise monotonous features of the long fast, continuing three nights, during which the city was one blaze of light. Not a single house remained unilluminated, and no expense was spared to render the scene as brilliant as possible. From the palace of Ras-et-tin to the Rosetta Gate, a distance of several miles, was one splendid waving line of lamps, hung in diversified forms, while every villa and garden was illumined in the most gorgeous style. There were vases, giving forth a deep red flame, enormous crescents, stars and devices, rows of verdant arches with coloured lanterns, long avenues of flowery shrubs blazing with light, fountains that sparkled in the intense glare of thousands of lamps, trees of fire, along with everything else that could combine to render the scene one of Oriental romance. The glancing of lights in the distance, the movements of solitary women in white cloaks, like shrouds amongst the tombs, along with the bustle of penons moving to

and fre, coming and going to the fairs or bazaars, crowding round some dervish, or phantasmagoria, or dancing buffoons, with a noise that was quite stunning, rendered the scene infinitely amusing. The constant murmurs of salutations passing around, every Muslim considering it a duty to ask after his friends' health each time he passes.

Nothing could be better calculated than the scenes we have described to render a residence in Alexandria one of deep interest to a stranger, newly arrived. The Ramadhan, however, being over, Mr. Bayle St. John devoted himself to a survey of more private Levantine life. By this class, it must be understood, that our author means the Arab Christians, whether of Syrian origin or not, preserving, with slight modifications, their own manners, which definitively bear a great resemblance to those of the Muslims. It is to this class that Mr. Bayle St. John chiefly devotes his attention, though, as he informs us, he could with ease write a volume upon every particular feature of Eastern life.

Shortly after his instalment in his new home, he had an opportunity of witnessing the gradual struggles into maturity of a little line of shops recently built opposite his windows. The monthly rent was thirty piastres, or six shillings, paid in advance. The description is so admirable that we will not venture to curtail it, even at the risk of giving a somewhat lengthy extract to our readers.

"One of them was taken by a barber, who came and installed himself, with his basins, ewers, razors, &c. in a small box; the next was soon occupied by a general dealer, who exhibited two or three pounds of candles, a large earthen jar of samne or clarified butter, a small jar of honey, half a cask of preserved olives, some white cheese, and so on; next door a coffee shop was soon opened, provided with two shishahs or superior kind of water-pipes, three gozohs or cocoa-nut water-pipes with straight cane tubes, a few chibouks, a brazier with utensils for cooking and serving coffee. The adjoining shop remained unlet for some time. At length, one morning, I observed it to be open, and a worthy gentleman, in long robes and ponderous turban, busily occupied in arranging a few glass bottles, earthenware plates, basins, &c. on a couple of shelves—the whole to the value of about forty piastres or eight shillings. These, however, were not all his riches, for he presently opened a packet, and exhibited upon a handkerchief, spread on the floor of his shop, two pieces of calico, some yards of common prints, a couple of ordinary shawls, and a few tobacco pouches. These last articles, as I afterwards learned, had been obtained on credit from a man who, on the strength of this circumstance, came every afternoon and sat three or four hours with his debtor. The poor old gentleman accordingly thought it his bounden duty to dissipate the little anticipated profit, in tobacco and figans of coffee from the neighbouring shop. On one occasion, moreover, I actually heard him cry out, 'Ya betaa hommuz!' that is, O belonging to chick peas! equivalent to seller of peas! The cry was addressed to a girl who was passing by with a great bundle of the green plant upon her head, but fortunately was not heard. I took great interest in watching the progress of this Taggar or merchant, as he called himself. For the greater part of the time, he sat perfectly alone in his shop, gravely stroking his beard and trying to look indifferent, but anxiously watching for a customer. The street, however, was a new one, and not much frequented then. He waited in vain—

customers came not. Now and then, when a solitary woman was passing, he would timidly hail her with the customary, 'Aeez al, ya hint! Taail, ya, ayni! What do you want, O girl? come, O my eyes! but the general answer was that nothing was wanted. I once saw a party of women, evidently on a shopping expedition, stop in the middle of the street, to call out, Andak Shash. Have you any muslin? No! Have you any silk? No! Have you any gauze? No! The poor fellow had none of these fine things, and the party proceeded to the more wealthy bazaars."

Day after day admitted the Feringhi into closer habits of intimacy with the Levantine family. The Sitt regarded him with more and more affection, while the son looked upon him in the light of a friend. He was freely admitted to a knowledge of their domestic life, accompanying Iskender to the bazaar, and sitting with his shishak upon the carpet, watching the progress of buying and selling there, and examining the goods that he disposed of as well as the manner of so doing. The Eastern merchant does not trust to chance for customers, as in England and elsewhere, but no sooner were the goods set to rights in the morning, than he would sit down or stand at his door, inviting every one who passed to enter, and examine if his shops did not contain what they required; "Come, O girl, what do you seek? O my eyes! Come, O my heart." There is little honesty used in the mode of sale. The shop-keeper will obstinately adhere to his first price, even though it be an extortionate one. Iskender had kept a sword which he valued at forty dollars for two years' rather than sell it for thirty eight; although fully aware that the price of fine blades had fallen. "Yefta Allah!" was his reply to those who made him the offer, that is, God will open for me a way of sale! This expression is the one always used to imply a refusal or close a bargain. "What is the price of this article? Forty piastres. I will give you thirty.—Yefta Allah! Thirty, no! Yefta Allah," &c. &c.

When at home with the Sitt, in the absence of Iskender at the bazaar, Mr. Bayle St. John enjoyed the position of an elder son in the family, and was consulted on every occasion. Although, in reality, living on the most perfect terms of equality, Sitt Madoula took care officiously to point out to every visitor and relation who thronged her house out of curiosity or on business, the fact that a wooden bar was nailed across, to divide the portion of the house inhabited by the European from the remainder. This was merely, however, a nominal division. He possessed a private door opening from his bedroom to a passage leading to every part of the house, which allowed him free egress and ingress whenever he chose to avail himself of it. During his early instalment in this domestic circle, the ceremony of bringing him his meals to partake of alone in his chamber was maintained, but gradually this restriction wore off, and Oriental custom and etiquette was so far infringed as to allow him to sit at table with the rest in the family eating apartment. The Sitt, struggling between her national prejudices and her interest in the young Englishman, strove to conceal the dreadful fact that he was sharing in the same interests and joining in their

occupations. Her natural character, however, burst frequently the slender bonds of her dissimulation, and she was constantly revealing the important truth by some indiscreet allusion hastily dropped, and as hastily sought to be recovered. Her prudence, however, was extraordinary, as appears from the fact of her carefully locking every door, so that no lover or friend could penetrate into the house or court-yard, to the spot where Wardy or the slave girls were assembled. The arrangements for the night were as follows :—

"In one large room nearly filled up with two raised platforms on either side the door, leaving only a narrow passage between, slept what may be called the harem, safely locked in; that is to say, the Sitt, and Heneneh, with either Wardy, a young Mohammedan servant girl, or a black female slave, Zara, who had belonged to the family for twelve or thirteen years, and was invested with the protection of age, passed the night in a kind of warehouse below. Iskender occupied the bedroom next to his mother, who carefully barricaded the doors and windows with cushions, and heaps of rags, to prevent him from catching cold. Ali and Hanna sometimes slept in the kitchen, sometimes in the great recess in the court-yard below, and sometimes in the gallery. The triple series of doors forming the entrance, were bolted, barred, and locked, as were the doors at the bottom and top of every staircase; so that every body was compelled to stop until morning in the position they took overnight. I alone had a set of keys for my own staircase and the outer door, and could move in and out as I pleased."

The wildest speculations were soon wafted abroad concerning the stranger's actual position. Sometimes it was whispered that the Sitt Madoula had fixed upon him as the successor to her three former husbands as soon as her period of mourning had expired. Nor was this result apparently at all distasteful to the numerous relatives, one of whom, one day, ventured to draw him aside, and expatiated on the excellence of the match it was in his power to make, describing the store of wealth in her possession, and trusting that he might easily enter into partnership with her son Iskender, and become thereby, in course of time, a very respectable merchant. His officious friend was kindly thanked by the traveller, but as his own notions of the future appeared somewhat to differ from those of the Oriental, he gravely informed him that he considered the Sitt, though a worthy personage, almost, if not quite, old enough to be his mother. The rejection of so brilliant an offer was instantly tortured into another meaning; it immediately occurred to him that there must be some concealed reason for his refusal, and ascribed it to an affection he supposed him to entertain for the fair Wardy, or, in fact, that there might be no affection in the case; he was probably hesitating between pecuniary and other motives. He gently hinted as much, but on receiving a somewhat stiff reply from Mr. Bayle St. John, to the effect that the Sitt was his mother and Wardy his sister, the intriguing scoundrel retreated, scowling over the ill-success of his plans. Machination, indeed,

had long been in progress concerning Wardy, in whom, though perhaps our author could not repose his affections, he experienced all the interest of a brother. It was not, therefore, without feelings of much uneasiness that he discovered the plans in agitation to decoy her away, now that she was arrived at a marriageable age. Wardy's humble admirer, Hanna, was driven to despair by the turn affairs were taking, for the poor imbecile fellow was, as far as his capabilities admitted him, devotedly attached to his young mistress. The leader in these intrigues was Sidi Lyas, an uncle with whom a quarrel had broken out, but who steadfastly refused to quit the house, and the laws of hospitality not permitting a forcible ejection, was suffered to remain. He inhabited the room formerly occupied by his brother, Sitt Madoula's husband, and constantly fixed himself at a window, commanding a view of the whole court, whence he could survey both Wardy's and the infidel stranger's proceedings, between whom he imagined an affection subsisted. Once placed upon this scent, Mr. Bayle St. John encouraged the belief, for the purpose of annoying the old gentleman, who would spend whole days upon the watch for some circumstance upon which to ground a cause of scandal. If Wardy happened to come near the door of the stranger's room, his face would approach close to the panes and his eyes gleam with rage. Sometimes Wardy would come and talk to the Englishman through the chinks, when he would inform her that her uncle made a practice of watching her, upon which she irreverently exclaimed aloud: Anamali? What do I care? It must be confessed there was some ground for supposing a likelihood of such a state of things, and it was evident the Sitt Madoula would have been by no means displeased had it indeed been so. Wardy was a beautiful girl, and in the interesting occupation of teaching the Englishman Arabic, it is more than probable that they did not either of them confine themselves to the strict business of the moment. The reader must sincerely draw an inference from the following story, which the writer declares has very much to do with Wardy's impressions concerning himself. It may not on the surface appear, but will most likely do so on a thorough investigation:

"One night I returned late from the European quarter, lighted a candle in my study, and, shutting the door of separation, went to bed. After some time, I was awakened by a soreness in the eyes. I thought I had got ophthalmia, so I covered them up and I went to sleep again. About an hour before daylight I awoke a second time, and now noticed that the room was full of smoke. I was so stupefied, however, that I had scarcely strength to move, and lay still, in fact, for about a minute, feeling more and more inclined to give way again to sleep, although I was perfectly convinced that there was fire somewhere. At length, by a sudden effort, I got up, staggered to the door, and opened it; a dense volume of smoke then rushed in upon me. I descended the steps, but was compelled to make a hasty retreat. So black and dense was the vapour, that I could only distinguish a dim glow at the other end of the room, I shut the door, and proceeded to call the servants, in order to get water. One door being nailed up and the other bolted

inside, it was some time before I could make myself heard. At length, however, the whole family came, with the exception of Lyas, who slept out that night, and Iskender, who remained in his bed in a state of monstrous trepidation, making up his mind, in case the flames spread, to cut and run for it. The whole divan, the curtains, and part of the wood-work of the windows, were destroyed; but we at length succeeded in getting the flames under. Luckily, my study, unlike the rest of the house, was nearly all stone; had it been otherwise, half the quarter might have been burnt down. I suppose I must have carelessly thrown the match, with which I lighted the lamp, upon the divan, instead of on the stone floor; but my landlady would have it that some malicious neighbour had chucked a coal of fire through an open window."

Ever after this affair Wardy was a changed being. She had heard tales of the unhappy lot of Eastern wives, and was continually present when, encouraged by the delight of finding a listener, they would pour forth their troubles into the Englishman's ear. His disposition must have interested her in him, for her demonstration of affection was unequivocal. She deemed that a young man who spoke kindly to her, who seemed to be living there without any profession and with money at his command, would make a more interesting husband than a turbaned, bearded and moustached fellow, who would shut her in a harim. She accordingly made every possible show of affection, and would shower upon him the richest glances whenever they sat together at meal time. Every possible excuse was resorted to for entering his room if it was only for a moment; she fancied he must continually be in need of a fresh pipe, and inquired at the most impossible times, when he was studying, and if he directed his glance towards the condemned door, he was sure to encounter her eyes peeping through the chinks, and hear her voice exclaiming—"Malak ya vingar." What is the matter, O St. John? His room was daily decorated with flowers by her hands, but at length, after having tried every means of convincing her that he regarded her only in the light of a friend, sometimes by attempts at harshness, in which he was defeated by her meekness and gently reproachful looks, when having scolded her for taking away his books, he at length allowed his stoicism to melt before her tenderness, an innocent flirtation was commenced, in which it is evident she entered with far more serious views than our author. One morning, after a pretty interesting scene with Wardy, in which an affectionate farewell was taken at the condemned door, Mr. Bayle St. John sallied forth to stroll in the bazaars. There is a crisis in all such affairs of which circumstances give warning, only that we do not notice them, but remember them after, and wish we had heeded the warning voice. It happened that day that he had business to transact, and on returning somewhat hastily from the bazaar to prepare for the post, he passed Wardy in the court-yard. She playfully called out to him, My bridegroom! He glanced hastily at her, smiled, and passed on. He never saw poor Wardy again. There was a busy concave sitting up stairs, composed of friends and relatives who were busy in deciding upon

the poor girl's fate. They had heard of a merchant at Beyrout who was in want of a wife, and who had already had ten wives, and had scarcely a tooth remaining in his head. Poor little Wardy, the pride of the Sitt, with her innocent and hopeful heart beating with impulses foreign to an Oriental heart, was to be consigned to the care of an unfeeling old Turk, and leave all her early associations and happy friends, to be secluded in the walls of a harem. When in the evening Mr. Bayle St. John returned, he heard to his great surprise, amidst the tears and lamentations of the Sitt, the story of her being conveyed away. They had followed her to the room where she had locked herself in, and forced the door, and at length induced her by alternate threats and promises to leave the home where she had received the attention of a mother from the kind-hearted Madoula.

The departure of the Rose left a gap in the household economy of the Sitt, which nothing could wholly fill up. Our author felt some reproachful pangs on the departure of the young Levantine, and marks the great change which her absence wrought, by one simple expression—simple, but full of meaning, which occurs in his diary:—

"THE HOUSE IS DULL WITHOUT WARDY."

"He never met her again. The relations who conveyed her to Beyrout quitted her only when safely deposited in the hands of her future husband, and the door of the harem once closed upon her, no shadow of her form would ever again perhaps fall upon the street, no stranger would ever hear her voice. Those who have experienced a similar sentiment will perfectly understand the solitude in which the departure of one bright spirit leaves a house.

It is amusing to follow the now domesticated stranger in his daily routine of Levantine life, and the gradual strengthening of the little bond of friendship which had at first formed the link between our author and the Sitt's family. Like most other persons who aim at being superlatively kind, the tender solicitude of the Sitt was sometimes far from welcome. Habituated herself to the climate of Egypt, she could not conceive how loss of appetite from exposure to the heat could ever take place, and if Mr. Bayle chanced to refrain from partaking as usual of her bountiful hospitality, she was distressed beyond measure, imagined he was offended, and would stand a little apart and watch the progress of his meal, taking care to quadruple the quantity next day of that particular dish of which she fancied he partook the most. In order not to excite her anger or distress, Mr. St. John called to his aid a hungry cat and kitten, who made ample amends for his own deficiency. What, however, proves the inherent hospitality of her heart more than anything else, was the fact that she never on any occasion permitted him to make any extra remuneration for any visitors he might invite, no matter what the number; "Your friends are my friends," was her reply invariably.

We fear we have been tempted by this delightful narrative to follow it more closely and at greater length

than we had at first intended. For the many amusing adventures it contains, for the visit to the Harem, the description of the dancing girls, smuggled with the Sitt's connivance into the house, and various other details, we must refer to the volume itself, which will amply repay a perusal, inasmuch as it is stocked with anecdotes, and traits of manner highly characteristic and interesting, while the descriptions given are written in a manly modest style. We may assure our readers that the work, though small, will throw a very vivid light upon the customs of the East.

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 "A Life of Christopher Columbus." By Horace Roscoe St. John. This is a vivid and picturesque narrative of the life and discoveries of the great navigator, interspersed with apposite reflections and many genuine touches of eloquence. It is said in the preface, that this volume, (which, we may observe, *en passant*, is extremely modest in size and pretensions,) "was at first written without the aid of Washington Irving's work;" but the appearance of that admirable biography induced the author to depart from his original design, and to produce a much smaller book than he had at first contemplated. We have no hesitation in stating that the present production is just the kind of biography, which the school-boy would read through with unflagging interest. Its pages are crowded with incidents and adventures,—perhaps the most romantic and remarkable that have ever chequered the life of an individual,—in all respects most admirably told; and the character of the great discoverer of the western continent is delineated with great discrimination, power, and skill. Mr. St. John's "Life of Columbus," we can assure our readers, is by no means a common-place piece of biography; it abounds in vivid descriptions and vigorous thoughts, and the language is uniformly terse and elegant.

"The Burden of the Bell, and other Lyrics." By T. Westwood. A short note at the beginning of this volume informs us that several of the poems included in this collection have already appeared in the *Athenæum* and *Frazer's Magazine*. We apprehend that their re-appearance in the present form will be hailed with pleasure by many well-judging friends who have already detected their excellence. Mr. Westwood's lyrics appear to us to be instinct with true poetic feeling. He possesses, it is evident, a refined and cultivated taste, a warm imagination, and a musical ear. We might cite many happy examples of his graceful and elegant versification; and if this volume should fall (as we hope it will) into the hands of some of our readers, we would beg them to turn to the "Poet's Flower-gathering," "Effie's Secret," and the "Greeting on the Threshold," as exhibiting some of the best characteristics of Mr. Westwood's muse, and as being, at the same time, favourable specimens of modern fugitive poetry. A little poem entitled "Love her still," is full of gentle and graceful sentiment, and reminds us of some of the humane outpourings of the late Thomas Hood. We could not help fancying that there is,

occasionally, a slight affectation in Mr. Westwood's phraseology, which we should like to see avoided; but where there is so much excellence, we do not wish to appear censorious.

"The Amyott's Home; or, Life in Childhood." By the author of "Life's Lessons," &c. A very interesting book for children of both sexes, conveying many useful lessons in an attractive style. The object of the authoress, as set forth in the preface, appears to us to be worthy of all commendation. "She would endeavour," she tells us—and we quote her words with real pleasure—"to inspire in children a respect for their own age, and would help to inculcate into the very youngest a sense of the holy bond between Life and Duty, showing that the small efforts and victories of the child, on the side of virtue, are precisely of the nature of those which make the Heroes and Philanthropists of *grown up* life."

"Whose Poems?" Under this strange title we have a small volume of poetry, published by Mr. Pickering, in a superior style of typography, and inviting notice as well from the intrinsic merit as the eccentric character of its contents. The preface informs us that "the poems were composed at different times, and without a view to publication." Many of them appear to us to display great powers of fancy, and facility of versification.

"The Vale of Cedars; or, the Martyr: a Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century." By Grace Aguilar. The scene of this interesting tale is laid during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and the authoress has cleverly availed herself of the religious and social aspects of the period to construct a story full of curious and romantic incident. "The Vale of Cedars" is the retreat of a Jewish family, compelled, by persecution, to perform their religious rites with the utmost secrecy. On the singular position of this fated race in the most catholic land of Europe, the interest of the tale mainly depends; whilst a few glimpses of the horrors of the terrible Inquisition are afforded the reader, and heighten the interest of the narrative.

"Pleasant Pastime; or, Drawing-room Dramas, for private representation by the young." The author of these dramas introduces them by stating that "impersonation has ever been the favourite pastime of childhood and youth," and that it is believed "that this development of the imitative faculty may be directed to useful purposes." Some pleasant little dramas are accordingly constructed, adapted for the performance of young people in private families and schools, and illustrating in general some moral sentiment. We can only say, that from their varied character and the simplicity of their structure, these Lilliputian dramas are admirably calculated to answer the purpose for which they have been written. The grave and gay appear to be mingled in equal proportions, and as the gem of the latter class we may particularly mention, "Ahmed the Cobbler, or the Astrologer," founded on an incident related in Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*, which is full of harmless fun.

THE ARTHURS OF BRITAIN.

QUEEN VICTORIA seems resolved to introduce a complete change in the names of the royal family of England. Instead of George, Augustus, Frederick, Adolphus, and William, we have Albert, Alfred, and Arthur Patrick. The little boy only requires the addition of Andrew, to unite in himself the favourite names of the three kingdoms, which, in the lapse of time, have happily, as far as political matters are concerned, merged in England, retaining still, however, many interesting remains and evidences of independent nationality. As for Andrew, there may be, as the poet of progress, Charles Mackay, says or sings, "A good time coming yet."

With respect to the young ladies of her Majesty's happy fireside, we have a similar change; and Charlotte, Caroline, and Elizabeth, give place to Alice Maude, Louisa, and Helen.

The high and unwonted compliment paid to ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, by the giving of his name to the young prince, has awakened public curiosity to the history of the name *Arthur*, as connected with our national history; a curiosity, for attempting to gratify which by the following brief notice, we expect the thanks of our readers.

The first ARTHUR whom we have to notice is the ancient British king, celebrated among other feats for his *Knights of the Round Table*.

The books which have been written on this hero are, beyond all reckoning, numerous. They might remind one of the story of the German prince, who, having received a cast of the skull of Robert the Bruce from George IV. and, although the owner of a most extensive library, being quite ignorant who this Bruce could be, desired his librarian to send him all the books he had about such a man. He was surprised by the arrival of a waggon load, with an intimation that a second would speedily follow. There have been little less than waggon loads of books written on King Arthur, and, as "a multitude of words darken wisdom," there is very little certain truth to be extracted from the whole mass.

Mr. Whittaker's account of King Arthur is held to be one of the most reasonable. Mr. Southey, in his introduction to "The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur," gives a learned disquisition on his history. Richard Robinson, who prides himself on the title "Citizen of London," published in 1583 a little black-letter volume, styled, "The Auncient Order, Societie and Unitie laudable, of Prince Arthure, and his Knightly Armoury of the Round Table." It contains the titles, and a curious account, in doggerel rhyme, of the coats of arms of fifty-eight knights. When our infant prince Arthur comes in due season to entertain knights, we would recommend him, if he wishes for anything like comfort, to diminish very much the size of his round table.

Spenser makes Arthur's history the medium of the beautiful metrical romances, known to all lovers of English literature as "The Faery Queen." Sir Lytton

Bulwer has also used his well-plumed pen on the same subject.

But we must give up further enumeration, else we shall furnish a list as bulky and confused as M. Panizzi's letter *A*, in the new catalogue at the Museum library. Suffice it to say, that while many of the works profess to be true histories, others are avowedly romances; and that the romances, in all likelihood, contain as much truth as the histories.

The word Arthur is the old Welsh, or Silurian, *Arth-uir*, meaning *great man*, or *sovereign*; and our hero is supposed to have been prince of the Silures, one of the tribes of ancient Britons. Admitting this to be the meaning of the word, the "hero of a hundred fights" has well vindicated his right to the name; and we trust Victoria's third son may be a *great man* also; but we would have him the *Arthur* of peace, as his godfather has been the *Arthur* of war.

King Arthur would appear, by the most credible accounts, to have been the son of Gorleis, Duke of Cornwall, and his wife Igerna, although when he had been raised to the sovereignty of the Britons in Wales, the vanity of the Welsh induced them to invent a fable by which his paternity was attributed, through the agency of magic, to Uther, pendragon, or king, of Wales. From his earliest youth he was distinguished as a warrior, and his fame having reached the ears of Ambrosius, pendragon of the Briton tribes, he was employed by him as a general in his wars against the Saxons and the Scots. Many are the accounts of his victories over these nations. He penetrated to the north of England, and defeated the Saxons in several battles in Lincoln and Yorkshire. He defeated also the united Scots and Picts on the borders of Scotland, and besieged Dunbritton, the modern Dumbarton, which, from its being almost inaccessible, must, before the use of cannon, have been a place of great strength. He also visited Edinburgh, at least so says tradition.

He so far influenced Scotch affairs, that his adherent, among rival claimants, was declared king of that nation, a circumstance not forgotten by Edward I. when he advanced his iniquitous claims to that kingdom. Loth, one of Arthur's knights, is supposed to have established himself in the Lothians, to which he gave his name. The pendragon Ambrosius was succeeded by his brother Uther, the magical father of Arthur; and on his death, Arthur was chosen pendragon: this was in 516. He was now at the height of his power, which seems to have been very extensively acknowledged, in so far that princes from all parts of the island, and probably also from Ireland, did him homage. It was then he instituted the knighthood of the round table, which has the credit of having given rise to all the orders of knighthood in Europe. It is assuredly a much more pleasant and jovial title than that of the evil-suggesting garter, the cold bath, or the prickly thistle; and should a new order be instituted by Her Majesty in honour of Prince Arthur, we would suggest its adoption. It has a hospitable sound—the round table, and we hope authors will not be forgotten in the distribution of the honours.

Arthur married Guenhumera, a lady of Cornwall, the same who, under the name of Guenever, is the subject of many metrical romances, in which she is more famed for her beauty than for conjugal fidelity. The stories of our hero's conquest of Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and the Orkneys, defy the belief of the most credulous; but he made an expedition into France, when Guenever, choosing to consider him as good as dead, married his nephew, Modred, and the two took possession of the throne. On Arthur's return a civil war of course ensued; Modred was defeated in an ancient Waterloo—a three days' battle, but the Arthur of old, less fortunate than him of our day, received so many wounds that he died shortly after in the island of Avelon, and was buried in the same place. This took place in A.D. 542, so that his reign as pendragon or king was twenty-six years. Of Modred's fate we learn—

"But Arthur slewe Modred with his knyfe long,
That Caliburne was called, of such vertue,
That whomsoc'er he smote therewith he slewe."

The knights of old had a fond fancy for giving names to their favourite swords, shields, and helmets, as well as to their horses.

Dr. Kippis tells us, that Henry II. in the last year of his reign, being at Pembroke, and hearing a Welsh bard singing to his harp the story of Arthur, concluding without account of his death and burial in the churchyard of Glastonbury, between two pyramids,—(it must be noticed that Glastonbury is the ancient Avelon, and was an island.)—the king instantly gave orders that the matter should be inquired into, and the body dug up. This was done, as the king directed; and, at the depth of seven feet, was found a vast stone, whereon was fastened a leaden cross, with this inscription on the inside, "*Hic jacet inclitus Rex Arturius sepultus in Insula Avalonia.*" "Here lies the famous King Arthur, buried in the Isle of Avelon." Digging still lower, they found the king's body in the trunk of a tree, his beautiful queen lying beside him, with long flowing hair, in colour bright as gold, which, however, sunk into dust when touched. The king's bones were very large sized, and in his skull there were ten wounds, or more, all cicatrised except that of which he died. This discovery was made in 1189, as Giraldus Cambrensis tells us, who saw these bones, and examined the whole matter carefully. There was also a table containing this story set up in the monastery of Glastonbury; and the leaden cross, with the inscription, remained there till the dissolution of the monastery, when it was seen by the great antiquary, Leland; but what became of it since doth not appear. When we call to mind the cause of the war, the allegation that the queen's body was found beside that of Arthur throws doubt on the whole story. However, as Guenever retired to a nunnery, she may have had influence to cause her remains to be laid with those of Arthur. And the story is not without confirmation, for we read in Stowe's Chronicle, A.D. 1278, sixth of Edward I. "In the month of April the king and queen,

and the archbishop of Canterbury, with their trains, took their journey towards Glastonbury, where the king caused the tomb of Arctour to be opened, whose bones he caused to be removed out of the said tomb, to behold the length and bigness of them, and then returned to London."

That Arthur surveyed broad Scotland from the magnificent hill which towers over Edinburgh, and bears the name of Arthur's Seat, is a tradition which the more zealously national of the Scottish antiquarians do not willingly admit; and they assign a different derivation to the word. There is no improbability, however, in Arthur's having visited Edinburgh, and that the hill in question received its name from him. A more modern, if somewhat trivial story, connected with this name and place, we can vouch for the truth of. The visitors to Edinburgh may remember a cottage which stood, some years ago at least,—(we know not if it still exists,)—on the brow of the hill overlooking Holyrood Palace. It was occupied by a very old man, named Johnston, one of the keepers of the grounds, who, in addition, sold ale to thirsty travellers, who had been climbing the neighbouring hills. This old man had an old raven, of great size, which he had trained to utter a few words. When asked, "Who won the battle of Waterloo?" it used to croak out, in tones by no means indistinct, "Arthur, boy!"

The next Arthur whose name attracts our attention in English history ought, had right prevailed, to have been king also. He is the unfortunate Arthur of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and grandson of Henry II. King of England. His mother was Constance, daughter of Conan, Duke of Brittany and Earl of Richmond. His misfortunes began early indeed; for the death of his father preceded his birth, which took place on March 31st, 1187. His uncle, Richard of the Lion-heart, had acknowledged him as his heir; but when that king received his death-wound, in 1199, he left all his dominions to his brother John,—a younger brother than Geoffrey,—worked upon by some secret influence, probably by that of his mother, if, indeed, the will was not forged by the Queen Dowager Elinor and her son John—a suspicion to which the infamous characters of both lend ground. Arthur was only twelve years of age, and had little chance against his crafty opponents; yet, under the guidance of his mother, Constance, he asserted his claims boldly; and, had his friends had more patience, and resolved to "bide his time," it is probable he would have succeeded, when the nation had been given time to reflect on the justice of his claims, and to discover the profligacy of John. As it was, a war between the two parties took place; and Philip of France having taken up the cause of Arthur, the English resented any such interference, and the youthful prince's cause was henceforth hopeless.

Shakspeare, in his historical drama of "King John," has thrown round this period the halo of his genius; and, after all that has been written by graver historians, the account of the bard of Avon is, probably, as nearly as can be learned, the correct one. Philip's

ambassador claims the crown from John in these terse and lofty words:—

Chatillon. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories, To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine: Desisting thee to lay aside the sword Which aways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign."

In this rapid passage we have a summary of the dominions of England in those days; and if she has lost "Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine," the acquisition of India, Australia, Canada, and more islands than Mr. Benjamin Hawes or Sir William Molesworth can well keep count of, amply compensates for them. To the cavalier demand of France King John demurs:—

"What follows if we disallow of this?"

Chatillon. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment.—So answer France."

This is a summary way of settling a negotiation, which might give a useful hint, and save much time to Lord Palmerston and the protocolorians. M. Drouhyn de Luys, indeed, seems to have acted pretty much in the same spirit lately; but it has all evaporated, and now

"They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke."

According to our bard, Queen Elinor, who had played false to her first husband because he shaved his beard, and who had stirred up his sons to rebellion against her second husband, was quite conscious of the unsoundness of John's title to the throne. John says—

"Our strong possession and our right for us!"

Elinor. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you and me. So much my conscience whispers in your ear; Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear."

What a contrast does this succession present to one which took place in our own day, when a lovely and amiable girl in her teens, amid the acclamations of millions, succeeded to an empire on which the sun never sets!

King Philip, in an interview with John, thus energetically describes Arthur's person and claims:—

"Look here, upon thy brother Geoffrey's face; These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his: This little abstract doth contain that large Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume. That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born, And this his son. England was Geoffrey's right, And his is Geoffrey's. In the name of God, How comes it then that thou art called a king, When living blood within these temples beats, Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?"

The alleged will of Richard does not pass unquestioned. Elinor says—

"I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

Constat. Aye, who doubts that?—a will, a wicked will, A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will."

The unfortunate prince himself exclaims—

"Good mother, peace!"

I would that I were laid in my grave! I am not worth this cell that's made for me."

And so it was. His army was defeated at Mirabeau—a place since celebrated as giving the title to the great revolutionary orator,—and himself taken prisoner. He was confined, first in Falaise, and afterwards in Rouen. In the spring of the year 1203 he disappeared, history tells us, and was never more heard of. Shakspeare represents that two attempts,—the one to put out his eyes, and the other to murder him,—having failed, through the humanity of Hubert, Arthur made an effort to escape, fell from the walls, and was killed. This, and his laying the scene in England instead of France, suited the plan of his drama. Arthur's body was never produced; and as John, although loudly arraigned by the clamours of his people, and more formally summoned by Philip as the lord paramount of his French dominions, could give no credible account of his nephew's death, we cannot but conclude that he had caused him to be secretly murdered. It is probable that the same fate befell his only sister some years afterwards.

If in his life he could not serve his people, by his death he did: it added much to that general indignation against John, which ended in wresting from him Magna Charta.

When the Earl of Richmond succeeded to the throne as Henry VII. he was anxious to strengthen his very doubtful claims to represent even the house of Lancaster. That he was a Tudor there could be no doubt, and it was easy to trace Tudor to Tewdrig, a Welsh prince of fame, and through him to Arthur. When therefore Henry's queen, Elizabeth of York, presented him with a boy at Winchester, in September 1486, he named the infant prince of Wales Arthur, in compliment to his original country, and in allusion to his descent from that illustrious hero. The Welsh thus claim our royal family all to themselves. Our friends the Welsh are most enterprising genealogists; they even lay claim to the Scottish Stuarts. Fleance, son of the Banquo who murdered the sleep of Macbeth, fled to Wales, and his son, by a Welsh princess, returning to Scotland, became steward to the Scottish king, and his descendant, marrying the daughter of Bruce, gave kings to Scotland, and ultimately to England. Thus between the Welsh and the Germans England has no claim to her Queen at all; the descent from Alfred is eclipsed.

The birth of this Arthur, prince of Wales, is thus mentioned by an old historian: "This to the most fortunate king was a near happiness; to the queen a great matter of joy; to the church a sovereign delight; to the court an exceeding pleasure; and, in sum, to the whole kingdom an incredible satisfaction." The events of this prince's life hurried rapidly on from the cradle to the grave. We are told that he was serious and studious, and learned beyond most princes. At fifteen years of age his father married him to Catherine of Arragon, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who now were styled king and queen of Spain. This marriage

had been in course of negotiation for several years, the two astute fathers trying to overreach each other as to the dowry, and was finally concluded upon by their respective plenipotentiaries at Bewdley, in the diocese of Hereford, on the 19th of May, 1499; but the princess did not arrive in England till October 2d, 1501, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp in St. Paul's cathedral on November 14th. Catherine was in her eighteenth year. This marriage, which indirectly led to consequences of the greatest importance to England, was the immediate cause of the death of the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence who was drowned in the wine-butt, and the undoubted heir, next to Henry's queen, to the English crown. Ferdinand, as a matter of policy, demanded his death. He had been long in prison, and Henry ordered him to be led to the scaffold, adding another to the instances of bloodthirstiness which we find recorded in every page of the Tudor history.

The youthful prince Arthur and his bride established a magnificent court at Ludlow Castle, but in the spring of the year 1502, on April 2d, he died, after a short illness. The fortune Ferdinand had agreed to give with his daughter was 200,000 crowns, a very large sum in those days. Henry had received 100,000 of this, and had settled on the princess as a jointure one third of the revenues of the principality of Wales, the duchy of Cornwall, and earldom of Chester. The king was a miserly lover of money, and was averse to let all this wealth go out of his family. From this motive, chiefly, it is supposed, he married his son Henry, now prince of Wales, to Arthur's widow. Henry was then only twelve years of age. He succeeded to the throne at eighteen. Soon after his accession a daughter was born, afterwards queen Mary, who vindicated her claim to true descent on both sides of the house, by the fires of Smithfield. Henry and Catherine lived for many years in happy union, but we need not repeat the story of her divorce, when the charms of Anne Boleyn impelled the king to separate from her, nor tell how this divorce of Arthur's widow accelerated that blessed event, the Reformation.

The history of Arthur Wellesley has been written in the blood of England's foes; it is recorded in monuments of brass, and marble, and stone; it is deep seated in the hearts and memories of his countrymen; it will be conned and got by rote by their children; it will employ the pens of hundreds of future historians. For the young prince, as we have said, we hope that he may be the "*Arthur, the great man, of peace,*" and we trust that his character and actions may be such that he may be beloved while he lives, and that his memory, when he dies, may be honoured in the hearts of his countrymen.

ITALY.

THE CEMETERY AND BURYING HOLES AT NAPLES.

NAPLES is associated with thoughts of its beautiful bay and its bright skies; and surpassingly lovely is the scene there, when, in the early spring time, nature is courting forth into beauty under the tempered rays

of the sun, which though shining warmly, do not as yet light up the intolerable mid-day of a southern clime. Magnificent points of view present themselves in all directions, whether we command the whole bay from the summit of the hill on the slopes of which Naples spreads itself, or enjoy the more limited survey from the sea-shore, or the royal gardens in the neighbourhood of the Chiesi;—I frequently preferred the latter.

The dreamy music of the waves breaking at one's feet, associates well with the scene and the feelings, and disposes one to the enjoyment of that *Dolce far niente* state of the mind, which sees and ruminates on all without trouble or excitement, opening the gate of fancy and postponing the severer judgment of things to other times.

Before you is the wide outspread bay, glistening in the sunbeams, crowned with Neapolitan boats, with their white sails catching the light. Behind, is the town of Naples, with the gloomy castle of San Elmo, and its neighbour, the convent of Certosa, crowning the heights—the one a military, the other like a spiritual guard over the city. On the right of the bay the land stretches far away, crowned with fertile heights, and trellised with vines, and every part studded with white and shiny-looking country houses. The left side of the bay is a long line of beauty. The eye passes from the buildings of the town to rest upon Mount Vesuvius, rising in sullen majesty—its outline against the clear sky, and a small wreath of smoke curling from its top—an indication of the fearful agency within, which tells, or ought to tell, that though the volcano slumbers, it may awake in a moment. Below the mountain is the town of Portici, and underneath Portici is Herculaneum; and yet the king has a palace at Portici, and the inhabitants live as if earthquakes were extinct.—It is like sleeping over a powder magazine. And then comes the town of Torre del Greco, with the hardened lava still remaining as it rolled down the streets and ruined the town, at no very distant eruption; the place itself is now rebuilt with volcanic material. A little further on is the pretty village of Torre della Nunziata, waiting quietly its turn to be overwhelmed; and within a walk is Pompeii.—What a world is in that word!—Our next picnic party is to be an excursion there.

We propose entering by the street of Tombs, visiting the deserted streets, and then lunching with a party of bright-eyed English ladies, on sandwiches and Champagne, in the house of Diomed, or in the villa of Catullus. Further on we dream for a moment as we see Castella Mare, like a white spot on the shore. There is the summer resort both of natives and visitors—the very bath of Naples,—beyond is Sorrento, where Tasso was born; and further on still is Amalfi, hid amidst the projecting rocks of picturesque beauty, which bound the view on the right;—and there stands out from the sea the island of Capri,—and we think of Tiberius, and the steam-boat excursion which is to be made in a few days, to explore the scenes which it was once death to visit.

There is no paradise on earth which has not its grave,

—Naples is no exception, and has strange contrasts even in its burial places. There are two principal cemeteries, which swallow up the inhabitants when they have done with the sunshine. The one is called *Il Cimiterio Vecchio*, the old burying place; and the other, *Il Cimiterio Nuovo*, or the new and ornamental one; erected of late years in accordance with the spirit of the times. They are both, I am informed, well deserving of a visit—in fact, we ought not to leave Naples, my cicerone tells me, without looking into one of the 365 holes into which the uncoffined dead are thrown like dogs. The dead were formerly either interred in the churches, the convents, or in this cemetery. The rich and the high classes had their graves in the former—the poor and the humbler, were consigned to the latter. But no ordinary idea of a burial-place can convey any true notion of the *Cimiterio Vecchio* of Naples. I must see it—I will see both these places, and as the new in the present day successfully contests precedence with the old—"To the new cemetery, coachman!" I exclaimed to the driver of my caleche so soon as the resolution was formed.—I addressed the man in English—one is apt to forget oneself abroad. He touched his hat and looked me in the face,—I exclaimed, "*Al cimiterio nuovo*," and in half an hour we were there.

This cemetery is about three miles distant from Naples. An extensive area has been enclosed for it on an eminence, commanding on the one side a fine view of Vesuvius, and on the other, of the whole of the bay and the surrounding country. Many splendid mausoleums have already been erected, and many are in progress, so as to give the promise, in a few years, of a *Père la Chaise* for Italy.

The ordinary method of burial in the open ground may here be adopted by all who choose so to dispose of the remains of their kindred or friends. Numerous vaults are prepared for the reception of other bodies, and a number of holes or pits for those who are not to be buried in the graves or in the vaults. One of these pits is opened every five days, and by this arrangement the same hole is not reopened until the following year. But the part of this cemetery most curious, is the place fitted up for the reception of the dead bodies previously to interment. In southern climates it is the custom to inter very quickly after death, and many terrible accidents may have occurred in this manner, from death, although apparent, not having actually taken place.

The dead of the day are now brought to this reception place, which is an extensive hall, and remain there for twenty-four hours, as a precaution against premature interment.—I entered this building—and there a long line of coffins, supported about a yard high from the ground, extended the whole length;—they were all empty; the dead of the day had not yet arrived. "They will be here soon," my guide informed me, "and then all the coffins will be full;" the corpses being thus put in their cerements in these open places, must present a strange and horrible appearance. Over each coffin was a wire, which was to be fixed to each corpse in such a manner, that the slightest

movement would sound a bell in an adjoining apartment, where attendants watched night and day with every proper appliance in readiness, in case any of the ghastly inmates should summon them. It would be curious to imagine the effect on such guardians, of the bell sounding—I inquired if it had ever occurred—it had not, but the *Custode* had been informed, that in some part of Germany, where a similar preparation had been made, a person actually returned from a trance, summoned the attendants, and was restored to life and health.

A large marble table was at another part of this charnel-house: it was for the dissection of such of the bodies as the medical authorities might wish to examine before their being consigned to the pit.

I was glad to find myself again in the open air. I fancied the atmosphere of the room was heavy and deathlike. Outside, the sun was shining brightly; Vesuvius was throwing up from its summit clouds of white smoke, shining like silver from the reflected rays of the sun.

And now to the old burying-place—the *Cimiterio Vecchio*. Will you join me in an excursion at sunset to see it when they bury the dead?—I proposed to a friend who had some taste for the horrible as well as the beautiful. "Be it so,"—and we were soon on our route.—We passed through some of the populous parts of the ever busy city of Naples. After leaving the Capuan gate we entered, at some distance from the town, into the suburban district leading to the cemetery; and after winding through many lanes, we reached a space of garden ground on which were some scattered houses and a squalid population, conveying the idea both of filth and misery; a fetid smell arising from decaying vegetation polluted the air. Groups of ill-looking men, who regarded us with a suspicious look as we neared them, were playing at cards and drinking, and numerous women were following us, loudly imploring for alms. We were obliged to seek information as to the cemetery from one of the peasants; a guide immediately offered himself, to whom we explained our object as well as we could in the Neapolitan dialect, and having put ourselves under his guidance, we proceeded for some distance through a desolate neighbourhood until we came to a raised ground covered with rank vegetation, which he pointed out to us as the cemetery.

We told him this could not be the one we sought, as there were no traces of a burial-place. The man had mistaken our demand; he had brought us to a burial-place; but it was the place where the victims of the cholera, which raged so frightfully at Naples, had been deposited in heaps upon heaps.

Our imaginations were active in such a spot, and fancying infection still remaining in the very air around, we retraced with eagerness our way, until at some distance we came to the entrance to the old cemetery, and ascending by a winding path, we reached a small terrace, on which were some yew-trees, fit ornaments for such a spot.

A plain wall, extending a considerable distance,

formed one side of the large space enclosed for the burying-ground. Over the portico of the entrance was an appropriate inscription—and within the gate, and before passing into the cemetery itself, was a large atrium, or space with funeral monuments at each end.

This was the reception room for the dead of each day, as they are accumulated before the time of burial, which takes place at sunset: in this room were several of the men whose horrid occupation was that of receiving the corpses, and then consigning them to the Pits. The nature of such a pursuit had, doubtless, made them look as they did, or the associations with which we invested them made us all feel they looked unlike their species; a half-ferocious look, mingled with what I thought might be a sadness and disgust arising from such occupations, seemed upon them. There were six or seven of them; they looked like a band of resurrection men, or hangmen; they appeared to know our object in coming, for they all came forward and bid us enter, and we followed them into the large square of the cemetery.

There are no grave-stones there,—no trees,—no monuments of any kind,—no inscriptions,—no kind epitaph,—not even a remembrance, and yet the place contains unnumbered dead. There are 365 large holes or pits, one for each day in the year! and one is opened every day to receive the daily offering to Death, and then closed up. Its turn does not again arrive until a year has passed; the intermediate time has fulfilled in these horrid chambers its work of destruction, and the charnel-house has renewed room for its new dead: a stone without any inscription, except a figured number on it, is closed with cement over every pit, and the burying-place presents only an enclosure, with these numerous grave-slabs in every direction.

"Some of the dead are come, and the rest will soon be here,—we bury in number 120 to-day," was the information we received in reply to our questions; and looking around both in the charnel-room and the burying-ground, we observed various strange-looking boxes or cases, not coffins, but something like them, lying about in different parts;—they contained the corpses; and, one after another, our guides opened various cases to show us the dead. There, in one case, lay a woman of middle age, not in a winding-sheet, but in the dress of everyday employment, the stockings and shoes both on, the ghastly visage of death strangely contrasting with the vestments of life; in another was an old man, his shroud being an ordinary shirt; the lid of another box was lifted, and there lay a young woman who had died that morning, her hair hanging all in disorder about a face that had been lovely; some hand,—perhaps that of love, had placed a chaplet of flowers on her head,—in a few minutes the body was to be recklessly thrown in to fester, among the festering mass of the day.

There was beside us a common square box,—surely no human remains could be there; but the graveman lifted the top to disclose the corpse of a child covered with a common blue gown—the poor thing looked as

if it had died of starvation. But it is useless to enumerate, when all looked horrible, unearthly and unnatural, for there is something even in the decencies attendant on death and sepulture, as occurring in England, which makes the contrast, as seen here, appear so strong. Bodies were now rapidly being brought for the sepulture of the day, and amongst them some small deal cases were carried by men, on their shoulders; they were the small or still-born children of the day, brought to be thrown in amongst the rest on the opening of the pit.

But the time to open the fosse or grave is arrived, the stone is uncemented and lifted; 365 days have passed away since it was lifted before; the bodies have all been consumed, a mass of bones alone rests at the bottom of the pit, the quick lime which was thrown in with the corpses, expedited the destruction, and the offering is again ready for the insatiate grave: the coffins of the dead are all collected around the mouth of the pit,—the officials throw out the contents, and corpse after corpse falls with a heavy dull sound into the pit;—there drops the woman we saw,—now the poor child,—now the young woman with her dishevelled hair, which waves out as she falls from the case, the coronet of flowers has fallen from her head, they will perish together at the bottom; and thus on—on,—corpse after corpse—body over body, until all is completed. An attendant priest makes one rapid service in Latin, for the whole of the dead; scarcely any relations or friends are there at this last scene of the departed,—the stone is again lowered, again cemented, and all is over: the nameless dead are consigned to a nameless grave, and their unrecorded memory will perish for ever from the records of humanity.

But imagination can look into the pit now closed amidst that mass, which the fall from above has thrown into such horrid contortion, and into such polluted contact,—and can still awaken scenes of the past, in which, during the fitful fever of life, these bodies have taken their part; scenes of love and hatred—of friendship and affection—of sorrow and of joy—of hope and of fear—of passion and of powerful emotions—of life and of death—the last struggle and the agony—have all been there, but all are over, and fancy itself shrinks back disgusted from tracing the picture of what must follow in the recesses of that abode of decaying mortality.

To-morrow the same scene will be renewed, the grave adjoining, number 121, will be opened, and will be filled—for when was Death ever disappointed of his prey?

As I left the place, I looked again at the graphic fresco painting which is over the entrance door. It represents the Saviour on the cross, and with its heaven-pointing moral there, is like a burst of sunshine on a stormy day: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE,—HE THAT BELLEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD YET SHALL HE LIVE.—AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH, AND BELLEVETH IN ME, SHALL NEVER DIE."

S. LEE WOLMER.

THE TWO BEES.

A FABLE.

BY F. LAWRENCE.

ONE summer's morning fresh and sunny,
After a month of cloudless weather,
To gather in their choicest honey
A pair of bees set forth together;
Two loyal knaves as e'er were seen
Of the same good and gracious queen.

They'd not gone far when in the air
They met a wand'ring odour sweet,
Which led them to a garden fair,—

A cottage garden, plain and neat;
Where poor but lib'ral hands had set
Some charming beds of mignonette.

And fragrant thyme that filled the air
With rich and delicate perfume,
And roses, white and red, were there,
And dainty hollyhocks in bloom,
That soared majestic, straight, and tall,
Like mighty monarchs over all.

"Hurrah! yon garden plot," said one,
"A large and luscious spoil will yield."
"Nay," said the other, "this bright sun
Shall tempt me farther yet afield,—
Perchance to pass my morning hours
With richer and with rarer flowers."

So one within the garden stay'd,
And gathered honey all day long,
Watch'd by a little bright-eyed maid,
Who listen'd to his joyous song,
And, as from flower to flower he flew,
(So busy and so cheerful too),
A life-directing lesson drew.

The other onward, onward sailed,
But joyless was his flight and dreary,
And soon his strength or spirit failed,
And, all disconsolate and weary,
He called the garden plot to mind
And wish'd that he had stay'd behind.

At length, to his profound relief,
Came wafted odours in the air,
And welcome glimpses, bright and brief,
He caught of a genteel parterre;
He hurried on, and, in a trice,
Alighted in a Paradise!

How fortunate at last was he,
Admitted to that realm of beauty!—
But languidly the weary bee
Applied to his appointed duty,
And more than once bewail'd the fate
That gave such privilege so late.

The sequel now: At eventide,
When both the bees were home expected,
The one came early to the hive,
The other late, and much dejected:
The one a precious burthen bore
The other half his wonted store.

The queen, who ruled by inborn right
Of sense sublime and princely spirit,—
Who made it her supreme delight
To humble pride and foster merit,—
Summon'd forth with her subject-bees,
And briefly spoke in words like these:—

"My friends," said she, "the richest treasure
Is also oftentimes the nearest,
And those who travel far for pleasure
Will find that what has cost them dearest
Is far less precious, when 'tis earn'd,
Than the cheap happiness they spurn'd."

And men, like bees, may oft regret
The folly of the morning hour,
When with a cold and stern "Not yet,"
They hurried past the alighted flower,
Which had abundant power to bless
With years of hoarded happiness.

DEBORAH'S DIARY.

August.

OUR life here is most pleasant. Father and I pass almost y^e whole of our time in the open air; he dictating, and I writing, while mother and Mary find 'emselves I know not whether mere of toyl or pastime, within doors,—washing, brewing, baking, pickling, and preserving; to say nought of the dairy, which supplies us with endless variety of country messes, such as father's soul loveth. 'Tis well we have this resource, or our bill of fare would be somewhat meagre; for the butcher kills nothing but mutton, except at Christmass. Then, we make our own bread, for we now keep strict quarantine, the plague having now so much spread, that there have e'en been one or two cases in Chalfont. The only one to seek for employment has been poor Anne, whose great resources at home have ever been church-going and visiting poor folk. She can do neither here, for we keep close, even on the sabbath; and she can neither read to father, take long, lonely rambles, nor help mother in her housewifery. Howbeit, a resource hath at length turned up; for the lonely cot (which is the only dwelling within sight) has become y^e refuge of a poor, pious widow, whose only daughter, a weaver of gold and silver lace, has been thrown out of employ by the present stagnation of all business. Anne picked up an acquaintance with 'em shortly after our coming; and, being by nature a hoarder, in an innocent way, so as always to have a few shillings by her for charitable uses, when Mary and I have none, she hath improved her commerce with Joan Elliott to that degree, as to get her to teach her her pretty business, at the price of the contents of her little purse. So these two sit harmoniously at their loom, within earshot of father and me, while he dictates to me his wondrous poem. We are nearing the end of it now, and have reached the reconciliation of Adam and Eve, which, I think, affected him a good deal, and abstracted his mind all y^e evening; for why, else, should he have so forgotten himself as to call me sweet Moll? . . . Mary lookt up, thinking he meant her; but he never calls her Moll or Molly; and, I believe, was quite unaware he had done so to me; but it showed the course his mind was taking.

To-day, as we were sitting under the hedge, we heard a rough voice shouting, "Hoy, hoy! what are you about there?" To which another man's voice, just over against us, deprecatingly replied, "No harm, I promise you, master. . . . We have clean bills of health; and my wife and I, foot-sore and hungry, do but purpose to set up our little cabin against the bank, till the sabbath is overpast."

(1) Continued from p. 328.

"But you must set it up somewhere else," cries the other, who was the Chalfont Constable; "for we Chalfont folks are very particular, and can't have strangers come harbouring here in our highways and hedges,—dying, and making themselves disagreeable."

"But we don't mean to die or be disagreeable," says the other. "We are on our way to my wife's parish; and, sure, you cannot stop us on the king's highway."

"Oh! but we can, though," says the constable. "And, besides, this is not the king's highway, but only a bye-way, which is next to private property; and the gentleman at present in occupation of that private property will be highly and justly offended if you go to give him the plague."

"That's me," says father. "Do tell him, Deb, not to be so hard on the poor people, but to let them abide where they are till the sabbath is over. I dare say they have clean bills of health, as they say; and the spot is so lonely, they need not be denied fire and water."

So I parleyed with John Constable, and he parleyed with the travellers, who really had passports, and seemed honest as well as sound. So they were permitted, without let or hindrance, to erect their little booth; and in a little while they had collected sticks enough to light a fire, the smoke of which annoyed us not, because we were to windward.

"What have we for dinner to-day?" says father.

"A cold shoulder of mutton," says mother, who had thrown 'em a couple of cabbages.

"Well," says father, "'twas to a cold shoulder of mutton that Samuel set down Saul; and what was good enough for a prophet may well content a poet. I propose, that what we leave of ours to-day, should be given to these poor people for their sabbath's dinner; and I, for one, shall eat no meat to-day."

In fact, none did but Mary and mother, who fancy fasting 'not good for their stomachs; soe Anne, who is the most fearless of us all, handed the joint over to them, with some broken bread and dripping, which was most thankfully received. In truth, I believe them harmless people, for they are now a singing psalms.

Ellwood has turned up agayn, to the great pleasure of father, who delights in his company, and likes his reading better than ours, though he *will* call pater payter. Consequence is, I have infinitely more leisure, and can ramble hither and thither, (always shunning wayfarers,) and bring home my lap full of flowers and weeds, with rustical names, such as Ragged Robin, Sneezewort, Cream-and-Codlins, Jack-in-the-Hedge, or Sauce-alone. Many of these I knew not before; but I describe them to father, and he tells me what they are. He hath finished his poem, and given it Ellwood to read, in the most careless fashion imaginable, saying, "You can take this home, and run through it at your leisure. I should like to hear your judgment on it some time or other." Nor do I believe he has ever since given himself an uneasy

thought of what that judgment may be, nor what the world at large may think of it. His pleasure is not in praise but production; the last makes him, now and then, a little feverish; the other, or its want—never. Just at last, 'twas hard work to us both; he was like a wheel running down-hill, that must get to the end before it stopped. Mother scolded him, and made him promise he would leave off for a week or so; at least, she says he did, and he says he did not, and asks her whether, if the grass had promised not to grow, she would believe it.

I wish Anne were a little more demonstrative; father would then be as assured of her affection as of mine, and treat her with equall tenderness. But, no, she cannot be; she will sitt and look piteously on his blind face, but, alas! he cannot see that; and when he pours forth the full tide of melody on his organ, and hymns mellifluous praise, the tears rush to her eyes, and she is oft obliged to quit the chamber; but, alas! he knows not that. So he goes on, deeming her, I fear me, stupid as well as silent, indifferent as well as infirm.

I am not avised of her ever having let him feel her sympathy save when he was inditing to me the commencement of his third book, while she sate by at her sewing. 'Twas at these lines:—

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank."

His brow was a little contracted, but his face was quite composed; while she, on t'other hand, with her work dropped from her lap, and her eyes streaming, sate gazing on him, the image of woe. At length, timidly stole to his side, and, after hesitating awhile, kissed both his eyelids. He caught her to him, quite taken by surprise, and, for a moment, both wept bitterly. This was soon put a stop to, by mother's coming in, with her head full of stale fish; howbeit, father treated Anne with uncommon tenderness all that evening, calling her his sweet Nan; while she, shrinking back again into her shell, was shyer than ever. But his spiritts were soothed rather than dashed by this little outbreak; and at bedtime, he said, even cheerfully, "Now, good-night, girls: . . . may it, indeed, be as good to you as to me. You know, night brings back my day."

I wish I knew y^e distinction between temperament and genius: how far father's even frame is attributable to one or t'other. If to the former, why, we might hope to attain it as well as he;—yet, no; this is equallie the gift of God's grace. Our humours we may controwl, but our temperament is born with us; and if one s^d say, "Why are you a vessel of glorious things, while I am a vessel of things weak and vile?"

—nay, but, oh! man or woman, who art thou that questionest the will of God? His election is shewn no less in the gift of genius or of an equable temperament than of spirituall life; and the thing formed may not say to him that formed it, "Why hast thou made me thus."

Father, indeed, can flame out in political controversy, and lay about him as with a flail, right and left, making the chaff, and sometimes the wheat too, fly about his ears. 'Twas while threshing the wheat by the wine-press at Ophrah, that Gideon was called by the angel; and methinks father hath in like manner been summoned from the floor of his threshing, to discourse of heaven and earth, and bring forth from his mind's storehouse things new and old. I wonder if the world will ever give heed to his teaching. Suppose a spark of fire should drop some night on the manuscript, while Ellwood is dozing over it;—why, there's an end on't. I suppose father could never do it over again. I wonder how many fine things have been lost in suchlike ways; or whether God ever permitts a truly fine thing to be utterly lost. We may drop a diamond into the sea; but there it is, at the bottom of the great deep. Justinian's Pandects turned up again. The art of making glass was lost once. The passage round the Cape was made and forgotten.—If I pore over this, I shall puzzle my head. Howbeit, were I to round the Cape, I should hardly look for stranger and more glorious scenes than father hath in his poem made familiar to me. He hath done more for me than Columbus for Queen Isabel—hath revealed to me a far better New World. Now, I scarce ever look on the setting sun, surrounded by hues more gorgeous than those of the high-priest's breast-plate, without picturing the angel of the sun seated on that bright beam which bore him, slope downward, beneath the Azores. And, in the less brilliant hour, I, by faith or fancy, discern Ithuriel and Zephon in the shade; and by their side a third, of regal port, but faded splendour wan. A little later still, can sometimes hear the voice of God, or as, I suppose, we might say, the Word of God, walking in the garden. Pneuma! His breath! His Spirit! How hushed and still! Then, the night cometh, when no man can work—when the young lions, in tropical climes, waking from their day-sleep, seek their meat from God. Albeit they may prow about the dwellings of his people, they cannot enter, for He that watcheth them neither slumbers nor sleeps. Moreover, heavenly vigils relieve one another at their posts, and go their midnight rounds; sometimes singing, (father says,) with heavenly touch of instrumental sounds, in full harmonic number joined. . . . yes, and shepherds, once, at least, have heard them.

And then . . . and then mother cries, "How often, Deb, shall I bid you lock the gate at nine o'clock, and bring me in the key?"

with the air of a competent authority, which father took in the utmost good part, and chatted with him on the subject for some time. Howbeit, he is not much flattered, I fancy, by the Quaker's pragmatick sanction, qualifyde, too, as it was to show his own discernment; and when I consider that the major part of criticks may be as little fitted to take the measure of their subject as Ellwood is of father, I cannot but see that the gleanings of father's grapes is better than the vintage of the critick's Abieser.

To wind up all, Ellwood, primming up his mouth, says, "Thou hast found much to tell us, friend Milton, on Paradise Lost;—now, what hast thou to say of Paradise Regained?"

Father said nothing at the time, but hath since been brooding a good deal, and keeping me much to the reading of the New Testament; and I think my night-work will soon begin again.

I grieve to think Mary can sometimes be a little spitefull, as well as unduteous. She is ill at her pen, and having to-day made some blunder, for which father chid her,—not overmuch,—she rudely made answer, "I never had a writing-master." Betty, being by, treasured up, as I could see, this ill-natured speech: and 'twas unfair too; for, if we never had a writing-master, yet my aunt Agar taught us; and 'twas our own fault if we improved no more. Indeed, we have had a scrambling sort of education; but, in many respects, our advantages have exceeded those of many young women; and among them I reckon, first and foremost, continuall intercourse with a superior mind.

If a piece of mere leather, by frequent contact with silver, acquires a certain portion of the pure and bright metal; sure, the children of a gifted parent must, by the collision of their minds, insensibly, as 'twere, imbibe somewhat of his finer parts. Ned Phillips, indeed, sayth we are like people living so close under a big mountain, as not to know how high it is; but I think we . . . at least, I do. And, whatever be our scant learnings, father, despite his limited means, hath never grutch'd us y^e supply of a reall want; and is, at this time, paying Joan Elliott at a good rate for perfecting Anne in her pretty work. I am sorry Mary s^d thus have sneaped him; and I am sorry I ever hurt him, either by uncivil speech, or wronged him by unkind thought. Poor Nan, with all her infirmities, is, perhaps, his best child. Not that I am a bad one, neither. My night-tasks have recommenced of late; because, as he says—

"I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno;"

which, being interpreted, means, "His thoughts would let him and his daughter take no rest."

I know not that any one but father hath ever concerned themselves to imagine the anxieties of the blessed Virgin during her Son's forty days' mysterious absence. No wonder that

"WITHIN her breast, tho' calm, her breast, tho' pure,
Motherly fears got head."

Sept.

Good so! Master Ellwood hath brought back the MS. at last, and delivered his approbation thereon

Father hath touched her with a very tender and reverent hand, dwelling less on her than he did on Eve, whom he with perfect beauty adorned, onlie to make her sin appear more sad. Well,—we know not ourselves; but methinks I should not have transgressed as she did, neither, for an apple.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION OF 1801.

PART II.

BY MISS JANE MARGARET STRICKLAND.

COUNT PAHLEN found the heir-apparent in the corridor of the palace St. Michael. Alexander was in some agitation, for when he had advanced to pay his customary respects to his father and sovereign, the emperor had made him a sign to withdraw from his presence. Alexander, though compelled to retire from the apartment, had lingered in the corridor in the hope of learning from Pahlen the cause of this banishment, and of that fierce anger which blazed in the eyes of the autocrat.

To the iron-hearted statesman, rending the ties that still linked the hearts of the father and son, was nothing. In the filial distress of Alexander, he only saw an advantage to be gained, and when the amiable young man asked him "If the emperor had left any orders that regarded him?" he replied, "Yes your highness, I am sorry to say I am charged with a very terrible one!"

"What is it?" asked the prince, in a tone expressive of surprise and anxiety.

"To arrest your highness and demand your sword! for from this moment you are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner—required to give up my sword—but what crime have I committed?"

"Your imperial highness is of course aware that in the court of St. Petersburg unfortunately punishment often precedes crime, and that innocence does not secure the individual who falls under the Emperor's displeasure."

"The emperor is doubly master of my fate as my sovereign and father. You have only to show me the order to induce my submission." The prince spoke with the dignity of an upright man and the reverence of a son and subject. He took the document which he perused in silence till he saw the name of the Grand-duke Constantine. "My brother too," cried he, "I had hoped this paper only related to me;" but when he beheld that of the empress, an indignant flush came over his face, and he exclaimed, "My mother! Oh my dear virtuous mother! that angel descended from heaven, that saint upon earth. It is too much Pahlen, it is too much." He dropped the order, and covering his face with his hands, concealed the evidences of tender filial love from Pahlen, who regarded his deep emotion with the feelings of a profound politician; for in the eyes of the crafty prime-minister the deep game he was playing was won.

(1) Continued from p. 31.

"Hear me, your highness," said he, throwing himself at the feet of the agonized prince. "It is time to put a stop to these terrible misfortunes. It is necessary to restrain the effects of your august father's malady. To-day he abridges your liberty—to-morrow——"

"Count Pahlen," rejoined the prince.

The prime-minister repeated the name of "Alexis Petrowitz."

Alexander turned very pale, but he raised his head, and answered his crafty tempter with some sternness.

"Count Pahlen, you calumniate my father."

"It is not his heart I accuse, but his reason, your highness. These wild and contradictory regulations, impossible commands, and cruel punishments, betray to every eye his terrible malady. Those about his person are aware of it, and speak of it to others, who repeat it again to everybody. Your highness, to speak the truth, your unfortunate father is mad."

"Good heavens!"

"Well, my prince, it is necessary to save him from himself. He must abdicate in your favour. I do not give you this counsel as a solitary individual, it is the nobility, the senate, in fact the empire—it is the whole body of the nation who have chosen me to utter the public voice."

The prince drew back with the dignity of a son who still felt deep filial reverence for his unfortunate sire. "Pahlen, my father is still living; how then can I tear the sceptre from his hands. It is you who are mad. Never! never!"

"Look at the order," coolly returned Pahlen, "which your highness has not yet completely examined. Do you believe that it merely relates to your imprisonment? Believe me when I tell you that *your days are numbered*."

"Save the empress, save my brother!" replied the agitated prince, then more accessible to the holy influence of the *affections* than to that of *ambition*.

"Am I his master? have I the power? can I even be sure that those who wish to gain the emperor's favour may not anticipate his wishes on his prisoners? In closing with my offer you will not only preserve the empress and the Grand-duke, but save the life of your father also."

"What do you say, Pahlen?"

"I say that the reign of the Emperor Paul is ended. You refuse to sanction his abdication. To-morrow you will be compelled to pardon his assassination."

"Let me see my father—Pahlen, I must see him!"

"He has forbidden your highness his presence; to force an entrance is equally impossible, for he has taken precautions to prevent intrusion on your part."

"And you say that his life is in danger," remarked the prince thoughtfully.

"Russia has placed her hopes upon your highness. If you crush them, it will be necessary for us to decide between a determination which ruins us or a crime that

(2) This prince was tried and condemned by Peter the Great, but his death is uncertain, as to the cause, whether occasioned by his father, or his own mental distress.

saves us. Prince, we shall choose the crime;" and he turned to depart.

"Count Pahlen," cried the prince, "you shall not quit my presence without first swearing upon this holy symbol that the days of my father shall not be shortened, and that if he should even make any resistance you will preserve his life at the expense of your own!" He drew from his bosom a crucifix attached to his neck by a chain of gold.

"Prince, I have acquitted myself of a cruel duty in saying to you what I have done," coldly replied the imperial minister. "I depart to consider the oath you wish to exact from me, and leave you to deliberate upon the proposition I have made you." He bowed very low and quitted the presence of the heir-apparent, taking care, however, to put him under arrest by placing a guard at the door of the apartment. To the empress and the grand-duke Constantine, he merely displayed the order, which expressed fearfully enough to them the emperor's pleasure, but he posted no sentinels at the portals; that was a precaution the crafty conspirator only thought necessary with Alexander.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and consequently the night was closed in when Count Pahlen met at the house of Count Talitzin his fellow conspirators, by whom he was overwhelmed with questions. "I have no time to answer you," was his calm reply. "Everything goes on well, and in half an hour I shall bring a considerable augmentation to your numbers."

In quality of governor of St. Petersburg, the doors of every prison were open to Count Pahlen, who, surrounded by a military guard, announced to the prisoners to hold themselves ready for instant removal. His severe look and tone alarmed these unfortunate victims of military etiquette, in whose mind death, or life-long exile in the dreary wilds of Siberia, were the permanent thoughts.

They entered the sledges, and a few minutes after alighted in the court of a magnificent hotel. "Follow me!" said the count; and he opened the door, which he closed behind him, leaving the soldiers outside. Arrived in the antechamber, he withdrew a cloth from a table, and pointed to a pile of swords.—"Arm yourselves!" was his command, and each of the astonished prisoners received again and replaced at his side that weapon which had been lately snatched from him by the vile hands of the common hangman. They felt assured that something strange and unexpected was required from them; but what—they could not divine.

The incomprehensible prime minister did not keep them long in suspense, he flung open the folding doors of a magnificent apartment, where the guests rose from the table and welcomed them glass in hand with the general cry of "Long live Alexander!" This reception from friends and relatives from whom they had believed themselves separated for ever, had the effect upon which Count Pahlen had calculated. In a few words the object in view was explained to them, and the proposition was eagerly accepted by men whose

hearts were still full of rage and shame. No one refused to take his part in the terrible tragedy about to be performed at the palace.

Among these sixty regicides, General Benningen was the most irritated against the insane master who had disgraced a useful servant. He had been commander-in-chief, and was a Hanoverian by birth. His after career was brilliant and successful, for he stopped the advance of Napoleon at a later period in Poland. He was withdrawn from his banishment at his country-house to become the second leader in this plot, of which Count Pahlen was the secret head. Plato Zuboff and his two brothers, Nicholas and Walluin, Deperadowisch, Arkamahaff, and Prince Tatetoville, Talitzin, Gardanen, Sartarinow, Seriatin, and Prince Wercinskoi, were also leading men in a conspiracy in which the lately liberated prisoners may only be considered recruits.

The doomed emperor had passed the evening with the Princess Gagarin, his mistress. His pallid countenance, gloomy brow, and abstracted manner, made her ask him if any thing had happened to annoy him.

"The time is come in which I must strike a great blow!" replied the Emperor, gloomily. "In a few days some heads must fall which have been very dear to me."

The princess made some pretence to leave the presence of her sovereign, in order to write a few warning words to the Czarowitz Alexander; then actually under arrest, and it must be confessed she made the best use she could of the confidence reposed in her by Paul. The guards permitted the billet to pass, and Alexander read with consternation the intimation it contained, for he could not doubt a fact which reached him from a lady who held all his father's secrets in her keeping.

It is a remarkable feature in this conspiracy, that Count Pahlen added to the despatch he wrote under the dictation of Paul to the Russian minister at the court of Prussia, these emphatic words by way of postscript:—"His imperial majesty is labouring under indisposition to-day. The consequences may prove serious." The body of the document contained a threat to the Prussian government, designed to compel her to act with energy against England, in default of which, Paul expressed his intention of invading the Prussian frontier with eighty thousand men. The inserting of this sentence was designed by Pahlen to prevent Monsieur Krudener from attaching any importance to the substance of the despatch, while it hinted at some change. The words themselves comprised the actual death-warrant of Paul, and they were written under his own eyes.

An absurd superstition had like to have put an end to the conspiracy of the 29d of March, 1801. The conspirators, who entered the garden of the palace of St. Michael about eleven o'clock at night, disturbed a number of crows, who saluted them, in return for this invasion of their rest, by an ominous and lugubrious croaking; and men about to force an entrance into the bedchamber of their sovereign, and to deprive him of

empire and of life, trembled before the national ill-omen. Counts Pahlen and Zuboff had some difficulty to induce their alarmed accomplices to proceed.

In the court of the palace they divided into two bands. One led by Pahlen entered the private door by which the minister usually obtained access to his sovereign; the other, headed by Zuboff and Beningsen, and directed by Arkamaloff the aide-de-camp of the emperor, ascended the grand staircase without meeting any impediment, for Pahlen had, in relieving the guard, filled the posts, not with privates, but officers in whom he could confide. They were challenged, however, by one sentinel whom he had wholly overlooked, while making his treasonable change. His challenge gave them some alarm. Yeningsen, opening his mantle, displayed his decorations.

"Silence," said he; "do you not see where we are going?"

"Pass, patrol," replied the sentinel, with the usual military motion of the head; and the murderers marched forward, relieved from this unexpected obstacle.

In crossing the gallery near the antechamber, an officer disguised as a sentinel answered the question of Count Zuboff, by the assurance that the Emperor had been an hour in his bedroom.

"Very well," was the brief reply made by Zuboff, and the disguised regicide continued his patrol. The emperor was indeed in bed, where he slept upon the faith of Count Pahlen. The door of communication between his apartment and that of the empress had been effectually closed, through the cruel suspicions the prime minister had excited in the bosom of the emperor, and on that being open depended his only chance of escape. Arkamaloff, the regicidal aide-de-camp, guided the conspirators to the door of the antechamber, at which he knocked.

"Who is there?" demanded the valet-de-chambre.

"Arkamaloff, aide-de-camp to his majesty."

"What do you want?"

"To make my report."

"Your Excellency is jesting; it is not yet midnight."

"Get up, it is you who are dreaming. I tell you it is six o'clock in the morning, and it is you that are the mistaken party. Open the door quickly, or the emperor will disgrace me."

"I do not know that I ought to do so."

"I am on duty, and I order you."

The valet obeyed, and the conspirators rushed forward, sword in hand, to the door of the imperial apartment. The terrified attendant hid himself in a corner, but a Polish huzzar, who was on duty, threw himself before the portal, and perceiving the object of these nocturnal visitors, ordered them "to go back." Count Zuboff refused, and endeavoured to force his entrance by the exertion of main strength. A pistol was fired in the struggle, and a sabre stroke disarmed the sole defender of a prince, who, a few hours before, had had fifty-three millions of men at his disposal. The gallant soldier lay on the ground overpowered,

affording a noble example of fidelity in the midst of the band of treacherous assassins.

The report of the pistol awakened the sleeping emperor, who leapt from the bed, and rushed towards the concealed door leading to the apartment of the empress. He forgot in that moment of peril that he had himself directed it to be strongly barricaded. Disappointed in his first object, he remembered the trapdoor, which only required the pressure of his boot heel to spring open, and disclose the secret stair, but he vainly made the attempt, for his feet were naked, and that contingency had never occurred to his mind when taking those precautions against assassination in his bed-chamber. He concealed himself behind the chimney-screen, which he gained just as the door was forced open by the conspirators. Count Zuboff rushed to the bed, which he found empty.

"All is lost," cried he; "the emperor has escaped us."

"No, I see him," replied Beningsen.

The emperor, who saw himself discovered, called on Pahlen, whom he supposed was at hand, to save him.

"Help me, Pahlen."

Beningsen approached his sovereign with a show of respect, lowering the point of his sword.

"Sire, you call Pahlen in vain to your aid, for Pahlen is one of us. Besides, your life is in no danger; you are only a prisoner in the name of the Emperor Alexander."

"Who are you?" demanded the emperor, whom agitation, and the feeble light of the night-lamp, had prevented from recognizing the speaker.

"Whoever we are," haughtily rejoined Count Zuboff, "we are sent to you by the senate. Take this paper," and he held out the act of abdication to his sovereign, "and decide thy fate thyself."

Then he brought the night-lamp to that part of the room where the emperor still remained, that he might read the paper he offered to him. The emperor took and began to look over it. He then raised his head, and looking at the conspirators, exclaimed, "Great God! what have I done that you should treat me thus?"

"You have tyrannized over us for four years," cried a voice.

The emperor once more perused the paper, but the language, the epithets applied to him, recalled him to himself. His anger rose, and his courage with it. He forgot his dreadful situation; alone, naked, unarmed, and surrounded by men wearing their hats in his presence, and with swords in their hands. He tore the paper, and trampled it under his feet, expressing with resentment not unmingled with dignity his feelings in these words, "Never, never! rather death!" and he made a movement towards the fauteuil upon which his sword lay.

At that instant the second band of conspirators rushed in, composed of young men lately degraded from their military rank, and highly incensed against the unfortunate emperor. Among these Prince Tatetsville was distinguished by his determination to revenge, the insult he had received from his frantic

sovereign, by shedding his blood. He flung himself upon the emperor, overturning, in that sudden movement, the lamp whose feeble rays had dimly lighted this dreadful scene; the rest of the struggle, maintained with a naked and unarmed man, took place in the midst of silence and profound darkness: Paul fell, and uttered a sharp cry of pain, for his head had struck against an angle of the room and received a fearful wound. That cry inspired with fear and energy the conspirators, Prince Wereinskoi, Seraitin, and Sartarinow, who threw themselves upon the emperor, who had regained once more his feet: Paul fell a second time, uttering sharp cries, which were changed into stifled groans, by the application of some hand to his mouth. With great exertion he freed himself from the murderous and stifling grasp, and addressed these words in French to his assassins—

"Gentlemen, spare me; leave me, at least, time to pray to—"

The sound of the last word was lost in the choking pangs of suffocation. A subaltern officer wound his sash about the waist of the emperor, whom he dared not strangle by the neck, while another struck him a deadly blow on the head with the pommel of his sword; at that moment Beningsen returned with the light for which he had gone in search, and beheld the emperor in the agonies of death. His two actual assassins were bending over him, and after a few convulsive movements, saw the spirit of the murdered emperor pass away.

In that moment of deep silence which invariably follows crime, a noise was heard at the private door; it was the empress, endeavouring to force her way into the apartment of the murdered emperor, whose dying groans had brought her instantly to his aid. This attempt alarmed and disturbed the assassins, till they recognised her voice, and remembered that the barred portal which opposed her entrance secured them from any dangerous consequences on that side. Beningsen raised the head of the emperor, and perceiving life to be extinct, directed the remains of the victim to be laid on the bed. It was at this instant Count Pahlen entered, sword in hand, for, faithful to the double game he was playing, he did not appear as a conspirator till it was won, and the tragedy concluded. At the sight of the sovereign he had betrayed, whose disfigured face Beningsen was covering with the bed-clothes, he turned very pale, and remained at the door, leaning against the wall, as if for support, with his weapon lowered. It was the only manifestation of feeling he showed; a feeling that none, perhaps, shared with him. Beningsen, who had only joined the conspiracy a few days, preserved an unalterable firmness throughout the dreadful night: he now said to his companions:—"Come, gentlemen, it is time for us to pay our homage to the Emperor Alexander."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed a multitude of voices; "Yes, yes; let us go to pay our duty to the Emperor Alexander;" and they quitted the chamber of death with greater precipitation than they had used in effecting their entrance.

In the mean time, the empress, faithful to her duties as a wife and subject, endeavoured to gain admission to the imperial apartment, by the saloon into which it opened; here she was met by Petroskoi, a lieutenant in the Semenokoi guards, who with thirty men opposed her entrance.

"Pardon me, madam," said he with a low bow, "but you must not go on."

"Do not you know me?" asked the empress, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, madam, I know that I have the honour to speak to the empress; but my Colonel has forbidden me to allow your majesty to enter. Indeed, your majesty is the last person in the world to whom this permission could be granted."

"See if you dare execute your orders," replied the noble-minded and courageous princess, in a tone that expressed the affection of an anxious wife, without losing the dignity of an empress. She advanced towards the soldiers with an air of determination; but the men barred her passage to the fatal room with their crossed muskets. It was at this precise moment that the conspirators quitted the bed-chamber of the unfortunate emperor, crying out, "Long live Alexander!" that they beheld his new-made widow attempting to force her way thither. Upon her entreating him to let her pass, Beningsen advanced towards her; when, perceiving he was recognised, he said, "Madam, all is now concluded. I dare not permit you to enter, for in doing so you would shorten your own days; and those of the Emperor Paul are terminated."

The empress uttered a cry of deep anguish, and sank into a fauteuil. The Grand-duchesses, Maria and Catherine, awakened by the unusual noise and confusion in the palace, had followed the steps of their mother, unperceived by her. They knelt down on each side of her chair, as if to seek protection from her presence. Finding herself on the point of fainting, the empress asked for water; a soldier brought her some, but the Grand-duchess Maria would not let her mother take the glass, which she imagined contained poison. The soldier, perceiving her suspicions, drank a little of it, and presented the remainder to the Grand-duchess, to whom he said, "You see, madam, her majesty may drink this water without fear or danger."

Beningsen left the empress to the care of these princesses, while he descended with the conspirators to that in which the Czarowitz Alexander was confined, the situation of whose apartment, immediately beneath that occupied by his father, had made him painfully aware of the midnight attack, and its dreadful consequences. He had heard the report of the pistol, the struggle, the fall; the cries and groans of the murdered emperor had made him as well acquainted with the scene in the chamber above, as if he had been personally present at the murder. More than once he had endeavoured to rush forth to defend his parent; but the door was securely fastened without, and surrounded by a strong guard. The entrance of Beningsen and the conspirators, the cries of "Long live

the emperor Alexander!" proclaim the completion of the tragedy. He can have no doubt as to the manner in which his accession to the throne has been accomplished.

"Ah, Pahlen," cried he to that treacherous statesman, "what a page for the beginning of my history!"

"Sire," replied the prime-minister, "those that follow it will make it forgotten."

"They will call me the assassin of my father;" and forgetful of every thing but his indignation, he loaded the impassible prime-minister with reproaches.

"This moment," replied the Count, "ought to be differently employed; your majesty must think of something else."

"Of what can I think unless of my unfortunate father?" and the new emperor lost all self-command, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands and wept violently; for his heart was good and tender, and he was surrounded by the assassins of a parent—assassins, too, whom he had no power to punish. Count Zuboff brought the Grand-duke Constantine to his brother, whom that prince found overwhelmed with despair, and incapable of action.¹

"Come," said Count Pahlen to the emperor; "you have wept long enough for a son and subject. Rise up and reign!"

"My mother—the empress?" asked Alexander in a tone of great anxiety.

"She is in perfect safety," replied Count Pahlen, "but in the name of Heaven, sire, do not lose a moment."

"What can I do?" replied the new sovereign of Russia impatiently, for his mental distress would not let him form any decision.

"Follow me, sire, the least delay will be productive of dangerous consequences," replied Pahlen emphatically.

"Do with me as you please," coldly answered the emperor; and he was placed in the sledge Count Pahlen had provided for the conveyance of the late emperor to the fortress; for the prime minister's aim had been at the power, not the life, of his frantic master, who had been sacrificed to the vengeance of the degraded officers, headed by the revengeful Count Zuboff. Alexander, whose last thought was for his mother, despatched Beningen to the empress for her better protection. He then entered the sledge, with his face still bathed in tears. Counts Pahlen and Zuboff mounted behind in the place usually occupied by footmen. The reception Alexander met with from the regiments posted upon the quarter of the Admiralty, to which he was presented by Count Pahlen, was enthusiastic. "The emperor! the emperor Alexander! Long life to the new emperor!" was a cry echoed by a people roused from their sleep by the acclamations of the military; and their joyous shouts proved to the sorrow-stricken successor of Paul, that the midnight revolution which had placed him on the throne was acceptable to subjects over whom the mental infirmity of that unfortunate emperor had

caused him to tyrannize. The agent was in Paul's brain." This brilliant remark from the pen of an accomplished writer forms a masterly apology for the misrule of the well meaning madman, who, in an inauspicious moment for himself and Russia, mounted a throne for which he was incapacitated by his dreadful malady.

The empress-mother was inclined to dispute the throne with her son, for she was ambitious, and the tragical history of Russia furnished her with but too many precedents of female usurpation. The message she sent to her son lacerated afresh a heart already deeply wounded; but the widow of Paul was a fond mother, and the wish to reign originated as much in her determination to punish the assassins of her husband, as in her love of power. She yielded up her claims, and took the oath of allegiance to Alexander: the hope of revenging the death of her husband, she did not.

Extraordinary pains were taken to conceal the manner in which the Emperor Paul received his death. His chief physician, Wette, pronounced the cause to be apoplexy, and the deep wound on his face was imputed by him to the fall. A large military hat, of the same shape probably as that he had compelled his subjects to adopt, with its plume, was placed forward on his head to conceal those stabs and contusions which even the proverbial credulity of the courtiers could not have considered as the effects of an apoplectic fit. The body was embalmed and lay in state for a fortnight. Etiquette every day brought beside that bier the Emperor Alexander, who always approached it with a visible change of complexion, and quitted it pale and in tears. He could not sentence the murderers to exile in Siberia, but he gave them rank in regiments stationed in that dismal country, where they were prisoners in every thing but the name. Count Pahlen remained for a time governor of St. Petersburg; but his penetrating eyes easily discovered the horror and remorse his presence gave his sovereign; remorse, because his artful arguments, by assailing the young prince on the side of the affections, had occasioned him to consider the necessity of his father's abdication. That meditation he always believed had occasioned the crime.

A few days after the interment of Paul, a priest exposed to public view a picture of the national saint,² which he pretended an angel had brought him from Heaven; beneath this painting, these words were written—"God will punish all the assassins of Paul I." Crowds visited the chapel in which this picture was placed. The circumstance, by attracting the public attention to the late tragedy, deeply affected the spirits of the new emperor. Count Pahlen asked permission to put an end to this imposture. The priest was whipped, and the castigation was sufficiently severe to draw from him the whole truth. He declared that the empress had employed him to excite the people against the murderers by an

(1) Thiers' *Consulate et Empire*.

(2) Croly.

(3) St. Nicholas.

appeal to their superstitious feelings, and in proof of this assertion, he declared the count would find in her private oratory the fac-simile of the painting and inscription. Pahlen immediately broke open her chapel, and carried off the obnoxious picture. The empress, bathed in tears, demanded satisfaction of her son, who gladly availed himself of this pretext to despatch an order to the count, to withdraw to his estates. "I expected this," said the regicide, with a smile; "my packets have been already sent thither."

In another hour Count Pahlen had surrendered his portfolio as prime-minister, and his government of St. Petersburg, and that same evening was on the road to Riga.

The emperor Alexander never forgot the catastrophe that had prematurely placed him upon the imperial throne; it formed the secret remorse of his whole life. His features wore, when in public, a serene smile; but that constant smile only masked the deep melancholy that shadowed his mind with gloom. He loved solitude, because he could then drop that forced expression of satisfaction, and yield himself up unrestrained to his filial regret. To him might be applied the beautiful and truthful lines of the poet:—

"A face of smiles, a heart of tears,
So in the church-yard realm of death
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is cold and dead beneath."

(To be continued.)

THE BROWN RINGLET.

BY J. M. W.

"Love is love for evermore."—TENNYSON.

THE following little story, or fragment of a story, was communicated to me by an old schoolfellow of mine,—Miss Merton, or, as we all called her at school, Grace Merton, or, Gracey. She was one of a numerous family, which is, I think, an advantage to a girl. It is good to have a large and varied society within one's home;—to grow up among many brothers and sisters; and, in this way, to begin life with a good stock of sympathies and interests, apart from self. I know some philosophers who contend that family-interest is but a larger sort of self-interest. Be it so;—it is a *larger* sort, which is the one thing desirable, until human beings are so constituted as to be able to take all humanity to their hearts, before they know even the names of half the races who inhabit the earth. Yes, I am an old woman, and likely to be old-fashioned in my notions, and I feel bound to declare my opinion, that it is better for the generality of people to be brought up in the midst of a numerous family, whom they can know and love, than to be brought up apart from communion with others of their own age, and to be

taught to talk about loving all the human race as their brethren. I lately heard a little child, an only child, talk about philanthropy; and how she disliked the noisy children next door;—and I thought she must have been very unfortunate in her up-bringing.

Grace Merton had another little advantage in the accident (that we should call any event of this life an *accident*!)—in the ordering of her birth;—she was neither the eldest nor the youngest child. I know many persons think it a fine thing to be the eldest boy or girl, and others think it very pleasant to be the youngest. Now, I do not think so, and for these reasons. Parents, being new to the office, and anxious to make something uncommon out of their first child, generally try experiments upon the unfortunate little creature; experiments which are not found to answer. They are so anxious about its development, moral, intellectual and physical, that they cannot leave any of the process to Nature. They must watch and meddle and interfere. They act as I did with the pot of mignonette seed I sowed on my eighth birth-day;—I killed half of it by poking about among the young sprouts, to see that it was all growing properly. It may be a good thing to be a boy, and inherit a large fortune by right of primogeniture (though that is a doubtful good, perhaps), but I do not believe that it is an unqualified good thing for a girl to be the eldest in a family, even though she takes precedence of all the rest. There are, however, two sides to that question; and some of the most admirable women I have ever known have been eldest sisters, the prop and stay of large families after the death of the mother. The youngest child, again, girl or boy, is generally the pet of one or both parents. Now, I need not remind my readers that judicious kindness is not synonymous with parental petting. I have so frequently seen a very large amount of future trouble and pain laid up for a petted, youngest child, by its otherwise sensible parents, that I think it a very doubtful good to be the youngest in a family. Therefore is it that I say it was an advantage to Grace Merton to be neither the eldest nor the youngest. I don't exactly know whereabouts in the dozen she came; but I rather think she was the third or fourth daughter, and being neither the beauty nor the wit of the Merton girls, nor the one clever in music, nor the *very domestic* one, Grace was quite unobtrusive in the crowd, and was never singled out from the rest for particular comment.

Mr. Merton was a London solicitor, and lived in a good house in Bedford Row. The family resided there nearly all the year, for Mr. Merton could not afford to keep a house in the country as well as one in town. But he and Mrs. Merton contrived, as well as they could, to let all the children have a month or two of country air in the course of the year. What the children as well as their parents all liked best, however, was the annual going down to some cheap watering-place, Herne Bay, South End, Ramsgate, or Broadstairs, for a week or two in the autumn. Papa was able to be with them, then, because, at that season of the year, business as well as pleasure is at a stand-still in

(1) Translated from the works of Alexandre Dumas, by Miss Jane Brickland, with some omissions. The additions to his account of Paul, and of the Revolution of 1801, that hurled him from the throne, are derived from Thiers, and also from a deceased friend of her family, who had been a resident at Petersburg many years before and after that catastrophe.

London. Even the lawyers—who are busy at all other times in their offices, like spinners in their webs, catching all the foolish flies that venture within them—are ready in the autumn to fling aside blue bags and pink tape, and take to a wide-awake hat, a blouse, and a novel, or a stroll with their children in the country lanes or along the sea-shore.

It was always a grand day of rejoicing at the Mertons' when Papa had been brought to fix on the place to which they were to go, and the exact period of departure. On the particular year of my little tale he fixed the day and the place at once; "Hastings,—and this day week," resounded from attic to basement, and little Mertons met big Mertons on the stairs and volunteered kisses "because they were so happy!" There was uncle Henry, too,—he must be written to,—he must come and spend his yearly holiday with them as usual. This was Mrs. Merton's thought; it did not enter into the heads of the children, not even into those of the eldest ones. Uncle Henry was not popular among them, I believe. Perhaps, because he was an old bachelor, and a clergyman, and grave, and never would play trap-bat and leap-frog, or tell long stories "like darling papa." The Reverend Henry Langford was Mrs. Merton's brother; but nobody thought he was like her, and there could scarcely be two men more unlike than her husband and her brother; yet a very strong attachment subsisted between the three: they would have been very sorry to miss their yearly holiday meeting.

On the very day of the family rejoicing, however, Mrs. Merton was doomed to have a damp thrown on her pleasure by the receipt of the following letter.

Westbury Parsonage, Aug. 20th.

MY DEAR SISTER:—This is, I think, about the time that you and your mate will be making your annual autumnal migration with your goodly brood to the sea-side. I am very sorry that I cannot join you there, as usual, this year; for Mr. Bell is very ill, and unable to undertake the whole duty, as he always does during my absence. Mrs. Bell is, of course, much occupied in attending to her husband, and consequently I have more work on my hands, in the way of visiting the poor, than I can well manage. If you could spare me one of your girls for a month it would be of real assistance, as well as a real treat to me. I almost forget the precise number and respective names and ages of my nieces; but don't send me one *under sixteen*, as I shall set her about doing some of Mrs. Bell's duty among the poor. I beg you will inform the young lady that the only comfort in life which I can promise her here, beyond food and house-room, is a pretty pony to ride. Let me know directly whether any one of your girls will be heroic enough to devote herself for a month to the service of her crotchety uncle.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY LANGFORD.

P.S. As soon as I receive your answer I will send up Bennett to fetch my niece. You will allow her to travel in the mail under his charge, I suppose. I

would have fetched her myself, but I am not well enough to undertake a journey, just now.

Mrs. Merton showed this letter to her husband, and it was agreed upon immediately between them that one of the elder girls must go down to Westbury. They should settle it with the girls which of them it should be, that very evening. Accordingly, after tea, when the young fry of the family had been carried off to bed, Mrs. Merton read uncle Henry's letter aloud to the rest.

Fanny, the second daughter, looked at Sophia, the eldest, and Sophia looked at Mr. Young, who was winding a skein of wool from her hands. Mr. Young looked at Sophia and whispered, "I hope *you* will not be the victim, Miss Merton." Fanny smiled, and, turning to her father, said, "It will be of no use to send me, papa; you know I can't read aloud, I can't bear dull places and persons, and, above all, I should not know how to visit the poor. I would go willingly, only I should be of no use. I am, as you often tell me, a useless member of society. Sophia will be the best person to go. Don't you think so, Mr. Young?"

That gentleman thought nothing at the moment but that Fanny ought to be called the plague instead of the wit of the family.

"Mamma! If there is a pony to ride, I think I will give up Hastings, and go to Westbury," said Caroline.

"I don't think you come within your uncle's limitations, my dear; you are *under sixteen*, Carry," said her father.

"As there is a pony in the case, I almost wish I were a girl, and not under sixteen," said George, an intelligent boy, who was at that moment preparing a chess-board to have his evening battle with his mother.

Mrs. Merton was looking at Grace. Grace was about eighteen; she was a quiet, pleasant-looking girl, with blue eyes and light brown curls, which hung handsomely about her head. Fanny used to say that her sister Grace had but one good point about her, and that was her hair. Grace had another remarkably good point in my eyes: she had no *point* at all about her. Everything in Grace was rounded, unobtrusive, unobtrusive. There was a quiet harmony in the girl which baffled description, and which, once observed, had all the effect of real beauty on the observer. Grace met her mother's eye, and read in it her wishes. She smiled and nodded; "Yes, mamma, I am quite ready to go if you wish it." Grace was always calm and measured in her words. This was exactly what Mrs. Merton desired. She thought Grace was the one most likely to suit her uncle, and the one that would sacrifice the anticipated visit to Hastings the most readily.

On the following morning Mrs. Merton wrote to her brother to say that Grace would be glad to go and make herself useful at Westbury, for as long a time as he should want her; and that he might send his confidential man for her as soon as he pleased. Bennett

came after three days, and on the fourth morning Miss Grace was put safely inside the Weirton Mail, and Bennett mounted to the top of it, and they set off for Westbury. Grace could not help laughing at the last thing her mother had said to her. "Oh! my dear, I had almost forgotten to tell you one thing; be sure to wear your hair *curled* all the time you are at Westbury; your uncle is very fond of seeing ringlets like yours." "What a very funny thing for mamma to tell me," thought Grace, "and of a grave clergyman like my uncle, who is not supposed to know the difference between the outward vanities of plaiting the hair and curling it."

I need not enter into the particulars of Grace's journey to Westbury, as she did, very minutely too, in a letter written to me at the time. It was her first very long journey, alone; and it made a vivid impression on her mind. She reached her uncle's parsonage about eight o'clock; sunlight still lingered on the hills and burnished the tops of the pine-trees; the flower-beds in front of the old-fashioned house sent forth a full rich scent, and as her uncle led Grace up the gravel walk from the gate to the porch it seemed to her as if the quiet spirit that held unseen dominion in the little place had already made her feel and love his power. She thought uncle Henry looked very much altered; he had become pale and thin. When she had laid aside her bonnet, and was taking some refreshment, he seemed to look at her with great interest. Presently he stroked her head fondly, and passing his hand through her long curls, he looked at them thoughtfully—then dropping them again, he turned away and left the room. "I could not make it out," wrote Grace in her letter to me; "there is, certainly, some hidden mystery in these curls of mine; perhaps my uncle once loved a lady with long curls. I cannot imagine uncle Henry in love—he is such a thorough old bachelor."

Grace was active, intelligent, and kind-hearted. She set herself diligently to work to do what her uncle required of her in his house and in the village. At the end of a week Mr. Langford wrote to thank his sister for sending him such a treasure; and Grace wrote me word that she was very happy at Westbury. She liked all her duties, especially that of reading to her uncle, whose eyes were uncommonly weak, so that it hurt him to read. Of her pleasure she said nothing—it was needless to do so, for it was clear enough that she was enjoying that blissful state of existence in which pleasures and duties are synonymous; somehow she forgot to regret the loss of the visit to Hastings.

All earthly happiness is proverbially transitory. About the end of the month which had been originally proposed as the limit of Grace's visit to Westbury, she was taking a turn in the pretty flower-garden, one morning before breakfast, and wishing that something might happen to prolong her stay in this place, where she felt that she was of real use to those around her, (the grand secret of content with our situation in life, *be it said en passant*.) when Mrs. Hargrave, the house-

keeper, came running towards her from the house crying out—

"Oh! Miss Grace! Miss Grace! what shall we do? Master's took again."

"Took!" repeated Grace in blank amazement. "What is the matter?"

"Why the fit is on him again. Please to come to him, Miss; for he must not be left alone. Bennett must go off to Weirton for Dr. Lacy, and you must stay with him; for I am of no more use than a child when I see him in that way. It quite unnerves me; that it do. Poor, dear gentleman!—and a minister too, that preaches such powerful sermons against loving earthly things, and setting our hearts on heavenly things! Poor dear! If he could but hear himself talk, he would be quite shocked."

"Do you mean to say, Mrs. Hargrave, that my uncle is subject to fits of insanity?"

"Lord bless you, no, Miss! God forbid that I should say that. He only has a fit sometimes, when he drops down insensible for a time, and then when he comes to again he is quite light in the head and don't know any of us. But Bennett says he's as harmless as a child. I don't know much about it myself; for Bennett don't like any one but himself to be with master at these times. But, he told me just now to fetch you, Miss; for, says he, 'master's very fond of Miss Grace, and he will be still enough with her, I dare say, while I ride over for Dr. Lacy.'"

Grace told me of the strange conflict of feeling which took place within her as she hurried into the house. During the month she had spent at Westbury she had grown much attached to her uncle: he appeared to her quite a different creature from the grave, somewhat stern man, who used to appear amid their family circle every autumn, and who never stayed long enough to become familiar and intimate with his nephews and nieces. The uncle Henry she knew and loved in his own home was grave too, but he was far from being stern or harsh; to her he had been all gentleness, thoughtful attention, and consideration. He had accepted her services, as she had offered them,—in a quiet, undemonstrative way. They seemed to understand each other; and Grace felt that to part from uncle Henry would be a pain to her. Who shall say what the lonely man felt, on his side? His faithful servant, Bennett, who understood his master better than most people, saw the deep affection with which the old man looked down on the young head beside him as they strolled in the evening along the garden walks; or as they sat by lamp-light in the little study, and Grace read aloud, to save her uncle's eyes. Bennett saw those eyes fill with tears sometimes; and he felt sure, that now, at last, after so many years, Mr. Langford had found something to love with his whole heart. Grace had an instinctive knowledge that her uncle *loved* her, more than he loved all Westbury put together; and that because he loved her so well, it would be right and grateful in her to overcome any natural shrinking from the sight of him in his present state. Her blood turned cold

within her at the thought of seeing any one deprived of reason; and that one a near relation,—a man of large and cultivated mind, who was looked up to by the neighbourhood as a master-spirit; that one the uncle Henry whom she had begun to love very seriously. Mrs. Hargrave accompanied her to the beginning of the passage which led to her uncle's chamber; but there she stopped, saying—"I daresn't for the life of me go any further. I am so afraid, Miss. You don't mind going on by yourself I dare say. You look quite brave and determined, Miss; I wish I had your nerves."

I fear Grace glanced rather contemptuously at stout ruddy Mrs. Hargrave, but she said nothing and walked steadily on to the door of her uncle's room. It was partially open, and she heard a voice speaking. She did not, at first, recognise it as that of her uncle. It was so changed. It sounded like the voice of a younger man, under the influence of strong emotion; it was not violent, but there was a deep sadness, an indescribable tenderness in the tones, which brought tears into the eyes of the strong-hearted girl. The voice had an irresistible attraction for her; she did not linger outside, but pushing the door gently, stepped noiselessly into the room.

Mr. Langford was dressed in his usual morning wrapper. He was seated at a table with his back to the door. Bennett stood behind, leaning against the wall, watching his master with a face of the most intense sympathy. It seemed to change with the changing tones of the voice which filled the room with the most melancholy sounds of sorrow; a sorrow long pent-up, and striven against, which has at last forced an expression for itself; even though it has, for a time, carried away the barrier of reason. Those who have ever witnessed such a scene, will feel with me that there are few more touching things, few more distressing to a sympathetic nature, than the unconscious exhibition of a hidden grief by a strong, well-disciplined, and truly religious man. Grace knew that her uncle was this, she knew also that he was generally supposed to be of a cold unaffectionate nature; and though she had lately learned to think otherwise, since she had been domesticated with him, she was not prepared for such a revelation as the following.

The grey head was bent down upon the clasped hands which rested on the table, and from time to time incoherent sentences burst forth.

"Faithless! thrice faithless! Clara, my own Clara! and I cannot save you from this fate—this awful sin—this appalling misery! Oh! what is my love good for, if it cannot keep thee free from evil? False! heartless! You deceived me! You trampled on my soul. Yet could I not turn away in scorn or hatred; I loved you too well; I learned to wish you might find in another a love as great as I felt within myself. I kept nothing that ever had been yours, but *this*. *This*, which you gave me when you made me happy with your love. Clara! Clara! you *did* love me once! That was not love's semblance; it was Love, I tell you. Let who will tell me otherwise, I know that you

loved me in those bright summer days that seem so far off, now, that their light scarcely reaches to my sad spirit. Oh! God of Heaven, bring those days back again once more, and cut me off from immortality! Ah! Immortality! Who is immortal? what is immortal? Not Clara. No, no, it cannot be; it must not be—I will weary heaven with prayers to save her from that. Immortality of torment for *my Clara*, do you say? Impossible! You do not know how pure and good she is; you do not know how she hates sin. She to have her portion with the adulterers. You are mad to say so. Gone from her husband's house, say you? Yes, truly—gone to the mansions of the blest. With Colonel D——! Who told me that lie? Who dares to traduce my poor lost love? Away! Away! thou devil that sayest she is vicious—that she has forsaken her husband and her infants." Here the sufferer rose hastily, and drew himself to his full height, and seemed to stand face to face with some unseen antagonist. "Begone! fiend! I tell you I love her! I always will love her. You shall not tear her image from my soul and place an adulteress there. Clara! my love! If they all turn from you; if they will not believe that you are purer, and nobler, and better than all women—come to these arms once more. What do I say? Mrs. Lascelles! Ah! yes, I had forgotten.—False Clara!"

Here the old man sunk on his seat again, and paused for some time.

Grace saw large tears flow down his cheeks; she could restrain herself no longer, and agitated as she was she stepped across the room, and, kneeling at his feet, looked up into his face with streaming eyes. "Who are you?" asked the old man, in a hushed voice.

She saw he did not recognise her. "I am come to comfort you," she said soothingly.

"Comfort!" he repeated in a tone of heart-rending sadness. "Comfort! Do you know that they tell me she is wicked, vile? That God has cast her out of heaven?"

"God's mercy is infinite. God will forgive the repentant sinner. He is not so hard as man. There is hope, uncle."

"Ah! I see, you are an angel. Did my Clara send you to comfort me? You have locks like hers." And taking his niece's long curls in his trembling hands, he kissed them passionately. Suddenly he paused and drew back to look into her face. He scanned it earnestly. Then, at length, shaking his head, he murmured, "Clara! Clara! why will you not come yourself. I know this is not *you*; though the bright brown hair is yours. Look here," he went on, with a childlike look of mystery; "promise you will never betray me, and I will show you my treasure—where I have laid up my heart. It is written, 'Set not your affections upon things of the earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt.' See! see! the moth and the rust come not near *this*;" and hurriedly opening a small gold case which hung by a black ribbon from his neck, he showed her a long ringlet of brown hair,

lying softly curled up within. The hair was like her own in colour. The old man's face brightened into a smile as he looked at it; and his eyes beamed with affection; "See!" he whispered, "no one knows that I have preserved this brown ringlet so many years; as long as I keep this next my heart, my love will not leave me. Look how bright and beautiful it is!" and taking it gently from the case, he shook out the whole length. Grace thought it was about a yard long. He held it up between him and the light, and seemed not to weary of passing his fingers over it and pressing it to his lips. He no longer spoke or seemed aware of the presence of his niece, but was absorbed in the contemplation of the much-loved relic. Once Grace ventured to touch it; and then, she said, her uncle's face assumed a fierce expression, and snatching it away, he pronounced the word "Audacious!" in so angry a tone, that she shrank back and sat still at his feet, waiting until he should turn his attention to her again. This he did not do till some time had elapsed, when her hair seemed to have caught his eye; and placing his treasured lock beside it, he muttered to himself, "Brown too,—very beautiful; I have seen a young girl lately with such ringlets, and I loved her for their sake, Clara! Do you hear me, my love? I have forgiven your desertion of me. We shall meet in heaven; and I will tell you so, then. There was a devil told me you would not go to heaven; but, I would not believe him; and then a young angel with brown ringlets like those I love;—like *this* which has kept my heart warm for you so many years, came to me, and told me that God was merciful; that he 'hated nothing that he has made.' I will preach a sermon on that text that shall bind up broken hearts. Clara, will you come to the church?"

And poor Grace's tears flowed fast at the tender accents of her uncle's voice, as he prayed devoutly for the soul of the lost one.

She is an old woman, like myself, now; and she has seen her share of the troubles and strange romance of this world, but she has often told me that she never in all her life felt so deeply moved to pity and to love, as she did on that morning. She felt an irresistible impulse to clasp her uncle in her arms. She rose and stood beside him; and he suffered her to kiss his forehead and to wind her arms round his neck. She saw that he was becoming exhausted with his late strong emotion; she placed his head on her bosom, and with the brown ringlet still in his hand he fell asleep. When she turned to look for Bennett, he was gone.

She remained a long time in this position, supporting her uncle; and watching his countenance gradually resume its habitual repose. She almost feared to breathe lest she should awake him. With the natural delicacy of a pure, reserved and affectionate nature, she feared, too, lest he should wake perfectly self-possessed, and find, by the ringlet in his hand, that he had betrayed his cherished secret,—the grief of his life,—to a young girl,—a child, like herself. She became very uneasy on this subject. The gold case glittered in the sun, beneath her eyes, as it hung from

the sleeper's neck. She could reach it without disturbing him: but she could not take the ringlet from the closed hand without making a movement which would probably rouse him. She feared lest Mrs. Hargrave should be coming into the room when she heard a step outside the door, and she would not have suffered Mrs. Hargrave to see the brown ringlet. She threw her handkerchief hastily over the hand which held it. Fortunately it was only Bennett. He approached softly and said in her ear, "God bless you, Miss Grace! He will do well now he is asleep. Thank God for that. Ah! he has got that hair out again. Do you think we might burn it? It is that which excites him so, whenever he hears Mrs. Lascelles' name."

"Burn it!" exclaimed Grace, "not for the world! My uncle would never forgive us. You, perhaps, know the secret which his delirium has, in part, betrayed to me; I do not ask to know more. My uncle would not have imparted it to me. I should not wish him to suspect that I know any thing of this matter. Let us put up the brown ringlet in its case as if it had not been seen by me, or any one. You can take my place, and when he wakes he will not know that so young a person as I am has been witness to the secret sorrows of his heart."

Bennett looked at her with surprise, and said respectfully,—“As you please, Miss Grace. Maybe you are right; for Master is very close and never likes any one to know what he feels. Still, if he should ask me when he wakes what happened to him while ~~the~~ fit was on, I must tell him. I never told him a lie yet, and, please God, I never will.”

Grace moved away gently, and Bennett took her place in supporting his master. With an unsteady hand Grace took the beautiful lock of hair and restored it to its place in the case. The single word "Clara" was engraved on the lid. When she had closed it she replaced it within her uncle's bosom. Just at that moment Dr. Lacy entered the room and her uncle opened his eyes. Grace did not wait any longer, but went down stairs to wait for the doctor's departure. She had some time to wait;—and she employed the interval in a steady line of thought. She thought not, then, about her uncle's past life, but whether she by devoting herself to him might not make the remainder of his life happier than it would otherwise be. There were so many brothers and sisters at home, perhaps her father and mother would spare her to come and live altogether with uncle Henry, if it were good for him. She thought it would be good for him because she loved him and he loved her.

When Dr. Lacy came down stairs, she asked him to walk into the garden with her as she had something to say to him.

"Oh! don't be uneasy about your uncle, my dear young lady. He has these attacks sometimes. The fact is, he lives too much alone. Your visit has done him a great deal of good; and, for his sake, I wish it could last as long as he lives."

"Do you think my remaining with him would be of real benefit?"

"Think! I don't think at all about it. I am sure it would. He would not have many more of these sad attacks. Run to him now, for he fears that you have been unnecessarily alarmed about him. Good morning."

The next day Grace and her uncle both wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Merton asking permission for the visit to be prolonged for six months. Grace's letter had so powerful an effect on her parents that they wrote back to say she "might stay till her uncle was tired of her."

And Grace Merton stayed at Westbury Parsonage during the remainder of her uncle's life. The reticence of both was so strong that neither ever spoke to the other of the revealed secret which had knit them together. When Mr. Langford died, a note was found in his desk addressed to Grace, in which he requested her to place the gold locket he wore always in his bosom in his coffin, with her own hand, and to cut off one of her curls, and enclose it with the Brown Ringlet she had once seen. He spoke words of strong love and gratitude for her gentle affection which had sweetened his last years, and he told her that she had his permission to ask her mother to relate the painful circumstances of his life connected with the Brown Ringlet. He warned her that it was but an old story of a false love, and a true one, such as she would find in poems, and romances, and real life.

JAPAN AND THE MISSION.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century, a young Venetian, accompanied by his father and uncle, left his native city and directed his course towards the East. He passed through Turkey and Persia, and traversed the northern confines of the gigantic Himalayah. He visited the soft and luxurious valley of Cashmere, and listened to the song of the nightingale in the gardens of Gtl. There he feasted his eyes on the delights of nature, and experienced that enthusiasm of feeling which the beauty and richness of the scene inspired. The turbaned people, and their flowing robes, struck upon his imagination, nor were their veiled beauties a source of less attraction to his penetrating gaze. He then pursued his travels through the vast and unexplored regions of northern Asia, and having crossed the empire of Tartary, finally arrived at the court of Khublai Khan, the great conqueror of those distant countries, who had recently annexed China to his extensive dominions.

Here Marco Polo, for that was the young Venetian's name, remained for several years. He was taken into great favour by the Tartar monarch, who perceived his abilities, and appreciated his virtues, and at last rose to several offices of high distinction in the country, being entrusted with matters of deep moment, and employed in several missions to distant kingdoms. It happened too that about this time Khublai Khan prepared an army, with a view of extending his conquests still further, and adding a kingdom, consisting of three

large islands, lying eastward, to the list of his territories. However, the scheme failed by the disunion, it is said, of the admiral and commander-in-chief of the forces, one of whom was subsequently found guilty and punished with death, for his conduct on the occasion. Although our adventurer did not accompany the expedition to Zipangu or Japan, as the kingdom was called, yet he was enabled to glean much information respecting it.

Our young traveller had availed himself of the opportunities afforded him during his sojourn at the court of this emperor, to become acquainted with the principal nations of the far East; and on his return to Venice disseminated the knowledge he had acquired, and described to his countrymen in particular the kingdom of the three islands, which he represented as abounding in gold and precious minerals. The cupidity of southern Europe was excited, and the attempt immediately set on foot to discover a passage to it by sea. But their knowledge of the geography of the world was, as yet, too confined, and their nautical science too imperfect, to enable them to achieve so desirable an object. Time passed on, and their hopes were unrealized, when Columbus, a humble navigator, heard their story. He received it in silence; whilst others turned their eyes eastward, he felt convinced Zipangu or Japan might be reached by pursuing a westward course. He marked the currents of the ocean, studied the charts of the world, and meditated on such facts as related to its position. Having satisfied his own mind, he sought to persuade and convince others of the truth of his conclusions. This it was difficult to do; however, by the assistance of Isabella of Spain, he procured a squadron of three ships, and set sail, full of enthusiasm and determination to surmount all obstacles, and perform that which all had hitherto failed to accomplish. He discovered a new region. This was not, however, Zipangu, which he expected, but one of the Bahamas, nor was the position of that kingdom truly known until nearly two centuries later.

Subsequently to the discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope, the Portuguese were indefatigable in penetrating into the eastern seas, and having surveyed the Indian Ocean, proceeded to explore the Pacific. Many were the rich and fertile islands they visited as they urged onward their course, and sailed up the channels of the Indian Archipelago. When they beheld the luxuriant foliage of the trees, whose branches drooped down even to mingle with the blue waves of the deep, and looked on the teeming plains stretched before them, bounded by a dark outline of distant hills, and felt the warm sunshine of those cloudless skies, they deemed that this delightful cluster of green spots in the ocean must indeed be the thousand islands so often spoken of in the tales of the Persians.

In 1642, however, accident accomplished for the Portuguese what their enterprise had failed to effect. One of their vessels, freighted from Siam to Cochinchina, was overtaken by a storm, and being driven

about for several days upon a tempestuous sea, was at length cast upon the island of Nippon, the principal of the three constituting the Japanese empire, a complete wreck. Three alone of the crew escaped to experience the hospitality of the natives; the rest were overwhelmed by the power of the waves, and lost in their ineffectual struggle to buffet the surging billows. The survivors of this unhappy catastrophe, however, met with an hospitable reception, and learnt with an agreeable surprise, that the island upon which they were thrown was a part of Japan. The kindness of the natives was undiminished during the stay of the Portuguese amongst them, and when the unhappy seamen were anxious to return to their settlement on the coast of China, they assisted them in repairing their shattered vessel, and storing it with what provisions were necessary for the voyage. Nor did their attentions end here. They invited them to revisit Jeddo, with others of their countrymen, and pressed them warmly to establish a trade with them, holding out the wealth of the islands in gold and other precious metals as a strong inducement for them to comply with their requests. The Portuguese, who were always on the watch to seize any opportunity of advancing their commerce and enriching themselves, readily listened to and accepted the proposals of the Japanese. They hastened over to this new empire, and in a short time became comfortably settled in many of its towns and cities. The Jesuits also, anxious to extend their doctrines and their influence, accompanied their commercial brethren, and after combating and overcoming many difficulties, succeeded in making converts, and establishing the religion of the cross amongst a numerous and respectable class of the inhabitants. The connexion between the natives and the foreigners was also strengthened by the solemnities of marriage, and families were springing up in all parts of the country, whose affections were to bind in one, as it were, the interests of both people. But while the Portuguese were thus enjoying a monopoly of the commerce, some Dutch sailors, and with them an Englishman, were shipwrecked off the coast, and after encountering much peril, reached the land in safety, but utterly forlorn and destitute. On entering the nearest town, they were surprised and delighted beyond measure to meet with Europeans, and immediately entrusted their helpless and miserable condition to the sympathies of these their supposed friends. But the Portuguese remembered, with bitter enmity, the rivalry which their nation had so long maintained with the government of the Netherlands, and viewed with rancorous jealousy the progress of the Dutch commerce in the East; and accordingly the Portuguese in Japan, unmindful of the condition which they were in when landing for the first time on those very shores, determined to wreak their inhospitable revenge on those unfortunate mariners, and with inconceivable treachery, being used as interpreters, mis-translated their speeches to the native authorities, affirming that they were repentant pirates and spies, and by this crafty malice procured their condemnation,

as it were out of their own mouths. It appears, however, that the Englishman Adams escaped the death which awaited the Dutch for their supposed piracy, but from what cause it is difficult to ascertain. The acuteness and ingenuity he displayed on many occasions brought him into favour with the government officers, and it was not long before he rose to some eminence in the country, and became noticed by the emperor. Eventually he became of great service to his countrymen, by obtaining for them a charter of free trade with those islands, and surpassed in influence at the court the Portuguese, who were frequently compelled to procure his intercession, though how little they deserved such kindness at his hands, the treatment he and his comrades met with on their landing sufficiently demonstrates.

Voyages to Japan now became very frequent. England, Holland, and Portugal vied with each other in gaining the good offices of the people, and establishing their interests most strongly in the country. The Honourable Company of East India Merchants fitted out several expeditions with that destination, and during the visit of the eighth, under command of Captain Saris, an English factory was founded at Nagasaki, which was well worked, and quickly in a flourishing state. But in the midst of this rising prosperity a crisis was approaching, which was to blast the prospects of the enterprising adventurers who had ploughed those distant waves, and encountered and braved the storms of those unfrequented climes. A period was at hand when this newborn commerce was to prove its shortlived existence; when the foreigners within its confines were to be banished from the soil and the ports of Japan, closed for ever against the admission of all people.

For nearly fifty years had the vessels of foreign merchants traded to Nagasaki and the other ports of the Japanese empire, and returned home laden with their peace-won spoil, filling the coffers of the adventurer with wealth, and adding to the prosperity of the country; but an over-ambitious spirit on the part of the Jesuits destroyed the good they had achieved. Not satisfied with the progress Christianity was making through the peaceful proclamation of its truths to the hearts and understandings of the natives, they assumed the right of dictating a creed for the unconverted Japanese, and asserted their right over the consciences of all. They declared themselves justified in suppressing the existing superstitions by violent means, and preached a tyrannous crusade against those that resisted their encroachments. Many and frequent were the disturbances to which such conduct gave rise, and in different provinces of the empire, where the power of the Christian exceeded that of the unbeliever, the worshippers of the ancient religion felt the cruel arm of persecution, and beheld the temples of the gods of their forefathers consumed to ashes.

Another event of a secular nature tended to hasten the great catastrophe. Jejas, who from being the Emperor's tutor, had been raised to the command of his armies,

conspired against his master, and besieged him in the castle of Oasoca. The bravery of the besieged baffled the courage and stratagems of the traitor-general, who, finding all his vigorous attacks ineffectual, changed the siege into a blockade, and after four years of incessant warfare, compelled the garrison to surrender, more, be it understood, subdued by the victory of famine than the powerful forces of Jejas. The Emperor, with a few of his faithful adherents, who would not survive his misfortunes, retired to his palace. There, with an exulting pride and a spirit of defiance which nothing but the thought of capture could quell, he poured out his last libations to the gods of his country, set fire to the building, and when the pile of flames rose highest, rushed with a cry of triumph into the midst of the burning mass, and perished amidst the ruins of his citadel and home.

The result of this defeat was exceedingly disastrous to the Christians; for Jejas, having usurped the sovereignty, found it necessary to court the smiles of the stronger party in the empire to consolidate his power, and render his throne secure; and as paganism claimed the greater number of devotees, so he threw his influence on their side, discouraged Christianity, and struggled for the ascendancy of his own religion. This incensed the Jesuits to so violent a degree of rage, that they poured forth all the thunders of their anathemas against the pagan population, and incited their Christian converts, under fear of excommunication, to take up arms, not now against the idolatrous practices of the country alone, but against the usurper and his government. This was open rebellion. A violent struggle ensued; the contending armies met, and Jejas, heading his own forces, destroyed in a single battle the power and influence of the Portuguese and the Christians. The former were banished to their settlement at Macao in China, and against the latter a barbarous persecution was maintained, until the religion of the cross was swept from the land, and its professors exterminated. A decree was also passed, excluding all foreigners from the coasts and ports of Japan, a decree, from the severity of which the Dutch and Chinese claimed some exemption, the former from the assistance they gave in suppressing the rebellion, the latter from their peaceable national character. Thus Jejas effectually established his authority, and the influence of it was so great, that he transmitted the crown and its power in regular succession to his children and their children, and one of his descendants holds the secular sovereignty of the Japanese empire at the present time. These events happened in the year 1637.

The government of the country partakes chiefly of the feudal character, and many of the nobles have acquired such an accession of strength on their own estates, which are sometimes of great extent, and situated in the midst of a hilly and impassable country, as frequently to be able to live in open defiance of the authority of the laws. There are two sovereigns, who reign respectively over the spiritual and temporal affairs of the kingdom; but the nominal rulers of the different

districts of the empire are princes, from whence these divisions are termed principalities, and these are again subject to the power possessed by two secretaries named Gokaros, one of whom resides in Jeddo, the other in the principal town of the district which is his peculiar care. The absent secretary is, however, obliged to leave in the capital as hostages his wife and family, from whom he is thus separated for a period of six or twelve months. A vicious and servile system of espionage is maintained by the government, so that every movement, the most secret, of any governor, is immediately reported at head quarters, and frequently, in a moment little thought of, and without any consciousness of guilt on his part, a potentate is hurried off by the officer of the crown, to undergo the execution of a sentence he has never openly had passed upon him. The spies are spread through every portion of the empire, and into every circle of society. When discovered they invariably meet with a violent death, and the assassination of one of them is of such frequent occurrence, that it attracts little or no attention amongst the Japanese public. So dangerous and hazardous is the possession of power, that abdications are constantly taking place, and the sceptre of sovereignty, after being enjoyed for a few years, is transferred into the hands of the next lineal claimant, who, it is presumed, has no immediate fear of violence from the unbridled passion of an offended and unprincipled governor.

The Mikado, their spiritual emperor, rules as the successor of the gods, who at one time were considered to have lived and exercised supreme power in Japan; and to maintain this inherited divinity inviolate, his humanity is constrained to submit to the most torturing discomfort. He sits daily upon his throne for a certain number of hours, without moving his body or turning his head to the right hand or to the left. This indicates the stability of the empire; were he to direct his face towards any part of his dominion, immediate ruin would be the consequence. He is not allowed to walk, but is always carried upon the shoulders of men, and that his sacred person may not be mutilated, his hair, beard, and nails are suffered to revel in unshorn dignity, though it is affirmed by some that such offices of decency and comfort are performed during sleep, and is called stealing his nails and hair.

The Ziogoon is the temporal, and it may safely be added, the real emperor. He has the control of the armies, which are maintained by the different princes according to the extent of their provinces. He possesses also an authority over the Mikado, but is himself subject to a variety of laws which limit his power, and expose him to the whims and caprices of the nobles. Of these, when too obnoxious, he manages to rid himself by means of his spies, who procure their condemnation and execute the sentence themselves. Hence it will be seen that the government is oppressive and tyrannical to the utmost degree. It offers no security to life or property, and renders its subjects the children of suspicion and fear.

The system is intolerable and barbarous, and its

tyranny is felt from the emperor, through all classes of society, down to the peasant and the meanest slave, nor is there any prospect of a change in a policy which has obtained during so many generations, or amelioration in the condition of the Japanese, unless from external influence, since the spirit of regeneration is extinct among them, and the institutions of the country rotten at the core.

With all these social disadvantages, or rather in spite of them, the Japanese have many natural endowments. They possess a lofty and commanding figure, a frank open countenance, and an erect manly deportment. They are intrepid in danger, courteous in manner, graceful in action, and polite in the circles of their fashionable world, above any people of the east. The men shave the beard and front of the head, leaving a small piece on the crown, which is carefully gathered in, drawn upwards, and tied so as to form a tuft on the bald skull. This gives them a singular, and in the eyes of a stranger, a ridiculous appearance. The women, especially of the higher classes, are favourably described, being represented as possessing real beauty, not a little heightened by the freshness of their colour. The enthusiasm of an European admirer, it is true, might receive a severe check, when he is at first introduced to one of these fair Japanese, since the custom of blackening their teeth, pimping their lips, and extracting their eyebrows, is irreconcilable with our ideas of beauty. But laying this disfiguration aside, it will be perceived that the features of a Japanese woman have many claims to admiration, and that the face is generally soft, expressive, beautiful, and interesting. The hair is arranged in the form of a turban, into which ornaments of fine tortoise-shell of exquisite workmanship and delicate polish are inserted.

Both sexes are habited very similarly, the difference existing simply in the colours, value, and delicacy of the material. Wide gowns or robes worn over others is the chief article of dress. These are made of linen, calico, or silk, and among the wealthier orders the family coat of arms is inwoven on the back and breast. Around the waist is worn a girdle, which collects the hanging garments, and gathers them in gracefully so as to display the symmetry of the figure. The sleeves, which are of immense size and width, they use as pockets, and sometimes the folds of the gowns are applied to the same purpose, and deemed a safer depository. Gentlemen wear a scarf over their shoulders, which is regulated according to the class of the individual, but the chief distinction of rank is the privilege of wearing swords. Two worn on one side, one above the other, are indicative of a person of high nobility, whilst one is the mark of a gentleman. All classes below this are forbidden, on severe terms, to be seen with any arms.

The Japanese leave their heads uncovered, and only shelter them from the heat of the sun or the pelting of the rain by fans, an instrument which is in universal request amongst them, and may be seen in the hands of all classes. The uses to which it is applied

are various, and come under the designation of useful as well as ornamental. The attire of a Japanese would be incomplete without it, it is a necessary to him. On it visitors receive their presents; the beggar stretches it out for the charitable to place their alms upon. The dandy swings it about as a Parisian or London beau would his cane. It is an instrument of punishment, and, not to enumerate too many of its uses, when presented to a noble on a peculiar kind of salver, it is the sentence of his death, which follows so instantaneously, that whilst he is stretching out his hand to take it, the executioner strikes off his head.

The foreigner, too, is considerably struck with the appearance of a Japanese town or city. The streets, as well as the buildings, are regular, and the houses seldom exceed one story. The spot chosen for the site is almost invariably the slope of a hill, a practice which the policy rather than the taste of the founders may have habituated. Wood smeared over with a mixture of clay and chopped straw is generally the material used for their construction. Adjoined to each house is a store-room, rendered fire-proof by a preparation with which the walls are plastered over. Into this room the valuable articles as well as provisions are stowed away, and so secure are they there, that when a whole town has been consumed to ashes, these buildings have remained uninjured from the effects of the fire. Every dwelling is surrounded by a garden, laid out with great taste, and kept in the neatest order, so that the *tout ensemble* of a Japanese town is perhaps unsurpassed by any other nations in picturesqueness of position, elegance of arrangement, and the lightness and airiness of appearance. The most elevated spots are chosen for their temples, which command an extensive prospect of the country around. In these edifices rooms are let out for the purposes of bacchanalian orgies, resembling our casinos, and thither the dissipated and profligate, as well as some of the more respectable members of the community, flock to surrender themselves up to the intoxicating delirium of pleasure.

We will now leave the town, and visit, for a short space, the country. And here no sooner is the barrier of obstructing walls left behind, and the summit of the hill on which the town is built, than a striking and beautiful picture stretches before us. Hills and mountains, undulating in every direction, intersect the island, rising higher and higher one above the other, until the dim form of the highest skirts the horizon like a cloud, and blends with the heavens, which seem to descend to meet it. No plain is visible, but these elevated grounds and deep valleys form the principle features of the landscape; whilst leafy woods, turf lands, and the pleasing garniture of vegetation fill up the ruder outlines of the scenery, and soften the aspect of the rocks. The rivers are but streams from the mountains; finding a meandering passage along the valleys; in summer fordable on foot, in winter impetuous torrents, sweeping all before them. Tufts of trees on the hills,

abrupt cliffs, waving forests, villages, towns, and temples scattered here and there, fields of rice and corn, hemp and flax, orchards of fruit trees, and gardens planned with the most pleasing and striking effect, are the more minute objects in the picture, which the imagination of the reader must suggest before he can obtain a complete idea of a Japanese landscape. The rapture which a traveller feels, gazing on the beauties of this oriental Swiss prospect, is indescribable, and can only be perhaps surpassed by that of the Japanese themselves, who look upon it with the partiality which every one entertains for the beauties of his own country.

The Japanese are brave, frank, courteous, and proud by nature, but the form of government under which they live, and especially the system of espionage that exists amongst them, render them fearful, suspicious, cunning, and degraded. They are considerably advanced in the arts and sciences, and eagerly study any new learned work that may reach them from abroad. In the acquisition of languages they are said to be very quick, and take little trouble in becoming acquainted with the Dutch, which they speak fluently. In astronomy, pharmacy, and botany they have made considerable progress, but as they deem it pollution to touch a dead body, their knowledge of surgery is not very far advanced. Tea, wheat, rice, barley, hemp, and flax are the principal objects of agricultural labour, and produces an abundant harvest, but the riches of the earth are those that render Japan peculiarly rich. It abounds in gold, silver, copper, tin, sulphur, antimony, coal, precious stones, and a variety of submarine substances; all of which would constitute a source of lucrative trade, should we be able to burst asunder the chains of despotism and prejudice, which now seclude the commerce of those islands from all the world.

We may now briefly revert to those attempts which have been made to open communications with the government of the country since the year 1637, the date of that decree which interdicted all foreigners from its commerce. The Portuguese within three years attempted to regain their position in the favour of the Japanese, and a deputation was accordingly sent to Nagasaki; but the emperor was inexorable, and instead of listening to their petitions, ordered the members of it to be seized and summarily executed. Sixty-one out of seventy-three, the number the deputation consisted of, were put to death, the rest were sent adrift on the pathless ocean with a message of defiance to their king, which they never lived to deliver. They were never heard of afterwards. Subsequent attempts have been made by the English, French, Russians, and Americans to subdue the stubbornness of the Japanese government, but to no purpose. They case themselves in their prejudice, and perhaps the fear of their laws deters any influential nation from proposing the abolition of so unjust a decree. In 1808, Captain Pellw, cruising about these seas, was compelled on one occasion to take shelter in the harbour of Nagasaki, from the

severity of a storm that was raging with unusual violence, and being also distressed for provisions, sent to the governor of the town requesting to be supplied with such necessaries as he required. The answer he received intimated he must be off, or the guns from the battery would open upon him. Such an insult to the British flag, and to a distressed vessel, was not to be brooked for an instant, and the gallant Captain returned a message to the effect, that unless the provisions were sent within a limited time, he would batter the town about the heads of its inhabitants. The governor thought fit on this point of the proceedings to comply, but no sooner was the order executed than he put an end to his life, to save his wife and family from death, and prevent the confiscation of his property; it being the barbarous law of the land, that any native having intercourse with a foreigner shall die, and if he consent not to be his own executioner, his wife and children shall suffer his fate, and all his property be seized and appropriated to the public service. In 1837, just two centuries after the publication of the edict of seclusion; another attempt was made to renew the trade. Some Japanese sailors had been wrecked on the coast near Macao, and an American ship was fitted out with the ostensible purpose of restoring these distressed mariners to their homes, but in reality to accomplish, if possible, a project so often tried, and in vain. But on approaching the coast, the vessel was everywhere warned off, and when the commander perceived he could effect no reconciliation, he returned to Macao, and thus the expedition ended. There are, however, hopes that the government of this country will soon exert its power and influence, and adopt some active measures to promote so desirable an object, and demand admission for the merchants of all countries, into one at least of the ports of the empire, and revive a trade which was once so profitable, but from the adverse circumstances already related, lost to us and the world for so many ages.

The desire on the part of the people to have this selfish policy abolished, has often been asserted, and there seems to exist strong evidence in favour of the assertion. It is reported that frequently in the course of a year, an European vessel may be seen from the coast of Japan, towards evening, lying in the offing; that as soon as the twilight deepens into darkness, numberless little boats put off from shore, and making way towards the ship, relieve it of its burthen and return home; that in the morning no sign or trace of the vessel is visible, and that this has occurred several times in the course of the past year. This bears its own comment. It is, we again affirm, to be hoped that, before long, the regulation which has been so oppressive for years upon natives and foreigners will be speedily removed, that we may have free ingress and egress, and thus be enabled to mingle with the Japanese as men and brethren. The interference of government in effecting such a good is extremely desirable, as it will not only confer a benefit on the natives themselves, but be the means of

extending our commerce, enriching our merchants, and advancing the prosperity of Great Britain.

ON THE POSITION OF PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES,

WITH REGARD PRINCIPALLY TO THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

BY T. O.

THE first thing that strikes the European traveller in America, especially any one from the Continent, is the independence of all the local administrations of the central government, and the very limited powers which are allowed to the latter, originally formed by an union of thirteen states, differing in the form of their governments, founded at different periods, and under the influence of different motives. A common peril and resistance to the encroachments of the English government first led these heterogeneous elements to combine; but even at their first Congress in 1774 there was a jealousy apparent between the delegates of the various states, and the war was often crippled by the little regard paid by the local governments to the decisions of the majority of the Congress. The war ended in 1783. The first difficulties which then devolved on Congress to contend with, were the debt and the restoration of commerce, which had suffered naturally during the war, and which the prohibitory tariffs of the European nations prevented from recovering its prosperity on the return of peace. In 1784, Congress applied to the various state governments for powers to make retaliatory prohibitory tariffs. Some of the states refused their consent to these regulations, and the necessity of strengthening the central government, at least as far as regarded the external relations of the country, become apparent. Virginia was the first to propose a meeting for making arrangements for this purpose. Deputies from twelve states met at Philadelphia, and on the 17th of September, 1787, the constitution was published. Ever since the first framing of the Federal constitution, causes have been at work tending to its dissolution, and the greater part of the internal history of North America consists of the account of parties and events which either have a tendency towards this result, or on the other hand counteract them. The first proclamation of the constitution gave rise to the federalist and the democratic parties, into which the American people divided themselves. The federalists, who owed their name to their opinions, and also to a remarkable work, published as a commentary on the new constitution, declared themselves the partisans of the federal power, and endeavoured to fortify its authority. They tried to point out, that on the strength of the central power would depend the position America would take with regard to foreign nations. At the head of this party we may consider Washington, who, from his long experience of the hindrances and obstructions arising from the dilatoriness and supineness of the various state governments during the war of independence, considered unity of

power as indispensable, and wished to invest the central authority with supreme control in all matters of general policy. These opinions were shared by many of the men eminent at that period, so fruitful in great men. The most ardent promoter of these opinions was Alexander Hamilton, principal editor of the *Federalist*, and Washington's right hand during his administration. Governor Morris, author of some memoirs of the French Revolution, John Jay, Aaron Burr, and Adams the first successor of Washington as president, all entertained the same views. All these men were great proprietors, accustomed to the dignified life of great planters: they had received a brilliant education either in England or in the Colonies, had almost all filled important diplomatic missions, and had lived in European courts, where they had acquired refined tastes and manners, and justified the appellation maliciously applied to them by their adversaries, of gentlemen republicans. Opposed to them was Jefferson, the chief leader of the democrats. This party took advantage of the attachment of the Americans to municipal institutions, and endeavoured to show that the same independence which the municipal corporations held with regard to the state, ought to be enjoyed by each state in its relations to the central government. Self-government was the watch-word of this party.

Mr. Albert Gallatin, a Genevan, who died about a year ago, was the principal writer of their party. He had imbibed in his own country opinions hostile to all centralisation. The first decided check experienced by the federalists was the defeat of Adams, the second time he stood for the presidency, when he was superseded by Jefferson. Adams united the fortunes of the two families, Quincy and Adams, which were two of the richest and most important in America—had given their names to several towns and counties in New England—and who could trace their descent up to the first founders of the colony, and from thence to families in the old country. Adams thought some external splendour should accompany the first dignity of the republic. This was made a subject of reproach by Jefferson, who ridiculed it as monarchical, and thus made the friend of Washington unpopular.

The war of 1812 with England showed the necessity of not weakening the central government too much, and the two parties drew together. Madison's conciliatory administration greatly contributed to promote this result. The United States Bank was re-established for thirty years. Its charter had expired in 1811, and the opposition of the democrats had prevented its renewal. Hamilton had first introduced it during Washington's presidency; but not without strenuous opposition on the part of Jefferson. Besides the enmity which the United States Bank had to encounter on political grounds, the interests of the private banks were arrayed against it. That of New York, especially, had been very active in preventing the renewal of its charter. The whigs, as the federalists now began to be called, wished to support the bank, as an assistant to the treasury, it

having been proved by experience that the money arising from the customs could not be confided to the private banks, who speculated with it, and held themselves, in consequence of the receipt of these sums, exempt from keeping gold in hand. Notwithstanding the advantages resulting from the bank, such is the fear of centralisation in America, that in 1843 its charter was not again renewed, President Tyler promising his vote against it, when the Congress were pretty nearly divided. This unexpected triumph of the democrats left them, however, in a state of embarrassment, not knowing how to take care of the state receipts. They have endeavoured to supply the services which the bank used to yield to the state, by the creation of a new office called the sub-treasury office.

Previous to this, another question had been solved, that of the (internal improvements) advocated by Mr. Clay, who, though unsuccessful, acquired great honour by the manner in which he urged this point. By the advice of Washington, duties had been imposed in order to protect native manufactures. The Americans have a peculiar dislike to direct taxation; and custom duties was to them the pleasantest way of raising a revenue. But the receipts from the customs soon exceeded the current expenses of the federal government. After the debt incurred in the war of 1812 had been paid off, there remained a surplus, the disposal of which was the cause of dispute between the two parties; the whigs wishing to lay it out in canals, railroads, and other public works, and the democrats declaring that works of this nature were not the business of the central government, and they wished the money to be returned to the separate states. This, however, was so evidently unjust, as the rich states would thereby have received so much the most, that this point was soon abandoned, and the democrats turned their attacks against the receipts, which they declared ought not to exceed the expenditure, as it gave too much power to government. This gave rise, therefore, to the question of lowering the duties, to which all the manufacturing, viz. northern states were opposed; while the south and west, which exported the new produce, fearing retaliatory tariffs in England, eagerly sought the abolition of the protective duties. To such a pitch was the dispute carried, that it nearly threatened the dissolution of the Union. To Mr. Clay is due the honour of having healed this breach, by the act of compromise which he introduced in 1833, when he induced mutual concessions from both sides. Though there have since been discussions on minor points of the tariff, substantially the agreement of 1833 has been adhered to. These questions no longer occupy the public mind. The whigs have given up all systematic plans of public works, and the democrats have in some instances requested the interference of the central government in works which required to be immediately carried through; as, for instance, the making a railway from the banks of the Mississippi to California.

The main question now occupying public attention

is the abolition of slavery. For ten or twelve years preceding 1844, the abolitionist principles progressed under cover of the whig party. The venerable Adams consecrated his old age to the propagation of these opinions. The whig party furnished money to the abolitionist journals, the abolitionists voted with the whigs. But in 1844 disunion began to show itself. The abolitionists broke up into two distinct parties. The most ardent of them, under the celebrated Garrison, declared the constitution of the United States immoral and antichristian, for tolerating slavery, renounced all the rights of citizenship to that government, retaining only that of petition, which they said was not a legal but a natural right. They presented a petition for the immediate abolition of slavery, without indemnity. It was considered unconstitutional and not even read. From 1844, this fraction of the abolitionists ceased to vote at elections. The more moderate men in the abolitionist party saw that a declaration from the government pronouncing slavery immoral would be equivalent to an immediate dissolution of the Union. They turned their endeavours to preventing the spread of slavery beyond its present limits, leaving to time, the greater increase both of population and wealth in the free states, and free competition, to do the rest. The abolitionists now began to think themselves so numerous in the northern states, that they could carry a man of their own. They knew their strength was sufficient to throw the balance into whichever scale they favoured. In 1840 they had given the majority to the whigs; and many of them refusing to vote in 1844, had caused the triumph of the democrats. But when Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk were both standing for the presidency, they agreed to bring forward Mr. Birney as a third candidate. They could not carry him; but subtracting these votes from Mr. Clay, caused the success of Mr. Polk.

A small party among the abolitionists, styling themselves the free soilers, have limited their attack to demanding, year after year, the abolition of slavery in the small district round Washington, which is appropriated to the federal government, and a prohibition to all persons against bringing their slaves there. But this, as implying a condemnation of slavery, has been vehemently opposed by the deputies of the slave states. The portion of land which Virginia contributed to the federal district has been restored to it, in consequence of these difficulties. Maryland may, perhaps, have another portion, and it may end in the federal district being reduced to Washington. Of course, the free soilers have opposed the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican war, which have thrown such an increase of power into the slave states in the south. Polk demanded from Congress a vote of credit to enable him to carry on the war. The member for Pennsylvania, Mr. David Wilmot, proposed that the vote of credit should be accompanied by a proviso, that no slavery should be introduced into Texas. Every time that a new vote of credit is called for, the question of the Wilmot proviso is

again brought forward. New York and Pennsylvania have instructed their deputies to persevere in demanding the Wilmot proviso.

In 1848 General Taylor became president. He was opposed by Van Buren, who, though a member of the democratic party, had a strong majority in Massachusetts, and in many of the whig states as an abolitionist, so completely has this question superseded all others in the present state of American feeling. Public men are trying to publish their opinions on this important topic. At the time Van Buren was standing for the presidency, Mr. Clay, who has always professed the most liberal ideas with regard to slavery, though a slave proprietor himself, published a pamphlet, addressed to the central states of the Union, and pointing out to them, that the time was now arrived for their taking steps preparatory to the abolition of slavery. This occasioned great agitation in the South. Parties run high, and there is great violence both in speech and action on both sides. Mr. Burton, the deputy for Missouri, during thirty years has refused to obey the mandate of his constituents to vote against the Wilmot proviso. He and Mr. Calhoun have spoken and written violently against each other on this subject. At this time ended the presidency of Mr. Polk, and the last session of Congress. Mr. Polk had proposed that provisional laws should be made for California as a territory, previous to its population having reached the numbers requisite to its being received as a state into the Union. Into this provisional constitution, the house of representatives inserted a clause that there should be no slavery. This was thrown out in the senate, and as the two chambers could not agree, California has been left without any government, with the most disorderly and unprincipled population the world can furnish—mere adventurers the greater part, who are attracted by the hope of finding gold there. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will soon be made, but as far as we have had news from America during this year, 1850, but little progress seems to have been made.

[The above article has been chiefly taken from one in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Only the principal topics have been selected, and those considerably abbreviated.]

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.¹

AFTER having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist Listz arrived at Prague in October 1846.

The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger,—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding

ing the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Listz opened a drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that this usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why, there's scarcely anything!"

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Listz, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me, I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man. "There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the emperor of Austria: his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Listz would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessings of heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweller in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

(1) Adapted from the French by Mrs. House.

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Listz hastened to the jeweller.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man: come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are *you*?"

"My name is Listz."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You *must* be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Listz had seen a piano in the parlour behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued, she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm,

"Bravo, Listz! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that none living, save Listz, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Listz withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweller.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it, by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honours of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Listz, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds.

Listz continued to go to his house, and, to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning, the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Listz,

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter: her fortune is ready,—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good Pianist, Listz.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEREIN FAUST "SETS UP" FOR A GENTLEMAN, AND TAKES TO A COURSE OF SERIOUS READING.

WHEN General Grant had perused the Morning Post, containing the paragraph with which the last chapter concluded, he left the remainder of his breakfast untasted, and hastening to the library, wrote the following letter:—

"MY LORD,—On learning from my daughter the uncourteous, I had almost written ungentlemanly, manner in which you neglected her safety on Saturday evening, I was naturally much incensed. A paragraph referring to you in the Post of this morning, affords a sufficient clue to the cause of your absence from the opera-house, but unfortunately does so by casting upon you an imputation, which (unless you can explain the affair to my entire satisfaction, which I confess appears to me improbable,) must necessarily break off all intercourse between us. I am aware that your conduct may not have exceeded the limits which the world terms honourable, but I do not regulate my opinions by the world's standard, and should consider that I was indeed neglecting my duty as a father, were I to entrust my daughter's happiness to a gamester, whose success has involved the ruin and self-murder of a fellow-creature. These may sound harsh terms, but unless you can disprove that they are true ones, I for the last time sign myself, yours faithfully,

"ARCHIBALD GRANT."

(1) Continued from p. 39.

Having relieved his mind by penning the above epistle, he despatched a mounted groom to convey it to its destination, and having seen him depart, shut himself up, in solitary dignity, to await an answer. In less time than could have been imagined, the groom returned, bearing the following missive:—

"Lord Bellefield presents his compliments to General Grant, and having perused his strangely offensive letter, begs to decline affording any explanation whatsoever of the conduct of which General Grant sees fit to disapprove. Lord Bellefield agrees in thinking that under these circumstances all intercourse between himself and the General's family had better cease."

While the General sat in his library pondering over this agreeable epistle with a rueful countenance, to which anger, vexation, and outraged dignity imparted a singularly undesirable expression, an eager and exciting conversation was being carried on in a pretty little apartment opening into a miniature conservatory, dedicated to the use of Annie Grant. Emily had arrived, all her own natural, fascinating, impulsive, silly little self again, and had pooh-poohed any attempt at coolness on Annie's part, by throwing her arms round her neck, and kissing her a very unnecessary number of times, under the plea of her being "a dear ill-used thing who *must* be petted." And having thus at one and the same time expiated her offences and relieved her feelings, she danced across the room, bolted the door, drew a heavy damask curtain over it, and exclaiming "Now we're snug," danced back again, and flinging herself into an easy chair, began,

"Oh, my dear Annie! I am so miserable, so utterly wretched, I must go back to Italy; I've written to Alessandro to come and fetch me directly. I shall never be happy again,—at least not till I've quite forgotten it all,—and that will be never." And here came out a little lace parody of a pocket-handkerchief, which, although by no means a desirable article where-with to face a violent cold in the head, or at all calculated to withstand so much as an average sneeze, yet sufficed to dry the ghost of the tear which Emily's deep wretchedness drew from her.

"My dear Emily, what is the matter?" returned Annie, alarmed by a thousand vague fears, though, not having seen *the* paragraph, she was as yet unconscious of the darkest cloud that obscured the family horizon.

"Oh, my love, I suppose I ought not to tell you anything about it, but I must, for I've no one else to confide in. That wretch Gus!—would you believe it? he actually wanted me to leave poor dear Alessandro, and to run away with him;" and then, with many ejaculations, and much flourishing of the homœopathic sized handkerchief, she went on to relate, how when she became separated from Annie at the opera house, "which was all that creature Gus's fault, and done on purpose," she was certain, the "creature" had

availed himself of the opportunity he had thus secured, to urge his undying attachment to her, which affection, despite its inherent principle of vitality, he declared would assuredly bring him to an early grave in the event of her obduracy continuing; but Emily, though positively a flirt, and negatively rather a goose than otherwise, was not unprincipled, and so when she had overcome her first impulse of surprise and mortification, all the virtuous wife arose within her, and she gave Gus to understand, by dint of sundry short, sharp, and decisive plain-spoken unpleasantnesses, that he had made a false move, and ruined his game. Thence lapsing abruptly into a fit of sulky dignity, she ordered him, with the voice and gestures of a tragedy queen, to lead her to her carriage; finally, despatching the foiled "*Lionne*" hunter to remedy one of his ill deeds by finding Annie, on which mission he departed in a state of mind the reverse of seraphic. Having concluded this historical episode, *la Contessa* proceeded to append thereto certain annotations and reflections, in the course of which she contrived to fix much blame on society in general, and on Gus and Alessandro in particular, but none whatsoever on her own flirting manner and inordinate love of attention; which self-deluding analysis was by no means an original feature in the case, but rather an unconscious imitation of the proceedings of many a deeper thinker than poor little Emily.

The conference between the girls was still at its height, when a summons for Annie from her father interrupted the proceedings; whereupon Emily, declaring that neither her health nor spirits were then capable of undergoing the pain *forte et dure* of an interview with aunt Martha, drove home again, to console her breaking heart with a volume of George Sand's last novel. The General was in a great state of virtuous indignation. Lord Bellefield's note had been as gunpowder sprinkled over the smouldering embers of his wrath, and when Annie arrived, they (or, to translate the metaphor *slang-icé*, he) "flared up" to an immense extent. He told her of all the enormities which the newspapers attributed to her cousin, and signified his belief that the case had been rather understated than otherwise; he informed her of Lewis's rencontre with the delinquent at the door of a gaming-house; he adduced the note which he had just received as a proof that its writer must be lost to all better feeling, utterly wanting in a proper respect for age and position; and, in short, he said a great many severe and unwise things, after the fashion of angry men in general, for which he was afterwards very sorry, finding such speeches easier to say than to unsay— which result is also by no means uncommon in similar cases.

Having relieved his feelings by this explosion, he proceeded to the more serious business of the interview, by informing her that the necessary consequence of these uncomfortable revelations must be the dissolution of all ties, present or prospective, between herself and Lord Bellefield, which autocratic act he performed with outward austerity and inward

impudation, as he fully expected Annie to receive the harsh decree with a violent burst of tears, and, man-like, there was nothing he dreaded so much—he would rather have faced a charge of cavalry any day. But to his surprise, Annie sustained the information with a degree of stoic self-control that was perfectly marvellous. She neither wept, sighed, nor attempted the hysterio line; she only said gravely, "It's all very sad and shocking; but, of course, dear papa, I am ready to agree to whatever you think best." The General rubbed his hands—there was a daughter for you! Not a word of opposition, to hear was to obey—it actually restored him to good humour: he talked to her kindly and sensibly for a quarter of an hour, and then went out and purchased for her a valuable diamond bracelet, which was his idea of rewarding self-sacrifice in woman. And so did Annie, involuntarily and unconsciously, gain high praise and honour, for submitting with resignation to a decree which afforded her unmitigated satisfaction. As she left the library, she encountered poor Walter, who appeared in unusually high spirits. Next to Lewis, Annie held the foremost place in Walter's affections, from the unvarying patience and kindness with which she treated him; moreover, having failed to inspire him with the degree of respect not unmingled with awe with which he was accustomed to regard his tutor, he looked upon her in the light of a companion and an equal, to whom it might be safe to confide certain mischievous performances, in which, as his spirits acquired more elasticity, and his mental powers began to develop, he saw fit from time to time to indulge. With some such intention did he now approach her, whispering as he drew near, "I want you, Annie, I want you to come with me and see Faust dressed like a gentleman!"

"See what? you silly boy," returned Annie, laughing.

"Come with me and you shall see," was the rhythmic and oracular response; and seizing her by the hand, he dragged her off in the direction of the sitting-room appropriated to his own use and that of his tutor.

"Is Mr. Arundel there?" inquired Annie, pausing when she discovered their destination.

"No, he's not at home, there's no other gentleman there except Mr. Faust," was the reply; and thus reassured, Annie complied with the boy's whim, and allowed him to carry her off unopposed. Now, since we have had any especial intercourse with that worthy dog, Faust's education had progressed rapidly as well as Walter's. Lewis, partly from want of occupation during the many weary hours his attendance on Walter necessitated, partly because by so doing he was enabled to excite and interest the feeble intellect of his poor charge, had availed himself of the unusual power of control he had acquired over the dog, to teach him gundry tricks, somewhat more difficult to perform than the ordinary routine of canine accomplishments—for instance, having perfected him in sitting on his hind-legs in the attitude popularly

supposed to represent the act of begging, he went on to teach him to sit thus perched up in a corner for a space of time gradually increasing, as by practice the animal's muscles acquired more rigidity, until, at length, it was no uncommon feat for him to remain in this attitude for an hour at literally a "sitting." Moreover, if a light book or pamphlet were placed on his fore-paws, he would support it, and sit gazing on the open page before him, with a solemn gravity of countenance, indicating, apparently, the deepest interest in the work he seemed to be perusing. Of the results of this educational course, Walter had on the present occasion availed himself, and, accordingly, Annie, on her introduction to the study, found the excellent dog seated on his hind-legs in a corner, with an extempore mantle formed of a red scarf, drooping gracefully from his shoulders, and an old cap of Walter's on his head. Thus attired, he appeared to be conning, with an expression of puzzled diligence, a tract against profane swearing, by Mrs. Hannah More, presented to Walter by Miss Livingstone, on the occasion of his inadvertently making use in her presence of the scandalous expression, "Bless my heart!" Annie, duly impressed by this spectacle, laughed even more than Walter had hoped for, and told Faust that he was much the best dog in the world, in which assertion she was not, as we think, guilty of any great exaggeration. And Faust taking the compliment to himself only when the occurrence of his name rendered the allusion unmistakably personal, slobbered affectionately with his great comic mouth, and winked with his loving eyes, and made abortive attempts to wag his friendly tail, which was crumpled up un-wag-ably in the corner, and, in the plenitude of his excellence, sat more erect than ever, and studied his profane swearing still more diligently.

As soon as Walter's delight at Annie's amusement had in some degree subsided, he turned to her, saying:

"But, Annie, you have not found out why I told you Faust looked like a gentleman."

"Oh! because he sits there reading his book with such an air of dignified composure, I suppose," was the reply.

"No; I'd a better reason than that," returned Walter, with a look of unusual sagacity.

"Well, then, you must tell me what it was, for I can't guess," observed Annie, good naturedly.

"Look again, and find out," rejoined Walter.

Thus urged, Annie examined the dog more attentively than she had before done, and discovered that round his neck was slung the identical gold watch and chain, which, at her suggestion, Charles Leicester and his wife had given to Lewis.

"Why, you've hung Mr. Arundel's watch round Faust's neck! Oh, Walter, how foolish of you; he might have thrown it down and broken it!" exclaimed Annie, aghast at her discovery.

"Yes, that's it," returned Walter, chuckling with delight at the success of his puerile attempt at a trick. "All gentlemen wear gold watches, you know, and so does Mr. Faust."

"You ought not to have put it on him; I'm sure Mr. Arundel will be very angry," resumed Annie; and, kneeling down by the dog, she began untwisting the chain from his neck. "Sit still, Faust; be quiet, sir," she continued, as Faust, in his affection, attempted to take an unfair advantage of the situation to lick her hands and face, in which act of impertinence Walter sedulously encouraged him; still Annie persevered, and at length succeeded in disengaging the chain, and rescuing the watch from its dangerous position. "There," she exclaimed, "I have remedied the effects of your mischief, Master Walter; but I should never have been able to accomplish it if Faust had not been the best behaved, dearest old dog in the world;" and, with an impulse of girlish playfulness, she threw her arms round the animal, and pressed his rough head against her shoulder, her soft auburn ringlets falling like a shower of gold upon his shaggy coat.

At this moment, Lewis, who had been to talk over his Saturday evening's adventures with Frere, (or, at least, such portion of them as he chose to reveal, for on some subjects he was strangely reserved, even with Frere,) returned, and finding the door ajar, entered noiselessly, and stood transfixed by the sight of the *tableau vivant* we have endeavoured to describe. He thought that he had never beheld anything so lovely in his life before, nor was he far wrong. The time that had elapsed since we first introduced Annie Grant to the reader, had altered only to improve her beauty; her figure had gained a certain roundness of outline, and her face acquired a depth of expression, which had been the only finishing touches, wanting to complete, one of those rare specimens of loveliness, on which we gaze with a speculative wonder as to why so much beauty should be, as it were wasted on this world of change, and sin, and sorrow, and not reserved for that "Better Land"

"Where all lovely things and fair
Pass not away."

Whether ideas at all analogous to these presented themselves to the mind of Lewis, we are unable to say; certain it is, however, that (his artist eye attracted by the picture before him) he stood gazing as one entranced, while his colour went and came, and his broad chest heaved with the intensity of his emotion. How long affairs might have remained in this position it is impossible to decide, had not Faust, becoming aware of his master's presence by some mysterious canine instinct, made an unceremonious attempt to free himself from Annie's caresses; and that young lady, raising her eyes, encountered those of Lewis fixed upon her with an expression, which changed in an instant from ardent admiration to one of grave courtesy, as he found that he was observed. Annie's manner, as she rose and came forward, afforded but little clue whether or not she had noticed this change, and though her colour appeared somewhat heightened, no want of self-possession was discernible as she said, holding up the watch,

"See what I have been rescuing from the mischievous devices of Master Walter! he had actually hung my

cousin Charles' present to you round Faust's neck, in order to make him look like a gentleman, as he declared. Walter, come and answer for your misdeeds; I intend Mr. Arundel to be very angry with you—where are you, sir?" and, as she spoke, she looked round for her companion, but, whether really alarmed at the possibility of being reproved for his mischief, or whether actuated by some reasonless caprice of his half-developed intellect, Walter was nowhere to be found; so Lewis, having thanked Annie for her care of his watch, politely held open the door for her to depart. But, when kidnapped by Walter, Annie had been carrying an armful of books, and Lewis, becoming aware of this fact, could do no less than offer to take them up to the drawing-room for her. Having accomplished this feat he was about to retire, when it occurred to him that he was bound, in common civility, to inquire whether she had sustained any ill effects from her alarm.

"Oh, no," replied Annie, "thanks to your kindness and consideration, I am literally *quite pour la peur*."

"I suppose," she added, hesitatingly, "you have, ere this, learned the sad cause of Lord Bellesfield's absence on Saturday night?" and, on Lewis replying in the affirmative, she continued,—“And do you believe all that the newspapers insinuate? Can my cousin have really behaved so very wickedly?"

"I called on my friend Richard Frere this morning," returned Lewis, "and I learn from him that the main facts of the case are matters of notoriety; for instance, racing men are well aware that Lord Bellesfield won a large sum of money from this unfortunate young man; nor would your cousin attempt to deny that it is so. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the fashionable London world to hazard an opinion on the subject; but Frere, who knows everybody, says the story has gained universal credence; and, though by no means disposed to judge human nature severely, believes in it himself."

"It is very, very shocking," murmured Annie; "and I had hoped it could not be true, but papa is much incensed, and believes it fully; and I fancy you do also, although, having such just cause to dislike my cousin, you are too generous to blame him."

"Indeed, you are mistaken," returned Lewis, kindly; for her manner confirmed him in an impression which had arisen in his mind, that the distaste she had expressed to the engagement with Lord Bellesfield would vanish, as her anger at his neglect cooled. "Indeed I do not think so; on the contrary, I have a strong conviction that the affair has been misrepresented and exaggerated, and that your cousin will be able to clear himself, not only to your satisfaction, but to that of General Grant also."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Annie, impetuously; and then, ere the words were well spoken, she continued: "No, I do not mean that. How wicked of me to say so! but, oh! it is such joy to feel that I am free—free as air!" Then, observing that Lewis's eyes were fixed upon her with an inquiring glance, though his lips framed no sound, she added with a

bright blush, "Yes, you were a true prophet, Mr. Arundel," and, turning abruptly, she quitted the room.

And, Lewis! Did he rejoice that the man he hated was thus crossed in his dearest wishes, thus held up to public obloquy? Strange as many will deem it, he did not. On the contrary—except on Annie's account—he was annoyed at the turn events had taken. In the first place, although the facts were so strong that he could not reasonably discredit the reports that were in circulation, he felt a sort of instinctive belief that Lord Bellefield was not guilty of all the evil laid to his charge. He recalled the expression of his face as he had seen it on the night of the suicide; it had not been that of a man hardened in crime, who had left the victim of his betting schemes, unaided in his extremity, to seek refuge from dishonour in the madness of self-destruction; but rather that of a being of mixed good and evil, startled by some frightful reality of life into a condition of temporary remorse. If Lewis could have realized his exact wishes at this moment, he would have desired to clear Lord Bellefield's character by his own unassisted efforts, and, as a reward, to have called him out the next morning, and fought with small swords, (pistols would have decided the matter too quickly to satisfy him,) till one or both should have furnished subjects for the undertaker. Then his thoughts reverted to Annie—she was free, and rejoiced in her freedom, therefore she was to be won. Watch his features as the idea strikes him: first a flush of joy, crimsoning brow and cheek, fading to the pale hue of despair; then the clenched hand and compressed lips, that tell of the strong will battling with, aye, and conquering—for the will is as yet the stronger—the germs of a consuming passion. Brave young heart, tasting for the first time the true bitterness of life, angels might have wept to view thy gallant striving!

CHAPTER XLII.

LEWIS PRACTICALLY TESTS THE ASSERTION THAT VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD, AND OBTAINS AN UNSATISFACTORY RESULT.

THE aphorism embodying the statement that a storm is usually followed by a calm, although by no means original, is not, on that account, the less true; nor, in tracing the course of events in the household of General Grant, shall we discover an exception to this rule in the "Law of storms." Immediately after the incident we have related, Lord Bellefield, (probably wishing to escape the disagreeable notoriety likely to be obtained by his share in the catastrophe,) escorted his sister to Italy, without making any attempt to deprecate the anger of General Grant; and, although the Marquis of Ashford, who greatly desired that the proposed matrimonial alliance should take place, (hoping that marriage might wean his son from various expensive pursuits, of the nature whereof the reader may have gleaned some faint idea from the previous course of this narrative,) made sundry attempts to effect a reconciliation, the General re-

mained inexorable. From his new position, as occasional secretary to her father, Lewis was thrown into constant intercourse with Annie, while, from the deservedly high opinion General Grant had formed of him, he was treated more as a friend than a dependant. Before Mrs. Arundel and Rose left London, Annie obtained her father's permission to invite the latter to spend a few days with them. Rose placed the invitation in Lewis's hand before showing it even to Mrs. Arundel; she divined that her brother would feel strongly on the subject, and determined to be guided by his wishes; he read Annie's note in silence; it was like herself, simple, frank and warm-hearted, it was accompanied by a few lines from the General, kind (for him) and courteous in the extreme. "Miss Arundel would confer an obligation on his daughter, by allowing her the opportunity of becoming acquainted with, &c. &c." The General had heard of Rose's literary reputation, and looked upon her as a second Madame de Staël;—a woman who had written a book, appeared to his simplicity a thing as wonderful, as, in these latter days, when, to speak poetically, the sun of literature is obscured by the leafy greenness of the softer sex, we are accustomed to regard a woman who has never done so. Lewis read the two notes; there was not a shadow of patronage from beginning to end at which the most rampant pride could take offence—the invitation was unexceptionable; and then a crowd of conflicting ideas rushed upon him, and he paced the apartment for once in a state of the most complete indecision. This was not a mood of mind which could ever continue long with Lewis, and, pausing abruptly, he said, "I really do not see how you can well refuse, after such a very kind note from—from the General."

"I shall be delighted to accept it, dear Lewis, since you wish it as well as myself; I long to know more of that sweet Annie."

"You will be disappointed if you expect to find Miss Grant unusually clever, returned Lewis, moodily; she has good natural abilities, but nothing more, neither has she been accustomed to live amongst intellectual people; she is by no means your equal in point of talent."

Rose looked surprised at this depreciatory speech; she considered Annie so fascinating, that she did not imagine it in man's nature to criticise her unfavourably, and that Lewis, of all people, should do so, was very incomprehensible. She only replied, however, "Miss Grant is much more accomplished than I am, at all events; she sketches like an artist, plays with great taste and execution, and sings most sweetly. I do not think it by any means an advantage to a woman to be unusually clever; it tends to force her out of her proper sphere, and to urge her into a degree of publicity repugnant to all the better instincts of her nature."

"I quite agree you," rejoined Lewis, cordially. "A woman should have a quick vigorous intellect, to enable her to perceive and appreciate the good, the true, and the beautiful, but nothing beyond. With a

single exception, dear Rose, I consider literary women complete anomalies, things to wonder at and to pity; depend upon it few women who devote their lives to literature are really happy."

As Lewis ceased speaking Rose sat for some moments pondering the truth of the opinions which he, in common with many of the best and wisest of his sex, held on this subject. At length she said—"I agree, and yet I differ with you; surely a fine mind is one of the noblest gifts God can bestow upon his creature, because," she added reverently, "the higher the intellect, the nearer it must approach to His Own perfect wisdom; therefore talent ought to be a boon to woman, as well as to man; but is it not in the application of that talent that the mischief lies? If the consciousness of mental superiority unfits a woman for the performance of her natural duties, instead of enabling her to fulfil them more thoroughly, the fault rests not in the gift, which is in itself a privilege, but in the misapplication of it by the person on whom it is bestowed. Retirement is a woman's natural position, and anything which leads her to forsake it, tends to unsex and deteriorate her; I do not say that it must necessarily do so; if, for instance, some pious motive, such as a desire to assist her family, actuates her, she often appears to be protected from the dangers which surround the path which she has chosen, but that these dangers are great and many it is vain to deny."

"My opinion is," rejoined Lewis, "that amongst either men or women, those only should write books who, from some cause or other, are so thoroughly imbued with their subject, that utterance becomes, as it were, a necessity; then, and then only, do they produce anything great and good. The strongest argument I know against women writing, is, that they never appear to exceed pleasing mediocrity. You have no female Shakespeare or Milton—even Byron and Scott are unapproached by the bravest of your literary Amazons. Certainly women should not write;" and, having uttered this opinion much as if he would have liked to alter the "should" into "shall," and to be made autocrat of England till he had purged the land from blue-stockings, Lewis took his hat and departed, leaving that "talented authoress," his sister, to chew the cud of his encouraging observations as best she might.

The practical result of this conversation was, that Rose spent a week in Park Crescent, and thus the occurrences thereof fell out. Miss Livingstone first catechised, then patronised the young tutor's sister. The General also tried a pompously condescending system, but Rose's sweetness subdued the old soldier; and, ere the week had passed, he became devoted to her, and, in his stately fashion, loved her only a little less than his own daughter. And Annie—she first began by being afraid of her new acquaintance, because she was an authoress; then she discovered that she was not so alarming after all; next it occurred to her that she was very sensible; then that she was very affectionate, which went a great way with Annie; and finally, that she was quite perfect

and exactly *the* friend she had been all her life pining for. From the moment she discovered this, which was once upon a time when Rose, carried away by the heat of congenial conversation, began to talk about her brother, she delighted to lay bare her pure girlish heart to her new-found friend. And what does the reader suppose it contained? Any very mysterious secret, any dire and soul-harrowing episode, as became the heart of a heroine?—Alas, for poor degenerate Annie! there were no such interesting contents in her warm little bosom, only much simplicity, sundry good resolutions containing the germs of future self-discipline, great natural amiability, a ready appreciation of all that was excellent in art or nature, and an open and unbounded admiration of, and respect for, the character of Lewis; so open indeed, that Rose thankfully acknowledged to her secret soul, that one alarming possibility, which had lately occurred to and haunted her, viz. that Annie and Lewis were falling in love with each other, had no foundation in fact. The only drawback to Rose's pleasure in her visit was, strange to say, the behaviour of her brother.—His manner, when alone with her—and the delicate tact of Annie Grant afforded them many opportunities for a *tête à tête*—was wayward and fitful in the extreme. Sometimes, but very seldom, he appeared low and out of spirits; at others, he was cold and sarcastic, or even perverse and unjust; and, though these fits were invariably followed by expressions of the most affectionate regard towards Rose herself, yet the idea with which they impressed her, was, that his mind was ill at ease, and, that for some reason which he studiously concealed, he was unhappy. The week passed away like a dream, and Annie, as she parted from her new friend, felt as if some being of a superior order, endowed with power to make and to keep her good, were leaving her, again to fight single-handed with the trials and temptations of life.

Frere had been despatched by his scientific superiors to inspect certain organic remains, which had come to light during the formation of a railroad cutting in the north of Ireland; which remains, assuming to be the vertebræ and shin bone of an utter impossibility, (the comparative-anatomical sketch, which Frere designed on the *ex pede Hercules* principle, represented the lamented deceased as a species of winged hippopotamus, with a bird's head, a crocodile's tail, and something like an inverted umbrella round his cameleopard-like neck, forming a whole more picturesque than probable,) excited the deepest interest in the world of science, which lasted till, unluckily, one of the workmen, striking his pickaxe against a partially imbedded bone, found that the *Rumpaddyostodon*, (for so had Frere's *chef* already named it,) was composed of Irish oak.

Ere Frere returned from this expedition, Mrs. Arundel and Rose had quitted London, a fact which annoyed that gentleman more than he could reasonably account for; having, however, recovered from his strange fit of shyness, he wrote Rose a long account of his adventures, winding up by originating a pressing invitation to himself to spend a fortnight

with them during the vacation, which invitation he not only accepted most graciously, but, with the utmost benevolence, volunteered to prolong to three weeks, if he could possibly manage it."

Lewis, shortly after the departure of his mother and sister, received what Annie termed "marching orders," viz. an intimation that on a certain day and hour, he and his pupil were to hold themselves in readiness to start for Broadhurst, it being one of the General's pet idiosyncrasies, to manage his family movements *saltatim*, by jerks, as it were, which disagreeable habit he had acquired during his campaigning days, when the exigencies of military service necessitated such abrupt proceedings. The consequence of this particular exercise of discipline was, that Lewis received the following note on the evening before their departure.

DEAR SIR,—Learning this morning, accidentally, that you are about to leave town to-morrow, and wishing much to see you on a matter of some importance before you do so, shall I be putting you to any great inconvenience if I ask you to do me the favour of breakfasting with me to-morrow? Name your own hour from 6 o'clock downwards; my boy is waiting, or more properly (you know his mendacious propensities) *lying* in wait for your answer. N.B.—I am aware of the utter vileness of that pun, but my ink is so confoundingly thick that really I could not make a better one. Yours faithfully, T. BRACY.

To this, Lewis replied that he would be with him by eight o'clock on the following morning, and was as good as his word.

"This is kind of you, Mr. Arundel," exclaimed Bracy, shaking him heartily by the hand, "I like a man who will come to you at a minute's notice; now, as I know your time's short, we'll go to work at once and talk as we eat. Bring the eggs and rolls, Orphy."

"Please, sir, they ain't none of 'em come," responded the individual thus addressed, who was no less a personage than the tiger, "for falsehood famed."

"I knew he'd say that," observed Bracy aside, with a look of exultation, "I knew he'd say so, because I saw the man bring 'em five minutes ago; sharp boy! he never loses an opportunity of lying. Perhaps they may have arrived while you've been up here," he continued blandly, "go and see, Orphy."

"What do you call your tiger?" inquired Lewis, as the imp disappeared.

"Why his real name is Dick Timmins," returned Bracy, "I have taken the trouble to ascertain that fact beyond a doubt; of course, I should not have believed it merely upon his authority; but I call him Orphy, which is a convenient abbreviation of Orpheus, because, like that celebrated mythical musician, he is at all times and seasons perfectly inseparable from a *lyre*! 'a poor pun,' sir, 'but mine own.'"

"It must surely be inconvenient and troublesome to be obliged perpetually to guard against some

deception or other, to be in continual doubt as to what has or what has not taken place in your household," remarked Lewis.

"Not at all, my dear Arundel, there's the beauty of it," returned Bracy; "others doubt and are perplexed, but I am never at a loss for a moment, I know all his most intricate involutions of lying, and can track him through a course of falsehood as a greyhound follows a hare: that boy could not deceive me unless he were suddenly to take to telling the truth; but there's not the least fear of that, his principles are too well established. Ah! *inter alia*, here he comes,—do you see the pun? pre-suppose an Irish brogue, and accent the penultimate instead of the first syllable in the second word, and its not such a bad one after all."

When, to use the popular lyric style, the "false one had departed," and the gentlemen were again left *tête à tête*, Lewis, reminding his companion that his time was short, hinted that it would not be amiss if he were at once to acquaint him with the business to which he had referred in his note.

"Ah! yes, to be sure," replied Bracy, "it was a letter I had from Frere, yesterday, which put the thing into my head. Let us see, what does he say?" And pulling a letter from his pocket, he ran his eye down it, reading and soliloquizing somewhat after the following fashion.—"Hum! ha! 'Never take shares in an Irish railway—' thank ye, I never mean to—'the natives in these parts are not Cannibals, at which no one at all particular in his eating would wonder, after seeing the state of filth—well, I won't read that, it will spoil our breakfast,—'the organic remains are coming out splendidly; I feel little doubt they must have belonged to some antediluvian monster yet unknown to science.' Ah! the fossil remains of a pre-Adamite Irish bull, probably; and that's another, by Jove, for there would have been nobody to make it at that time of day: there's a P.S. about it, though—Ah! here it is—'only fancy, my organic remains prove to be vegetable, not animal; nothing more nor less than a new species of Irish Oaks.' A new species of Irish *Hoax*, rather; I wonder how he came to miss the pun,—some men do throw away their opportunities sadly; but I'm wasting your time—now then—'in regard to what you tell me about the Bellefield affair, I can do nothing, not being on the spot; your best plan will be to communicate with Lewis Arundel,—he is thoroughly *au fait* as to the whole matter; tell him everything, and act according to his advice. You may safely do so. I always thought his lordship a great scoundrel,' (rather strong language!) 'but in this case he appears more to be pitied than blamed; I like fair play all the world over, and would give even the devil his due.'—There," continued Bracy, folding up the letter, "that's what Richard Frere says, and I, knowing his advice to be good, am prepared to act upon it."

"It may be good," returned Lewis, in a tone of annoyance; "but, as far as I am concerned, it is particularly enigmatical. There are many reasons why

it is undesirable, I may say impossible, for me to interfere with Lord Bellefield's affairs."

"Still, if you are the man I take you to be," replied Bracy, seriously, "you would not wish any one to labour under unjust imputations, from which a word of truth can set him free. But it's no use beating about the bush; hear what I have to say, and then you can act, or remain neuter, as you please. Of course you read the newspaper account of that sad business about poor Mellerton?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative, and Bracy continued, "Except in one or two points, the statement was substantially correct, but these happen to be rather important ones. In the first place I should tell you that Mellerton was an intimate friend of my own. We were great cronies at Eton, and never lost sight of each other afterwards. I first heard of this betting affair from an officer of high rank, who holds an appointment by which he is necessarily a good deal behind the scenes at the War Office. Somehow it reached his ears that Mellerton had been betting heavily, and met with severe losses, and knowing that I had some influence with him, he wished me to give him a friendly hint, which I accordingly did. Mellerton took it very well, poor fellow! and thanked me for my advice, which was his invariable custom, though I can't say he usually acted upon it. He confessed that he had lost more money than was convenient, and told me he had been forced to borrow, but the amount of his losses he studiously concealed. On the morning of the day of his death, the same person sent for me again, and told me he was afraid Mellerton had been behaving very madly, and in the strictest confidence informed me that it was determined upon to examine into his accounts, and that if, as he feared, they would not bear the light, his character would be blasted for life, adding that I was at liberty to warn him of this, and give him an opportunity, if possible, of replacing the money. Owing to a chapter of accidents, as ill luck would have it, I was unable to meet with Mellerton till late in the evening, when I found him in a state of distraction, having just received officially the information I had sought to forestall. Seeing how much I knew already, he told me everything. I will not recapitulate the miserable details, but the newspapers did not overstate the truth. Well, as a forlorn hope, I suggested the appeal to Lord Bellefield's generosity, and after much persuasion he agreed to let me make the trial. I sprang into a hansom cab, and drove like the wind to Ashford House. Bellefield was dining with his sister; I followed him to Berkeley Square, and then to the Opera-house, where I lost not a minute in explaining my business. Well, sir, instead of rejecting the appeal, as has been reported, Lord Bellefield appeared greatly distressed at the intelligence,—jumped into his cab, taking me with him, and as we drove down to poor Mellerton's lodgings, expressed his readiness to do whatever I thought best,—adding, that he had 10,000*l.* at his banker's, which was quite at Mellerton's service till he could sell his Yorkshire estate. The rest of the tale you

know. The poor fellow, thinking, from my prolonged absence, that my attempt had failed, and unable to bear the disgrace of exposure, placed a loaded pistol in his pocket, repaired to a gaming-table, betted to the full amount of his defalcation, lost, and blew his brains out. We got there just as the surgeon they had sent for declared life was extinct; and you never saw a man so cut up as Bellefield was about it. He accused himself of being a murderer, and, in fact, seemed to feel the thing nearly as much as I did myself. As soon as he had a little recovered, he volunteered to drive to Knightsbridge, to break the thing to poor Fred, Mellerton's brother, while I did the same by his mother and sisters; and a nice scene I had of it,—I thought the old lady would have died on the spot. But now, to come to the point;—I hear that old Grant, believing all the newspaper lies, has quarrelled with his intended son-in-law, and broken off the engagement; and that Lord Bellefield, too proud to make any explanations, has allowed him to continue in his mistake.—Is this so?"

"I have no reason to believe your information is incorrect," was the cautious reply.

"In that case, don't you think it is due to Lord Bellefield to acquaint General Grant with the truth?"

Lewis paused for a minute or two in thought ere he replied—"Certainly; it would be most unjust to withhold it."

"Well, I'm very glad you agree with me," returned Bracy, rubbing his hands with the air of a man who has escaped some disagreeable duty. "Then I may depend upon you to set the matter right?"

"Upon me!" rejoined Lewis, in surprise.

"Yes, to be sure," was the reply; "that's what Frere expects. You see, it's rather a delicate affair for a man to interfere in; particularly one who is a complete stranger. I don't believe I ever set eyes on Governor Grant in my life. Now you, living in the house, can find a hundred opportunities. There is a good deal in selecting the *molliæ tempora fundi* with men as well as with women."

"Then I am to understand that you have related these facts to me for the express purpose of my communicating them to General Grant?"

"Yes, to be sure. Do you think I should have put you to the inconvenience of coming here this morning merely for the sake of having a gossip?"

"And suppose I were to refuse to make this communication?" continued Lewis.

"Such a supposition never occurred to me," replied Bracy, in amazement, "but if you were to do such an ill-natured thing, matters must take their own course. In telling you, I've done all that I consider I am in any way called upon to do; if you, for any reason, deem it inadvisable to enlighten General Grant, there the thing must rest. Frere tells me to be guided by your advice, and so I shall; as I have just said, I leave it entirely to you."

"I understand you perfectly," rejoined Lewis, and as he spoke, a contemptuous smile curled his lip, "still, justice requires that the General should be

enlightened, and although there are many reasons why it is painful and objectionable to me to do so, yet there are others which prevent my refusing; and now, Mr. Bracy, as my time is short, you will excuse my being obliged to leave you."

"Oh! certainly," returned Bracy, as his visitor rose to depart;

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Liberty Hall this, sir! *chacun à son goût*, 'everybody has the gout,' as the little girl at the boarding school construed it. Then you'll make Governor Grant comprehend that in this particular instance Bellefield behaved like a brick?—Disagreeable business to be obliged to interfere in, but as Frere says, you're just the man to do it; *good morning*," and uttering these words with the greatest *empressement*, he shook Lewis's hand warmly, and suffered him to depart. As the door closed on his retreating figure, Bracy threw himself back in an easy chair.

"There's something in the wind that I'm not up to," he muttered in soliloquy; "I don't comprehend that good youth at all. There must be private feeling mixed up in it; something in the love and murder line, I suspect. How savage he looked when he undertook the job—rather he than I, though; Bellefield's just as likely to call a man out, as to say Thank ye, for interfering; but, as Frere says, Arundel's just the man to carry the thing through. He's a plucky young fellow and deucedly good-looking, but he certainly does not appreciate wit—ahem—that is, puns—properly;" and with this reflection, Bracy took pen and paper, and sat him down to indite an essay on moral courage, and the responsibility of man, wherewith to fill up a vacant corner of Blunt's Magazine.

And Lewis—what a task had he undertaken! He who would have made any sacrifice to gratify Annie's lightest wish, must now bring the first cloud over the sunshine of her young life; he must be the means of reconciling her father and Lord Bellefield; he must, by his own act, give the woman he loved to the man he hated. The woman he loved!—had then the fear that had lain cold and heavy at his heart, that had come between him and ——— resignation, assumed a definite shape? did he at length own that he, the poor tutor, the paid dependent, loved the rich man's daughter. Oh! Lewis, where was thy pride,—where that Hell-Angel beautiful in evil, which hath haunted thee even from thy childhood upwards, like a second self? Had Rose's tears prevailed and thy pride deserted thee? Would that it had been so; but no, he had not yet learned that hardest lesson for the young and brave-hearted, self-distrust; his bosom-sin clave to him, and striving single-handed, how should he subdue it!

Lewis was not one of those who deceive themselves long on any point; and his emotions after the scene at the Opera-house, the amount of self-control he was obliged to exert, to restrain any outbreak of feeling in the *tête-à-tête* drive with Annie, had revealed the truth to him, and ere he slept that night, he knew

that now indeed was the sum of his wretchedness complete; for he loved, for the first time, one fitted to call forth all the depth and earnestness of his passionate nature, and he loved without hope. Pressing his hands to his burning brow, he sat down calmly to think. Calmly! yes, the treacherous repose of the smouldering volcano were an apt illustration of such a forced calmness. Renunciation and self-conquest! this then was his portion for the time to come. Self-conquest! Pride caught at the word; an enemy strong as the strength of will, which should subdue it. Reason cried, "Flee from temptation;" but pride whispered, "The task is worthy of you; accomplish it." And resolution aided pride, and the iron will came into play, and the contest was begun. And now the reader can understand why Lewis's interview with Bracy would scarcely tend to raise his spirits, or render his general frame of mind more satisfactory.

Punctual to the moment, the carriage made its appearance, drawn by four poststers; and the General and the two ladies ensconced themselves in the interior, while, the day being lovely, Lewis and his pupil took possession of the rumble. About two miles from Broadhurst was a steep hill; on reaching this point, Annie and her father, Lewis and Walter, alighted, with the intention of walking up; but before half the distance was accomplished, the General pleaded guilty to a very decided twinge of gout, and unwilling to provoke a second, re-entered the carriage, the others continuing their pedestrian exertions without him.

Annie, delighted to regain the freedom of the country, was in high spirits. "Why do people stay in London at this time of year?" she exclaimed. "This lovely sky, and the trees, and the birds, and the sunshine, are worth all the operas and pictures and balls, and every sight or amusement London can afford; those things excite one for an hour or two, but this makes me perfectly happy."

Lewis glanced at her for a moment; sighed involuntarily; and then rousing himself, uttered some common-place civility, which so clearly proved that he was forcing himself to make conversation from the subject of which his thoughts were far away, that Annie, struck by his manner, paused, and fixed her large eyes earnestly upon him. At length she said,

"I am sure you are ill or unhappy, Mr. Arundel. I am now too well aware how utterly unable I am to compensate for the loss of such a friend and counsellor as dear Rose, (oh, how I envy you that sister!) but if you would sometimes tell me when you are annoyed or out of spirits, instead of wrapping yourself in that cold proud mantle of reserve, I think even such poor sympathy as mine might make you happier."

Lewis glanced round. Walter, actuated by some caprice of his wayward intellect, had run on before—they were virtually alone. Now, it had occurred to Lewis, that as Annie had allowed him to perceive her dislike to the idea of an union with Lord Bellefield, he should entirely lose her good opinion, were she to learn that it was through his representations, that a reconciliation with her father had been brought about;

and although this would have been a very desirable result for many reasons, and have materially assisted him in his design of conquering his unhappy attachment, yet he by no means appeared to approve of the notion, but on the contrary had, with his usual fearlessness, determined to seize the first opportunity of explaining to her, why reason and justice obliged him to act in opposition to her wishes. And now that the opportunity had arrived, the considerate kindness of her address disarmed him, and, in the unwillingness to inflict pain on her, he half abandoned his purpose; but here his strength of will—that fearful agent for good or for evil—came into action, and settled the matter. It was right; it must be done. Accordingly, he thanked her for her kindness, made her a pretty speech, as to valuing her sympathy, which expressed somewhere about one-fifteenth of what he really felt on the subject—said, which was quite true, that nothing had for a long time afforded him greater pleasure than the friendship which had sprung up between her and Rose,—then, speaking in a low calm voice, he continued, “I have been both grieved and annoyed this morning; you guessed rightly when you thought so. Will you forgive me, and still regard me as your friend, when I tell you that circumstances force me to act in direct opposition to your wishes, and do that of which I fear you will highly disapprove?”

Annie looked at him, with an expression of surprise and alarm; which gave way to a bright trustful smile as she replied, “Nothing can lead me to doubt your friendship, Mr. Arundel; I have had proofs of its sincerity too convincing for me ever to do so. If you are obliged to say or do anything which may pain me, I am sure you feel it to be duty which compels you. And now tell me what it is to which you refer.”

Poor Lewis! the smile and the speech went straight to his heart, like the stroke of a poniard; pride, resolution, and all the other false gods he relied on, disappeared before it; and for the moment, love was lord of all. But self-control had become so habitual to him, that the most acute observer could not have detected the slightest indication of the inward struggle; and ere he spoke, his will had resumed its mastery, and his purpose held good. He gave her, in as few words as possible, an account of his interview with Bracy; and told her that it was his intention immediately to acquaint General Grant with the facts that had thus come to his knowledge.

She heard him in silence; and when he had finished, she said in a low voice, which thrilled with suppressed emotion, “My father will forgive him; and all will be as if this thing had never happened.”

They walked on side by side, but neither spoke. At length Lewis said, “I have told you, this man and I were not on friendly terms; I now tell you that he has heaped insult after insult upon me, till I HATE him. Yes, you may start, and your gentle woman’s nature may condemn me; but it is so: I hate him.” He spoke calmly, but it only rendered his words more terrible, for it told not merely of the angry impulse of the moment, but of the deep conviction of a life-

time; and Annie shuddered as she listened. Regardless of her emotion, Lewis continued, “Circumstances have in this instance forced me to appear as Lord Bellefield’s successful accuser. To some minds this petty triumph might have afforded satisfaction; to me it has been a source of unmixed regret; the retribution I seek is not of such a nature. Fate has now placed in my hands the means of vindicating his character; and every principle of honour, nay of common justice, binds me to do so. We may not do evil that good may come. I should forfeit my self-respect for ever, were I to conceal this knowledge from your father. You would not have me do so, I am certain!”

Lewis paused for a reply; there was silence for a moment, and then, in a low broken voice, Annie said, “No! you *must* tell him. But I am very, very wretched!” And uttering the last words with a convulsive sob, she covered her face with her hands, and turned away to conceal the tears she could no longer repress.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGAND’S CAVE.

THIS picture represents an incident which, though fortunately becoming more rare in Italy, is still not unfrequent in Spain—the carrying off a child for the sake of the ransom. The writer was lately assured, when at Gibraltar, that repeated attempts had been made by the robbers of the neighbouring mountains to bribe the servants of a rich English officer, who possessed an only child, to betray it into their hands beyond the walls of the fortress, when it would have been carried off and retained until a heavy sum had been exacted. The painter, who studied the costume in Italy, has thrown the charm of feeling over his subject. The robber’s wife is nursing the blue-eyed infant—the child, probably, of some English parent—and is smiling upon it with an expression of almost maternal tenderness—in beautiful contrast with the gloom of every circumstance around.

LORD DERWENTWATER, AND THE REBELLION OF 1715.

A GENUINE English Jacobite has been long regarded as a sort of respectable curiosity—an interesting specimen of an almost extinct race. Admitting, however, that many ladies and gentlemen still exist who boast, with perfect safety, but with a generous warmth worthy of the olden chivalry, an abstract devotion to the Stuart cause, and a sincere faith in the doctrine of strict hereditary right, their opinions have now little practical bearing, and are seldom met with in print. Mr. William Sidney Gibson, the author of a recent work which has suggested this paper,¹ comes, as will soon be seen, under the denomi-

(1) “Dilston Hall; or, Memoirs of the Right Hon. James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, a martyr in the Rebellion of 1715. To which is added, a visit to Bamburgh Castle, &c.” By William Sidney Gibson. London, 1850.

nation of an out-and-out Jacobite,—an enthusiastic and thorough-going advocate of the descendants of the ill-starred James II. Had he lived in the days of the Rebellion of 1715, he frankly avows that he would have fought against the House of Hanover, from a sense of duty, and as a matter of principle. "The age of succession wars," he says in his preface, "is happily over, and (as some writer has remarked,) the possibility of adhering to the descendants of King James II. has long ceased; and the author may, therefore, without endangering his reputation for loyalty to Queen Victoria, further confess that had he lived when the young Earl espoused the Stuart's cause, he would probably have done as Lord Derwentwater did."

With no remarkable predilections ourselves for the exiled dynasty, we are free to admit that there are no pages of English history more interesting than those which record the trials, sufferings, and adventures of its loyal and generous adherents, during the reigns of the first two princes of the House of Hanover, no cause so tinged with romantic interest as that of the "so-called" Pretenders. Among those who embarked in each of the formidable rebellions of 1715 and 1745, or, as the phrase ran, *went out* in those eventful years, were many young and chivalrous men, actuated by the purest motives, and impelled by the most ardent zeal, the descendants of illustrious families, representatives of the old English gentry, whose boast it was that their loyalty

—was still the same
Whether it won or lost the game.

James Radcliffe, the third and last Earl of Derwentwater, was one of the earliest and most lamented victims of this luckless cause. He entered into it with all the ardour of youth, devoted to it all his energies, hazarded and lost life and fortune in its defence. Loyal and religious, according to his notions of true loyalty and true religion; acting from earnest conviction and a deep sense of duty; it is impossible not to feel some admiration for his character, and compassion for his fate. We turn then with considerable interest to the events of his life as they are presented in the volume before us.

He was born in London on the 28th of June, 1689; but his childhood was passed in France. His father, the second earl, quitted England soon after the birth of his infant heir, and joined the circle of emigrant royalists who composed the court of James II. at St. Germain's. The fallen sovereign distinguished the heir of Derwentwater with every mark of favour which in his position he was able to bestow. He was selected to be the play-fellow of the young Prince,—the first Pretender, or James III. of England, as he was afterwards called by his adherents,—and a friendship grew up between the boys, blended in the one with a feeling of affectionate loyalty, which in early manhood ripened into a passion and principle that acknowledged no limit of devotion, and hesitated at no personal sacrifice. In the quiet and monotonous

court of St. Germain's, few events of importance took place during the nonage of Lord Derwentwater, and his existence was so far unchequered by adventure. His father died in 1705. In 1710 he attained the age of twenty-one, and paid his first visit to his ancestral home in Northumberland. Dilston Hall, the family seat of the Radcliffes, is described by Mr. Gibson as remarkable for the picturesque beauty of its situation. The ancient mansion was "surrounded with the poetry of historical association," and still retained the most striking features of its feudal grandeur. It was, however, very deficient in comfortable accommodation; and the young Earl commenced building a new residence, which he never lived to see completed. Having visited his estates in Cumberland, and spent some time in the Isle of Derwent, for the next two years he lived among his tenantry at Dilston, beloved and respected by every one. His private life and character at this period are thus eulogised by a contemporary writer quoted by Mr. Gibson: "As the Earl lived among his own people, there he spent his estate, and continually did offices of kindness and good neighbourhood to everybody, as opportunity offered. He kept a house of generous hospitality and noble entertainment, which few in that country do, and none come up to. He was very charitable to poor and distressed families on all occasions, whether known to him or not, and whether Papist or Protestant." Tradition further states that, in the true spirit of ancient hospitality, all the meat and game in the larder were distributed every Thursday evening to the poor. In 1712, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, he married—and the match was one of pure affection—the eldest daughter of Sir John Webb, of Canford, in the county of Dorset, another English Jacobite. The Earl had met his young bride many years before at the court of St. Germain's; for like himself she had been educated in France, and nurtured in the high-flown sentiments of loyalty which distinguished the adherents of the House of Stuart. She was beautiful and accomplished, and loved her lord most tenderly. Everything, in fact, looked smiling and prosperous round the young Earl of Derwentwater; his cup of domestic happiness was filled to the brim, and a bright and peaceful future appeared to await him,—when a political cloud, which had long been gathering in the horizon, burst over his head, and swept away life and fortune.

We do not think it necessary to fill our columns with any detailed sketch of the abortive plots and schemes for the restoration of the exiled family which engaged the attention of the leading English Jacobites, both at home and abroad, from the banishment of James II. to the accession of George I. When the Elector of Hanover was called to the English throne, the partisans of the "lineal heir of the blood royal of the realm" were eager to try the chances of an insurrection. Elated with the favourable circumstances of the hour, they were sanguine of success, and careless of the means by which it was to be censured. A few gallant gentlemen, it was thought,

had but to appear in arms for their lawful sovereign, and the ancient loyalty of the people of England would be at once aroused, in all its lion-like strength. George I. had ascended the throne in the autumn of 1714. He was a foreigner, "with every prepossession against him, except the paramount one of religion. He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age; with the habits of a petty sovereign, governing by his will and pleasure—a stranger to the language, manners, laws, and liberties of the English people."¹ When he met his first parliament, he could not read the speech that had been prepared for him; but was obliged, in a sentence learned by rote, to direct the Chancellor to read it for him.² The sympathies of the populace were everywhere in favour of the Tory and High-church party, and against the King and his ministers. Dissenting meeting-houses were attacked by rural mobs; and tumultuous assemblages in the metropolis and elsewhere led to the passing of the Riot Act. All these circumstances seemed to indicate that the favourable moment for a popular insurrection had arrived; and relying on the existence of wide-spread discontent, and the secret disaffection of many powerful families, a few bold and ardent spirits had resolved without delay to proclaim King James III. as the rightful sovereign of these realms.

It does not clearly appear that the young Earl of Derwentwater was at first admitted into the secret designs of the Jacobite leaders, or consulted by them on the probable success of the rebellion. His support was undoubtedly relied on; for his hereditary attachment to the Stuart cause was well known; and his religion—he was a devout Roman Catholic—further disposed him to take part in the enterprise. From the moment that the Government received information of the design that was on foot, he was suspected, as a matter of course, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He had not much difficulty, however, in getting out of the way, and eluding the Government messengers who were despatched to Dilston to apprehend him. From the latter end of August, 1715, till the beginning of October, he remained in concealment; and during the greater part of that time, it is related that his hiding-place was the home of a humble cottager.

From the moment of his flight, he may be presumed to have committed himself to the desperate design for which he risked so much. But the measures which the Government had taken, with consummate prudence, prevented him from availing himself of the advantages which his position and influence would have given him, had he been allowed to remain at Dilston. Where were now his resources for levying war against the reigning dynasty? He was a fugitive, vigilantly tracked by the messengers of the Government, with no opportunities for collecting his friends

or arming his retainers. The defence which he made on his trial was literally correct, and in more merciful times might have weighed with his judges in mitigation of punishment. "I have confessed myself guilty," he said, "but, my lords, that guilt was rashly incurred, without any premeditation, as I hope your lordships will be convinced by one particular. I beg leave to observe, I was wholly unprovided with men, horses, arms and other necessities, which, in my situation, I could not have wanted, had I been party to any matured design. No; my offence was sudden, and my submission was early." It has been also reported that the ardent loyalty of his lady, and her keen reproaches, were among the incentives which urged him to rebellion. Yet he might well have hesitated, when he reflected on the fearful risk he ran, and the terrible consequences of failure. "His stake," observes Mr. Gibson, "was heavier than that of any of his neighbours. He was not only surrounded by the tenderest domestic ties, and looked up to as the good lord of numerous dependents, but he enjoyed hereditary honours, and large possessions; all of which, as well as his life, were sure to be forfeited, if the enterprise which he generously and impulsively joined should prove unsuccessful. If the Earl, influenced by his natural disposition, and by these considerations, did waver between contending influences, tradition avers that, on stealthily revisiting Dilston Hall, his lady reproached him for continuing to hide his head in hovels from the light of day, when the gentry were in arms for the cause of their rightful sovereign, and, throwing down her fan before her lord, told him in cruel raillery to take it, and give his sword to her. But the amiable and gentle character of the Countess, whom the Earl, in his latest moments, declared to be all tenderness and virtue, and to have loved him constantly, renders it very improbable that such a domestic *tableaux* really occurred."

Early in October it was signified to the Earl, that his neighbours and friends were "ready to appear in arms, and were only waiting for him and his brother to join them." Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th, having ordered a few faithful retainers to be in readiness and furnished with horses and arms, the two gallant Radcliffes rode out of the court-yard of their paternal mansion, to which they had hastily returned for the purpose of rallying their followers, and departed on their unlucky enterprise. "Old ladies of the last century," adds Mr. Gibson, "used to tell of occurrences of evil omen, which marked the departure of the devoted young nobleman from the home of his fathers, to which he was destined never to return; how, on his quitting the court-yard, his favourite dog howled lamentably; how his horse became restive, and could with difficulty be urged forward; and how he soon afterwards found that he had lost from his finger a highly-prized ring, the gift of his revered grandmother, which he constantly wore." The little troop consisted of about twenty horsemen; they were soon joined by other gentlemen and their mounted attendants, and reaching Warkworth on the 7th of

(1) History of England, by Sir James Mackintosh and others.
(2) A sentence had been put into the speech, by the king's ministers, which roused the indignation of the Jacobites. "It had pleased Almighty God," he was made to say, "to call him to the throne of his ancestors;" a sentence certainly in no very good taste, seeing that the British Parliament, to secure a Protestant prince, had been compelled to take the descendant of the youngest daughter of James I. in preference to the lineal male heir to the crown.

October, they appointed as their general a Mr. Forster, who appears to have been deficient in every quality which a military leader should possess. His being a Protestant was the main reason for conferring on him the command; for it was thought that a prejudice would be excited against them if any Catholic nobleman or gentleman had appeared at their head. At Warkworth, Mr. Forster proclaimed James III. with all due formalities, and "on the Sunday morning the incumbent was directed to pray for the Prince as King, for Mary, Queen-mother, and all the dutiful branches of the royal family," but he prudently declined doing so, and withdrew to Newcastle. The Prince was next proclaimed at Alnwick and Morpeth. At Newcastle, however, the inhabitants were bent on showing their loyalty to King George, and had resolved to defend their town to the utmost. The Prince's army being deficient in all the materials for a siege, and with scarcely any foot soldiers, turned aside to Hexham, where they waited three days for reinforcements, and then joined the forces of Lord Kenmore, celebrated in the Jacobite ditty:—

"Kenmore's on and awa, Willie,
Kenmore's on and awa;
And Kenmore's lord is the bonniest lord
That Galloway e'er saw.

There's a rose in Kenmore's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmore's cap;
He'll steep it red in foemen's blood
Afore the battle drap."

The combined forces marched to the town of Kelso, whither a body of Highlanders, commanded by William Mackintosh, of Borlum, had been despatched by Lord Mar; and on Sunday the 23d of October, in the abbey church of that town a sermon was preached by a zealous Jacobite from a text which deeply touched every loyal heart,—“The right of the first-born is his.”

A council of war was held at Kelso, and plans of operation discussed. The Earl of Derwentwater and his brother were anxious in the first instance to achieve the conquest of Scotland, and then to march southward, with the prestige of victory in their favour, and having secured an avenue for retreat in the event of disaster. But their advice was overruled, and an invasion of Lancashire resolved on. Accordingly the Prince's army recrossed the Border, in number less than 1,000 men, of whom about 700 were mounted. As they advanced towards Penrith the militia was called out; rustics were summoned from the plough, hastily provided with implements of warfare, and a formidable opposition was threatened. But when the news arrived that the rebels were within six miles of them, the *posse comitatus* fled in disorder. Having entered Penrith, Mr. Forster proclaimed King James; “and told the listening group,” adds Mr. Gibson, “that the appearance of himself and his friends there was ‘for the security of the true High Church of England.’” From Penrith the Prince's army marched to Appleby, and from Appleby to Kendal. It was raining heavily when they entered the latter town; no

drums were beat, nor swords drawn, but the bagpipes were played at the head of the troops, and at the market-cross James III. was proclaimed King; the proclamation commencing, “Whereas George, Elector of Brunswick, has usurped and taken upon himself the style of King of these realms,” and averring that the Prince was their “only and lawful liege.”

More joyously, and with better omens of success, they entered Lancaster, where the exiled dynasty had many friends, and where the commonalty were greatly in their favour. “The Rev. William Paul,” says Mr. Gibson, “a clergyman of the Church of England, who had joined the Prince's friends, read prayers on the 8th of November in the parish church. While the bell was rung to call the people, he substituted in the Prayer Book the name of James III. for that of the statute-made sovereign, and a large concourse of persons attended.” The ladies of Lancaster entertained the Prince's officers at their tea-tables; those gentlemen having gaily “dressed and trimmed themselves up” for the occasion. The Jacobite cause, it will be remarked, everywhere found favour in female eyes; the ladies were always its most enthusiastic supporters; they were not unfrequently outrageously violent upon it, and “would listen,” says Ray, the volunteer, “to no manner of reason.” The Lancaster sirens delayed the progress of the rebels for some days. At length the order was given to march to Preston, and that town, destined to be the scene of their disasters, was entered without opposition.

Meanwhile, the Government had been taking measures, with secrecy and skill, to crush the rebellion in the bud. Troops were collected from all sides, and despatched to the scene of action. On the 12th of November, a large force was discerned, by the advance guard of the rebels, in full march upon Preston. Measures were immediately taken to defend the town; but the want of competent generalship was soon apparent, and decided the fate of the rebellion. No advantage was taken of the natural defences of the place. The bridge over the Ribble, which formed the principal approach to the town, was left unguarded, although it was obvious that a few resolute men might have kept it against an army. In the town itself, however, barricades were thrown up across the four principal streets, and when the government troops attacked them, were desperately defended. “In ten minutes,” says Mr. Gibson, “120 men of the advancing party were killed, and 140 more fell in an attempt to enter the town by the Back Wynd. The engagement continued until after midnight, and is described by one who seems to have been an eyewitness, to have been fought with determined resolution on both sides. The roar of the engagement was heard twenty-five miles off, as a woman in her 108th year related to Dr. Whitaker in 1818.” The government troops were at length repulsed; and this temporary success was mainly owing to the bravery of the Earl of Derwentwater and his brother. On the morrow, however, fresh troops arrived, and thus reinforced, the besiegers menaced another attack. A

determined struggle was again about to commence, and it is possible that the impetuous courage of the Stuart adherents might have again succeeded, notwithstanding the fearful odds against them. But Forster's heart failed him; his mind was prostrated by the extremity of the peril to which he and his friends were exposed, and he secretly sent to propose a capitulation. To surrender at discretion, and to place their lives at the disposal of the Government, were the only terms which could be offered to the rebels. When these conditions were made known to them, their indignation was so great that Forster had a narrow escape from being killed on the spot. To die sword in hand, cutting their way through King George's troops, appeared to the majority more desirable than to perish on the scaffold, or to drag out a miserable life in the American plantations. Their leaders, however, had now declared resistance hopeless, and a capitulation was reluctantly resolved on.

It is painful to dwell on the miseries and hardships that awaited the unfortunate prisoners. Hundreds of them were huddled into one of the churches at Preston, and there lay crouching and shivering; suffering acutely in that inclement season, from the want of proper food and clothing. Others were conveyed to Chester and Lancaster, where they arrived in a truly piteous plight. The season was one of the most rigorous that had been ever known. "Winter had set in with the most violent frost, and the deepest snows that had happened in England for thirty years; and the snow was a yard deep on the roads, when the unhappy prisoners were taken to their several destinations." Six gentlemen, who had borne commissions in the king's service, were shot as deserters.

About the beginning of December, the Earl of Derwentwater was conducted from Preston to London, with the principal noblemen and gentlemen who had taken part in the ill-fated enterprise. It is related, that on their way a question having arisen as to their probable place of destination, on arriving at the metropolis, the Earl observed, "that there was one house which would hold them all, and they had the best title to it of any people in Britain," and being asked what house that was, he replied, "Bedlam Hospital." At Highgate they were met by a detachment of guards; from thence to London the road was lined with spectators, who shouted vigorously for King George, and insulted the wretched captives. The drums beat a triumphal march; and as they entered the metropolis, the concourse of people was so great that the streets were scarcely passable. As they rode down Holborn to Newgate, the excitement increased, and the "glorious sight," says a government scribe, quoted by Mr. Gibson, "gave a very lively idea of the triumphs of the ancient Romans when they led their captives to Rome."

Lord Derwentwater and the other noblemen were imprisoned in the Tower, from whence so many other state offenders of lofty name and lineage had passed

to the scaffold. In the interval preceding his trial, his loving lady arrived in London, having braved the rigours of a winter's journey from the north. Such a journey was at that time full of hardships. In the case of the Countess of Nithsdale, who travelled about the same time to London on the same errand, it is related, that on her arrival at York, the snow was found to be so deep that the coach could not set out for London. The heroic woman was, however, not deterred from proceeding; she took horse, and "rode to London through the snow, which was generally above the horse's girth." It was afterwards the privilege of Lady Nithsdale to save her husband's life. After in vain imploring mercy from the king, whose implacable nature even her tears could not soften, she succeeded in effecting her husband's escape, on the night before his execution, by arraying him in female garb.

To return to Lord Derwentwater. Articles of impeachment had been prepared by the Commons against the rebel peers, and on the 16th of January, 1716, they were taken to the House of Lords to make answer thereto. Lord Derwentwater, amongst others, pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the crown. On the 9th of February they were brought before the High Commission Court, sitting in Westminster Hall, for judgment. When the young Earl was asked if he had any cause to show why judgment should not be pronounced, he briefly urged that his offence was unpremeditated, and made a final appeal for mercy. "I humbly hope," he said, "to obtain the mediation of your lordships, and of the honourable House of Commons, in my behalf, solemnly protesting that my future conduct shall show me not altogether unworthy your generous compassion for my life, which is all I can beg of his majesty." The Lord Chancellor Cowper thereupon pronounced sentence in the usual form, "during the delivery of which the edge of the axe turned ominously towards the noble prisoners arraigned at the bar."

Whilst lying under sentence of death, the young Earl was the object of general sympathy. Great exertions were made, and the highest influence employed, to obtain his pardon. Ladies of the highest rank forced their way to the royal presence, and with tears implored the sovereign that one so young and brave might not be suffered to perish in the prime of life, by the hands of the executioner, for a political offence. It is related that a pretty and impressive scene was devised, as a last expedient, to excite the king's compassion. On Sunday the 19th of February, the Duchess of Cleveland and some other ladies of rank accompanied the Countess of Derwentwater to St. James's palace, "in order that, as the king was returning from chapel, the Countess, kneeling before him, might implore mercy for his noble captive. In this intercession she was joined by the ladies who accompanied her." His majesty, it is said, appeared inclined to show some mercy, if the Earl could be brought to give him satisfaction on two points, viz. by becoming a Protestant, and acknowledging his title

of sovereignty. But even this concession is doubtful, as it is well known that the king and his ministers had resolved to shut their ears against all appeals to their clemency. Certain it is that the Earl would have refused his life, if offered upon such terms. His constancy in this respect was tested on the following day, when two noblemen, it is related, came to him in the Tower, and actually promised him, in the king's name, that his life should be spared, if he renounced his religion, and acknowledged the Hanoverian title, but he refused to listen to their suggestions. It has been also declared that bribes were liberally offered for so valuable a life; and Walpole stated, in the House of Commons, that as much as 60,000*l.* had been tendered to him to effect this object. In the House of Lords an address to the king was carried, by a majority of five, "for a reprieve to such of the condemned lords as should deserve his mercy." To this address the cold reply dictated by the king's ministers was, that his majesty "on this and all other occasions would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown, and the safety of his people."

Whilst so many unavailing exertions were made to save his life, Lord Derwentwater, having prepared himself for the worst, was busily occupied in pious exercises, and strict attention to his religious duties. The priest who attended him for the last fifteen days of his life, has left a circumstantial account of his conduct during that trying interval, in a letter addressed to the Countess of Derwentwater, which is preserved in the family of Lord Petre, and printed in Mr. Gibson's book. "Every day," says the priest, "he read a chapter or two in the New Testament, the like in *The Following of Christ*, and as much time as he could spare he employed in reading the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, and other good books; in meditating and talking of the passion of our Saviour, and other pious subjects, in order to prepare himself for a happy death He prepared himself for his general confession the first day he saw me, and finished it with wonderful composure the Friday, eight days before his death, which he partly renewed the Monday following; when he received with wonderful satisfaction a little book giving an account of the penitent behaviour of a man of quality, called Signor Troilo Savelli, who was beheaded in the flower of his youth, in the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, which was recommended to his perusal But when, on the Monday before he died, his life was assured him if he would change his religion, he told it me with the greatest transport of joy, that having refused his life on such terms, he hoped it was not now making a virtue of necessity; that had he a thousand lives he would sooner part with them than renounce his faith; and with tears of joy in his eyes, he humbly thanked God for giving him this opportunity of testifying his love for Him."

The 24th of February had been fixed for his execution. On Thursday the 23d he saw Lady Derwentwater for the last time, and took an affectionate farewell. A simple memorial in the possession of

Lord Petre, reminds us how deeply she loved him. It is an original letter addressed to the Earl in his last moments, by the Right Rev. Bonaventure Giffard, "Vicar apostolic of the Church of Rome in the London district"—a pathetic and eloquent composition which the young widow doubtless bedewed with her tears; for it was indorsed in her own handwriting—"The Bishop's letter to my dear, dear Lord."

At 10 o'clock on the morning of Friday the 14th of February—a dull, cold, murky day,—the Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure were conducted in two hackney coaches to the scaffold which had been erected for them on Tower Hill. A small private room had been prepared for them by the sheriffs in the vicinity of the place of execution, where they retired for a short time, and engaged in prayer. From thence Lord Derwentwater, having given the sheriff notice that he was ready, walked forth alone, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step. His face was pale, and the sight of the assembled thousands who were there to witness his dying agonies appeared at first to disconcert him; but he quickly regained his composure. "He was attired in a complete suit of black velvet; suspended from his neck was a small crucifix in gold—treasured symbol of the love, the resignation, and the sufferings of his Saviour!" Having passed some minutes in devotion, he rose from his knees, and asked permission of the sheriffs to read a short paper which he had drawn up for the occasion. Permission having been given, he approached the rails of the scaffold, and read in a firm voice his dying speech, which concluded with these words:—"I die a Roman Catholic: I am in perfect charity with all the world—I thank God for it!—even with those of the present Government who are most instrumental in my death. I freely forgive such as ungenerously reported false things of me; and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hand I commend my soul." An unseemly quarrel for the possession of the Earl's wig and velvet clothes took place on the scaffold between the keeper of the Tower (to whom the Earl had given them) and the executioner (who regarded such articles as his ordinary perquisites). When it was over, the Earl felt the block, and finding it rather uneven, coolly requested the executioner to make it smooth. That functionary then besought his forgiveness in the usual terms, and received it, with a present of two half broad pieces. The unfortunate nobleman then knelt down, laid his head on the block, and having three times ejaculated a short prayer, his head was severed from his body at a blow.

The body of the Earl, having been embalmed, was placed in a rich coffin, the outer case of which was covered with crimson velvet, with a gilt plate whereon was inscribed:—

"THE RIGHT HON. JAMES, LATE EARL OF DERWENTWATER,
Died February 24th, 1715, aged 27 years.

It was then conveyed, secretly and by night, to Dilston, where it was interred in the sepulchre of his ancestors.

We cannot here record the fate of all the victims of the unfortunate insurrection of 1715. Many perished on the scaffold, many more were transported to the plantations, and some more fortunate than their fellows, managed to escape from durance, and ultimately to quit the kingdom. Among the latter was Charles Radcliffe, the younger brother of the Earl, of whom we have already made mention. Whilst lying under sentence of death in Newgate, he succeeded, on the 16th of December, 1716, in effecting his escape from prison, and having been sheltered for some days by a lady of his family, residing in London, he proceeded thence to France. He lived in Paris for some years, and in 1724 married a noble and wealthy widow, to whom he had urged his suit, it is said, no less than sixteen times. His sixteenth proposal succeeded, in all probability, through a novel expedient adopted by the enthusiastic lover,—that of finding his way into the lady's apartment down the chimney, a feat which so pleased and terrified her, that she could no longer resist. After many years of absence from England, he ventured to return, and lived for some time in Pall Mall, under the assumed name of Mr. Johns, without being molested. From motives of prudence he once more retired to France; but in 1735 he again made his appearance in England. On this occasion he revisited Dilston, the forfeited seat of the Radcliffes, and whilst wandering about the neighbourhood, without any attempt at concealment, he was more than once taken for the ghost of the last Earl, whose unquiet spirit, according to tradition, continued for many years to haunt the abode of his ancestors. Having stayed two years more in England, he returned to France, and accepted a commission in the French army.

The Rebellion of 1745 once more involved Charles Radcliffe in the toils of conspiracy. On the 22d of November, 1745, a French privateer, loaded with stores and ammunition, and having on board a number of volunteers for the service of Charles Edward, the second Pretender, was captured by a government war frigate. Among the volunteers was found Charles Radcliffe, styling himself then Earl of Derwentwater. The whole party was conveyed to London, and Mr. Radcliffe, who was at first mistaken for the Pretender himself, was committed to the Tower. He remained there about a twelvemonth without any effort being made to bring him to trial. At length, on the 21st of November, 1746, he was taken before the court of King's Bench, sitting in Westminster Hall, and "arraigned on the conviction for high treason which had been recorded against him in 1716." He refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, and claimed to be treated as a French subject, having held a commission in the service of the king of France. A jury, however, was impanelled, and evidence taken of his identity, which having been satisfactorily proved, he was adjudged to die on the 8th of December

following. On the appointed day, he mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and told the assembled crowd that he died "a true, obedient, and humble son of the Catholic Apostolic church, in perfect charity with all mankind, and a true well-wisher to his dear country, that never could be happy without doing justice to the best and most injured king." Having passed a few minutes in prayer, he then laid his head upon the block, and having given the signal, the axe descended with such force, that it almost severed the head from the body with one blow, and became fixed in the block.

We have thus minutely followed Mr. Gibson's narrative, and detailed the principal events of the fatal insurrection of 1715 in the North of England. In Scotland the chances of success had been greater, but the result was equally disastrous. On the 6th of September James Stuart had been proclaimed by the Earl of Mar, who had been appointed commander-in-chief, and who was soon at the head of a large force. The cause of the Government was represented by the Duke of Argyle, who promptly marched against the rebels. On the 12th of November, being the very day of the attack on Preston, the opposing forces met at Dumblain, and a sanguinary engagement took place. The impetuous onslaught of the Highlanders soon routed one division of the government troops, who fled as fast as they were able to Stirling. But on the other side, the division commanded by the Duke of Argyle had succeeded in forcing the rebels to whom they were opposed from their position. The latter, finding the Highlanders victorious, were enabled again to turn and face the English. A curious scene followed. The two armies remained for some hours looking at each other, and in the evening drew off, in different directions. This singular battle (sometimes called the battle of Sheriff-Muir) has been commemorated in the excellent Jacobite song:—

" There's some say that we won,
Some say that they won,
Some say that none won,
at a', man.

" But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-Muir
A battle there was, '—
which I saw, man.

" And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran,
awa', man."

To the Duke of Argyle the battle of Dumblain, however doubtful in its character, brought all the fruits of victory. The Pretender arrived in Scotland in December, but the enthusiasm of his adherents had by that time somewhat cooled, and his manners were not calculated to win popular admiration. A day was fixed for his coronation, but, in the meanwhile, the Earl was so closely pursued, that the son of James II. deemed it prudent to abandon his enterprise, and return to France.

ROUEN.

EVERY reader of English history has heard of the famous capital of Normandy, as every lover of Gothic architecture is acquainted with its magnificent churches and cathedral. The subject before us is admirably characteristic of the street architecture of this city—of its ponderous piles of antique dwellings and overhanging gables. "Rouen," it is proverbially said, "is a strong city, for it takes you *by the nose*." In fact, its narrow alleys are noted for the accumulation of filth and the variety of unsavoury smells that salute the passengers. All this, however, is unseen in the picture, which is an admirable specimen of the talented academician, Roberts. The tower in the distance is that of the beautiful church of St. Maclou.

REACTIONARY ROME.

ONE year has now elapsed since Rome was again placed under the dominion of the Church (militant), as represented in the persons of their *Eminences*, the Cardinals Della Genga, Altieri, and Vannicelli. We have already, some months ago, shown, in the pages of this journal, the unrelenting vengeance, the bitter persecutions, with which these *Christian Clergymen* commenced their reign of terror. We shall therefore confine ourselves, at present, to a calm and impartial view of the actual condition of the "Eternal City" and its victims, at this its period of reaction; or, to speak more correctly, of the endeavour to re-establish the subjugation of the reasoning powers and moral freedom of man, by the priestly faction who, for their own selfish purposes, would fain "roll back the ponderous wheels of time" to stick them fast in the ignorance and tyranny of the middle ages.

The period that intervened between the assumption of government by the Cardinals and the return of the Holy Father himself, presented a series of the most curious, we might have said the most ridiculous, anomalies, to the dispassionate observer of human character and human events, did not the thought of the sufferers in them, realizing the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs,"—"What is sport to you is death to us,"—continually intervene, to change the contemptuous smile of the satirist into the more reasoning frown of the philanthropist.

The priests pulled one way; the French, at last thoroughly ashamed of their preceding conduct, pulled another. The people plastered the walls with scornful placards in the night; the priests pulled them down in the day. The Cardinal triumvirate poured out arrests; the French general liberated the arrested. The Spaniards, affronted at being forbidden the *entrée* of the Holy City, avenged themselves in the provinces, by bastinadoing the unlucky peasants, who, in their wondering gaze at the General, Cordova, forgot that they were required to take off their hats to him, as he passed.

Meanwhile the finances went on from bad to worse, and private distress kept pace with public confusion.

The paper money was reduced, by order of the Cardinals, to two-thirds of its original nominal value; the Jews bought it up at another third discount, and made enormous profits by purchasing with it, and appropriating to themselves, from the *Monte di Pietà*, all the most valuable articles in gold and silver plate, jewels, and other long-stored treasures which had been pledged by families of the highest respectability, during the war, in their generous desire to serve the cause of their country's independence and honour; and who had now the mortification of seeing their own property, to the amount of eight or nine hundred thousand *scudi*, nearly two hundred thousand pounds, transferred into the hands of usurers, whilst they themselves were reduced from competence to absolute poverty. The labouring classes were not less to be pitied—they were forced to submit to a loss of one-third of their hard earnings, and were often obliged to waste half their time in the vain endeavour to change the circulating medium into the articles they required for their subsistence. It was hoped that, in consideration of their necessities, the smaller notes, with which alone they had anything to do, might have formed some exception to the general depreciation; but the government, impartial in its cruelties, visited all alike.

The number of persons that were thrown out of employment, incarcerated, or banished, for their political opinions, or for having accepted occupation, or even for having followed their usual calling, under the republic, deprived hundreds of families of their natural protectors, and the sources of their maintenance; and their grief was increased tenfold, by the sad thought that the same cause which left themselves without bread, deprived them of the means of solacing the miseries of the persecuted objects of their affections, who were either crowded together between prison walls, or driven forth to starve in foreign lands. Indeed, there could scarcely be a more pitiable object of contemplation than Rome presented under the arbitrary rule of the clerical despots, who, arrayed in "purple and fine linen," daily thundered forth fresh maledictions over the heads of the unhappy people who had already lost their kindred, their property, their hopes; everything, in short, but their wretched lives, which also the christian triumvirate sought every pretext for rendering forfeit to their power. Even those who would willingly have made sacrifice of their feelings, in order to procure bread for their children, as peaceable citizens, were treated with inhuman contempt. One single instance may suffice.

A person of the name of Ceccarelli, originally a book-binder, had fallen under the displeasure of the Cardinal Triumvirate, for having served in the civic guard, and was deprived of his situation accordingly. He waited upon them, nevertheless, to solicit some other employment, by which he might be enabled to maintain his wife and family. One of their *Eminences* was pleased to be witty on the occasion. "You had better return to your original occupation," said he, grimly smiling at his own *concelto*, "you will soon

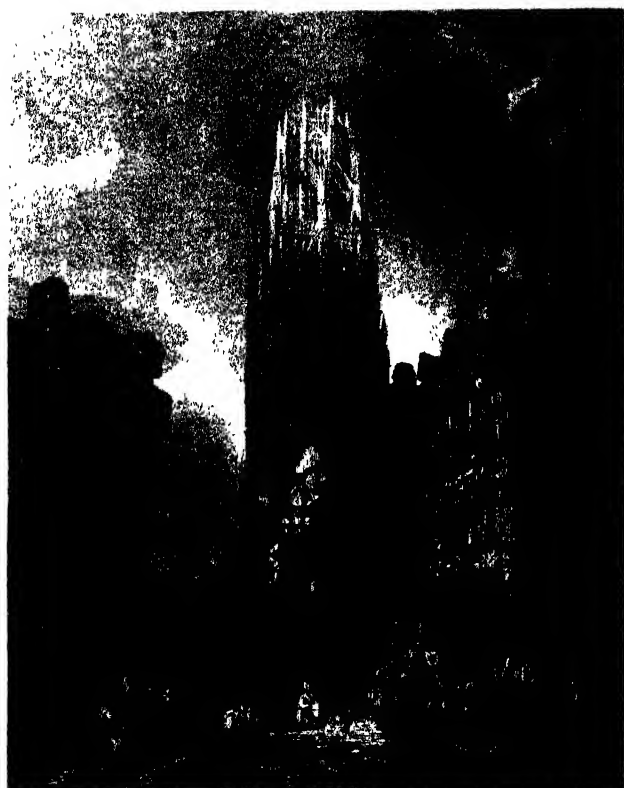


Fig. 1. Tower's base

Fig. 2. Tower's top

Fig. 1. Tower's base

have plenty to do, for we are going to bind *tutti i liberi*;" and so the poor fellow was dismissed, to ruminate all the way back to his tearful wife, upon the cleverness of the sacerdotal punster, in playing so readily upon the words "*liberi*" (liberals), and "*libri*" (books). It happened, moreover, that the advice so wittily given was not of a kind that could at that time be put into practice. The first care of the cardinals had been to fetter the press with as many chains as fastened down Gulliver, in the island of Lilliput. All the master printers were required to render an exact account of the number, names, and residences of their workmen; the quantity and quality of the type they used; the name of the founder; and, in short, to observe so many other arbitrary and vexatious regulations, under pain of fine and imprisonment, on the breach of any of them, as filled even the devils (the printer's devils we mean) with amazement. Every book, pamphlet, journal, and periodical publication, was obliged to be submitted to the inspection of a lynx-eyed censor from the sacred palace, and gradually nearly all of them were suppressed, save the "*Diario di Roma*," the servile tool of government, and minute chronicler of the processions, benedictions, and miracles that form so large a part of the annals of the church. No wonder that book-binding was no longer in request, and that the journeymen printers were dismissed day after day by their masters, who had neither employment to give them, nor money wherewith to pay their wages. In this dilemma they went in a body to solicit of the Cardinals some amelioration in the edicts that had deprived them of the means of subsistence; but their Eminences calmly replied, that it was better *a few* should suffer temporary inconvenience,—the trifling *inconvenience*, be it observed, of *starving*,—rather than that a whole nation should be poisoned with the pernicious fruits of their occupation. This was poor consolation to Ceccarelli; but, his condition being desperate, he resolved upon making another effort to draw something from the compassion of these holy representatives of the "Father of his people." He therefore drew up a petition, in which he respectfully set forth the failure of his own branch of business, and the misery of his family in consequence; and again implored some means of giving them bread. This petition he presented on his knees to one of their Eminences, who, on the first glance at its contents, coolly tore it across, and threw it back in the petitioner's face; upon which cold-hearted insult the unhappy man, convulsed with every wounded feeling, drew forth a knife, and stabbed—not the Cardinal, but—himself, greatly to the relief of the reverend triumvirate; who, not more gifted with personal courage than his Holiness himself, had sent forth a simultaneous shriek at the sight of the weapon, and precipitately fled from their seats of justice, to the furthest end of the apartment. The wound Ceccarelli thus inflicted upon himself in a moment of despair was not mortal, and, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from its effects to bear removal, he was taken to prison, on the triple

charge of carrying prohibited arms, (the weapon in question was, however, a common table knife,) putting the members of the supreme commission into bodily fear, and attempting his own life.

Hundreds of similar instances might be given of families deprived of maintenance by the fathers of them being bereaved of their offices or employments, or thrown into prison, most of them from circumstances over which they had either no control, or in which they were actuated by motives connected with the general welfare; as may be seen in the manly statement of Dr. Millengen, before the "*Inexorable Three*," who had decreed his immediate departure from Italy, after twenty years peaceable residence in the country. "If I have served the republican government," said he, "it was not through enmity to the papal government; but I served it as a government *de facto*; and from a conviction that in those very critical moments when the people were abandoned to themselves, it became the duty of every honest citizen not to refuse his services to society, lest power should fall into the hands of the dishonest and the turbulent." To this, however, the cardinals replied, that if every individual insisted upon justifying himself, there would be no end of investigation, and the powers of government would be paralysed. No wonder that, under such tyrannic dictation, the prisons became full, even to danger of pestilence; notwithstanding Cardinal Antonelli's ingenious hint of there being "plenty of vacant ground for graves," by way of relieving them. In fact, twenty-two persons were, in one instance, crowded into a room originally intended for eight; and that under the heat of an Italian summer, bad ventilation, scanty fare, and absence of all means of keeping up personal cleanliness.

One of the prisoners at this time, in whose fate the English public have shown a degree of sympathy which might with equal justice have been bestowed on many others, was the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, whom we have already mentioned, a native of Viterbo. He was educated in the Jesuits' college, and assumed the habit of a Dominican monk in 1819, being at that time only sixteen years of age. Two years afterwards he repaired to Lucca, for the continuance of his theological studies, and received priest's orders, at the court of the duke, Carlo Lodovico. He went to Rome in 1824, and in 1826 was elected Professor of Philosophy, in the Lyceum of his native city; where he also filled the chairs of Sacred Scripture and Theology, until 1833; when he was offered, at the same time, a professor's chair at Macarta, and the office of visitor in the Dominican convents in the Roman and Tuscan States, which latter he finally decided upon accepting. He retained it only two years, at the end of which period he expressed his desire of renouncing his order; most probably from not finding either the members or its tenets bear the test of too familiar inspection; and, having obtained his secularization from Gregory XVI. he retired to Naples, where he lived simply as a priest, engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. In 1842

he came to Rome, where he soon afterwards found himself provided with lodgings, gratis, in the Inquisition; the blood-hounds of that "Holy Office" having tracked out some opinions in him which savoured, in their pious nostrils, of heresy. He had, however, the good fortune to be liberated from their clutches in three months; it baffling even their ingenuity to bring actual proof against him of error or misdemeanour. He had already had fearful misgivings respecting the tenets and practice of the Roman Catholic priesthood; this additional specimen of its spirit and its power was not likely to increase his veneration for it; he therefore, honestly and wisely, made up his mind solemnly to renounce all the honours, offices, and privileges he had hitherto enjoyed from his connexion with it, in exchange for moral freedom and liberty of conscience; and he was fortunate enough to obtain from the cardinal-vicar a decree of dismissal, complete and perpetual, from his ecclesiastical ministry. The year after his secession he lived chiefly at Malta, where he was engaged as professor of the college till the eventful year 1849, when he returned once more to Rome, a passive spectator of political occurrences, without taking the smallest part therein. Imagining himself safe under the passport regularly granted him by the Governor of Malta, he remained in the city during its occupation by the French, until the 20th of July; when, to his amazement, he was arrested by the French prefect of police, and again conducted to his old quarters of the Inquisition, whence, after being confined some weeks in a dark and unwholesome dungeon, he was transferred to the castle of St. Angelo, as a place of greater security. His crime was having turned Protestant, and having circulated Protestant Bibles. The flagrant injustice of his seizure, and of the treatment to which he was subjected, called forth the indignation and sympathies of many influential parties in this country, whose religious views were similar to those which he had embraced; and Sir Culling Eardley, and some other wealthy individuals, generously sent out a mission to Rome, to endeavour to procure his release, but in vain; the stronger the efforts that were made in his behalf, the more rigorously did his watchful guardians redouble their precautions to keep him to themselves; doubtless from a pious care for the welfare of his soul. Meantime the most absurd reports were spread by them, to the injury of his character; the most incredible stories fabricated, to prepare the public mind for the doom which they were anticipating for him. But lo! with all their precautions, they were doomed to find, in the words of the old poet,—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;"

for one fine morning the bird was flown! The French authorities, convinced of the groundlessness of the charges against him, and ashamed of the injustice of his detention, contrived for the council of war to subpoena the doctor, as a witness in the trial of Cernuschi, who had been his fellow-prisoner. As soon as he was beyond the gates of St. Angelo, he was pri-

vately informed that the disguise of a soldier would be afforded him, in which he should be free to depart; but that once committed to his own discretion, he "must look right and left," and take care of himself: "For," said his liberators, "if you fall by any chance into the hands of the papal police, we can do nothing for you."

He accordingly walked into the street with, no doubt, a loudly throbbing heart—though he had borne his imprisonment with undaunted courage and cheerfulness—and repaired unmolested to the house of a friend, where he changed his military garb for plain clothes, and then proceeded to Mr. Freeborn, the English consul; who fortunately found out that he was at that very moment in want of a trusty person to convey some important despatches to Civita Vecchia: of course, he confided them to the care of Dr. Achilli, provided him with a carriage for the purpose, saw him fairly off, and the doctor was safely on board an English vessel, almost before he was missed in Rome. When, however, his escape was really made known, the consternation of the cardinals was extreme; it was only equalled by their rage—of all their intended victims he was the one they could least spare: he was gone, and had taken away with him, in his own personal experience, and his acquired information, ample store of materials wherewith to astonish the world, as soon as he should have security and leisure to lay them before it; as he is preparing to do at this moment. It was astounding! it was dreadful! One of their Eminences actually played the woman upon the occasion—he wept. The "iron tears" that Orpheus drew "down Pluto's cheek," were honey drops compared to those of the cardinal, scalding as brimstone, bitter as gall.

But, scarcely were the reverend Triumvirate recovered from the shock given to their nerves by the unlooked-for escape of Dr. Achilli from their clutches, when lo! another victim gave them the slip; and this no less a person than Monsignore Gazzola, who had been condemned to imprisonment for life in the castle of St. Angelo, in expiation of the crime of having, in the journal of the *Positivo*, recommended Pio Nono to abdicate; on the ground that there was no possibility of again uniting the spiritual and temporal powers of the papacy, save in the person of a new pope. He had had a powerful defence made for him, by the celebrated advocate Petroni; which, however, had no effect upon the tribunal, and lest it should have any upon others, they prohibited it from appearing on the register, and condemned it to the flames, in order to "make assurance doubly sure." The Inquisition was equally disappointed, meanwhile; having reckoned upon the captive as their own prey, for certain laxities in his religious opinions, had he cleared himself of his more purely political accusations. All parties were alike bewildered! bolts and bars had seemed to have given way, of their own accord, to facilitate the egress of the prisoner,—French guards and Roman *sbirri* to have shut their eyes, at the same moment, to the wonderful fact of his having walked

out of the gates of Hadrian's tomb, unchallenged and unmolested.

Another prisoner whose fate excited the deepest interest in Rome, was Cernuschi, a Milanese by birth. He had distinguished himself equally by his bravery as his humanity, in his native city, during the insurrection against the Austrians; when the Lombards, for five days and nights, combated, almost without an hour's repose, the enemy who had been their scourge for thirty years; and in those five memorable days they reduced the number of their oppressors from eighty thousand, who garrisoned Italy throughout, to forty-two thousand, most of whom fled for refuge to divers fortresses, erected or usurped by their tyrannic sway. The spoil that remained upon the field was brought to Cernuschi, as one of the council of war. Of all of it, and it included many articles of great value, that council retained only the sword of Radetsky, and they retain it still.

Cernuschi came to Rome shortly after the death of Rossi, and was elected one of the representatives in that city, on the proclamation of the Republic, in consequence of the flight of the Pope. In the Chamber of Deputies he was remarkable for the coolness and impartiality of his reasoning, which at first rendered him unpopular, it being construed into lukewarmness. He invariably raised his voice against every measure that savoured of rashness or excess; and when the French expedition first disembarked at Civita Vecchia, he, judging of the truth and honour of *la grande nation* by the sentiments that glowed within his own breast, believed their protestations, and rejoiced in their approach; for he regarded them as the friends of rational liberty, and the impartial abettors of the Romans, in their endeavour to procure that boon for themselves which they hoped finally to see extended throughout Italy. But the advance of General Oudinot upon Rome, and his demand to take possession of the city, speedily betrayed the real spirit of his instructions, and the Romans, indignant at the treachery of the French Republic, or rather of its President, resolved to maintain their own rights, and repel force by force. On this occasion Cernuschi spoke with a determined courage, blended with the most admirable prudence, that repeatedly caused the chamber to ring with applause. He commenced his speech with an emotion that instantly commanded the most profound sympathy and attention in his auditors.

"Let us not," said he, "lose further time in speeches or discussions. It is decided that we must fight, and the people will decide that we shall conquer. Yes, we shall fight, and the victory will be ours. But for this many things are necessary—courage alone is not sufficient; and above all, we must maintain perfect order, in all things. If ever there was a moment when hatred to clerical sway ought to be suspended, that moment is the present one. Woe to him, whoever he may be, who shall be guilty of any act that may be construed into an insult to religion! It is for us to give an example to all assemblies that are the depositories of national honour. We have

been calumniated, but undeservedly; we shall show that we know how to die, if called upon; true to the colours we wear." He drew forth his tri-coloured scarf as he spoke, and descended from the tribune, overwhelmed by his own feelings and the acclamations of his colleagues.

The struggle commenced: how unequally, impartial history will tell!

When further resistance became unavailing, Cernuschi was the first to propose a capitulation—but when he heard his own proposition carried, even as he had wished, unanimously, save with the solitary exception of Mazzini's voice, which, like his courage, still unsubdued, protested against yielding whilst life remained,—when he heard it carried, a convulsive spasm seized him; it seemed to him as if he had lent his hand to ring the knell of Roman freedom, and Italian hope! Two days afterwards he replied to Mazzini's protest against capitulating, in language as energetic as it was brief.

"Citizens," he said, "I have had the resolution to propose to you the decree of the thirteenth. We defended ourselves at first, because it was to our honour and benefit. We defended ourselves afterwards, because we had with us the vote of the French Constituency; and, at a later period, the treaty of Lesseps. We defended ourselves still, nine days after the breaches were mounted, nine days after the enemy was in the city, nine days after the news of the thirteenth of June, from Paris—and we defended ourselves after that, to show that we had no connexion with the insurrection there; that we were not under the influence of any party whatsoever. Here, as I have repeatedly declared,—here, in this assembly, we are neither socialists, nor communists, nor *Montagnards*: we are Italians, and, therefore, we are Republicans; because, henceforward there will be no other way of preserving nationality in Italy, but by Republicanism. After the last events, that have taken place in the siege, further resistance would be useless. We have only to cover our face, like *Cæsar*—let them come, and give the finishing stroke."

On the 5th of July, Cernuschi, having acquitted himself to the latest of his public duties, left Rome, then in full possession of the French, and proceeded with a passport regularly signed by the French police, for Civita Vecchia, where he was offered a secure asylum on board the *Bulldog*, English ship-of-war; but he declined accepting it, because he was unwilling to avail himself of an advantage in which his colleagues were unable to participate: almost immediately after, he was imprisoned, by order of the authorities, on the charges of having attempted to excite the Romans to tumult, upon the entrance of the French; of having taken an active part in the erection of the barricades; and of having spoliated, or connived at the spoliation of, the Farnese Palace. After six months' incarceration in the fortress of Civita Vecchia, he was brought, in the depth of winter, to Rome, to the castle of St. Angelo; where he arrived in such a state of utter destitution, that he was obliged to the charity of his

friends, to supply him with a bed, and clothing, to shield him from the inclemency of the season. Surely this was not treatment to show a brave man, who had honourably capitulated along with the rest of the Roman Assembly, and who afterwards, in his defence, conducted by himself alone, though he had but twenty-two hours allowed him to prepare it in, completely rebutted all the charges which his enemies had taken seven months to bring against him! He was honourably acquitted by the French court-martial by which he was tried, but, on leaving the court, he was again seized by the papal emissaries, and re-conducted to St. Angelo's on some other trivial pretext. The *Constitutionnel* had the shamelessness to recommend that the next proceedings against him should be conducted *in secret*, as the only chance of convicting him. It might be thought almost impossible that the nineteenth century should produce such an open attempt to advocate the dark and wicked policy of Venice, in its most tyrannical days of despotism! Happily it did not succeed. He was tried a second time, a second time honourably acquitted, and left Rome in triumph.

Another illustrious victim to papal revenge and base French sufferance, was Colonel Calendrelli, of the artillery; a man of consummate ability as an engineer, and undaunted courage as an officer. To his admirable talent and foresight Rome was indebted for much of her long-protracted and brave defence; and even the French themselves, when their hour of shameful triumph came, could not but acknowledge, with admiration, his incorruptible principles and unimpeachable integrity. Nevertheless, they allowed him to be arrested, and thrown into a dungeon, after making him an empty offer of a passport; but he replied, that he had rather be a prisoner in his native country, than a beggar in the streets of Marsilles. Yet a fate like this is already the lot of hundreds, nay, of thousands of unfortunates, whose only crime is that of having taken up arms within their own walls, nay, on their own thresholds, to defend those walls, and their own households, against a foreign enemy! Yes, at this moment, there are hundreds of Italians in this metropolis, honourable and noble-minded men, who would actually die of hunger, if it were not for the few among them, who, more fortunate, in having some small funds of their own, deny themselves everything approaching to a luxury, almost to a comfort, in order to minister to the necessities of their destitute fellow-sufferers.

The Italian refugees are indeed, in many respects, more to be pitied than those of any other country, who have been driven by cruelty and despotism to appeal to English compassion; and yet, strange to say, that compassion has been withheld from them, in a manner wholly at variance with our general character as a nation, whose pride, and delight, and boast it is, to afford shelter to the oppressed, solace to the afflicted, and freedom to the slave. This general indifference to Italian sorrows, and Italian wrongs, on the part of the English public, is mainly attributable to the false and malevolent light in which they have

been placed before it, by some of our—unfortunately for the cause of truth and justice—most influential journals: but how much have those writers to answer for, who thus wilfully mislead nations, and endeavour to confuse all innate perceptions between right and wrong! The generous blood they have caused to be shed, the tears of anguish they have wrung from innocent and affectionate, nay, even from manly and heroic eyes, the misery, in every shape, that they have caused, or strengthened, by their unprincipled misrepresentations, of the falsehood of which, in a hundred instances, eye-witnesses can convict them, will all weigh heavily upon their consciences, when the moment shall arrive that calls upon them—the base and petty politics of this world, and their own selfish interests in them, fast fading from their sight,—the solemn moment, when they are called upon to render an account to their Creator, of the use they have made of the talents committed to their charge, for far other purposes than to pervert judgment and advocate oppression.

Yes; we love our own country too well, and respect her too highly, to believe otherwise than that if she be prejudiced against Italy and the Italian cause, it is only because she is misled with regard to *facts*. To imagine her unwilling to be made acquainted with them, would be to acknowledge that there is an end of her intellectual superiority among nations, and of the dominion of truth in the moral world.

Let us then look stedfastly at the actual position of Reactionary Rome at the present moment, and dispassionately inquire into the benefits her inhabitants are likely to receive from their return, voluntary or involuntary as it may be, to the papal sway.

In order to view the subject in an impartial light, we must consider it in the same manner that we should if it were a question connected with our own country; with Ireland, for example, or with any of our colonies. A people complain of hardships, oppression and injustice. Are they correct in the statement of their wrongs? if they prove themselves to be so, have they not a right to ask for an amelioration of their condition? That the Romans laboured under wrongs in the system of their government, no one will attempt to deny; and we cannot think that any Englishman will deny their right to claim release from them; after having submitted to them for centuries, and seeing themselves becoming, in consequence of that submission, a bye-word of contempt among other nations, more fortunate in their institutions, however less finely gifted by nature. They did claim this release. They claimed a revision of their laws, an equality of civil rights, open justice, extension of commerce, and freedom from priestly influence, both in private and public life, no branch of either being free from the insidious and corrupting familiarity and grasping monopoly of the priests of one grade or other. We do not intend, however, to recapitulate the exceeding hardships the Romans laboured under; hardships unguessed at by the idle and luxurious who sit in judgment upon them, under a

happier constitution; nor to revert to the manner in which they conducted themselves during the brief period of their being their own masters; we have only to view them as they now are, bowed down once more under the papal yoke.

After much hesitation with himself, much altercation with his Cardinals, much prevarication with his dearly-beloved French allies, and much mystification with all the world beside, Pio Nono re-entered the gates of Rome on the 12th of April, 1850. By some curious unknown sympathy in the doctrine of correspondencies, the body of his carriage was black, and the wheels red; too fatal emblems of the blood and desolation his dishonest flight had caused. The Cardinal-Vicar had issued orders to the parish priests to engage as many of the lower classes as they possibly could, at three pauls a head, to hold themselves in readiness to bawl out "*Viva Pio Nono*" at the top of their voices, as soon as he should present himself beyond the gates: and present himself he did, at four in the afternoon, at the gate of San Giovanni, and proceeded immediately to the church, amid as many priests, soldiers, foreigners, and rabble as could be got together. There he was received and blessed by the archpriest, and bowed his head to the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; who, however, did not return the compliment; though had they been declared to have done so, it would not have been more marvellous than the relations of the Virgin at Rimini opening and shutting her eyes, the sailing of a portrait of the Saviour up and down the Adriatic, of its own accord, between two lighted tapers, and many other miracles that have been solemnly stated, and solemnly attested, for the edification of the Roman people, since the return of their spiritual guide and teacher.

It had been modestly proposed, that a body of respectable citizens should go out, bare-footed and in sackcloth, to meet his Holiness, with halters round their necks, and ashes on their heads, and chanting the penitential psalm,

"*Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei.*"

But this suggestion, notwithstanding the romantic effect which the execution of the measure would doubtless have produced, in its interesting association with the remembrance of the *moyen age*, did not meet with a more flattering reception than that had done some time before, of procuring twenty or thirty thousand signatures to a petition for the return of his Holiness; the canvassers for which generally found themselves at the bottom of the stairs in so much shorter time than it had taken them to get up, that they very soon relinquished their applications.

Whatever anxiety the people might have felt as to the health of the Holy Father, after the various reports that had been spread, of his wasting away and consuming by slow poison at Naples, was speedily set at rest by his rotund and rubicund appearance. It was very evident that the luxurious clime of the siren Parthenope had agreed with him, nor did the national exclamation of "*Per Bacco!*" which sits so naturally upon Roman lips, seem any way misplaced on his own.

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From the first day of his re-installment in the papal chair, Pio Nono seemed bent upon making the most offensive difference between his treatment of the French soldiers and his own subjects. To the former he showed every mark of affection and consideration, loaded them with honours and favours, went in person to see their sick in the hospitals, and showered down indulgences and absolutions among them; whilst for the latter were reserved maledictions, reproach, arrests, and destitution. The financial distress continued unabated. Whatever silver was imported to replace the republican paper, disappeared under the grasp of the clergy, who nevertheless obstinately refused to let any portion of the church property serve as security for the loans that were eagerly sought by government; and when, at last, Rothschild advanced, nominally, fifteen millions of francs, twelve millions were stopped by himself for an old account, and the other three were pounced upon by the Cardinals, for pretended arrears of their salaries.

One of the worst features of the present government is the re-installment, in the police, of all the infamous characters that had disgraced it so far in the reign of Gregory XVI. that even he objected to their continuance in it; and as domiciliary visits and arrests are entrusted to these wretches, notorious for infamy and crime, it may be easily imagined how many are made the victims of their private malice and resentment. Honourable men are thrown into the same cells with murderers and housebreakers, and no distinction made between mere errors of opinion and deliberate crime. The most onerous taxes are all renewed, with many additional ones, in order to support the foreign troops, without which the Pope does not feel himself sure of his throne for one single day; notwithstanding his infallibility, and the tremendous weapons he wields, in the shape of the keys of St. Peter, over the bodies and souls of all Christendom. Who now, then, can say that it was not the desire of the Romans themselves to stand up for their rights among nations; and for the performance of the Pope's voluntary promises to them of privileges which he had, in fact, so far actually granted them, that if the agreement between him and his subjects had been, as far as the spirit and understanding of it went, simply as a commercial transaction between two plain merchants or traders, instead of between a priestly prince and his people, he could in no way, either in law or honesty, have got off his bargain? But for potentates to be meted with the same measure wherewith they mete those they govern, would require a perfection in society which none can expect it to arrive at, in this world, save those who are fortunate enough to believe in the Millennium.

If the Romans were indeed overcrowded, as has been maliciously asserted, by "a handful of foreign rabble," how is it that now, when that rabble is all cut off, or wandering far away, homeless and destitute, how is it that they still so pertinaciously withhold all marks of satisfaction at the restoration of the old order of things? How is it that they have the ro-

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solution to forego all their innocent luxuries and customary enjoyments, even their pecuniary interests, and almost their means of subsistence, rather than do anything that can be construed into reconciliation with their oppressors? How is it that they abstain from French produce, in every shape, for their own consumption, and will not even deal it out to others, in the way of business, if they can avoid it? How is it that they suffered even the Carnival, that grand event in Roman existence, to pass by without taking part in it, rather than have their temporary gaiety received as the expression of a contentment, the very reverse of the sadness their hearts were labouring under? How is it that they can keep up among them a secret press, in spite of spies on every side, and the certainty of imprisonment and chains, and the probability of a secret death, if discovered, or betrayed? How is it that they can circulate in the very heart of Rome two thousand copies of the *Italia del Popolo*, devoted to keeping alive in their breasts the sacred flame of freedom, whilst the pet journal of both the Roman and Neapolitan governments, the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," though it is purposely published at a price so low as to place it within the reach of even the humblest classes, is obliged to call in force, to procure readers; every municipality being required to take a certain number of it, in proportion to the inhabitants; sixty copies being palmed upon the little town of Spoleto alone?

It must certainly be allowed that at this moment Reactionary Rome presents a more really afflicting spectacle even than she did on the fatal day when, the flower of her defenders cut off, her ammunition gone, her walls gaping beneath the feet of the brave men that would willingly have been crushed, sword in hand, beneath their ruins, she was compelled, in compassion to the women and children,—too many of them, alas! already widows and orphans,—to open her gates to a treacherous enemy, to whom she might indeed say, "All is lost to us, except our honour!" for let it always be borne in mind that defeat in a good cause is more honourable than success in a bad one. Time, however, will show, and that very speedily, whether the restoration of tyranny, superstition and bigotry, with their attendants, cruelty, hypocrisy and ignorance, be desirable in civilized society in the nineteenth century; whether secret tribunals and open bribery, paid spies and hired defamers, foreign troops and priestly enthrallment, afford any thing in themselves deserving of imitation. If not, let the countries, among which England stands foremost, that are blest with true freedom, the freedom of just laws, moral order, and intellectual enlightenment,—let them show their gratitude for these inestimable privileges, by their sympathy and compassion for such of their fellow-creatures as are suffering every calamity and hardship, solely from their attempt to obtain a government equally excellent, and to raise themselves to that level in the scale of nations which none ever seriously desire or aim at, until they feel themselves capable of filling it worthily.

PARAPHRASE OF THE SONNET OF PETRARCH.

IO VO PIANGENDO I MIEI PASSATI TEMPI.

Oft o'er the shadowy records of the past,
In pensive mood, my sadden'd thoughts I cast,
And musing thus, uncheck'd will rise the tear,
To feel how dark those bygone scenes appear;
Life's noblest aims—alas, too oft forgot,
Life's brightest pages stain'd by many a blot,
Bound down to earth, my spirit prostrate lies,
Folded the wings, which God had bid to rise.
Oh Thou! who knowest all man's devious ways,
Great King of glory—of eternal days—
Extend thy pity to thy child of earth,
And with thy pardon, raise to nobler birth,
Restore his soul to freedom, and unbind
The heavy fetters which enchain the mind,
And grant, though tempest-tost his life has been,
Peace yet may rest upon its closing scene.
May the brief hours, which yet thy love may spare,
Be for thy praise—to Thee he makes his prayer,
Dread Power! who reignest with unbounded sway:
Thou, Thou alone art all his spirit's stay,
In Thee alone the soul can find its rest,
Who lives for thee—he, he alone, is blest.

Reviews.

THE LION HUNTER IN AFRICA.¹

OUR readers will remember that some months since, we expressed a hope that Cumming, the lion hunter, would return and present us with the narrative of his adventures. This he has now done. The book answers the expectations we formed of it; for it is made up of incidents among the most original and remarkable we remember to have read. If we glance at the author's wild career of sport in the barbarous regions where he has spent five years of his life, it will not be to condense the cream of his narrative, but to draw from it that which may enable our readers to judge of the rest.

Born in Scotland, inured to the field, and accustomed to the chase from boyhood, Cumming was at an early age a wanderer through the magnificent wilds of India: with a fervent love of excitement, he exchanged one occupation for another, until finally he resolved to throw himself entirely into the gratification of his favourite propensity, and live as a hunter in the remote interior of Africa. With the wagon for his home, with savages for his only companions, with the river and the forest perpetually before him, and with the chase as his sole occupation, he passed five romantic, adventurous years, engaged in warfare with the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the giraffe and the smaller denizens of the wild.

In order to gain an idea of his fashion of wandering, a notice of the equipment with which he provided himself may be necessary. First he procured two wagons, substantial, roomy, and commodious vehicles,

(1) "Five years of a Hunter's Life in the far interior of South Africa." By Ronaelyn Gordon Cumming, Esq. with Illustrations. Two vols. London: Murray. 1860.

with two spans of oxen, (twenty-four,) accustomed to heavy draught. Next he had two horses, Simon and the cow, and four servants, an Englishman named Long, formerly a London cab-driver, much addicted to love; a Hottentot driver named Kleinboy; an assistant, descended from the Mozambique races, named Carolus; and a native named Cobus,—these three perpetually drunk. Coffee, tea, sugar, rice, meal, flour, pepper, salt, vinegar, pickles, hams, cheeses, gin, and brandy, in substantial quantities, formed the chief provisions of the party; they carried muskets and other articles for barter with the savage tribes, utensils for use in the wilderness, with every necessary for a protracted expedition through an inhospitable region. The main object of the journey was not neglected. The wagon mounted its ordnance—three double-barrel rifles, one heavy-barrelled German gun, and three double-barrel pieces, for ordinary work. Four hundred pounds of powder, ten thousand prepared leaden bullets, fifty thousand percussion caps, two thousand flints, three cwt. of lead, fifty pounds weight of pewter, with grease patches, wads, lead-ladles, bullet-moulds, loading-rods, shot-belts, and flasks, formed the hunter's peculiar equipment, besides 200*l.* in cash; and thus prepared, he started from Graham's Town towards the end of October 1843. His servants were changed and increased on the journey, and additions were made to his equipments. The first day's journey was ominous of the rest, for the route lay over a rugged country, traversed by narrow ill-defined tracks, now lost in a marsh, now dipping suddenly, and now entering a region of rocks and ravines perilous to the last degree to the traveller in a gigantic wagon. Many accidents and more dilemmas consequently occurred; but none of a serious nature. We intend, however, to follow the hunter through the less known country, and we therefore hurry him over the Great Fish River, and along the margin of the stream, amid groves of mimosa, willow, and white thorn, richly covered with yellow blossoms, emitting a powerful and fragrant perfume. Continuing its course straight onwards, the wagons five times traversed the great Fish river. Gradually the colonial farms became less frequent; the traces of European civilization less distinct, the forest more dense, and the plain more peopled by its original denizens, the wild beasts and the savage.

Traversing one level and bare expanse, where the traveller saw troops of the graceful springbok passing to and fro, a singular sight presented itself to his eye. Thousands of skeletons and skulls strewed the plain—the remains of animals who had died in this dreary but beautiful region. After passing Colesberg, the country became in reality barbarous South Africa, and Cumming's narrative becomes invested with all the attributes of a startling romance, though at the same time written in a tone so natural and circumstantial, that we feel as we read, that the book is not a fiction, but a record of extraordinary reality.

On the 2d of December, he started with his followers for the vast Hamo plains, lying towards the

west, where the gemsbok was said to be abundant. Within eight days, he was in the long looked for region, and a herd of the beautiful animals was seen. When chased, however, they fled northward, and defied the hunter's horse to overtake them. Every hour now brought the little caravan into a wild country abounding in ostriches, quaggas, herds of the hartbeeste, ash-coloured bucks, and gemsbok. At length Cumming was able to shoot one of these creatures. "My thirst was intense, and the gemsbok having a fine breast of milk, I milked her into my mouth, and obtained a drink of the sweetest beverage I ever tasted." Sport became plentiful, especially in the blue wildebeeste or brindled gnou. One of them was found with one of his fore-legs caught over his horn, so that he could not run, having probably thus entangled himself during a fight with one of his fellows. Ostriches were also abundant, and their nests frequent. These consist of basins scooped in the sandy soil, generally among low thickets; the eggs are piled in the hollows. Two hens are believed occasionally to lay in one nest. Should the place be disturbed, or even approached during the absence of the old birds, they invariably smash the eggs and fly from the spot. Our author says the natives make great use of the eggs, as utensils, and confirms the accounts of other travellers with respect to the manner of hunting the ostrich.

"A favourite method adopted by the wild bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained, sometimes, from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous, milky juice; sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world."

In the wild region thus inhabited, the hunter passed a lonely and romantic life. His camp abounded with delicacies—tongues, brains, marrows, kidneys, venison, rich soup, and ostrich eggs, while many a most delicious draught was afforded by the far-famed and wonderful water-plant lying eight or nine inches underground, and by a singular provision of Providence, especially abundant in the more arid plains.

A most extraordinary spectacle presented itself one morning to the traveller's eye, and accustomed as he was to strange scenes, he describes this as the strangest he ever witnessed. For two hours before dawn he had reclined in the wagon, listening to a trampling sound, mingled with grunts, as though of

a vast herd of springboks grazing near the camp. As soon as light broke, he looked forth to see. At the north lay a range of lofty hills, pierced by a broad opening, and to the north-east another ridge was broken by a similar pass. Between spread a plain, and all around forests appeared at intervals, on the verge of the landscape. Through the northern pass was pouring a host of springbok. Crowding the valley, and emerging upon the plain, they covered it with a moving mass of animal life, which flowed through the opposite gateway in the mountains. The whole of the level land was alive with these animals. Slowly and steadily they came forth in dense masses, legion after legion, like the flood of a mighty river, continually disappearing through the opening in the hills, but never diminishing. The earth seemed covered with a red mass of life, floating from north to north-east. For two hours the hunter gazed on the wonderful spectacle, and then, saddling his horse, he rode towards the army of springboks, shot fourteen of them, and returned to the camp. The animals were emigrating from a plain whose herbage they had nearly exhausted towards a region of more exuberant fertility, and the traveller computes at some hundreds of thousands the number he saw that morning.

Reaching the Vaal River, which he immediately forded, the traveller was delighted by the anticipation of a hippopotamus hunt in its waters. This beautiful stream is bordered by hanging trees of rich foliage, and winds through a romantic and verdant country. The wild animals in all their variety of size, form, kind, and colour, which abound, lend a charm to the region, even to those who do not, like Cumming, enjoy the chase and slaughter of them. To him, however, as a sportsman, no place could be more delightful. He fell in with many extraordinary adventures, described in a lively and natural style; but many of them we must necessarily pass over in our hurried advance towards the country of elephants and lions. One incident, however, must be mentioned. Sleeping on the banks of a pool, the hunter's couch was attended by two grunting porcupines and an old wildebeeste, while under his pillow he heard some creature moving in the cracked earth. Doubtful whether it might be a mouse or a snake, he wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept. Next day, after he had enjoyed his morning's sport, two men approached, holding forth a large puff-adder, one of the most deadly of African reptiles, which had been discovered sunning itself on the edge of the hunter's blanket.

After his first encounter with a lioness, Cumming fell in with two buffaloes, which he chased for miles through a woody country until they turned and stood at bay in a thicket. The hunter placed himself in front of them, with his attendant behind him. He fired right and left at the two gigantic brutes, who bent their armed heads to the earth, and, with a subdued roar, charged headlong against him.

"In an instant I was round a clump of tangled thorn trees; but Isaac, by the violence of his effort to get his horse in motion, lost his balance, and at the same

instant himself, his saddle, his big Dutch rifle, all came to the ground together, right in the path of the infuriated buffaloes. Two of the dogs which had fortunately at that moment joined us, met them in their charge, and, by diverting their attention, probably saved Isaac from instant destruction. The buffaloes now took up another position in an adjoining thicket. They were both badly wounded; blotches and pools of blood marking the ground where they had stood. The dogs rendered me assistance by taking up their attention, and in a few minutes these two noble bulls breathed their last beneath the shade of a mimosa tree. Each of them in dying repeatedly uttered a very striking, low, deep moan. This, I subsequently ascertained, the buffalo invariably utters when in the act of expiring."

These brutes were of enormous size and power. Their horns, like rugged roots of the oak tree, were each about a foot in breadth at the base, and together protected the skull with a massive and impenetrable shield. Descending, and spreading out horizontally, they completely overshadowed the eyes, imparting to the animal a most savage and sinister look. The head of one of them cut off, was with difficulty lifted by two strong men, and the flesh was devoured by a tribe of savages in the neighbourhood.

The death of an eland is touchingly described, and we confess, that did our own fortune lead us through the wilds of South Africa, it would be a source of far deeper delight to us to gaze on these beautiful animals in their undisturbed happiness, than to "bowl them over," and without feeling watch their agonies in the struggles of life and death. An eland, the largest of the antelope tribe, exceeding an ordinary ox in size, was one day observed standing under a tree.—

"He was the first I had seen, and was a noble specimen, standing about six feet high at the shoulder. Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees which lay across his path, but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot;—spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he very nearly escaped me; but at length, the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek grey coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain the eland's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then, spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered far and subdued in the dust."

The hunter now plunged into the lion-haunted region, adorned with all the graces of landscape, and profusely enriched with the beauties of animate nature. Birds of gaudy plumage fluttered in the woods, and beasts of exquisite form and colour disported in the green and grassy valleys. All night long the loud roar of lions was heard, and all day the traveller was in quest of these animals. One was shot as he approached the camp, and the traces of many others, with those of the rhinoceros, buffalo, and camelopard, were abundant on the banks of

(1) The skin of this animal, like that of most other antelopes, emitted the most delicious perfume of trees and grass.

the streams. The hunter's picture of a giraffe chase is animated and picturesque :—

"I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a group of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud, switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace."

The blood-loving hunter was quickly in pursuit. He separated the finest of the herd from her companions, and galloped after her.

"She increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk."

Leading the hunter through a long and exciting chase, the giraffe at length stood with him in the midst of a wild wood.

"I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft, dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it, she reared high on her hind legs, and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted from the wound; her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired."

Mr. Cumming pauses for a moment in the narrative of his Nimrodian achievements to relate a characteristic anecdote of the Bechuana tribe. Bartering with them, he exchanged a large quantity of gun-powder for some arms of native manufacture. The chiefs used the powder, but, taking no aim, missed all they fired at. With a conceit common enough among civilized folks, the savages laid all the fault on the instrument, and none on their manner of employing it. Accordingly a council was called, and it was declared the powder wanted medicine. It was piled up on a *kaross*, or robe of state, and the king of the Booby tribe sat with the six men, the hereditary peers of his realm, around it. Ceremonies and incantations were performed innocently enough, until one of the sages, wise by birth, said that the presence of fire was necessary. Upon this a censer of glowing embers was passed to and fro over the pile. As a natural consequence, a coal dropped into the powder, which of course exploded, knocking the hereditary councilmen head over heels in all directions round. Many of them died from the burns thus received.

Traversing a desert of ashes, where the Bakalahari people had burnt the forest, our traveller approached the long-sought mountains of Bamangwato, indicating the commencement of endless elephant forests. The summit of the range, beautifully blue, loomed along

the line of the horizon, and the scenery assumed all the characteristics of the wildest nature. Entering the territories of the King Sioomy, whose subjects had never yet seen a white man, he was honourably welcomed by the tribe. The women and children crowded on the hills; the warriors came out in the full glitter of warlike equipment, and the king took coffee with our traveller in the camp. Cumming adopted a politic course with the native chiefs and people with whom he came in contact. He was mild, but firm, and, consequently, respected. Thousands of the poor savages blessed his name, for his rifle left plenty among many a tribe, which had for several days wandered hungrily over the plains, unskilled in the art of the chase, and unpossessed of the white man's deadly weapons. Provided by him, they feasted on the carcasses of elephants and giraffes, with elands, and the others of the antelope tribe, slain by his rifle. Business and pleasure, however, combine in most Scotchmen's avocations, and Mr. Cumming, while he enjoyed his sport, sold muskets to the chiefs for ivory at a profit of 3,000 per cent.!

Shooting his first bull elephant, the hunter enjoyed the spectacle of the natives swarming upon it, like flies upon carrion, to procure its flesh, while he partook of a great delicacy—an elephant's foot baked.

This species of game, noble as it was, gave place to a nobler; for the chase of the lion occupied a large portion of the hunter's care. Discovering a buffalo newly slain by one of these majestic animals, whose royal thirst of blood is so celebrated, he watched in the vicinity for his return. Presently he was seen marching towards the spot, and our murderous Nimrod galloped off to meet him :—

"Ye gods! what a savage he looked! The whole of his mane was deeply tinged with the blood of the buffalo, and the rays of the declining sun added to it a lustre which imparted to the exasperated lion a look of surpassing fierceness. He was making for the adjacent rocky mountains, and he marched along in front of the dogs with his tail stuck straight out, stepping along with an air of the most consummate pride and independence. There was not a moment to lose, so I galloped forward on one side, and then rode in slowly to get a near shot; as he approached, I came within thirty yards of him, and halting my horse, I fired for his heart, from the saddle. On receiving the ball he wheeled about, when I gave him a second a little below the first; he then walked, or ran, about ten yards forward, and fell dead. This was a very large, old lion; he had cleaned his buffalo very nicely, dragging up all the offal into a heap at a distance from the carcass, and he had watched it all day to keep away the vultures."

Our author dilates with enthusiasm upon the ardent pride with which he gazed on a slain lion. No description, he tells us, can correctly suggest the beauty of the magnificent brute. His splendid mane, his massive arms, his sharp yellow nails, his hard and terrible head, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect symmetry, render him as he lies extended on the earth, with tawny skin and closed eyes, the image of power subdued.

But though Mr. Cumming was the victor in these contests, he frequently ran the risk of discomfiture

and death. On one occasion he fought a hippopotamus. Any one that has seen the brute now in the Zoological Gardens, which is only a kitten, may imagine a single combat with a full-grown monster of the species. Such a combat took place in the waters of the richly-bordered Limpopo River. The hunter discovered a number of the animals near the reedy bank, and selecting that nearest to him, gave her a mortal wound, "knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull." She immediately commenced plunging round and round, with intervals of stillness, while the rest of the hippopotami fled down the stream, running as long as it was shallow, and swimming afterwards. Meanwhile the battle continued between the Nimrod and his prey. He gave her a second ball, which passed in at the roof of the skull, and out at the eye, but the brute still floundered further and further down the river towards deep water, and her pursuer, leaping into the water, followed. Armed with a sharp knife, he approached, preparing to dive should she attack him. Then, seizing her tail, he attempted to drag her towards the shore; but her strength was immense, and she shook him to and fro, continuing "to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her, as if I was a fly at her tail." This was but a poor hold. The knife was, therefore, employed to cut two deep parallel incisions in the skin, through which Cumming passed his hands: and then a desperate struggle took place. The man pulled one way, the hippopotamus pulled another, and they danced a waltz in the water. Victory hung in a doubtful balance for some minutes; but at length the man prevailed, and the beast, sometimes hauled, sometimes pushed, was brought to shore. There a servant quickly brought a stout lashing, which, passed through the opening in the thick skin, was secured to the trunk of a tree. Then, taking his rifle, the hunter sent a ball through the head of Behemoth, and she was dead. The brute was almost five feet across the belly.

The lion was also a formidable enemy, and an incident occurred during Mr. Cumming's wanderings that illustrates the danger of this tremendous sport. The camp was one night formed round a low fire, in a locality where wood was scarce. It was black dark; the country round was bleak and desolate, and a wild howling wind swept over it, in whirling blasts, while the men one by one reclined by the bivouac fire, and fell asleep.

"Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! the lion!' still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing the dogs round the kraal; but next instant John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out—'The lion! the lion! he has got Hendrich; he dragged him away from the fire, beside me. I struck him with burning brands upon his head; but he would not let go his hold. Hendrich is dead! Oh God! Hendrich is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.'"

A terrible clamour ensued; which Cumming repressed, bidding his people keep close together and await the dawn, as nothing could save Hendrich. The dogs were let go; but instead of routing the lion, they rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they went at him, detected his position, and barked until dawn of day, occasionally driven away by the brute, who lay all night within forty yards of the camp, devouring the unhappy man he had chosen for his prey.

"It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrich rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter, for both lay under one blanket, with his appalling, murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulders all the while, feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him backwards around the bush into the dense shade.

"As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried—'Help me, help me! Oh God! men, help me.' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had laid with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing a large, flaming brand, belaboured him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him."

Next morning one of Hendrich's legs, bitten off below the knee, one shoe, and the fragments of a coat were found. The lion had taken his departure; but Mr. Cumming had the satisfaction of meeting him soon after, and driving two balls into him, which killed him.

Shooting elephants at the fountain by night, as described by Mr. Cumming, is wild occupation. Hiding in a hole by the water's brim, the hunter with his follower awaited the arrival of the herd. A black rhinoceros approached, but, not being considered a shot, was driven away with a log of wood. Presently four old bull elephants drew near, and one of them was struck near the heart by a bullet: the rest passed on. Then three others of gigantic size followed, and one of these received a similar wound. He ran two hundred yards, and then stopped, evidently dying. The others also halted, and one of them—the finest of the three—slowly and warily approached the fountain. Meanwhile the wounded brute gave the cry of death, and flung his ponderous form upon the earth. The old bull neared the water, appearing to mistrust the very ground on which he trod, pausing occasionally for five minutes together, and examining every spot before he passed it. At length, having inspected three sides of the fountain, he appeared satisfied that all was right, and, pacing majestically towards its brim, prepared to drink, unconscious of the enemy lurking within seven yards of him. He turned his side towards the pool, lowered his trunk into it, drew up a volume of water, and threw it over his back and shoulders, to cool them. This process having been several times repeated, he commenced drinking by filling his trunk, and pouring the water thence into

his mouth. With inflexible hardness of heart, our hunter broke his leg with a rifle shot; and that night seven or eight elephants fell under his balls.

The next night, with horse, and hound, and horn, Cumming went forth to hunt the elephants by moonlight—a novel and exciting sport. The vast brute fled away before the dogs, blowing his trumpet as he went, while his pursuers yelled behind. Brought to bay, he resorted to a singular expedient for self-defence—by sweeping up the red dust with his trunk, and endeavouring thus to screen himself behind a cloud. This did not avail, and he died.

The tusks of an ordinary bull elephant were worth to our traveller about 33*l*. However, a large quantity of the ivory was stolen by the chief of a neighbouring tribe, which Mr. Cumming undertook by a bold device to recover. He resolved to ride into the native village and threaten to shoot the chief, unless the tusks were restored. This he did. The chief was sitting in council when the white approached him, leaving a guard of one man at each door! He sat silent for a while, and then said—"My heart is very bitter with the chief of this village. You were hungry, and I killed much flesh and fat for you. I told you that many of my elephants were lying dead, and that I wanted their teeth. You promised me to watch the vultures, and bring me the teeth."

He then said that he traced the tusks to the village, and that they must be produced. The chief complied. The teeth were brought, and an amicable intercourse took place. Upon one of the chiefs the hunter practised an amusing deception. The man made him some handsome presents, and in return begged to be inoculated with the mysterious power of shooting well. Opening a book of prints, with representations of the principal quadrupeds, he caused the savage to place his fingers, one by one, on the figures, and each time anointed him with turpentine, repeating all the while uncouth and absurd sentences. Then lancing his arm in four places, and anointing the wounds with gunpowder and turpentine, he told him his gun would never miss any of these animals, provided he held it straight. Glorifying in the acquisition of this mystical power, the chief departed.

Our author, whose narrative, if it have not passed through the hands of a professed writer, betokens considerable literary skill in a hunter's pen, may be described as one of the boldest and most adventurous, as well as one of the most successful, among the followers of Nimrod. In South Africa, he is known among the natives as the Great Slayer of Lions. He shot more than a hundred elephants: he counted his lions by the score. The rhinoceros was his ordinary victim, and to shoot nine hippopotami at a time was considered no marvel. Giraffes, with elands, gemsboks, springboks, steinboks, and others of the antelope species—the most graceful of all animals—were destroyed in great numbers. But even the achievements of Mr. Cumming

are exaggerated by the wild people of the countries which he for the first time visited. Among them he is regarded as something between earthly and divine. Strange tales are told of his conduct, and it is said that he condescended to wear no other costume than that of father Adam. This story is probably accounted for by the fact that his arms were always bare, and that frequently a single garment, rudely tattered, was all that was left to him after a chase through the thorny thickets. Whatever he may have done in the far interior of South Africa, however, he has published a work of wonderful interest. The narrative is novel and exciting, and much is added to our knowledge of the regions visited by the adventurous hunter. Sir William Harris presented us with a magnificent volume of plates, in imperial folio, and splendidly coloured, representing the objects of sport in Africa, and with these before us we enter fully into the spirit of Mr. Cumming's narrative, embellished, as it also is, with many interesting and well-executed wood-cuts.

"IN MEMORIAM."

It is well understood that this nameless volume is the production of Alfred Tennyson—the most successful of our younger poets. The brief but significant title aptly indicates the nature of its contents; and such of our readers as have not seen the book, or read any extracts from it, need scarcely be informed that it is a practical tribute to the memory of a departed friend: a collection of plaintive elegies poured forth over the early grave of one who perished in his prime, fondly beloved and deeply lamented. It is also generally known that the object of these mournful strains was the son of Mr. Hallam, the historian; and that his death, as appears by the following inscription at the commencement of the volume, took place some years since:—

IN MEMORIAM

A. H. H.

OBITU MDCCLXXXIII.

We gather also from some passages in the poems themselves, that, independently of the strong tie of friendship, the poet had cherished the hope of being more closely allied to Mr. Hallam by the bond of relationship, and that another of his house had cause to mourn with grief more poignant than his own, over his friend's untimely grave. Once again in the history of the true love whose course so seldom runs smooth, had death interposed to prevent a union fraught, as it was believed, with all earthly happiness. It is not easy to misinterpret the following stanzas:—

"I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

"Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
For now the day was drawing on,

(1) Major Rogers, the Indian Hunter, shot two thousand elephants, and then left off counting his victims. Mr. Cumming is quite eclipsed in his blood-spilling vocation.

When thou shouldst link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine
"Had babbled 'uncle' on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of hope, and earth of thee."

Since the days when Shelley mourned for Keats in his most musical and melancholy poem of *Adonais*, we feel sure that no Englishman has been lamented in strains so fastidiously elegant or so gracefully pathetic as the early friend of Tennyson. We would be the last to question the earnestness or reality of the sorrow which has found such eloquent utterance; but we have felt more than once as we turned over the leaves of the volume, that the pathos would have been more impressive, had the language and construction of the poems occasionally worn an air of greater simplicity, and if some of the thoughts, striking and original as we confess them to be, had not appeared so far-fetched and so painfully elaborated. Some of the most beautiful elegies are those in which the poet dwells upon the tastes and pursuits of his friend, and recalls some little passages of his personal history. In the following lines, for instance, in which he paints the young barrister, revelling in the enjoyment of fresh air and country scenery, after days of uncongenial toil, there is a picturesqueness and warmth of colouring all attractive and most artistic; worthy in fact of Alfred Tennyson!

"Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

"How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town;

"He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mixt in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

* * * * *
"O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

"Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon."

In point of genuine poetical merit, we apprehend that many of these elegies will be held superior to anything which has yet proceeded from Mr. Tennyson's pen. They bear all the marks of his peculiar genius, and are more carefully finished than the most elaborate of his previous performances. All the qualifications which have rendered him so acceptable to the critical readers and discreet lovers of poetry, are here displayed in their matured excellence:—the graceful diction and exquisite harmony of versification; the subtle flights of thought and fancy; the delicate sense of beauty and keen appreciation of the beautiful; the power of condensation, and of presenting the commonest objects in a new and unexpected light;—these

and many more characteristics of his genius are observable in the pages of "*In Memoriam*," and even if rumour had been altogether silent, would have marked it as his production. How beautifully has he embodied in a single stanza his spiritual and unwavering faith in the sanctity and divine uses of earthly sorrow!

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

The various aspects under which the poet contemplates his bereavement, suggest to him many charming pictures, and ideal resemblances drawn from the beaten path of human life, full of exquisite truth and beauty. The following stanzas speak for themselves:—

"He past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

"He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot;
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

"The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

"The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by;
At night she weeps, 'How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?'

Of a similar character, but in a loftier and sublimer strain of poetry, is the following address to his departed friend:—

"Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

"Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

"And raising up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

"Yes, feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

"The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs'
He played at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

"Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labour of his hands,

"Or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me!'"

We cannot forbear quoting one more touching simile of the same description, as graceful at least as any of the passages we have cited.

"A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home,

"He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight.

"So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber, and the street;
For all is dark where thou art not."

Our readers cannot have failed to remark that the metre in which these elegies are composed, has been most happily selected by Mr. Tennyson. In the charm of versification, and in the due appreciation of the properties of style and minute niceties of expression, no modern poet can be said to have surpassed him. His least important poems abound with musical and mellifluous lines, and no Englishman has had the good fortune to make our language appear more flexible and harmonious. In the present volume there are many rhythmical peculiarities which prove to us that its author is a consummate master of the art of poetical composition. One of the earlier elegies, for instance, concludes with the following stanza; and we call the attention of our readers to the artistic introduction of an apparent harshness in the last line, to embody the idea of dreariness and discomfort:—

"He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly through the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

We could multiply examples of mere felicities of style; but we turn from these minor excellences to take a final view of the pervading spirit of these matchless elegies. In many of the author's former compositions we have lamented the apparent absence of any direct or intelligible aim; whilst his poetry appeared to breathe a spirit of refined philosophy, we we could not discover in it that genuine sympathy with the influences which assist the cause of human progress generally found in the highest order of poetry. But the present volume abounds with noble aspirations and generous sentiments which reflect equal glory on the philanthropist and the poet, and which prove to us that we have not been wrong in classing Alfred Tennyson among the great and moving spirits of the age. The last quotation we shall make from the *In Memoriam* will illustrate these remarks.

We are disposed to believe that a strain of nobler music or more divine philosophy than the following has scarcely ever found human utterance:—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT.¹

A GREAT portion of the pleasure we derive from the perusal of this memoir arises from the consciousness, that the man into whose history it affords so many glimpses, is still living to hear judgment passed upon his actions, and the thoughts and opinions of his past life criticised.

Leigh Hunt's writings have, in all probability, endeared him to a vast circle. His delicacy, his taste, his sweetness, have won him the impartial admiration of the many, but we feel assured no one could peruse the three volumes before us, without becoming, to a certain degree, attached to the spirit that so candidly owns to its early errors of judgment, and makes the best possible apology for them. There is less of egotism in the autobiography of Leigh Hunt than could have been anticipated. A man's own confession of hidden facts and thoughts, into which the dearest friend, perhaps, has not been permitted to penetrate, naturally leads him, unless gifted with great taste and discrimination, to rivet the reader's attention solely upon himself. Now this our author is far from having done, and perhaps scarcely sufficiently; for we should at times have been better pleased to have followed more closely in the current of ideas and feelings which carried him from the sunny sea of childhood to the darker ocean of manhood, and gradually placed him in the position he now occupies. We are presented, indeed, with sketches of character, and brief outlines of events which are certainly possessed

(1) "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt." Three vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1850.

of great interest, though far, perhaps, from satisfying us so completely as a hundred more domestic details relating to himself would have done. It might have been wished that our author had consented to pursue the thread of his story quite as familiarly, quite as simply, as he did in the earlier pages. This curiosity the subject of our memoir must forgive us, since he has awakened the interest himself, and is bound to a certain extent to satisfy it. However, we have much to occupy us in Leigh Hunt's volumes. From the pen of a friend or relative, the life of this remarkable man, known as the originator of a whole system of poesy, if we may so speak, would have been far less interesting, since the delicacy of affection or friendship often induces biographers to gloss over trifling circumstances, which are in reality far from detracting from the interest or merit of the man. Here, however, we have an open revelation of a hundred misdeeds, with which no one else would have become acquainted. The writer tells the whole truth concerning himself and his career, and leaves the world to judge of his failings and his virtues.

Leigh Hunt lingers upon the scenes and incidents of his childhood, and we ourselves feel much inclined to follow his example, for we must plead guilty to the fact of having derived more intense pleasure from the perusal of his early life, than from that of any fictitious narrative; not perhaps because there is anything very extraordinary in the details; not because the events are very remarkable, but because little incidents are told with so much winning simplicity; we enter so completely into his domesticity, and feel so completely with him, that we cannot but be tempted to leave our readers to borrow more copious details of the later portion of his life from the volumes themselves.

It would not, we feel assured, add much to our readers' respect and admiration of Leigh Hunt, to be told that his family was of noble origin, that his blood was pure, his descent unexceptionable; he has, he may rest assured, earned for himself a more honourable name, than if his ancestors had been descended direct from a long line of disreputable kings. Suffice it that they were honest and respectable, and owed no man ought; performed their duty to mankind, and, to satisfy any conscientious scruples, belonged to the middle class of society. The family had formerly been settled in Barbadoes, which accounts for the very remarkable cast and complexion of our author's countenance. His father was born, and resided there for some considerable period, but being of a more restless disposition than the former members of his family, soon contrived to render his departure from his native place a matter of necessity. He had been too much indulged in early youth by his father, and therefore acquired habits which subsequently, in more mature life, led to his ruin. Many chances of fortune, or at all events of comfort, opened upon him, but were all in their turns disregarded. Every day some new scheme presented itself to his fertile imagination, and was as speedily abandoned. His talents were of a very high order,

and would have fitted him for almost any position; but that want of perseverance, so often the accompaniment of talent, perverted all his capabilities, and unfitted him gradually for every post. The example he showed his son was anything but calculated, had he been weak enough to follow in his footsteps, to distinguish him in his after career. During the revolution in America, circumstances imperilled his residence in Barbadoes, and he accordingly abruptly quitted it for England, leaving his wife behind, to follow him as soon as she could make the necessary arrangements. She was, however, a very superior woman. Her feeling mind, her delicacy, her charity, her keen perception of right and wrong, her gentleness, were the things that endeared her to every one. She did not pass through the world without suffering. The best often suffer most acutely. The conduct of her husband—his wavering, and many other failings, long before their time wore wrinkles in her brow, and stamped a sorrow upon her countenance, which nothing could efface. She never reproached him, however, but would listen to his promises of amendment with the same earnestness, and weep for joy at the prospect never fulfilled.

On reaching England with her children, she found him, much to her astonishment, filling the post of a clergyman, and discharging his duties with much eloquence. Unfortunately, however, though apparently every prospect of success opened before him, his love of conviviality and jovial society soon again spoilt all; and embarrassed affairs, uncomfortable knockings at the door, demands for payment, and various other evils attendant on poverty, known only to such as have experienced them, afflicted him, and kept him in a nervous state of discomfort. The earliest recollections of Leigh Hunt are of a prison. Pity that memories so gloomy should have dimmed his young heart. Yet they are mingled with so many others, that it could not be supposed they made much impression.

We will, however, turn wholly from this painful picture, to Leigh Hunt's own story. As he was the most distinguished of the Hunt family, it is not uninteresting to know that he was born nine years after his brothers and sisters, and was consequently perhaps regarded with somewhat more affection, as is commonly the case with the youngest child, particularly when coming after the parents may reasonably expect to be favoured with another. He was born at the beautiful little village of Southgate, where early he imbibed a love of nature. All around him seemed to breathe poetry into his soul at the outset, and though misfortunes in the family were many, his lively mind felt little of them. The freedom of the country inspired him—green fields, woods, hedges, copses, rivulets, flowers, bushes, grass, the clear air, the blue sky; and he revelled there carelessly and happily. His health was always delicate. Around his childhood there were two influences at work, which assisted materially in giving the proper tone to his mind. His father was by nature of a mild, lively temperament,

and infused into him something of his joviality, while the sweet pensiveness of his mother also acting upon him, counteracted what otherwise, carried to excess, might have been a pernicious influence. A spirit of more than ordinary watchfulness was around him. The other children had all been healthy and robust, while the new comer, the little Leigh, gave indications of extreme delicacy, which engrossed his mother's most earnest attention. Some indications, too, of the expansion of the intellect were observable, and it was whispered to the proud mother's ear, that if he survived the perils and sicknesses incident to childhood, he would distinguish himself in the world as a remarkable character. The alternative held out, however, was a dreadful one. Either, it was prognosticated, the spirit would form itself into something great and glorious, or it would sink into helplessness, and be a burden to itself. The anxiety of his mother knew no bounds. How she watched round her child; averted from it all sources of terror and uneasiness, ministered to its wants, and sought to lead the spirit through its deities and dangers. A strange tenderness was in her watchfulness, recalled, as he observes, many a time since, with something of sadness, lest these marks of affection should have been unappreciated, or not sufficiently acknowledged. Illness after illness came; suffering refined his feelings, and rendered him patient. Nothing, perhaps, exerts a more beneficial effect upon the mind than a protracted illness. Moments are then permitted us for reflection, which occur at no other times. The quiet, the hush around us awaken something infinitely purifying within. At length it was found necessary to remove him to the coast of France, where he was located in the house of a good-natured Frenchwoman, who regarded the child with the warmest feelings of affection.

The illness passed. Leigh Hunt was brought back to England, where he was exposed to simple but far more injurious influences. The very danger his mother so ardently desired to avoid might have been incurred through the thoughtless, to say no more, behaviour of an elder brother, remarkable for the exercise of that spirit of tyranny which sometimes, perhaps not unfrequently, distinguishes them. As an instance of this, we will mention the fact, that when going to school he astounded his companions by appearing in the most unfavourable weather with perfectly clean boots and spotless trousers. The bad condition of the lanes through which he was compelled to pass rendered this phenomenon most extraordinary. At length it was discovered that the young Nero actually forced one of his younger brothers to carry him to school upon his shoulders!! Over all he sought to exert his tyranny, but after they had become emancipated by age from his clutches, he turned to try his experiments upon Leigh, whom he found not quite so patient under his treatment. Illness and suffering, and the constant gentleness of his mother, ill prepared him to receive such conduct, and being unchecked by the consequences, and free from the consciousness of the horror his mother would have entertained of any

fighting going on in the family, used to resist it by every means, and made furious struggles whenever one of his brothers took him bodily in hand, kicking his shins, when another used to hold him at arm's length, aggravating him by taunting speeches, and laughing like a goblin. If he could not succeed in his endeavours at tormenting him thus, however, he had him completely in his power by trying the influence of hobgoblins on his mind. He perceived how sensitive young Leigh was upon this point, and took continual advantage of it, rendering his hours of darkness and watchfulness perfect periods of misery. He had learned from experience the child's horror of the dark and of horrid faces, and worked upon his imagination by imitating the "mantichora," a fabulous animal, of which having seen a frontispiece in some book, he had an unspeakable horror. The modes of frightening him to which he resorted continually were such as to exert the most injurious effect upon Leigh Hunt's mind, had it not been providentially checked by the judicious training of his mother, who was just the woman to have brought up such a child.

A love of music seems always to have distinguished Leigh Hunt. He recalls with heartfelt pleasure the evenings of his youth, when his mother, surrounded by her little clique, would encourage them to warble sweet old-fashioned songs—the more sweet for being old—and inspire each singer afresh by her approbation.

"The universe itself was nothing but a poor sitting-room in the year '89 or '90, with my mother in it bidding me sing, Miss C. at the pianoforte, harpsichord more likely, and my little sister, Mary, with her round cheeks and blue eyes, wishing me to begin. What a great singer is that little boy to those loving relations, and how Miss C. with all her good nature, must be smiling at the importance of little boys to their mothers! 'Alone by the Light of the Moon,' was the 'Show song,' but 'Dans votre lit' was the favourite with my sister, because, in her ignorance of the French language, she had associated the name of her brother with the sound of the last word."

That little sister Mary died not long after. He was so young that he tells us his only recollection of her is contained in her blue eyes and favourite song.

Now may Leigh Hunt's life be said to begin. The time approached when he was to quit home with all its innocent pleasures and tender luxuries, the solicitude of his parents, for a life at school. The training of his mind could no longer be entrusted to the gentle hands that had hitherto taken care of it; sterner hands must mould it. Here a man's life must date its commencement; for in school-life the boy has to encounter sharp rubs for the first time.

The chief fault that Leigh Hunt appears to have carried to school was a feeling heart; he shed tears over the punishment of a schoolfellow, and was too quiet to take offence at the slight and injustice of others. This, however, he quickly discovered was not the spirit for school. He must resent oppression from boys as well as masters, or consent to be crushed at once. His affectionate disposition and aversion to fighting kept him out of those disgraceful personal

encounters between boy and boy, which remind us more than anything else of the encounter of wild beasts; and he soon came to be loved and respected as a romantic enthusiast, who would dare all for a friend without condescending to blows to gain his object. His boldness with the master soon won him great esteem.

"There was a monitor, or 'big boy' in office, who had a trick of entertaining himself by pelting lesser boys' heads with a hard ball. He used to throw it at this boy and that; make the throwee bring it back to him; and then send a rap with it on his cerebellum as he was going off.

"I had borne this spectacle one day for some time, when the family precepts rising within me, I said to myself, 'I must go up to the monitor and speak to him about this.' I issued forth accordingly, and, to the astonishment of all present, who had never witnessed such an act of insubordination, I said, 'You have no right to do this.' The monitor, more astounded than any one, exclaimed, 'What?' I repeated my remonstrance. He treated me with the greatest contempt, as if disdaining even to strike me; and finished, by ordering me to 'stand out.' Standing out meant going to a particular spot in the hall where we dined. I did so; but just as the steward, (the master in that place,) was entering it, the monitor called me to come away; and I neither heard any more of standing out, nor saw any more of the ball."

Into a description of Christ School we have not space to enter. Our readers must seek it as given by Leigh Hunt in his own interesting volumes. He affords a most accurate description of the school, its cloisters or wards, the nurses, the masters, the dress and the food. It was of the coarsest kind, and the quantity very insufficient. This relates to a past time, however, when the system pursued was very different from the present one. Enlightenment has, along with other things, taught the fact that education cannot be crammed down starving children's throats; and this knowledge has crept into schools as well as elsewhere. The breakfast was bread and water; the dinner a small slice of meat and bread, and occasionally milk-porridge, or rice-milk. There were no vegetables or puddings. Once a-month they had roast beef, and twice a-year a dinner of pork, which occasions were looked forward to with the utmost impatience and anxiety. For supper, there was bread again, and going to bed early they contented themselves with looking forward to their scanty breakfast in the morning. Of the various preachers he gives a most amusing and graphic account, and also of the way in which the time of Church-service was passed. The boys all ranged under the surveillance of their steward. Not daring to go to sleep under their drowsy and often unintelligible minister, some of the big boys used to induce those who sat behind them to play with their hair by way of entertaining them in some way, and keeping them from falling asleep. The various masters afforded constant sources of amusement. Some were kind, others rough, and all possessed of some peculiarity. With the thoughtlessness of boys, they took advantage of every idiosyncrasy.

"The under grammar master, in my time, was the Reverend Mr. Field. He was a good-looking man, very gentlemanly, and always dressed at the neatest. I believe he once wrote a play. He had the reputation of being admired by the ladies. A man of a more handsome incompetence for his situation perhaps did not exist. He came late of a morning, went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down, languidly bearing his cane, as if it was a lily, and hearing our eternal 'Dominuses,' and 'As in præsentis,' with an air of ineffable endurance. Often he did not hear at all. It was a joke with us, when any of our friends came to the door, and we asked his permission to go to them, to address him with some preposterous question wide of the mark, to which he used to assent. We would say, for instance, 'Are you not a great fool, sir?' or, 'Isn't your daughter a pretty girl?' to which he would reply, 'Yes, child.' When he condescended to hit us with the cane, he made a face as if he was taking physic."

Another Master was not so gentle or by any means so well liked. Boyer was a short stout man, inclined to peevishness, with a cruel face, and no less cruel nature. His capriciousness perfectly unfitted him for his vocation, and rendered him an object of perfect terror and dislike to the boys. His only virtue consisted in the conscientious discharge of his duties, no matter at what expense of fatigue to himself. He would, however, take violent likes and dislikes to particular boys—would servilely truckle to the sons of the rich, pat their heads, and gently speak to them. On the other hand, he would pinch some by the ear till the blood came. One sickly-looking boy he used to beat about the head and ears till he was perfectly lost in bewilderment. One poor fellow, rather backward, having come into the school at rather a later age than usual, was constantly in fear. He used to drawl out his words, perhaps, disagreeably enough, but the conduct of his master was far from encouraging. It was with the greatest dread that he advanced to repeat his lesson.

"Master.—'Now, young man, have a care; or I'll set you a swinging task.' (A common phrase of his.)

"Pupil.—(Making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word missionary.)—'Missionary Can you see the wind?' (Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

"Pupil.—(Raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop.)—'Indian No!'

"Master.—'God's-my-life, young man! have a care how you provoke me.'

"Pupil.—(Always forgetting the stop.)—'Missionary How then do you know that there is such a thing?' (Here a terrible thump.)

"Pupil.—(With a shout of agony.)—'Indian. Because I feel it.'"

One more act of his injustice we must put in:—

"One anecdote of his injustice will suffice for all. It is of ludicrous enormity; nor do I believe anything more flagrantly wilful was ever done by himself. I heard Mr. C—, the sufferer, now a most respectable person in a government office, relate it with a due relish, long after quitting the school. The master was in the habit of 'spitting' C—; that is to say, of taking every opportunity to be severe with him; nobody knew why. One day he comes into the school, and finds him placed in the middle of it with three other boys. He was not in one of his worst humours, and did not seem inclined to punish them till he saw his antagonist.

'Oh, oh! sir,' said he; 'what, you are among them, are you?' and gave him an exclusive thump on the face. He then turned to one of the Grecians, and said, 'I have not time to flog all these boys, make them draw lots, and I'll punish one. The lots were drawn, and C——'s was favourable. 'Oh, oh!' returned the master, when he saw them, 'you have escaped, have you, sir?' and, pulling out his watch, and turning again to the Grecian, observed, that he found he had time to punish the whole three; 'And, sir,' he added to C—— with another slap, 'I'll begin with you.' He then took the boy into the library and flogged him; and, on issuing forth again, had the face to say, with an air of indifference—'I have not time, after all, to punish these two other boys; let them take care how they provoke me another time.'

Our author declares he often wished he was a fairy, that he might secretly torment this obnoxious master.

Few dared to interfere with the master, for to play a joke upon him was almost death directly. Sometimes, however, it was ventured on. One afternoon a boy stole behind him while he was nodding asleep, and with a pen was preparing to attack him just at the opening between the wig and the coat. The boys by smiles, and nods, and becks, and whispers, encouraged his proceeding. On a sudden, however, the head falls back, and with a start and wide distension up, the eyes make a sudden dart at the unfortunate culprit, who underwent, of course, his due punishment. It seemed the height of sorrow to this man if any opportunity of escape occurred to his pupils. One day he entered the room unexpectedly, and discovered a boy busily engaged in devouring some cherries. He approached him with an inward chuckle of approbation, hoping he had discovered a cause of complaint, and preparing to punish the unfortunate culprit. "Where did you get those cherries from?" he abruptly asked. "Mrs. Boyer gave them to me," he coolly replied, and his master turned away vexed and irritated at the tremendous disappointment. His wife was as much beloved as he was detested, and her presence among the boys was always a source of joy.

So well were the sources of her patronage understood, that old Boyer often experienced the mortification of finding his offers of good-will rejected with contempt.

"Le Grice was in the habit of eating apples in school-time, for which he had been often rebuked. One day, having particularly pleased the master, the latter, who was eating apples himself, and would now and then, with great satisfaction and ostentation, present a boy with some halfpenny token of his mansuetude, called out to his favourite of the moment;—'Le Grice, here is an apple for you.' Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt as a Grecian, but was more pleased at having this opportunity of mortifying his reprobator, replied, with an exultant tranquillity of assent, 'Sir, I never eat apples.' For this, among other things, the boys adored him."

Amidst all this, however, Leigh Hunt's education proceeded. His tastes developed themselves along with his energies. The best authors occupied his attention; but always the predominant inclination was for poetry, or whatever was light and beautiful. His mind, about which so many fears had been expressed, developed its powers, which shone out even more strongly than had been anticipated. A slight accident

from a scald gave him an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the strange poesy of Butler. The anecdote will let us a little more into the discipline of the school.

"The scald that I speak of as confining me to bed was a bad one. I will give an account of it, because it furthers the elucidation of our school manner. I had then become monitor, or one of the chiefs of a ward; and I was sitting before the fire one evening after the boys had gone to bed, wrapped up in the perusal of the 'Wonderful Magazine' and having in my ear at the same time the bubbling of a great pot, or rather caldron of water, containing what was by courtesy called a bread pudding; being neither more nor less than a loaf or two of our bread, which with a little sugar smashed up with it, was to serve for my supper. And there were eyes, not yet asleep, which would look at it out of their beds, and regard it as a lordly dish. From this dream of bliss I was roused up on the sudden by a great cry, and a horrible agony in my legs. A 'boy,' as a fag was called, wishing to get something from the other side of the fire-place, and not choosing either to go round behind the table, or to disturb the illustrious legs of the monitor, had endeavoured to get between or under them, and so pulled the great handle of the pot after him. It was a frightful sensation. The whole of my being seemed collected in one fiery torment into my legs. Wood, the Grecian, (afterwards Fellow of Pembroke at Cambridge,) who was in our ward, and who was always very kind to me, (led, I believe, by my inclination for verses, in which he had a great name,) came out of his study, and after helping me off with my stockings, which was a horrid operation, the stockings being very coarse, took me in his arms to the sick-ward. I shall never forget the enchanting relief occasioned by the cold air, as it blew across the square of the sick-ward. I lay there for several weeks, not allowed to move for some time; and caustics became necessary before I got well. The getting well was delicious. I had no tasks—no master; plenty of books to read; and the nurse's daughter (*absent calumnia*) brought me tea and buttered toast, and encouraged me to play the flute. My playing consisted of a few tunes by rote: my fellow invalids (none of them in very desperate cases) would have it rather than no playing at all; so we used to play and tell stories, and go to sleep, thinking of the blessed sick-holiday we should have to-morrow, and of the bowl of milk and bread for breakfast, which was alone worth being sick for."

Leigh Hunt at length quitted school altogether, and returned to the bosom of his family. This portion of his career is diversified by few incidents. He spent the greater portion of his time in visiting his school-fellows, hunting the bookstalls, and writing verses, which his father collected and published. The next thing he did was to set out with a few companions on a pedestrian tour through various places, which afforded him infinite pleasure and delight. At this period of life he began for the first time to devote himself with pleasure to the study of the classics, and began to make his appearance as a public character, under the signature of "Mr. Town, Junior," in a series of essays published in the *Traveller*. The delight at finding himself in print was, like that of all young authors, very exuberant. He pored and pored over his own contributions, wondering how they were received, wondering what eyes beheld, what voices read them, and all his labours seemed amply repaid by

receiving six copies of the paper to which he contributed every Saturday evening. Leigh Hunt's brother next set on foot a paper entitled the *News*, to which he contributed the theatricals, which naturally brought him familiarly acquainted with the theatre. The plan upon which Leigh Hunt and his brother proceeded, was novel. They announced impartial criticism, and with the fervour of young men rejected all obstacles as unreal. No one believed in the announcement at first, but a little perseverance succeeded in establishing their credit, and they appeared before the town as critics to be dreaded.

A more important undertaking, however, was on foot, the establishment of the *Examiner*, which has continued to flourish up to the present day. Some mistakes, of course, as were to be expected, occurred at the commencement of the affair; but inexperience soon changed into experience. Sincerity, however, was a fault never to be forgiven; and as the politics of the paper were adverse to the predominant party, it was not long before Leigh Hunt, by writing an article which was called an attack upon the Regent, got into prison for *libel*! The two brothers had written together, and shared the trouble of the paper; but it was Leigh who had written the obnoxious paper. Both were, however, condemned to imprisonment in separate gaols. The same day witnessed their removal. A pressure of the hand spoke their emotion and their willingness to share the same fate. They parted, and hackney coaches conveyed them to their destination. The first glimpse of the prison-gate and the high walls smote dreadfully on Leigh Hunt's imagination. He longed already for freedom and the society of his wife and children. At length he was ushered into the presence of the gaoler (a great man), after waiting in the prison yard for a considerable period. He seemed about fifty years of age, with a white night-cap perched upon his head, as if he were going to be hung, a great red face, about to burst with blood. The first words he uttered were, "Master, I'd ha' given a matter of a hundred pounds if you had not come to this place—a hundred pounds!" He was a strange character, passionate, and sometimes insolent. He expatiated on the miseries of the prison on purpose to induce Leigh Hunt to hire an apartment in his house, which he at first pronounced perfectly impossible to obtain, in order that he might enhance the price. He named, however, a sum so exorbitant, that he overreached himself. His object was to keep him among the prisoners until he was sickened and disgusted with the accommodation. Finding that no offer was made which pleased him, he began to speak well of the prison.

"From abusing the prison, he then suddenly fell to speaking well of it, or rather of the room occupied by the colonel; and said, that another corresponding with it would make me a capital apartment. 'To be sure,' said he, 'there is nothing but bare walls, and I have no bed to put in it.' I replied, that of course I should not be hindered from having my own bed from home. He said, 'No; and if it rains,' observed he, 'you have only to put up with want of light for a time.' 'What!'

exclaimed I, 'are there no windows?' 'Windows, mister!' cried he; 'no windows in a prison of this sort; no glass, mister; but excellent shutters.'"

It was at last arranged, that for a night or two, Leigh Hunt should occupy a garret in the house of the gaoler, while the room in the prison could be got ready, and the windows glazed. On his first entrance into the prison, he had been received by the under gaoler, a man of forbidding exterior, but whose heart he discovered to be made of stuff as hearty as ever beat in a human breast. The delicacy with which he treated the new prisoner was surprising, and he and his wife realised more of the romantic gaoler than any he had ever heard of or met with. She was a delicate slight creature, with apparently the nerves of a fine lady, but she went through her office with quiet firmness, and looked up the prisoners day after day. On the first night of Leigh Hunt's arrival in the prison, she stole up so gently that he never knew until the morning that it had been done at all. This showed her innate delicacy more than a hundred more open actions would have done. Soon he passed into his new abode, and felt oppressed by feelings of the most melancholy nature. Every night he lay awake listening to the locking up of the cells, till his heart died within him. There he was alone, away from his family, cooped up within the confined limits of a prison; he who had been accustomed to a freedom the most unlimited. Every turn of the lock seemed like a fresh insult to him. But he says his dreams were always pleasant, and the monotony of his existence wore away; he became accustomed to his solitude. At length, however, he succeeded in procuring the companionship of his wife and children, when his prison-life assumed a pleasanter aspect; numerous friends, also, came to see him.

Regret and impatience to be free, of course, assailed him at times.

"During the first six weeks, the sound of the felons' chains, mixed with what I took for horrid execrations or despairing laughter, was never out of my ears. When I went into the infirmary, which stood between the gaol and prison walls, gallowses were occasionally put in order by the side of my windows, and afterwards set up over the prison gates, where they remained visible. The keeper one day, with an air of mystery, took me into the upper ward, for the purpose, he said, of gratifying me with a view of the country from the roof. Something prevented his showing me this, but the spectacle he did show me I shall never forget. It was a stout country girl, sitting in an absorbed manner, her eyes fixed on the fire. She was handsome, and had a little hectic spot in either cheek, the effect of some gnawing emotion. He told me, in a whisper, that she was there for the murder of her bastard child. I could have knocked the fellow down for his unfeelingness in making a show of her; but, after all, she did not see us. She heeded us not. There was no object before her, but what produced the spot in her cheek. The gallows on which she was executed, must have been brought out within her hearing;—but perhaps she heard that as little.

"To relieve the reader's feelings, I will here give him another instance of the delicacy of my friend the under-gaoler. He used always to carry up her food to this poor girl himself; because, as he said, he did not think it a fit task for younger men."

At length his imprisonment was ended, but instead of darting from his cage like a bird, as it was anticipated he would, he emerged from it slowly, and with a constitution early impaired by confinement, and a lowness of spirits he could not easily shake off. When he met his brother, he rushed into his arms, and tears of manhood bedewed his cheeks. His intimacy with Lord Byron now began, and he mixed more in the world. Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, were also among his friends, and of them he gives us amusing sketches and experiences. He mixed with them, got acquainted familiarly with their character and feelings.

Fortune, which had hitherto smiled upon Leigh Hunt, now began to threaten some frowns. The *Examiner*, hitherto so flourishing, was upon the decline; politics adverse to his were triumphing over Europe, and less stress was laid upon its opinion. England, therefore, seemed to open few chances to the poet. He had long been in a very declining state of health; his wife, also, was ill, and, surrounded by a numerous family, he hardly knew where to step. He was advised to proceed, therefore, to Italy, and in conjunction with Shelley to set up a periodical there. The plan seemed feasible; packing up, therefore, their goods and chattels with their books, they all embarked with strange thoughts and new feelings upon the sea.

Shelley had advised them to come by sea, and they accordingly journeyed that way, although it would have been infinitely cheaper to have gone overland. They were compelled to put in at Ramsgate, for stress of weather, and remained there nearly three weeks, and at length, once more embarked on board, with a promise of fine weather, which, however, proved deceptive. The next day the wind changed again, and a severe storm ensued. The passengers presented few novelties, it was what such journeys usually are; they got trebly acquainted with every body on board, amused them with the usual gossip about each other, and at length arrived in Italy, where he immediately sought out his old friend, Lord Byron, or Amory, at whose house a singular scene presented itself. Lord Byron was then living with Madame Guiccioli, a handsome young Italian.

"Upon seeing Lord Byron, I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I had grown so thin. He took me into an inner room, and introduced me to Madame Guiccioli, then very young as well as handsome, who was in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair (which she wore in that fashion) streaming as if in disorder. The Conte Petro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young Count had interfered, and been stabbed. He was very angry; Madame Guiccioli was more so, and would not admit the charitable comments of Lord Byron, who was making light of the matter. They seemed to think the honour of their nation at stake. Indeed there was a look in the business, not a little formidable: for though the stab was not much, the infliction of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch outside, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that

issued forth. I looked out of the window, and met his eyes glaring upwards like a tiger. He had a red cap on, like a sansculotte, and a most sinister aspect, dour and meagre, that of a proper catiff.

"It was a curious moment for a stranger from England. I found myself pitched into one of the scenes in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Everything was new, foreign, and vehement. There was the lady flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the 'scelerati,' the young Count wounded and threatening, and the assassin waiting for us with his knife; nobody, however, could have put a better face on the matter than Lord Byron did, composed and endeavouring to compose; and as to myself, I was so occupied with the whole scene, that I had not time to be frightened. We rushed out at the house door, all squeezing to have the honour of being first, when a termination is put to the tragedy by the man's throwing himself on a bench, extending his arms, and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes, his face gaunt, ugly, unshaved; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman would conceive it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined, weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence; and, to crown all, he requested Lord Byron to kiss him."

Leigh Hunt passed some years in Italy, and then once more returned to England, ever devoted to one pursuit—literature—and ever cherishing a warm love of poetry. He lived some time in Chelsea, and then definitively removed to Kensington, where he still remains, until very lately engaged in his accustomed pursuit: still writing, still sustaining a cheerful part in every conversation, still assembling round him his friends, and imparting pleasure by his elegant power of conversation and the stores of his knowledge. Long may he still form the centre of the same group, surrounded still by children, although, as our readers are probably aware lately, that babe born in prison some thirty years ago has been withdrawn from his gaze, and passed before him through the valley of the shadow of death. Leigh Hunt has constituted the life and charm of a wide circle of society, and whenever, he may pass away—be it years and years hence!—he will still be remembered and talked of.

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"My old Pupils." By the author of "My school-boy Days," &c. A pleasant and most instructive collection of a schoolmaster's reminiscences, intended for juvenile reading, and being in matter and style well calculated to fix the schoolboy's attention. The author briefly delineates the characters of some of his "old pupils," and, referring to their subsequent careers, points out the permanent influence of early habits, tastes, and associations. A large experience in the most difficult and important of human callings appears to be embodied in these sketches, and much judicious counsel is conveyed in an attractive form. In the preface the author expresses his conviction, that "this third attempt to interest and improve the young . . . is more worthy of youthful patronage than either of its predecessors." Notwithstanding the extensive popularity of the works referred to, we are not surprised at this instance of a writer's partiality for his

latest production, and can confidently recommend "My old Pupils" as an excellent present to put into a schoolboy's hands.

"Life and Death in Ireland, as witnessed in 1849."

By Spencer T. Hall. 12mo. Manchester: Parkes. London: Simpkin & Co. A quiet, unpretending, apparently truthful, and certainly most painful picture of the present state of Ireland, by one who, with an eye to appreciate her beauties, and a heart to bleed for her woes, had opportunities afforded him for estimating her actual position, which are denied to many of her visitors. We recommend its perusal to all desirous of forming an opinion on this "vexed question."

GLEANINGS.

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Diogenes.—[from his tub.] Who calleth?

Alexander.—Alexander: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diogenes.—Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alexander.—Why then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diogenes.—No.

Alexander.—Why so?

Diogenes.—Because they be no gods.

Alexander.—Plato is not of thy mind.

Diogenes.—I am glad of it.

Alexander.—Why?

Diogenes.—Because I would have none of *Diogenes'* mind but *Diogenes*.

Alexander.—If *Alexander* have anything that may please *Diogenes*, let me know, and take it.

Diogenes.—Then take not from me that you cannot give me,—the light of the world.

Alexander.—What dost thou want?

Diogenes.—Nothing that you have.

Alexander.—I have the world at command.

Diogenes.—And I, in contempt.

Alexander.—How should one learn to be content?

Diogenes.—Unlearn to covet.

Alexander.—Hephastion, were I not *Alexander*, I would wish to be *Diogenes*. . . . *Diogenes*, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

Diogenes.—Do.

"*Alexander and Campaspe*." By *John Lilly*, 1584.

The patient can oftener do without the doctor, than the doctor without the patient.—*Zimmerman*.

BEGGARS AND BEGGING.

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging, are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers, some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a 500*l.* legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or

some village thereabouts), where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the way-side, in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassing of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating,) to his old bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful creature, blinking and looking up with his no eyes in the sun. Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions*.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters." Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

Charles Lamb.

CARDS.

Behold four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garb succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

ELOQUENCE OF THE SAVAGE.

Plutarch, in his lives of great men, does not produce anything more beautiful and heroic, than the answer which one of the Canadian chiefs returned to a native of Europe, who had proposed to him the relinquishment of his patrimony, on certain terms and conditions:—"We were born on this land—our fathers were buried here—shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and come with us into a strange land?"—*L'Abbé Busin*.

SOCIETY IN THE BUSH.

FRESH ARRIVALS—NEIGHBOURLY DISCUSSIONS—THE
DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. TRAILL,

Author of "The Backwoods of Canada."

"THE spirit of sociability seems sadly on the decline among us since our little village has extended into a full-grown town," was the remark of a cheerful, bustling little matron, in a dark brown merino dress and neatly quilted little cap, as she took her seat on the vacant place on the sofa beside a benevolent lady-like person habited in the close sombre dress of widowhood, who was with her knitting needles showing some new pattern to a friend.

"Our present social little party does not quite bear you out in the assertion, my dear madam," observed a fine looking white-haired man, whose dress and general appearance declared him to belong to the medical profession. "Here, at least, is an instance of kindly feeling, in inviting a prosy old man like me, to listen to your pleasant conversation and catch good humour from your cheerful looks."

"Our friend the doctor is always thankful for small mercies," archly whispered a lively brown-eyed girl, peeping merrily at him from beneath a redundancy of rich dark ringlets.

The doctor shook his cane with playful menace.

"I must ask you," my dear lady, he said, addressing the former speaker, "what makes you reproach us in this good charitable town for want of sociability?"

"I have noticed, my dear sir, now for some time past, that when strangers come among us they are shown none of those hospitable attentions that used to welcome the newly arrived emigrants. Instead of the oldest inhabitants of the neighbourhood coming forward to receive and invite them to their houses, as used to be the invariable rule, we all draw back, eye them with distrust, and, in fact, treat them as if they were an importation of ogres and ogresses, or, what is worse, of impostors."

"I am afraid there is some truth in what you say," observed the widow lady, looking up thoughtfully from her knitting, "I have myself noticed the jealous feeling that has crept in among us. I remember the time, when there were but few of us in the place, with what delight we hailed the news of the arrival of respectable settlers; each family seemed to scramble for the chance of being the first to show them attention, and afford them every species of useful information that we imagined might benefit them, and save them trouble and expense."

"I can speak to the truth of that from my own experience," said the mistress of the house, with a bright and grateful smile; "I know I was your guest for weeks, while our own house was building. I shall never forget the pleasant time I spent with you."

"Nor I, my dear friend; it was a very pleasant time to me and my family, I assure you."

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"You heard of the smart people who arrived at the hotel last week?" said the doctor. "Of course, ladies, you will redeem the character of friendliness to strangers, and call upon them."

"I cannot afford to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance," said one.

"These new-comers give themselves so many airs," said another.

"Yes, indeed, and find fault with everything that differs from their old country prejudices," observed a third.

"They affect to despise us poor Canadians," said a native-born young lady, putting up her lip; "for my part, I pity them for their ignorance and uselessness. I was quite amused with the awkwardness of a young lady who was staying with mamma; she really did not know how to handle a broom. She tried to sweep the carpet after dinner, but I was obliged to take it out of her hand."

"Well, my dear, in all probability, it was the first time she had ever attempted such work," said the doctor; "servants are more plentiful at home, and labour cheaper. Young ladies never have occasion to sweep their own floors in the old country. But do not condemn her as useless or ignorant; I have seen many a white hand make as clean a hearth or carpet as you young Canadians."

"You always praise the British ladies, I observe, doctor."

"Yes, my dear, I love Britain, her institutions, her people, and all that belongs to her; and I like to encourage a British feeling among my young friends. I would not have you forget that your father and mother are Britons; and all that is high, and noble, and honourable, and useful, in your education has been inculcated by them. I rejoice in your love for your native soil; but while you are proud of being a Canadian, do not forget that you are a *British* Canadian."

The fine eye of the old man kindled with more than usual fire as he uttered these words; meantime the discussion of the important question of "to call or not to call," was going on at the other end of the room.

"For my part, I am too old to form new friendships," said the master of the house, buttoning his coat tighter about him, as if to suit the action with the words; "there are no friends like old friends."

"True," said the widow, gently; "but old friends will drop off one by one in the course of nature, and if we do not supply their places, a dreary time will come when we shall find ourselves alone in the world."

"When true hearts are wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit this bleak world alone!"

The old doctor nodded an affirmative. He was a philanthropist, an old man with a young heart; he went about doing good and receiving good; he loved good people wherever and whenever he met with them; he loved the children for the sake of the parents; his tastes were refined; he had a sound head

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and a kind heart—no wonder that he was a welcome guest wheresoever he went.

"I am going," he said, "to set you all a good example, and leave my card for the new-comers."

"And be a sort of pioneer to the rest of us," said the widow. "I think I shall wait your report, doctor."

"Mamma, I'll go instead of you," said the pretty brunette, laughing, "and then I shall get the first peep at the English fashions."

"For my part I dislike being bored about the English fashions," said the fair Canadian; "those ladies that come from the old country talk of nothing but their fashionable dresses for years after they come to Canada, forgetting that fashions change in time; and then they despise every thing that we wear, and complain that our stores produce nothing fit for them, forsooth."

"I make many allowances for strangers when they first come out to the colony, things are so different, so inferior in quality; there is such a want of accommodation—everything is on such a make-shift plan, especially in these half-formed provincial towns; of course, it is still worse in the bush. The most contented temper in the world can hardly refrain from grumbling," said the widow. "What do you think, my dear?" added she, addressing the lady who had hitherto been too much absorbed in the mysteries of the knitting-stitch to enter much into the subject in discussion."

"Indeed, I am of your opinion. I remember, when first I came to this country, I was dreadfully discontented—nothing pleased me. I was perversely determined to find fault with everything and everybody; I did nothing but cry and fret; I tormented every one about me with my ill humour and constant repining, and worried my husband to take me home 'to the old country,' though I well knew we could not live there as we wished to do. 'Wait awhile, and see what time will do for you,' my husband would reply, 'you know nothing of the trials of a bush-settler's wife yet.' Now I fancied I had experienced a 'great deal of real hardship; my log-house was small—I had no *second* parlour—I could procure no change of diet, only the everlasting pork and potatoes, and I hated pork with a Jewish hatred. I had so offended my bush-maid—the daughter of a decent settler in an adjacent township—that she had left me in the middle of a large wash, to fold and iron my linen by myself. My barm had turned sour, and I had spoiled the last modicum of flour by an attempt to convert it into bread; it was as sour as vinegar, and as heavy as lead. I had made an attempt at manufacturing soft soap, but that also was a woful failure—the ley and the grease would not combine. One person told me it wanted more ley to take up the grease; another, that it had not grease enough to thicken the ley; and a third, that it wanted more water. I tried all these remedies, but nothing would do; then I was told that the ashes were bad, and would not make soap at all; so I abandoned the task

as a hopeless one. I then tried candle making, but somehow my candles generally chose to stick in the mould just when I wanted to draw them, which, like a thriftless housewife, generally happened at the eleventh hour, either when I had burned out my last, or when a party of visitors unexpectedly arrived to pass the evening. Now, though these mishaps had originated in my want of skill, or want of management, I laid them all upon the abominable country, and considered I had full right and title to complain; and complain I did from morning till night—Mrs. Candle was a lamb to me. One fine afternoon, by way of diverting my ill-humour, my husband and my sister-in-law, who had preceded us in the settlement three years, and was well acquainted with all our neighbours, proposed taking me to pass the afternoon with a young married lady in our neighbourhood, who had lately been confined. The clearing was about two miles from our house; the way lay for some distance through a dark dense pine-wood and thick cedar and hemlock swamp, replete with fallen trees and mud-holes; the path was merely a blazed one." The fineness of the weather—it was the middle of April, and rather uncommon at that season, the snow was all gone even in the forest—tempted me to consent to accompany them. My sister-in-law assured me I need not be at all particular about my dress; but, being a little desirous of displaying my old-country finery and my own gentility, I dressed myself in silk and lace, thin shoes, and the finest thread stockings, turning a deaf ear to my sister-in-law's remonstrances. Of course, I soiled my silk pelisse and dress, and tore my fine lace veil and pelerine in scrambling along wet logs and through brush-wood, and finally lost one of my shoes in a mud-hole, which my husband had some difficulty in fishing up with the ivory crook of my parasol. As to my stockings, they were in an awful condition long before I dropped my shoe. The worst of the matter was, that I received neither consolation nor pity from my companions, who were more disposed to laugh at my misfortunes than to sympathise with them. I would have cried, but was too angry; so I marched on in sullen silence, which I thought dignity. We found the husband of the lady we were going to see in the sugar bush, with a ragged little Patlander, boiling down maple sap into molasses. He politely offered us fresh-drawn sap to drink, which I declared was sickly, mawkish stuff; my companions said it was pleasant and refreshing.

"Leaving the care of the sugar-kettle to little Pat, the gentleman escorted us to the house by a circuitous path, winding among stumps and log-heaps, to escape certain pools of melted snow and treacherous swampy spots. I was weary and out of humour, but obliged to conceal my chagrin as well as I could on entering the small log-room, lighted by one window of scanty dimensions. There was a strange mixture of rudeness and elegance in the furniture and general aspect of the apartment, which you all know is not unusually the case in the houses of newly-come-out emigrants, where articles of handsome furniture, often

of ornamental rather than useful character, are singularly blended with rough, home-made materials, clumsily manufactured, to supply the places of indispensable conveniences. Against the rough, unhewn logs were suspended fine engravings; an elegant sofa beside a rude deal table, which was concealed by a handsome cover; richly bound books, fit for a drawing-room table, were arranged on unpainted pine-wood shelves; a recess bed, draped with tasteful hangings, was partially hidden by a curtain of green baize, above which the mossy rafters were seen, and smoke-dyed shingles of the unceiled roof. I have seen piano and harp in a shanty since that day, and felt no surprise, but these things were new to me in those days.

"Our hostess was busily engaged boiling sugar, when we entered, in a huge three-legged pot, stirring the bubbling syrup and rocking a wooden cradle from time to time, that stood on a chest near her, in which lay a fine sleeping baby of six weeks old; on the shelf stood a sugar-trough and large tin dish, heaped with the crystallized sugar which had been boiled down the day before. It was bright, rough, and sparkling, like masses of fine sugar-candy; not in thick dark cakes, as I had before seen it. Our new friend welcomed us courteously and made haste to get tea ready, which consisted of real brown bread, molasses as sweet as honey and clear as wine, and tea and new milk; butter there was none. I really am ashamed at this day to remember how very disagreeably I behaved. I made remarks on the smallness and inconvenience of the house, though my own was not really very much better; I pitied our hostess, instead of envying or applauding her cheerful contented temper. I did nothing but complain of the country, the servants, the stumps, the log-houses, the mud-holes, the gloomy forest—in short, everything seemed a source of annoyance. I remember, too, my ill-disguised mortification, that the only apology for a looking-glass at which I could arrange my hair, after taking off my bonnet, was a narrow slip of glass from a dressing-case belonging to the master of the house, and which was scarcely wide enough to admit of a full reflection of my face. I would not allow that my feet were wet, refusing the proffered comfort of dry slippers; the consequence was that I got a severe cold. I determined not to be amused, and tried to convince my hostess that she must of necessity be very miserable under such disadvantageous circumstances as she was placed in, but she assured me that such was not the case.

"*'This sort of life,'* she replied, *'has its charms, if only for the wild novelty of it. I think I enjoy the spirit of contrivance that it calls forth as much as Robinson Crusoe must have done when he was building and planning, and endeavouring to supply his household with necessary conveniences, through the exercise of his own ingenuity; besides, we are always cheered by the prospect of circumstances improving, and that our present discomforts are only temporary.'*

"Now, this was good philosophy; but as it did

not harmonise with my froward humour, like Joseph's brethren, I only hated my new acquaintance the more for her dreams of future good, and for not choosing to be as miserable as I was myself, especially as she was not half so comfortably domiciled. Moreover, I chose to think that she pretended to be more contented with her lot than she really was, just for the sake of being thought more magnanimous than some of her acquaintance. I was very glad when our visit was over; and, suspecting that I had been taken to see a good example, I provokingly became more perverse than over.

"A few years of initiation into the privations and trials of a life in the backwoods did more for me, however, in the end than either precept or example. I now regard myself as a regular bush-settler's wife; most of my difficulties and all my discontent have vanished; I have learned to look with kindness and sympathy upon strangers on their first coming out to this country. I remember what I myself felt, and how I behaved during the first year of my noviciate. I can never forget that I was once a stranger in a strange land."

"I should not hesitate about calling on the newcomers," said one of our party, "but, since that affair of the Dillons, I really have grown cautious. We were all so deceived in that matter."

"Poor thing!" said the widow, compassionately; "she was so very young, and I believe she was a complete victim to an artful man. They say she had no idea that he was a married man—there have been many instances of this kind in the colony."

"I was very much annoyed at having invited them so often to my house; it looked as if I countenanced such irregularities," said the former speaker.

"There were many deceived beside yourself, my dear madam."

"Yes, to be sure; that *was* a consolation."

"She was a very lovely and fascinating young woman," said the doctor, "and, I believe, an innocent one. At all events, dear madam, you have no cause to reproach yourself for kindness and courtesy shown in all singleness of heart. I remember a circumstance of a similar nature that fell under my own immediate knowledge, in which I was deeply interested."

"I hope the doctor is going to tell us one of his entertaining stories," whispered one of the young ladies.

"It is too sad a one, my dear, to amuse you," replied the old gentleman; "it may not prove wholly uninteresting to you; but you must bear with my prolix way of telling it; I always like to begin at the beginning, and go regularly on to the end."

"I do not like your stories the worse for that, dear sir; because we are sure to learn something about what you have seen and heard, or thought of."

"I am a gleaner," replied the doctor, "and in my path through life I have gathered up things both new and old. Among the chaff, no doubt, may be found a few grains worthy of having been hoarded up;—but to my tale.

"I was rambling one day among the gravel hills in the neighbourhood of Fowler's Park, with my botanical case for the collection of plants and flowers that I might chance to discover in my walk; my way had been for some time among beautiful rounded knolls, adorned with groups of feathery pine and silver poplars, the light foliage of which contrasted charmingly with the dark branches of the evergreens around them; beneath my feet the ground was curiously carpeted with a delicate little downy saxifrage, the creeping stems and soft silky leaves of which, mixing with the dark glossy leaves of that pretty little evergreen so common on dry gravelly or sandy soils, known by the common names of winter-berry, and Christmas-berry, formed a beautiful variegated sort of natural embroidery; while the gentian, with its spike of deep blue blossoms, the lighter, more elegant, fringed-gentian, mingled with wavy branches of that graceful blue autumnal aster that you see in such perfection on plain lands; and here and there, though late in September, a few specimens still lingered of the gorgeous scarlet *Euchroma* painted cup, to charm my admiring eyes."

"The doctor will never get on with his story if he stops to fill his botanical case with floral specimens," softly whispered the pretty brunette to her neighbour.

"He is a walking herbal!" she replied, in the same tone; "but not a word, or we shall lose the tale and vex the kind old gentleman."

"Climbing one of the flowery knolls, I seated myself beneath the shade of a fine black oak, and quietly surveyed the pleasant scene before me. Following with my eye the course of the bright rippling stream, I watched its onward flow, between mossy banks and huge boulders of granite, till it was lost for awhile in a thicket of dark evergreens, silver birches, and black alders; then, again emerging, it appeared in a less attractive form, spreading over a flat of several acres, dammed up for the purpose of turning a saw-mill, which stood there, a blot, to my eye, on the fair landscape. It seemed to preside over the stagnant waters, with its littering encumbrances of lumber, piles of bark, and rubbish, as the head-quarters for the Spirit of desolation and fever; and I rejoiced in the apparent decay and silence about it, thinking it had not been profitable, and that a few years would restore to this lovely scene its own quiet tone of beauty, and sweep from the spot the ruined saw-mill, which, unlike other ruins, leaves no trace of former beauty, gives rise to no feeling of interest, conveys no connecting idea of former days, of grandeur or power in the possessor of the soil. But my speculations were suddenly interrupted by the careless whistle of a man in a countryman's grey coat, who turned into the mill, and in five minutes' time—clack, clack went the wheels, and clatter, clatter, clatter, went board after board as it was thrown upon the vast pile of sawn lumber below. The mill had only ceased working while the sawyer was taking his dinner; and, in my mind's eye, I beheld the axe of the lumberer remorse-

lessly chopping down the noblest of the remaining pines and oaks that still adorned my favourite hills, to supply food for the teeth of that execrable saw. Presently I heard the cheerful tones of a female voice speaking to the sawyer, and a decently clad woman, with a pitcher in her hand and a small Indian basket on her arm, appeared from behind a projecting heap of timber, and bent her steps towards that side where the creek, no longer pent up by the mill-dam, dashed rapidly on between its deep water-worn banks, spreading greenness and fertility around. Just below the bank welled out a spring of pure cold water, and here the woman stooped to dip her pitcher, and to collect fresh cresses, which grew in abundance at that spot. Being very thirsty, I descended from my vantage height, and, approaching the spring, I begged a draught of water from the woman; who, presenting me the pitcher, apologised that she had no cup to offer me the drink in. The clear accents of my native county fell not unpleasingly on my ear, and a beam of gladness brightened her eyes as I thanked her, and claimed her for a countrywoman. Talk as they will of freemasonry and odd-fellowship, believe me there is no sign so irresistible as the accents of one's native county heard in a far country; it opens the narrowest heart and the closest hand to deeds of kindness and hospitality.

"If you would only honour me, sir," said my new friend, 'by walking on a few yards further to our cottage, you can rest till the heat of the day be over, and I will give you an early cup of tea, to which you shall be kindly welcome.'

"I love that phrase, it sounds so hearty. I was not in the humour to reject the hospitable invitation; I was pleased with the respectful yet frank manners of Sarah Love, for so I found she was called; and I gladly accompanied her along the winding path that led to a pretty log frame-house, which, with its garden, enclosed by a low *pricket* fence, had been concealed from my view by the groups of trees that screened it, and shut out the prospect of the unsightly saw-mill from its windows.

"The little dwelling had a more tasteful and ornamental look about it than most of the buildings in that vicinity. 'You have a nice house here,' I said.

"Yes, sir; it is a pretty and a comfortable place, though it is not kept as it used to be; but my good man is too much taken up with the mill to attend to these things; the mill and the farm occupy all his time. Be pleased, sir, to speak low, as we are near the house, lest the sound of our words should startle her.'

"Have you a sick daughter then," said I, thinking the *her* must apply to some child that was ill.

"No, no, sir; no child of mine—yet she is almost a child in years. It is my poor dear mistress of whom I spoke.' Then, suddenly pausing, she said, looking earnestly in my face, 'May I be so bold, sir, as to ask if you are a medical man?'

"I answered in the affirmative. She clasped her hands and said,

" 'The Lord himself be thanked! for it is his goodness that hath sent you hither. Possibly she may yet be saved.'

"I was naturally anxious to learn something of the condition of my patient before being introduced into her presence; it often throws more light upon a case than all the sufferers can tell you of their own symptoms: the real cause is frequently withheld, the effect only made known.

"From the short narrative of Sarah Love I learned the following particulars:—that her mistress, when only a lovely girl of seventeen, had eloped from school with a Captain French, (I shall call him,) to whom she was married; she, Sarah Love, being one of the witnesses to the marriage; that she was an orphan, and heiress to a considerable West Indian property, her paternal grandfather being trustee and guardian; but he was a stern old man, and considered he did his duty to his grandchild by taking care of her property and sending her to a fashionable school. He was engrossed in mercantile business in London, and seldom saw his granddaughter; he evinced little love for her, and she shrunk from him with childish dread. She was a loving young thing, and her beauty attracted the attention of many who dared not approach her; but Captain French found means to introduce himself and win her affections. He loved her passionately, but it was with a selfish love. He persuaded her to marry him privately, and to accompany him to Canada. She dreaded nothing so much as meeting her grandfather; for her fortune she cared little; she thought it would all be right at last, and it was in safe hands.

" 'I believe it was her beauty the captain cared for more than her money,' said my informer. 'Well, sir, he brought her out to this country—he had his reasons doubtless, but they were confined to his own breast. He surrounded her with comforts, for he possessed means to do so; he bought land, and entered into the speculations of the country; he built the cottage here, and bought the mill, in which she took a great interest. My husband held the farm on shares with him, and I did the work of the house. I was much attached to Mrs. French, and came out with her as her attendant; she made a companion of me, I may say.

" 'One day the captain went to the town for letters from the old country, and he did not return till the next day. He seemed a changed man in that little time; my poor mistress could not tell what had come over him. She was near her confinement; her husband told her that his affairs required his absence from home, and he must return to England—she could not accompany him on account of her health. He took a tender farewell of her; it seemed almost to distract him leaving her, but he did go, and, after some days, she got a letter from New York. It told her that he had deceived her; that, urged by his doting passion for her, he had married her, but that he was a husband and father at the time, though united to one he did not love. He blamed himself—

made a thousand excuses—and said that the letter that had so distressed him had announced the arrival of his injured wife in New York, on her way to join him in his Canadian retreat; to spare her such a meeting he had torn himself from her, never to meet again on earth—for well he knew her high spirit would never admit of a reunion! There was a great deal more in the letter, all in love and kindness; but it was of no use, that letter I believe, sir, signed my poor mistress's death warrant. In woe and sorrow she gave birth to a lovely boy, the very image of its cruel father. She reproaches herself hourly for the birth of the innocent babe—despair seems to have frozen her heart. I had hoped that the sight of the child would have brought her back to herself; but she only wrings her hands when I bring him to her, and prays that she may soon die, and the infant too; but there is no sign of death in his bright eyes and rosy cheeks. When I say to her, 'Dear lady, it is a sin to wish for the death of your babe—the babe that God has given you to comfort your heart,' she says, 'Sarah, he is a boy—he will grow to be a man, and may wring some fond trusting heart as his father has done mine. May God pardon him for the deed!' Sometimes she weeps, sometimes she sings, and often, of late, she prays in secret for hours; but her health is fast failing. She says she does not wish to live, she would fain be at rest from all her troubles—her heart is broken.'

"I was much touched by the sad story I had heard, and not a little interested in the warm-hearted narrator, who appeared devotedly attached to her mistress. She was none of your fair-weather friends; one who would not hesitate to abandon one whom society would, of course, condemn—confounding misfortune with guilt, as is too often done in matters of this kind.

"Sarah observed, with much feeling, 'The saddest thing to me, sir, is to hear my poor lady wish for the death of her child. I was a mother once, and my boy died when a fine lad, since I came to Canada, and I know what a mother's feelings are. I believe, sir, it is all the same whether the flower be cut off in the bud or in the bloom; she is a mother, and, notwithstanding her wild words, she would feel the loss of her little one, I doubt not, as bitterly as I did mine.'

"We now approached the wicket that opened upon a rustic verandah. In a garden chair, supported by pillows, reclined a graceful female; a young infant lay cradled on her breast. 'It has awakened during my absence,' whispered my conductress. She bade me keep a little out of sight, while she prepared her mistress for my visit. I did so, but not so far but that I could see and hear what passed. The faithful creature knelt down beside the invalid, and, taking the white wasted hand in hers, said, 'Dearest lady, I have brought a medical man to see you, and implore you to give your poor servant the consolation of knowing that your precious life has not been thrown away without some effort to save it. You are

too young to die yet,' and she burst into tears as she finished the pathetic appeal.

"I saw the convulsive heaving of the poor afflicted one's bosom; her fine hazel eyes were bent, with a troubled expression, upon the tearful face of her loving attendant; her quivering lips showed the struggle within. I could not hear the low tremulous words she uttered; but I guessed their import from the look of distress that came over the face of the faithful Sarah. But Sarah was a woman, a tender-hearted woman; she had been a mother, and she knew a mother's heart, and the language most likely to find its way to it, better than the rhetoric of schools. Hers was the language of nature, and nature ever prevails. She took the slumbering babe from its mother's breast—she knelt before her—she pleaded for its helplessness, its innocence, its orphan state.

"'It is your duty to love and cherish this little one, and to take care of the life which is so necessary for its preservation.' She joined the tiny waxen hands together, and held them up as if it were also beseeching its mother to listen to the prayers of its kind nurse.

The voice of nature was felt; the heart of the grief-stricken mother was stirred within her; the powerful feelings of maternity conquered the apathy of despair—she bowed her face over her unconscious babe, and wept. Sarah had conquered, and, with joyful haste, she admitted me within the wicket. I had seen all, heard all, understood all that had passed, and it needed a strong effort on my part to overcome my emotion, and to act the part of the mere man of physic. By tenderness and soothing sympathy I soon won the confidence of my dear patient; but it needed little skill to discover that the nervous system was dreadfully deranged, that grief had destroyed the very springs of life; in fact, that her days were numbered. Long fits of fainting were brought on by the slightest personal exertion—the hectic flush or deadly paleness by turns prevailed. As her chance of life grew fainter, her desire to live, for the sake of the infant, grew stronger and stronger. 'He is twining himself round my heart,' she would say; 'weaving chains of earthly love, to bind me to this wicked world. Alas! he is too dear—too dear!'

"The last time I saw her she gave me her grandfather's address, and besought me to write to him to tell her sad story for her,—to plead for her babe. She also besought me to discover her unfortunate husband, and to convey her forgiveness to him; and, lastly, she prayed me to watch over her boy, and be a friend and counsellor to him, and to have him baptized. I promised to do all she desired; I was to be one of the sponsors, the good Sarah and her husband were to join me in the sacred office. I left her with a missionary, a kind and excellent man, who laboured devoutly to smooth the rough and painful path through the valley of the shadow of death. Never was I more grieved at the death of any one that was not bound to me by kindred ties, than by that of this young and

interesting creature; I sorrowed for her as for a daughter.

"We buried her near the creek, beneath the overhanging branches of a beautiful aspen; no stone marks the spot, only the green mound and the quivering aspen, on which I carved her initials, her age, and the date of her death. Many a time have I paused as I passed the lonely spot, in my way to and from the cottage, to look upon the grave, and listen to the murmur of the brook, and the tremulous sound of the shivering leaves of the tree; as they quivered in the breeze they seemed like the sighing of the poor heart-stricken deer, who had there found a home and a resting-place."

The old man was silent; his benevolent heart was moved with the remembrance of the unfortunate being, whose sorrows had so deeply awakened his sympathy.

"I fear there are only too many tales of this kind to be told in this very province," said the widow lady. "It strikes me that it is the frequency of these things that has laid the foundation for that spirit of scandal that has so long been noticed as forming a disagreeable feature in the conversation of our neighbours, the Americans, and is fast gaining among ourselves. But what became of your interesting little godson?"

"He grew a fine, engaging child under the fostering care of his excellent nurse, and I began to contemplate with pleasure the time when I should be able to take him under my own especial care; but a more brilliant fortune awaited him. The letters I wrote on his behalf to his grandfather had so worked upon the mind of the old man, that he caused his agent to signify his earnest wish that, as soon as the child was old enough to leave his nurse, I would complete the good work I had begun, and make the necessary arrangements for his voyage to England. I was loth to part with the child. Sarah, however, accompanied him home, and her husband has since sold his property and has joined her. I heard, not long since, of the death of Arthur's great-grandfather; he is now heir to a large fortune, and is living with his guardian, a clergyman, who means to educate him for the church. Of his father I never heard; probably his name was assumed, and my letters never reached him."

The ladies all thanked the doctor for his story; the fair Canadian declared it was almost as good as if it had been a chapter of a novel; the pretty brunette said it had made her quite sad, and wondered if the doctor's godson would ever come out to Canada and settle near his birth-place, and build a tomb over his mother's grave; but before the doctor had time to give any answer to this conjecture, the sound of sleigh-bells at the door announced that the old gentleman's *cutler* was waiting, and the sociable little evening party broke up, with the promise of a reunion at no very distant date.

CAUSES OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN
ENGLAND.

BY M. GUIZOT.

My object in examining the causes of the success of the representative system in England, is this—that it appears to me the only way of accounting for its failure in our country.

In the thirteenth century the parliament of Great Britain began to rise, and has ever since continued to increase in importance. Since the end of that century, though meeting with many vicissitudes, sometimes increasing, sometimes decreasing in power, yet it has never ceased to be an integral and necessary part of the English Government. In France, on the contrary, the States-General did not originate till the fourteenth century, and never, since then, even in the days of its greatest prosperity, (that is, during the fourteenth century,) has it ever been a necessary part of the constitutional establishment. We must therefore seek for the causes of these differences before the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

ON THE ANGLO-NORMAN GOVERNMENT.

To nations, as well as individuals, sufferings are often of use: it may be that England owes her liberties to the Norman Conquest. When between the fifth and seventh centuries, the Goths invaded Spain, the Franks Gaul, and the Lombards Italy, what could be the result but anarchy and slavery? Wandering tribes, with no habit of social life, no laws, no restraints, falling upon a frightened, degraded people—spiritless, downcast, who had almost ceased to be a people; of course, the result was that the conquered became slaves of the conquerors. But this was not the case in England, when William conquered it, and transferred his empire there. Then it was one nation, (barbarous it is true, but still a nation,) with habits of social life, laws and institutions, though rude and uncultivated, which subdued another nation, equally having laws and habits of its own, in many instances not dissimilar from those of their conquerors. Their primitive origin had been the same; therefore the Conquest, though it brought many evils in its train, did not produce the entire dissolution of the two people, as it had done on the continent, nor the permanent subjection of one race to the other. The forced approximation of the two races, produced many reasons for fraternising.

This circumstance, in my opinion, has not been fairly recognised by English historians. Naturally a people detests owing any thing to that, which for a long time was a source of unhappiness and mortification to it. But the oppression of the Normans has ceased for centuries; for many centuries both Saxons and Normans have alike disappeared, yet the remembrance of the twelfth century still exists, and can be traced at the present day in the opinions of the different parties. Tory writers pay little attention to the Anglo-Saxon institutions; whigs, on the contrary, attach the utmost importance to them, and refer to them the origin of all their liberties. They say that, on the

Continent, the feudal system was unable to produce one free government; and they attribute to the Normans what of despotism and feudality exists in their government, whilst they regard the Saxons as the authors of their rights and guarantees. This is not a correct view. It is true Saxon institutions were the primitive cradle of English liberties, but there are good reasons for doubting if they alone, without the help of the Conquest, would have been able to found a free government in England. The Conquest brought forth a new character; political freedom was the result of the situation in which the two nations were placed towards each other. Looking at Anglo-Saxon institutions alone, and their results towards the middle of the eleventh century, we see nothing very different from those of other countries.

From the fifth to the eleventh century, there was in Great Britain, as in Gaul, a continued struggle between free, monarchical, and aristocratic institutions, and there is nothing to indicate the approaching triumph of free institutions; on the contrary, evident symptoms of their decline, as on the continent. Their local institutions differed little from those of the Franks. The country was divided into tythings, hundreds, and counties, in each of which meetings were held and presided over by the tything man, the chief of the hundred, and the earl (or chief of the county,) or by his deputy, or sheriff. At these courts justice was administered, and all the civil transactions of the division were carried on there. These meetings, at first frequent, became by degrees more rare, till at last they had nearly disappeared. At the general county courts, which were never oftener than twice a year, all the freehold proprietors of the county were bound to attend, or pay the penalty, (a fine,) but the frequency and urgency of the summons proves how much they were neglected. It is therefore clear, that though the principle of free government—public deliberation—still existed, its vigour was much impaired.

However, aristocratic institutions, or the right of man over man, was a system much less dangerous to English liberty than it was in France; but the germ of this evil still existed, and was developed, in England as in France, by gradual encroachments on individual liberty. There is no doubt that in England, before the Conquest, a great number of freemen lived under the protection of one great lord, whose jurisdiction over his domains was often almost sovereign, and superseded the regal tribunals. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, royalty suffered much, and from the same causes under which it sank in France, during the dynasty of the Carolingians. The great vassals of the crown, Earl Godwin, Siward duke of Northumberland, Leofric duke of Mercia, and several others, were dangerous rivals of the king, and were on the point of converting their several domains, counties, and dukedoms, into independent sovereignties. Harold, usurping the crown from Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir, resembles very nearly Hugh Capet. The sovereignty was evidently tending to dismemberment, the national unity to dissolution. The Witanageat, the

or Champs de Mars, of the Anglo-Saxons, had originally consisted of the freemen and warriors, but, by degrees, the new element, territorial influence, crept in, which gradually changed its character, till it became merely the general assembly of thanes or landed proprietors. These were again divided into the large proprietors, who, from their strength and importance, or from being the companions and immediate vassals of the crown, were called royal thanes, and the lesser thanes. The former gradually became negligent about attending; confined themselves more and more to their own domains; trusting in their great strength, they refused to exercise it for the benefit of the public, and, in fact, exercised all the rights of petty sovereigns. Since the middle of the tenth century, the Witanagemot, after undergoing these successive changes, almost entirely disappeared. What is there in this different from the history of the Franks? Yet notwithstanding these points of similarity, there were some essential differences which led to different results. There was more unity in the population of Great Britain, than in that of Gaul. The ancient inhabitants, the Britons, though perhaps not completely destroyed, were so entirely subjected that they were utterly unimportant. In a compact small kingdom like that of Great Britain, it was more difficult to shake existing institutions; in fact, most of the central establishments, such as county courts, corporations, &c. though much decayed and weakened, still preserved some little life and vigour in the provinces, in the middle of the eleventh century. The feudal system, too, was not nearly as advanced or as matured as it was on the continent. Nevertheless, I do not believe that these circumstances, though they might, and most probably would, have retarded the growth of aristocratic and monarchical principles, would have had strength entirely to check them, or to prevent the anarchy which would have been the result of the struggle. But the Norman Conquest, by uniting the Anglo-Saxons more closely together, and by infusing more life into those laws and institutions, which guaranteed freedom, put a check to this downward tendency. It gave more unity, more system, to both parties. After the Conquest, the Normans, being a small, though strong body, encamped in an enemy's country, surrounded by people jealous of their independence, and waiting but for the opportunity to regain it, were forced, for their own safety, to cling closely together; consequently, they observed strict justice towards each other, they established laws to which they adhered religiously, and had no quarrels amongst themselves. All the struggles that there were, were between the conquerors and the conquered. This was far from being the case among the Gauls. There the former inhabitants had been so completely degraded, that they were almost entirely annihilated by the invasion of the barbarian hordes, so that the conquerors there might settle any where with impunity, far from their neighbours, and might be quite independent of those of their own race; which after a time led to so many independent dukedoms and sovereignties. In England, too, the conquerors did not seize land here, and land

there, as they fancied, but they always made a pretence of justice, and seized those which had been confiscated by the rebellion of their owners. The great aim William and all the Normans had in view, was to establish the supremacy of the Normans over the Saxons, and that of the royal power over the Normans. Nearly 600 vassals took the oath of allegiance to him, and as if to guard against their future independence, particularly those whom he enriched most, he scattered their domains in different counties. The territory was divided into sixty fiefs, which were given to knights who took the oath of fidelity. The Domesday book, the statistics of the fiefs and their owners, begun in 1081 by William's orders, and finished in 1086, is an existing monument of the order and cohesion of the Norman aristocracy twenty years after its establishment in England.

These same causes, these same necessities, of course produced analogous effects upon the Saxons. The spirit of nationality, which was beginning to die away before the Conquest, revived under the weight of foreign oppression. It gave the whole population, a strong fierce race, one interest, one feeling, one object,—that of expelling the conquerors. For this purpose they united and held closely together: to defend themselves, the Normans united and held equally firm among themselves. They had found in Normandy their rallying point round the feudal system; the Saxons placed theirs in their ancient institutions and laws. William's government was not entirely, at least not in forms, one of force. After the battle of Hastings, the throne was offered to him in the name of the Saxons, and before his coronation he swore to govern the two people by equal laws. Ever since this time the Saxons have never ceased claiming as their right their ancient laws, the laws of Edward the Confessor, which, at various times, they have recovered from their Norman kings, when they rose strong enough to wrest any thing from them. They defended and claimed their property in virtue of titles anterior to the Conquest, and their titles were recognised. They met in the different courts of the county, receiving justice from their equals, and for the purpose of taking their common interests into consideration there. Thus we see, that while on the continent the Conquest entirely destroyed both people (the conquerors and the conquered), in England, on the contrary, it only united each nation more firmly within itself in order to oppose the other. On the continent the government and all political laws had all perished together; in England they were more cherished than ever. On the continent, all interests, aims, and objects were entirely individual; in England they were thoroughly national. On the continent, the feudal system rose out of the destruction of the central power and political unity—in England it tended to preserve them. The Roman Gauls, except in a very few cities, had almost disappeared, or were in the lowest state of serfdom; the Saxons always maintained their position as a people, and reclaimed and vindicated their liberties in right of their ancient laws. In a word, in England, the Con-

quest, instead of dispersing and confounding everything, brought into being two strong opposing forces, one endeavouring to gain dominion, the other resolutely defending their liberties. For each party, public deliberation and agreement was necessary—this is the principle of all free governments.

THE "SEPOY."

A TALBOTYPE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

BHOWANI SINGH, of the thirty-first Bengal Native Infantry, was perhaps one of the most characteristic of his class, picturesque in appearance, handsome in person, self-satisfied in manner, and poetical in temperament. By birth a native of Hindostan, he delighted in the fine muslins of Delhi and the gay embroideries of the "Upper Provinces," while, having been acquainted from childhood with the legendary lore of the Christna and the Jumna, he delighted in recounting tales of the Indian Apollo, and in melodizing Hindu pastorals to the tones of his wire-strung sitarr. By caste a Brahmin, his food was uncooked rice and his beverage water, but as regarded the purity of both, his creed made him singularly fastidious. In the morning his mantras or prayers were rigidly observed, and his ablutions were equally considered by him as a religious duty, while his chief pleasure appeared to consist in culling large quantities of chumpā and mogree blossoms, and then selecting a cool and shady spot, to string these flowers into garlands, with which to adorn his graceful costume.

It would be difficult for one accustomed to see the human form disguised as it is by English costume, cramped and disfigured by ill-made boots, stiff stocks, unpliant gloves, and a regulated military manner, more disfiguring than either leather or buckram, to imagine the degree of grace, the symmetry of proportion, the natural ease, and the elegance of manner which marks the Hindostan Sepoy in general, and Bhowani Singh, perhaps, more particularly. This grace is doubtless acquired by the varieties of position that a hot climate suggests, in giving rest to the body, and also to its freedom from restraint; as we observe in England the exceedingly graceful attitudes of little children, before nature is sacrificed at the shrine of custom, and the corset maker and the dancing master are called in to mar or to distort her handywork. Bhowani Singh very naturally disliked the livery of "the Company," and *certainly*, red broad cloth, thick soled "clumps," and heavy beaver, pressing on the brows exposed to the heat of the tropics, is not a costume to be loved for its own sake, however suggestive of duty, and the consequent morality of the wearer's being well pleased therewith.

Bhowani Singh was tall, slight, and singularly handsome, with large lustrous eyes, a high and well-formed forehead, and a manner that suggested what the young Hindu nobles were, ere Moslem tyranny and conquest destroyed the courts of their princes, and laid their

power in the dust. Many a man have I noted, in our sepoy ranks, whose bearing and lineaments were so distinctive of gentle blood, that the mind immediately recurred to the past, and to the Moslem and Mahratta armies, and their strong defences, where such men were chiefs and leaders, as brave and chivalrous in field and castle, as any of the knights of England's olden time, chronicled by a Scott or a James. We see the soldier of India, in our day, as a being whose ancestors were oppressed by a long series of tyrannies, a deteriorating succession of injustices; we see him humbled by dependence, servile and degraded in position; but it was not always so. The chronicles of Indian history teem with anecdotes of the bravery and heroic self-sacrifice of men, who, in the ranks of such leaders as Aurungzebe, or the Bejapoor princes, possessed all the requisites of distinguished soldiers. The worthy descendant of such ancestry was the man whom I have chosen, as characteristic of his class; and the calm of his high caste manner, and the dignity of his bearing, pointed to an origin among the truest and bravest of his race. It was remarkable, however, to observe how the whole manner of Bhowani Singh appeared to change, when he relinquished his bright plum-coloured silk ankrika or body-coat, with its long drooping sleeves lined with pale pink, the graceful doputta, with its muslin drapery and scarlet silk border, the picturesque waist girdle, and the jauntily poised turban, for the stiff dress of the European soldier, and how completely the mind and manner of the man seemed shackled with his dress.

Bhowani Singh happened at one time to be our "orderly," while a detachment of the regiment was employed on duty in the jungles, and it was then I became well acquainted with his character; for being somewhat read in Oriental physiognomy, I was attracted by the index his countenance presented, and being engaged in some inquiries concerning the poetry and traditions of Hindostan, I frequently sent for Bhowani, who, attired in his graceful undress, would sit at the door of my tent, and sitarr in hand, relate, with flashing eyes, the deeds of the chieftains of central India, or, as a troubadour, recite the loves of the sun-god Heri, on the banks of the blue Yamuna. His amiable character endeared Bhowani Singh to all who served with him, and when he strolled into our camp at sunset, swinging a little silver bowl, that he had brought from the river side, suspended by a cord over his hand, and his turban ornamented with a fresh bunch of oleander blossoms, a score of merry voices would break in on the cadences of his Delhi love song, and every little knot of chatting sepoys would seek to win the favourite orderly to a seat beside their watch-fire. And with reason, too, for once there, how faithful they became! what tales were told, legends recited, and native airs, full of quaint conceits, sung to the sharp-toned sitarr or vina. "Humara Bhye," one would say, while he cast his arm caressingly over Bhowani's shoulder; and thus they would chat, handing about pān leaves and the hubble-bubble, till midnight came, when each man, wrapped in a cumli, would

stretch himself upon the ground, and at early dawn rise with clear head to fulfil his duties; rise, without the sluggishness produced by noise, heat, or wild excitement, but with that alacrity calm rest produces, and forthwith proceed to perform his personal and religious duties, hastening to the nearest stream or well, for prayer and required ablution.

It is almost impossible, while in India, not to contrast this peaceful, temperate, becoming behaviour of the sepoy, with the language, conduct, and bearing of the European soldier, and to regret that (as it is said,) the exigences of war require so large a number of the last should be sent to India, where their example certainly does not tend to increase that "empire of opinion" the Christian conquerors have been said to hold over the natives of India. It is very grievous to see, as I have done, the population of a whole village fly from their huts, at the appearance of a few soldiers strolling towards a camp. It is very sad to know the fear that possessed these poor people; the fear that spirituous liquor would be demanded, and if not produced, the knowledge that they would be beaten and ill-used, and become the victims of men already excited by intoxication, and who, in ignorance of the language of these poor peasants, were certain to explain their will by blows. I have witnessed such things frequently, and have felt humiliated and pained that it should be so. A European barrack may well be shunned, but few things are more pleasing than the sepoys' lines in India. On the arrival of a native regiment at a station, the men erect little huts for themselves and their families, the officers also living in the lines, while the European officers occupy separate bungalows in different parts of the cantonment. The only difference between the accommodation of the sepoy and his native officer, is in the size of the hut. All are of bamboo work, neatly thatched, and over the roofs water-melon plants and convolvulus are abundantly trained, the gay blossoms of which, with the neatness of the huts, and the cleanly kept road, have a very pleasing effect. Here and there we see a few tulsi and other sacred trees, enclosed in a sort of decorated brick flower-pot, some four feet high; these are regarded as the *penates* of the lines, and duly venerated.

Whenever a stranger may pass through the lines of a native regiment, all is found to be orderly. In the morning, before the door of the huts, the sepoys' wives may be seen in the dark blue sarees suited to their condition, grinding corn for the family consumption, or kneading the grain into large flat cakes of unleavened bread, singing as they do so; and in the evening groups of sepoys, with their little wood fires brightly burning before the huts, chat and laugh merrily together, while others, who have strolled to the river side for the coolest water, with which to enjoy their simple meal, may be heard returning, chanting, as they come, odes sacred to their gods. The sepoy is eminently domestic; is kind to his wife, tender-hearted and affectionate to his children. No scene of gaiety or dissipation is comparable, in his mind, to the happiness of

playing with his children, and chatting among them with his comrades, and the quiet enjoyment and good feeling to be seen in the sepoys' lines, will make every looker-on who can sympathise with the simplest and best pleasures of life, rejoice that he has witnessed such. The native soldier, has, however, notwithstanding the contentment of his spirit, very little of this world's goods, for his pay is very little more than suffices to find his wife's blue saree, his own white cotton ankrika, and coarse Badjiree cakes for the daily food; and this in peaceful times, for when stirring seasons come, the sepoy's lot is hard indeed, poor fellow! for in accordance with the manners of the East, he not only provides food and shelter for the wife and the little ones, who are not allowed to follow him to the field, but for the aged father, the palsied mother, the idiot brother, or the orphan family of a relative or a comrade,—a "blyc bund" he is called; for Oriental laws of hospitality, even among those who can spare but little, compel that that little should be shared by all those branches of a family who may be unable to gain a living for themselves. Thus, the young, the healthy, and the active, cannot live for himself, but must feed, clothe, and shelter as he may be able, the aged, the weak, or the helpless, and an orderly havildar (serjeant) of our regiment, once told me that he supported fifteen persons in his house, besides his wife and little children. With such knowledge of the habits of the people, he must have a hard heart indeed, who has once witnessed the departure of sepoys on active service, and seen the partings between the native soldier and those who depend on him for bread, and who could grudge him his hard-earned pittance, or the little increase to it expected from the usual "batta" of field service. It must be remembered too, that according to his religious laws, a sepoy, if a Hindoo, is forbidden to quit his country; and in doing so he hazards caste in his fidelity to our service, and cheerful willingness to do the "nokari" (service); we may imagine too the miseries he endures, among scenes that are to him redolent of pollution; his conscientious terrors of the eternal punishment that may follow; his grief at leaving his beloved country; the yearnings of his heart for that anxious and helpless family that he struggles to support in his native village. All these are sad trials for human nature at any time, and more especially so for a nature so simple, loving, and unsophisticated as the native of India possesses, and yet the sepoy braves them all! On board ship, among the slaughter of animal life, in contact with all most abhorrent to his feelings, in cases of extreme suffering, from want of space, air, and water, as I have seen on board the transports for Kurrachee, the native soldier preserves his cheerfulness, seeks with innocent pleasantry to support the spirits of his comrades, and with the simple phrase, "sirkar ka hookum hi," (it is the order of government,) silences all objection.

The sons of the sepoys attend regimental schools, and, with the usual precocity of native children, soon make considerable advance in the general knowledge

suitable to their age and position, while they are distinguished for their quickness and usefulness as little orderlies; seeming always to prefer "duty" to play, even at the early age when life appears, to the boys of the west, a mere Paradise of marbles; and thus the ready smile with which he receives an order, and the alacrity with which he seeks to execute it, makes the little sepoy orderly a general favourite. The native soldier is very proud of his son, and anxiously seeks to train him well, giving him a constant example of sobriety, temperance, and respect to his superiors; it is seldom, therefore, that the father's hope is condemned to disappointment, for, as has been pithily observed, "If we would train up a child in the way he should go, we must go in the way we would train up the child." In the earlier history of our connexion with India, the value of the sepoy was more truly esteemed than it is at present; and yet in the acquirement of our position in the East, his duties and virtues, capabilities and faithfulness, as a mercenary soldier, must have been best known; the struggle for occupation being necessarily strong, our empire unestablished, and our power unknown. It is only necessary, however, to turn to the evidence afforded by such men as Clive and Wellesley, to chronicles of our wars with Tippoo, or even the Peishwa, to see how our British leaders valued the services of the sepoys, and how justly and liberally the meed of praise was yielded. Surely, a longer experience of faithfulness should increase the value placed upon it, should strengthen the tie between the native soldier and his European employer, and increase the amount of respect, gratitude, and consideration on either side. I use the word gratitude advisedly, and not for the sake of a sentence. While resident on the borders of Beloochistan, among the Bengal sepoys employed in the harassing duties on our frontier, and beyond the Indus, in the constant war with the Hill tribes, numerous cases of the fidelity of the sepoys have come under my notice, as shown towards their European officers. Many can bear me witness that they owe their lives to the chivalrous bravery of native soldiers, shown in individual instances, and *that*, when no eye was near to approve the generous self-devotion, and the object of it, for the time, insensible to its value.

I recollect, after the fight with the followers of Doda Murree in their rocky fastnesses, the sword of a Belooche casting a European officer from his saddle, leaving the body under a gun-wheel, apparently dead, and a native soldier in passing it, after the Belooches had retired to the brow of the neighbouring hill, recognising the form of his officer; instantly he stooped, raised it in his arms, and with the body across his saddle he galloped on the enemy, cutting his way towards the camp, which he reached in safety. The officer's wound, though a very serious one, where the point of a sword was broken in the skull, proved not to be mortal. He gradually recovered, and felt for his native preserver the regard of a brother. I saw them both immediately after the affray, and have witnessed the gratitude felt for the man, who, de-

spising danger, careless of probable loss of caste in bearing to a place of safety the supposed corpse of his officer, would willingly have sacrificed all, rather than that the casket of that which he had respected should suffer dishonour at the hands of an enemy.

I recollect, too, during the occupation of the Fort of Kahun, in the Murree hills, when the gallant band that held it were in hourly expectation of perishing from famine,—when empty uniforms, filled with straw, manned the guns that the weakened sepoys could no longer stand beside,—when grain bags were filled with sand to deceive the Murree chiefs,—how, when they came to offer terms, these Murrees were astonished at the merry voices that in song and laugh rang around that old Fort, little thinking such sounds came but to deceive, from men parched with fever, and whose forms, attenuated by hunger, were propped among the crumbling mud of the place they had determined to perish in, rather than yield to degrading terms. The officers of this band, eventually saved by their heroism, bore witness to the devotedness of the gallant sepoys; telling how they begged that lesser food might be served to them, and an even scantier supply of water, that the baggage cattle might be preserved alive, and rendered efficient, should they yet be enabled to leave that fort with honour; a conduct not less self-devoted than that recorded by the accomplished and learned historian of the times of Lord Clive: when the sepoy soldiery fought bravely upon rice-water, themselves requesting that the more solid grain should be given to their European comrades. Multitudes of such cases might be quoted by those experienced in the characters of our sepoy troops in India, and none who know them well, and have, from a knowledge of the ancient institutions of the people, learnt to regard them apart from prejudice, but will respect them as they deserve. Opinions seem to have undergone strange changes as affects the sepoy; time was, when young men about to enter the Indian service received stringent orders as affected their conduct to the native soldiery,—and these orders were severely enforced.

Sir John Malcolm was a leader of whom India might well be proud, and he was ever first in instilling the necessity for respect to the native soldiery, and in recommending studies which should lead our young aspirants to military glory to an acquaintance with the religious customs and habits of the men they commanded, with a view to their protection from unintentional insult; and he ever enforced the greatest possible propriety of demeanour from the European to the native. Such has ever been the principle which governed the acts of men who acquainted themselves with India and her people, and who rightly weighed their responsibilities, and it was under such men that our troops pressed their success in India, attached to their interests the native soldiery, and through them the peasantry, whose families they represent. While associated with the 15th Bengal Native Infantry for some time, at Ahmednugger, I used to feel great pleasure in receiving and conversing with the native officers of the corps: fine old soldiers many of them, who had

in their youth fought hard fights, and had grown grey, strong in love and respect for their European leaders. Among them Sheikh Wuzeer, the jemidar (adjutant), was a remarkably fine man, and old Sukojee Rao, the subedar-major, with Makonji Naik, of the 6th Company, was ever delighted to indulge in the garrulity so sweet to an old soldier. In conversing with these native officers, I have been often surprised at the knowledge they have displayed of character, in speaking of their European officers; how acute their observation has been, how true their remarks, how freely among themselves they have canvassed motives and acts, and have uniformly felt deep respect where it was due, and expressed slight where it was merited, and that without any reference to the rank of the individual whose character was discussed. I have frequently heard these old soldiers express the deepest regret that young men, as European officers, should create disaffection in the native troops by inconsiderate acts affecting their prejudices; while they have spoken of the necessity for our attaching their affection, as the best security for their fidelity, and have doubtfully shaken their heads on the question of how, without such security, the bribery of foreign powers might affect the sepoy army.

The sepoys, as I have said, represent the peasant families of India, and in hazarding their fidelity, we risk our empire of opinion among the whole people. I have seldom entered a village in India, where some old woman or sturdy cultivator did not bring me some little offering because the son or the brother was a sepoy, and ate our "salt," as the phrase is; and the opinion formed in the army of our acts, becomes the opinion of the whole population of India. It is not uncommon to hear an officer in command of Europeans speak in terms of dislike and distrust of the military machine he directs, for there are, perhaps, no class of men on whom demoralizing influences act more fatally than on the European soldier; but I have never heard sepoys spoken of, by intelligent commanders, in any other terms but those of consideration and regard. It is not uncommon for sepoys, on the death of a European officer who was respected in his regiment, to burn a light for years before his tomb, which I recollect to have been done in the case of a Lieutenant Mitchell of the 16th Native Infantry, among others; and I recollect on the death of another officer in a native corps, who was remarkable for his Christian piety and oriental learning, that the company he commanded, even though loss of caste was the result, proceeded to his house, and, remaining until the funeral, performed all necessary offices, and that amid their tears and groans, insisting, at the same time, on bearing the body to the grave.

The three great festivals of the Hindoo year are the Dusrah, or Doorga Poojah, a fête of ten days, in honour of the goddess Bhownance (the wife of Siva, the creator, and answering to the Venus Urania of the Greeks); the Dewalli, or feast of lights, a fête of four days, held at the commencement of the Hindoo lunar year; and the Hooli, a fête celebrating the beginning of the vernal equinox. In the two former the sepoy

takes his part, with the rest of native society. During the Dusrah it is customary for each man to offer a tribute of respect to the object connected with his mode of life; the groom decorates his horse with flowers, the carpenter considers his tools, and the sepoy twines fresh blossoms round his musket, in honour of the festival; at the Dewalli the sepoys ordinarily assist the people in bearing branches of their sacred trees in procession, more particularly the tulsi, as the guardian of their homes; but the Hooli is a festival especially their own. On this occasion the sepoys of a native regiment borrow a large tent, which they pitch in their lines, and having hired a taifah of natch women, invite their European officers to the gala. It is considered a matter of course that the invitation should be accepted, and as general license prevails during the Hooli, the sepoys usually express their opinion of their officers, on the occasion, by acts that could only be allowed during the brief sovereignty of the Lord of Misrule.

The last sepoy natch I attended was at Nuggur, and that being a large station, the double-poled tent of the collector, borrowed by the native officers for the occasion, was crowded with guests; sofas and carpets were arranged for the European officers and ladies, whose presence is always particularly requested, and considered a high compliment by the sepoys, while the native officers were seated on chairs, and the sepoys, in their undress, crouched round immediately in front of the torch-bearers, these same "links" being inodorous in the extreme. The natch women were seated with their accompaniers at the farther end of the tent, and the white dresses of the sepoys, and the kanauts (side walls) of the tents, were abundantly powdered with the red dust "abir," a mixture of cinnabar, the splutterings of which are emblematical of vernal flowers. In the tent all was courtesy and order; the guests were received with great respect, garlands of Indian jessamine thrown round their necks, and perfumes sprinkled on their dresses, which were as innocent in their effects as their fragrance was delicious; but outside the tent, lying perdue, were some of the younger sepoys, with vessels of cinnabar, mixed with oil and alum, and on the departure of a European officer whose conduct had been in any way offensive, these wags would not fail to write their judgment in such abundant sprinklings on his apparel as were not easily erased. These sepoys were seldom wrong, however, in the opinion so inscribed, and one commanding officer, well known to me for the commission of acts of unjustifiable espionage, and occasional very undeserved severity, came to his house blinded and nearly stifled by attacks which he could with difficulty support himself against. On another occasion I remember severe treatment being endured by a European ensign, who, in his folly, had neglected to offer a chair to the subedar of his regiment. The sepoys took the liberty of the Hooli to resent the affront, reminding the looker-on of the feeling that animated some native soldiers, when they nailed the right hand of a European officer of high rank to the

gate of a fort, as the hand that he had boasted was never raised to return the salute of a native. The sepoy is no military automaton, but a being highly susceptible of kindness, deeply grateful for consideration, and sensitively alive to injustice. The sepoy army have, as a body, served us faithfully; as individuals they have been brave, generous, and attached; and when we, as a nation, most needed their services to extend and secure our eastern possessions, the native soldiery never failed us. They were mercenaries, it is true; so are all soldiers; but these men, often tampered with by the princes of the land, stood faithful. They did not fight for country, as the British soldier does in a foreign land, under the banners of his Queen; but the sepoy fought, for duty's sake, in oft-tried faithfulness, against his own countrymen, for foreigners and aliens in religion, language, and custom, but whose salt he had eaten, and to whom he was bound by service and gratitude.

India is at rest, and her governing power is British. Our love of conquest tempts us to extend our empire far beyond her frontier. Meeting with powerful enemies, well trained in warlike exercises, and differing altogether from the princes of India who first opposed our progress, it is thought necessary to pour European troops at a vast expenditure of life and treasure into the East; but while we do so, let us not forget the debt we owe the sepoy, or hazard the fidelity of the native army, the respect of the people of India, or our own character for gratitude as a nation, by offering degradation to the native soldier, or by grudging or withholding from him that meed of respect, remuneration, or credit as a soldier, that he has at once so highly prized, and so justly deserved.

THE FORTUNATE MAN.

BY F. H. K.

CHAPTER I.

"THEN I cannot persuade you to join us at Harrington's to-night, Dacre," said Edward Stanley to his friend, as they paused at the corner of a street previous to separating.

"You must persuade me out of my principles first."

"Principles! Fiddlesticks! As if principles had anything to do with a merry dance and a quiet rubber."

"Not much at Mr. Harrington's, I believe; and that is just my reason for staying away."

"You are wrong, Tom—you are wrong, depend upon it. Harrington is a capital fellow; he has the best cook, the finest wines, and the first company in London. You meet the very *élite* of the *ton* at his house. Besides, he is as rich as Croesus."

"Riches are only valuable when usefully employed."

"And I do not see that Harrington makes a worse use of his than thousands of other people."

"That is no criterion, my dear Stanley. If he

makes an improper use of them, the matter is not mended by the fellowship of others. Can you tell me of any sick that he has relieved—any load of poverty that he has lightened—any half-withered heart-blossoms that have been steeped in the soft dews of his sympathy?—any —"

"Nay, nay; a truce to preaching. You are a rare hand, I know; and, when I am chancellor, I will make you a bishop."

"I wish I could induce you to give up this habit of turning serious things into ridicule. Believe me, it is unworthy both of your head and your heart."

"My best compliments. What you are going to say is highly edifying, I have no doubt; but I cannot stay now. I must have the homily some other time, and perhaps there may be a few trifles to add to it. *Au revoir.*" And the friends separated.

Edward Stanley was one of those persons who offer to their fellow-beings a constant temptation for the exercise of the passion of envy. His father was a merchant of some respectability; and the son, in succeeding to the business, had, by a series of speculations at once bold and successful, made rapid advances both in credit and income. All things had gone so prosperously with him that he was nick-named, on 'Change, the Commercial Midas. Fame is said to have a hundred trumpets. We never met with any one who had numbered those of wealth; but, judging from the rapidity with which its announcements fly in all directions, like sparks from a fire-wheel, they cannot be much under a thousand. In an incredibly short space of time everybody knew that Edward Stanley was a wealthy and prosperous man; moreover that the golden barometer was still rising, and steadily pointing towards "set fair." Almost as immediately, and by a simultaneousness highly creditable to their powers of discernment, everybody discovered that he had great mental powers, a lively fancy, a sparkling wit, a refined taste, a sound judgment, and a surprising store of erudition. The single young ladies found out that he had remarkably fine eyes, and a Byron turn of feature—was an elegant dancer, and a love of a talker: and their mammies suddenly recollected that they had formerly been on intimate terms with that worthy old man, his father, and wondered how it ever came to be broken off. We happily live in times when merit such as his never finds itself neglected; and door after door flew open to receive him as if a hundred Ali Babas had cried out at one and the same instant, "Open, Sesame!" Nor was Edward more reluctant than the Arab woodsman to avail himself of the treasures which thus courted his acceptance; and pleasure succeeded to business, and business to pleasure, as regularly as the alternations of day and night. As time wore on, the first of these began to be more and more in the ascendant. Not that Edward neglected business; but he had always rather submitted to than relished the drudgery of its details: much that had formerly been done by himself could now be performed by others; and he found himself with more leisure to devote to pursuits

infinitely more congenial to his tastes and feelings. He indulged in no excesses which the world calls vicious; but, as he himself said, he enjoyed himself; and very innocently, too, as every one else said, except his old schoolfellow, Thomas Dacre, who, having some very unfashionable prejudices on certain points, frequently differed widely from his friend in his estimate of the quality and value of his pursuits and society, and scrupled not to point out that difference with quite as much plainness as good breeding.

The party at Mr. Harrington's, to which allusion has been already made, was elegant and fashionable. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" might be wanting; but the decorations were tasteful, the refreshments *recherché*, and the amusements varied and attractive. Voluptuousness breathed in the dance; music spoke to the heart as only music speaks; young hearts made still sweeter minstrelsy to each other amid a dazzling blaze of lights, and a labyrinth of garlands and fancy bowers, whose varieties of form, of colour, and of fragrance, seemed to recal youth's images of fairy land; and when Edward slowly and reluctantly tore himself from the intoxicating scene, the sun, (as the Morning Post informed the gay world the next day,) had "looked in upon the revelers" for upwards of an hour.

Dacre called upon his friend the next morning, long after the usual hour of business, and found him at his breakfast.

"It is rather late, that is the truth," said he; "but really it was so very fascinating that I never once dreamt of the hour. Besides, they were not half gone, as it was, when I left."

"Fellowship in grief divides not pain," said Dacre. "You do not enjoy your breakfast, I see. You are not ill, I hope."

"Oh no, thank you. Mouth a little feverish or so, and the least bit of a head-ache; that is all. Harrington's wine is almost too good, that is the fact. But how came you to drop in so early, as if on purpose to catch me?"

"Have you forgotten our business appointment?"

"Faith, I had, and everything else about business; and if you had heard that sweet girl of Harrington's sing last night, you would have done the same."

"I think not," said Dacre, drily; "nor should I be doing the duty of a friend if I did not direct your attention to the fact, that broken rest, neglect of business, head-ache, latent fever, and forgetfulness of duty, have been the *primæ facie* results of your indulgence last night. What less obvious consequences it has to answer for, it is not for me to say."

"There, there, Old Morality, do not give me another preachment, for heaven's sake. It is abominably late, and I must be off to the counting-house. I know what you are going to say, but you won't persuade me that there is any harm in a little innocent recreation. I am sure I work hard enough when I am at it; and if you never heard of an old proverb about all work and no play, I have, I can tell you."

CHAPTER II.

HANNAH MORE has well observed, that an extensive prospect may be discerned through a small opening; and the preceding chapter will suffice to explain the kind of life Edward Stanley was leading, without exhibiting it further in detail. The rapid growth of habit has been observed and dwelt upon *ad nauseam*, and Dacre perceived the increasing effects of its pernicious influence on Edward with more sorrow than surprise. At first, there had been nothing startlingly wrong in his indulgences; nothing beyond the consumption of a great portion of precious time not given to be wasted on idle vanities—the absorption of many of the hours nominally devoted to other pursuits, in the recollection or anticipation of the fascinating scenes—the false stimulus their mental opium imparted, and the dull and listless vacuum till it was renewed—the indifference to higher and nobler pursuits which the heart insensibly acquired—and the consumption of sums which would have carried fulness and joy into many abodes of sickness and penury, and caused the thankful blessings of hundreds of desolate hearts made glad, to be wasted in grateful incense to heaven. These, and such as these, were the only early results of his mode of living; and these things, unhappily, are "trifles light as air" to those who use the world's standard in their measurement of right and wrong. But in such a career there is no standing still; not to draw back is to go forward; and Dacre soon began to hear of gentlemen's parties, from which Edward had returned "a little elevated;" and, on putting into execution a long talked of project of an alms-house in their native town, towards which Edward had always promised him fifty pounds, when he called to claim the subscription, the promiser told him that he had really lost such heavy sums at play lately that he could not afford to give it. Naturally mortified at the loss of an important sum on which he had fully depended, and looking on the reason assigned for the breach of faith rather as an insult than an excuse, he remonstrated with spirit and energy; but had the subject dismissed somewhat summarily with the remark from Edward, that it was quite impossible to avoid a little play sometimes—he was known to be rich, and it was expected from him—others might think as they liked, but, for his part, he could not look mean for the sake of a few paltry hundreds—and as for the alms-house, he had no objection to the idea, on the contrary, he quite approved of the principle, and would willingly give his assistance to it, but one really could not do everything.

Dacre, who saw the vortex towards which he was hurrying, used every effort, on this and many subsequent occasions, to arrest his course; but he might as well have attempted to stop the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Still the tide of prosperity rolled on unchecked; thousand after thousand poured into his coffers, but their only effect was to enlarge the sphere of his expenditure and the circle of his enjoyments. Self was the idol before which he worshipped, and no sacrifice was too costly to lay upon its altar. Those

whose business it was to minister to pomp and luxury, ranked him among the most munificent of his sphere; but the widow and the orphan knew him not. About this time Dacre, who watched him with the deepest anxiety, and who, though every expectation of success from his own remonstrances had failed, still clung to the hope that a something (though vague and undefinable even to himself) would yet interpose between him and perdition, had the mortification to find a new barrier to his hopes raised up in the person of Mr. Harrington; whose association in the business, and the marriage of whose daughter with his young partner, followed in rapid succession. Both these events were regarded with regret by Dacre. Mr. Harrington was, emphatically, a man of the world; he lived in it and for it. Utterly destitute of that high principle of duty and accountability which should be the pole-star round which all others revolve in the order and proportion suited to their respective stations, he was the most dangerous associate with which a man of Edward's character could be linked; and the daughter, though without any actually vicious propensities, was the mere creature of the circumstances among which she found herself—the butterfly of the hour, and passing it as if, like the insect, the only objects of her existence were

"Roving for ever from flower to flower,
Dying when fair things are fading away."

Against these events, therefore, particularly the latter, Dacre remonstrated with all the energy of his character and all the freedom of old and faithful friendship; and so zealous and uncompromising were his representations of their probable ill consequences to a mind already too much deadened to a sense of its high duties and responsibilities, that Edward, who had begun to acquire some of the haughtiness of prosperity, took great umbrage at the tone of his remarks, which, he hinted pretty broadly, the now wide difference in their worldly stations by no means authorized; with the addition, that he felt himself quite qualified to steer his course through life without the pilotage of so ungracious a Mentor; and that as he had reason to know that Dacre's ill impression of his new connexions was fully reciprocated on their parts, the time had arrived when the intercourse between them ought to cease.

Such a remark admitted but of one reply. Dacre withdrew, though more in sorrow than in anger; for his Christian spirit pitied the friend of his youth, even while unhesitatingly he burst the bonds of half a life for the sake of a vain and worldly connexion; and Edward, though the reproofs of his friend had never produced any change in his conduct, felt a sensible relief when his searching eye was no more bent upon his actions. That an eye yet more searching looked constantly into his inmost soul, never crossed his thoughts; for those thoughts were all occupied with the nothings of the present; and, though he had now quite relinquished all commercial affairs to his partner, and made pleasure the only business of his existence, the hours were too short for the amount of enjoyments, or

fancied enjoyments, which had to be compressed into them. Gay equipages, richer liveries, larger parties succeeded. Every fresh increase of his worldly means was but the signal for a corresponding increase in his expenditure; and *bons vivans* extolled his wines, and ladies his taste, and parasites his spirit; and he listened complacently, and was satisfied. As the Roman conqueror had a monitor at the back of his triumphal car, to temper the effect of the almost divine honours which he was receiving, by the timely admonition, "Remember that thou art but a man;" so should every one who has riches at his disposal have some one at his side to be ever whispering in his ear, "Remember thou art but a steward." This truly golden rule, the acting upon which can alone prevent him who lives the life of Dives from dying his death, and partaking of his after inheritance, never entered Edward's mind. He was rich, but few public charities numbered him among their contributors; he was rich, but no private dwelling, wherein dwelt want, opened its door to receive his form; no crazy stair creaked beneath his footstep; no sunken eye was lit up at his approach; no shrunken palm closed over his gold; no grateful blessing hung on his retiring footstep; no desolate heart made glad poured forth for his welfare that earnest, though half-suffocated prayer which the angel of mercy loves to bear to heaven. He was rich, and he looked upon his riches as the mere vehicle of his pleasures—pleasures which became more and more guilty, as his senses, accustomed to their strong stimulus, required a deeper and deadlier draught to produce their wonted excitement. He was rich, but his heart swelled not with humble gratitude to the great Dispenser of earthly gifts, that He had placed his steps upon the velvet pathway of life, while so many had to toil over the rugged flint and through the loathsome quagmire. He looked round upon a board where every delicacy offered its stimulant to the languid appetite; and he heeded not the wail of anguish as his pampered servants drove the starving beggar from his gate; and he sank to rest upon his downy pillow, unmindful that many a head more faithful to its great Master, and more mindful of the high duties of its being, was finding its repose on the hard log, or the cold stone, under no canopy but that of heaven.

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD was aroused from this guilty dream by the sudden death of his wife. It was the first withdrawal of the sunshine from the landscape of his life, and he was stupified for a time under the effects of the blow. He could not understand how anything painful could happen to *him*—it seemed quite a reversal of the order of nature. Then the pent-up stream burst its banks; he gave way to a frantic delirium of grief, and shut himself up from every one in a perfect agony of despair. Time had scarcely begun its usual work of mitigating the first bitterness of grief, when another and, if possible, still more astounding blow succeeded. His partner, in whom

he had reposed the most unlimited confidence, suddenly absconded; having, as it appeared, been engaged in some speculations of a very extensive character, the failure of which involved the prospect of certain ruin. Having resolved to avoid this by a precipitate flight, and having the sole control of the business, he had availed himself of his facilities to carry off with him the whole of his own assets, and the greater portion of those of his unfortunate partner, leaving him to meet the liabilities of both.

This was a stroke indeed. The hitherto spoiled child of fortune, pampered with indulgence, unused to exertion, and maddened at the occasion which now rendered it imperative, made a few convulsive efforts to retrieve his position, which only served to show how desperate it had become; and a few appeals to the multitude of *friends* who had so often plighted body and spirit to his service, which only served to exhibit the hollowness of the high-sounding drum-cases. Instead of proffers of assistance, he now, for the first time for many years, heard truth; but truth in its most uninviting form. He who had so lately been an immaculate being, whose smile was a blessing, whose judgment an oracle, and whose taste a standard, could now hear of his reckless extravagance, his indiscreet choice of a partner, his want of foresight in not anticipating a ruin which all shrewd men had long seen to be inevitable. There were not wanting, indeed, those who went further, and declared that he *must* have foreseen it, and had either gone on in the criminal determination to enjoy himself at all hazards while the means existed, careless of what should follow; or, what was quite as likely, had made an underhand arrangement with his partner for a division of the spoils of their joint guilt; being, in either case, no better than the footpad on the highway—in fact, not so good; for the latter at least made no pretensions to honesty and good standing in society. Sentiments like these, conveyed by innuendo, by implication, by affected commiseration, by the medium of third parties, and all the various modes by which slander conveys its imputations—and, unhappily, when once the sun of fortune has gone down, her fetid breath finds as many points as those of the mariner's compass to blow from; the defenceless head of the unfortunate one forming the common centre of them all—these sentiments, at such utter variance with those which had been accustomed to reach his ear, filled him with astonishment; and the more so as he knew them to be as unmerited as ungenerous. He had been forgetful of his God—though his heart did not tell him so—and of the ends for which riches were entrusted to him; he had lived to himself, and been unmindful of the sons and daughters of penury; but to the world he had stood fair. He had been honourable, and even liberal, in his dealings—his very profusion had been a source of great gain to many of those who were now the first to condemn it; while many others had been the constant participants of his pleasures, had contributed no mean assistance to the dissipation which they now execrated so loudly, and

were then as loud in their commendations of what was at that time munificence, generosity, patronage of merit, nobility of spirit, and the usual *ad infinitum* of toadies. He had been all his life reading the book of nature in illuminated characters, and in turning now to the common *black* letter, his senses were quite bewildered by the different appearance of the page.

Much salutary wisdom is locked up in the fine old adage, "Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them." The gaudy butterflies which had fluttered round Edward Stanley during his hours of sunshine had disappeared at the first frost-breath; and, while he brooded over the change with a bitterness of feeling not unmixed with misanthropy, he could not do otherwise than sometimes remember that he had once possessed a friend of a totally different character, and that he had driven him from his side. Neither could he avoid the gnawings of self-reproach as the faithfulness, the purity, and manly straight-forwardness of Dacre's character stood out in fine relief from its contrast with the despicable beings for whose sake he had been so unjustifiably slighted; and the first pang of remorse which Edward suffered, was that which arose from his unworthy treatment of his first and only friend. Still there was a degree of false pride lurking in the bottom of his heart, which forbade his making those overtures for reconciliation which his better feelings prompted, but which he at the same time felt would be capable of great misconstruction in the present state of his fortunes. Dacre's friendship, however, was stamped with the same signet as the rest of his character—that of Christianity. He had, with deep regret, seen himself forced to retire from his friend's side when his peril was so imminent; and he no sooner heard of his reverses than, without giving a thought to the manner in which he had been previously treated, or the probable reception he was at present likely to meet,—far less to the punctilio that, as he was the offended party, he was entitled to expect that the first advances should be made to him,—he hurried to the house of his old friend with the simple purpose of ascertaining what could be done to serve him.

If the self-love of Dacre's character had not been long subdued before the influence of a purer and holier feeling, it would have found ample gratification in the manner of Edward's reception—his deep self-abasement at the first, and, after that had subsided before the honest kindness with which it was met and soothed, the entire reliance and perfect confidence which succeeded it. Without the least reserve or hesitation, Edward laid his situation fully before him, and detailed all his views and feelings as to a second self; while Dacre, on his part, listened to the explanations, and entered into the whole subject with an eagerness and a zeal which he would have condemned as too worldly if excited by his own affairs. Once master of the subject, and burning with honest anxiety to show his recovered friend that he really wished to serve him, he devoted himself to the task of "winding up" with an alacrity that nothing seemed

to check, and a perseverance that nothing seemed to tire. At the first glance, the liabilities were so extensive, the debts so heavy, and the assets abstracted so large, that a considerable defalcation appeared inevitable; but, by judicious arrangements, by the exercise of much mercantile skill in making every article realize its utmost value, and by successfully negotiating the settlement of some of the larger claims rather upon an equitable than a strictly legal basis, his generous spirit at last found an ample recompense for its labours, in being able to impart to the dejected and care-worn Stanley the most grateful intelligence that, under such circumstances, can greet the proud spirit of a British trader—that his creditors would be satisfied, and his fame as a merchant unsullied. True it was that, to effect this end, every other was necessarily sacrificed; houses and grounds, equipages, paintings, costly furniture, and the *bijoux* which had stamped his character as a man of taste to the admirers of *vertu*, and gratified his personal vanity by the universality of their eulogies, fell in one undistinguished hecatomb together, a sacrifice at the shrine of vice and folly. True it was that, when all was done, the once wealthy merchant stood up a beggared man, with no inheritance but his pride, and that pride only the more tenacious and exacting from the altered circumstances under which it found exercise; but at least he could walk the street without dreading to look his fellow-pedestrian in the face, lest he should encounter one on whose books his name stood as a defaulter—no scornful finger could point him out as he passed, as that concentration of all that is most abhorrent to the feelings of an Englishman, a bankrupt. If he had not a shilling, there lived no human being who could say he owed him one. There was a noble freedom in the thought; he breathed more freely than he had done for many weeks; the great object had been achieved, and all else seemed, for the moment, comparatively light.

With Dacre, however, the great object was not achieved. He felt an honest pride in the reflection that he had been enabled, if not to place his friend's worldly interests on a desirable footing, at least to extricate them from that ruinous termination at which they must inevitably have arrived, had a handless firm, or less able, attempted their disentanglement. It was confessedly a great work, but "the greatest was behind." In the renewal of their intercourse he had been deeply pained to perceive that Edward's heart had wandered much further from its Maker than his worst anticipations had foreboded. He had been startled by occasional profanity, an evident propensity to intemperance, an utter neglect of even the common forms of religion, and an habitual deadness to the concerns of a future world, if not to the fact of its existence. He had felt, however, that Edward's mind was, at present, in too wild a state of tumult, for him to make any effort for its change of feeling with a rational hope of success. Remonstrance, to be effectual, should be well-timed and judicious, as well as zealous and sincere; and, with a full conviction of

this great truth—for want of attention to which so many well-meant efforts have failed—while Stanley's state of aberration was a source of much watchful and prayerful anxiety to him, he forbore uselessly to agitate the troubled waters; waiting patiently the arrival of some favourable opportunity when he could at the same time pour upon them the oil of peace.

That opportunity came earlier than he expected. Edward had borne up unflinchingly through all the repugnancies attendant on the settlement of his affairs. Painful as these frequently were in themselves, and aggravated by the morbid sensitiveness which often led him to believe that those with whom he was brought into contact were taking marked pains to convince him, by their altered manner, how much worldly things were changed with him, he shrank from no details, however humiliating; he avoided no intercourse, however revolting; he abstained from no labour, however toilsome. There might be pain, there might be weariness, there might sometimes be sickness of heart in it; but there was excitement also, and that bore him up through it all. But when it was over—when the accountants had drawn the lines of the balance sheet, and the lawyers had made out their bills of costs—when the last creditor had signed a receipt in full, and Dacre had drawn Edward away to the quiet of his own residence in the country—then the reaction came. It first showed itself in gloomy taciturnity, which no effort could break, and a misanthropic avoidance of every one, as if the sight of his species were abhorrent to him. This seemed to increase rather than diminish; his mind appeared to wrap itself up more and more in its moody contemplations, till at length the overwrought spirit gave way; the wire that had been so long strained to its utmost tension snapped abruptly, and Edward was suddenly seized with an alarming fever.

(To be continued.)

ANNABEL C—.

In the "Amulet" for 1829 appeared a few verses entitled "To my daughter, on her second birth-day." In them occurred the following stanzas:

"I ask no plum'd and jewell'd crown,
Where Rank and Wealth their moment blaze;
No transient meed of vain Renown,
No length of perishable days.

* * * * *

"I supplicate enlightening grace,
To guide thy feet in Wisdom's way,
And strength her heavenward steps to trace,
Through twilight to the perfect day.

* * * * *

"Float peacefully along the tide,
Till, all secure, thy spirit shine
In realms where souls alone abide,
Serene and innocent as thine!"

It is seldom that parental aspirations have been so literally fulfilled as the above verses in the case of her

to whom they were addressed. Our readers are well acquainted with this lady, under the signature of Annabel C—: and we cannot but feel that they will learn with more than a selfish regret that her pure and gifted mind will no more hold palpable communion with theirs; and that they will accept with grateful interest a few particulars of one already endeared to them, and most endeared to those who most intimately knew her.

We have said, the prayer offered by her father on her second birth-day presents an extraordinary counterpart to her life. It may be thought that the daughter of a country curate—for such she was—would not be likely to experience the temptations that beset "Rank and Wealth;" yet "Renown" would very probably have proved her portion, had her "perishable days" been lengthened; and that this might have led on, in an age when literature is fashionable, to intercourse with "Rank and Wealth," is conceivably possible. Yet it is remarkable that she had a constitutional antipathy to display and parade of every kind. It was no vulgar or ungenerous jealousy of those who moved in loftier orbits, which none could have adorned more entirely than herself, that forbade her to covet their position. Retirement, domestic love, simple country joys, afforded her such exquisite delight, that, although keenly enjoying the pleasure of occasionally mingling in town society, especially literary, she astonished her friends by the frank and simple outpourings of her heart in favour of nature and her beautiful abode, and her wonder that any could find permanent enjoyment except in rural and home-bred pleasures. Our readers may remember an exquisite little poem embodying this feeling in vol. i. of our publication, intitled "My Country Home." Indeed

"The fields and hills were her dear changeloss friends;
But, fair as were the scenes around her spread,
Fairest they ever were unto her eye;
For every thing shone with a light that sprang
From her own spirit, and reflected came
Back to her soul again."²

Here is an autumnal picture from her journal, (Oct. 13):—

"Another exquisite day—more beautiful even, if possible, than yesterday; clear, bright, and rather frosty—thoroughly enjoyable. It would have been quite a shame to have wasted it, as I did yesterday, in dawdling about, so I went with papa across the hill. . . . The country all round looked so lovely! I do pity those whose happiness is all shut up in a town; and who, when they leave it, instead of enjoying the beauty that is wasted round them, are only thinking when they shall get back again to their beloved bricks and mortar, and do nothing but complain of the dulness of the country. I sadly fear the dulness is in themselves. They lose one of the greatest of earthly pleasures, one of earth's highest and purest—and dead indeed must be my heart, when the country and its beauty ceases to be my

(1) Her first Christian name, and the initial of her second. Her surname was suppressed. Her contributions to this publication are the ballads "Agatha," and "All Aben Fahar;" the poems, "My Country Home," "A Legend of St. John's Eve," "Dreams," &c.; "Lindaraxa," and "Albayaldos," two mixed articles, translated and adapted from the Spanish; "Superstitions of the West of England," &c. &c.

(2) Unfinished MS. poem, among her papers.

joy and delight, and the heightener of every pleasure I may have in it. I trust my lot may always be cast in it; for truly do I feel the force of

'God made the country, but man made the town.'

I saw a beautiful little bit about it in Sharpe's Magazine."³

In the same loving spirit with which her heart cleaved to her home, did she love her native England. She was no politician whatever; probably she had never read one parliamentary debate—she knew nothing of the questions which give rise to parties and their strifes. But in all that concerned the superiority, the honour, the well-being of her country, she felt a keen and jealous interest: and those who wished to kindle the soft repose of her countenance into brilliant animation, had only to suggest some topic connected with the fair fame of her fatherland. In her copy of "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," the well-known verses, "Lives there a man with soul so dead?" &c. are doubly dashed in pencil; and her deep English feelings, and hostility to the cause of the invading spoiler, are prominent in her noble ballad of "Wulfstan."⁴

The distinguishing feature of Annabel C—'s temperament was its poetical and romantic character. She did not versify to gain a coterie celebrity; poetry was her element; she delighted in the works of its great masters from a child; she stored it from external nature with the instinct of the bee; she extracted its subtle essence intuitively from the ordinary objects and incidents of life; and it sprang up within her as a perennial fountain. Her poetry is the pure image of her very being:—

"—velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credbat libris; neque si malè cesserat, usquam
Decurrens aliò, neque si bene. Quo fit ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
Vita."

When we speak of her romantic feeling, we are very far from intending what is commonly understood by that term, a maudlin boarding-school sentimentality. For such a disposition, when she encountered it, she had only a good-humoured laugh. Her romance, on the contrary, was fresh, free, and joyous. It was the high-toned, chivalrous, confiding, generous spirit which breathes in the writings of Spenser,⁵ Scott, Southey, and Fouqué, all of whom she ardently admired (with the two first, indeed, she was conversant in early childhood); a spirit which was kindled in them by the old balladists, in whose writings she took immeasurable delight; particularly in the Spanish ballads and romances, several of which she translated for this publication.

(3) We are not able to particularize the passage to which she alludes.

(4) Original Ballads, by living Authors, edited by the Rev. Henry Thompson. Masters, 1850. (Reviewed in our Number for February last.) In criticising this work, the Morning Post found "space" only for one ballad, "Little Agnes," which was Annabel C—'s; and which he thus introduced: "We are sorry that this lady does not give us her name in full; for the very soul of poetry and of truth dwells in the following lines. They evince a rare poetic genius." It was pleasing to witness the genuine and almost childish surprise with which she perused the above criticism.

(5) In her journal of her first visit to Westminster Abbey, she says:—"I found out Spenser's tomb by some inward feeling,—by intuition, I suppose."

Being, as we have noticed, the daughter of a clergyman, she was also the child of her father's church. As she was a warm patriot, though no politician, so was she a decided and devout churchwoman, though no controversialist. Without depreciating the importance of the religious controversies of the day, it is not too much to say, that Annabel C— lived above them. Her career was not unlike that of the first Christian disciples, ere controversy had arisen. Her religion, like all her feelings, partook largely of her poetical temperament. The Bible she received as the rule of her life, and the Prayer-book, of her devotion; and none, perhaps, more fully entered into the spirit of either. With the writings of Keble and Williams, two of the deepest expositors of both, she deeply sympathised, their poetical and spiritual character being equally congenial to her mind; and from the numerous passages in their poetry which she has dashed with her pencil, a fair estimate may be gained of her faithful, but simple, theology. Faith, hope, love of God and human kind, contemplation of the Divine love, and of the beauty of the Divine works, have always elicited these simple tokens of her joyous and thankful approval. There was no belief in which she more delighted than the certainty that all is for the best; and a mourner was deeply comforted in opening her "Christian Year" for the first time after her departure, at this stanza, dashed throughout, and the last two lines doubly :—

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure;
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought;
The world for thee was bought.
And as this landscape broad, earth, sea, and sky,
All centres in thine eye,
SO ALL GOD DOES, IF RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD,
SHALL WORK THY FINAL GOOD."

In the "Thoughts in Past Years," she has, in like manner, marked the sentiment :—

"Though pain and grief prevail, that God is good,
That nothing can be evil on this earth
Wherein his sacred Spirit hath abode,
Save what from man and evil will have birth."

And a little fragment of a poem just begun, found among her papers, sets forth :—

"There is a proverb I have heard,
So full of peace and rest,
In glittering gold I would write each word:
'ALL THINGS ARE FOR THE BEST.'

"I would make it the motto to rule my life,
To still a restless heart,
The oil to quiet the waters of strife—"

From this habit of contemplating what may be called the *day-side* of nature,—the world in the light and guidance of the providential Eye,—it may readily be inferred that she exhibited on all occasions a buoyant cheerfulness, which indeed remarkably sustained her through an illness of six months. Hence, too, religion wore in her a winning and attractive aspect; nor indeed were its severities requisite in one

who had lived so near to baptismal purity. In the quiet holy walk of Christian peace and love she was ever to be found. In the cottages of the poor, and in the Sunday-school, her vacant place has called forth many a word of love and sorrow.

But cheerful as were her thoughts on religion, they were solemn too; and though she could not have contemplated, until the later part of her illness, so early a departure, yet she kept the event itself before her eyes. Williams's sonnet "On a picture of the Crucifixion," which is dashed by her pencil throughout, concludes,

—"Oh! o'er my spirit reign!
Teach me each day to bear my cross with thee;
And when night's curtains close, be ever near!
Be thou my pilot through night's cloudy sea!
Be thou the silent chariot's charioteer!
And when ere long I sink on couch of death,
Oh let me in thine arms resign my breath!"

The following passage from "The Mountain Home" of the same poet, also marked by her pencil, is a striking representation of her feelings on the same subject :—

—"If the storms
Gather around me, and the waterfloods
Roll o'er my soul, oh! let no envious clouds
Hide from mine eyes that solitary star,
Rising in loveliness beyond the storm!
Oh! o'er the howling wilderness of waves,
Let not faith fail to bear me up! Be Thou
My guardian, Thou my guide! Thee may I see
When earth is fading from my dying eyes!
Thee may I hold with faltering hand! Awhile,
And all this strange terraqueous scene of things
Shall be but like a sick man's dream, or gleams
That come upon the dawn of infancy;
And all our tears but like the dews of night,
Lost in the presence of the eternal sun."

But her contemplation of death in its awfulness, no less than its peace and blessedness, was evinced not only by her notice of passages like these;—it frequently became the subject of her own pen. Our readers remember the beautiful "Legend of St. John's Eve," in a former volume of this magazine. But a poem found amongst her papers, and dated 1844, not only so fully illustrates her feeling in this respect, but is so accurate a description of her own departure and its concomitant circumstances, that it may seem a presentiment, and may well stand as the closing scene.

"Maiden! maiden! on thy bed of death
Low dost thou lie!
Convulsively comes thy struggling breath—
This is to die!"

"Around thy pallid couch thy loved ones stand;
In each heart, woe;
To heaven is raised each pray'r-uplifted hand—
It should be so!"

"Thy lips are moving—thou dost strive to pray
With those around;
Thy palsied tongue may not—it dies away,
The uniform'd sound."

"To the dim heavens (dim to thee) thou'st raised
Thy aching eyes;
Now are they closed—for the last time thou'st gazed
On those bright skies."

"Thou hast gazed thy last on that blue heaven
From here below;
Yet to all who love God is the promise given
Thither to go.
May it with thee be so!"

Amen!

It is a most consolatory reflection, that, though the subject of this memoir was called away in the very opening of that life which she was so well fitted to enjoy and adorn, she was not only screened from the troubles and temptations of later years, but the few she lived were exquisitely happy. Beneath the parental roof, in the home of her affections, amid warm friendships and the attachment of all who knew her, in the midst of the most exquisite natural objects, from which she drew such pure and unfailing delight; in the enjoyment of her favourite pleasures of literature, and in the exercises of piety and beneficence, she passed her brief career—and at last fell asleep, consoled by all the offices of religion, and surrounded by those she loved the dearest. Even her grave bears witness to the loving regret of those who knew her, adorned as it is every Sunday with crosses and crowns of her own beloved flowers. It would seem that the prayer of a clergyman who visited her father's house during her childhood, and wrote it in a little book which she kept, was no less exactly fulfilled than her father's own.

"Let the full heart disclose its fervent hope:
May no dark cloud e'er interrupt that brightness,
No scowling blast assail a form so lovely;
Mid peace divine, and joys which know no end,
Be it thy lot to flourish. So, having borne
The fruits of faith, and hope, and sacred love,
Be thou transplanted to a happier clime,
E'en to the garden of the Lord on high,
There to abide and flourish evermore!"

The last verses she published appeared in the "Keepsake" for the present year, without any signature. They were written long before publication, and published before her last illness—and they remarkably echo at the close of her life what her father had besought at its rise:—

"I sigh not for the poet's wreath,
The victor's mood of song;
I would not on the world's cold breath
My name be borne along.

"True woman is my heart within,
All earthly things above;
I would my name a home should win
In the hearts of those I love.

"I would not, when in chancel old
At last I lie at rest,
That they should carve the marble cold
For me in scroll and crest;

"But rather, that my name should be
A holy thing,—enshrined
Within the deep, deep memory
Of the loved ones left behind."

Never was desire more completely fulfilled. The name of Annabel C— is for ever a holy thing, and those who were privileged with her affection must cherish it in the inmost depths of memory. From her marked copy of the "Lyra Innocentium," she seems to address them individually:—

"Thy first glad earthly task is o'er,
And dreary seems thy way.
But what if nearer than before
She watch thee e'en to-day?"

"What if henceforth by heaven's decree
She leave thee not alone,
But in her turn prove guide to thee,
In ways to angels known?"

* * * * *

"In loving hope, with her unseen,
Walk as in hallow'd air;
When foes are strong, and trials keen,
Think, 'What if she be there?'"

Such thoughts may well prepare the bereaved to entertain a precept, commended from the same book, by the same beloved spirit:—

—"to stay
Self-loving moans—allow no way
For grief that only grieves;
But drops that cherish prayer, or speed
The pure resolve, or dutious deed,—
He gave them, He receives."

Nor would the mourner here pass by two stanzas of a poem by Longfellow, ("The Light of Stars,") thus pencilled in her copy: "This one—I am so fond of it!"—(the stanzas themselves too are dashed by her pencil):—

"And thou too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

"O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know, how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

May the memory of Annabel C— speak no less tenderly and eloquently to our readers! When the last volume of our work began, few were less likely not to behold its last number. May our youthful readers lay this to heart; and whether their portion, when another volume shall terminate, be time or eternity, we feel that we can offer them no kindlier wish than that their life and their lot may be hers.

Our notice, we feel, would be imperfect, were we to omit the following graphic sketch, from the pen of one than whom none knew better, or loved more deeply, her whom it delineates. Those who knew her will immediately acknowledge the fidelity of the portrait; while to others it will convey the liveliest possible image of one whom they may well regret never to have seen:—

"Gifted with many accomplishments, with much personal beauty, she was yet singularly free from that dark canker, vanity, while ever the first to perceive and appreciate talent or loveliness in any of her young companions. Her beauty was peculiarly of that kind which emanates from a pure and joyous spirit, at peace with itself, and with all around;

'The quiet of her sinless heart
Was pictured in her face.'

"Few could listen to her melodious voice singing the last verse of one of Longfellow's touching little ballads,

'Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,—
Behind the cloud the sun is shining,'

without feeling the cheering influence of that quiet and happy temperament; few who had the pleasure of conversing with her will forget the lighting up of that radiant face, shaded by its soft brown beautiful hair—now, alas! the only treasure left to those who loved her so well! all that remains now until the morning of the resurrection!"

DEBORAH'S DIARY.²

AND NOW I have transgressed about a pin! Oh, heaven! what weak, wicked wretches we are! "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" And the tongue is a fire, an unruly member. Sure, when I was writing, at father's dictation, such heavy charges against Eve, I privily thought I was better than she. And, sifting the doings of Mary and Anne through a somewhat censorious judgment, maybe I thought I was better than they. Alas! we know not our own selves. And so, dropping a stitch in my knitting, I must needs cry out—"Here, any of you . . . oh, mother! do bring me a pin." My sisters, as ill-luck would have it, not being by, cries she, "Forsooth, manners have come to a fine pass in these days! Bring her a pin, quotha!" Instead of making answer, "Well, 'twas disrespectful;—I ask your pardon;" I must mutter, "I see what I'm valued at—less than a pin."

"Deb, don't be undutious," says father to me. "Woulde it not have been better to fetch what you wanted, than strangely ask your mother to bring it?"

"And thereby spoil my work," answered I;—"but 'tis no matter."

"'Tis a great matter to be uncivil," says father.

"Oh! dear husband, do not concern yourself," interrupts mother; "the girl's incivility is no new matter, I protest."

On this, a battle of words on both sides, ending in tears, bitterness, and my being sent by father to my chamber till dinner. "And, Deb," he adds, gravely, but not harshly, "take no book with you, unless it be your Bible."

Soe, hither, with swelling heart, I have come. I never drew on myself such condemnation before—at least, since childish days; and could be enraged with mother, were I not enraged with myself. I'm in no hurry for dinner-time; I cannot sober down. My temples beat, and my throat has a great lump in it. Why was Nan out of the way? Yet, would she have made things better? I was in no fault at first, that's certain;—mother took offence where none was meant; but I meant offence afterwards. Lord, have mercy upon me. I can ask thy forgiveness, though not hers. And I could find it in me to ask father's too, and say, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy . . . thy hearing!" And now I come to write that word,

I have a mind to cry; and the lump goes down, and I feel earnest to look into my Bible, and more humbled towards mother. And . . . what is it father says?—

"What better can I do, than to the place
Repairing, where he judged me, there confess
Humbly my fault, and pardon beg, with tears
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek!"

. . . He met me at the very first word. "I knew you would," he said; "I knew the kindest thing was to send you to commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still. 'Tis there we find the Holy Spirit and Holy Saviour in waiting for us; and in the house where they abide, as long as they abide in it, there is no room for Satan to enter. But let this morning's work, Deb, be a warning to you, not thus to transgress again. As long as we are in peaceful communion among ourselves, there is a fine, invisible cobweb, too clear for mortal sight, spun from mind to mind, which the least breath of discord rudely breaks. You owe to your mother a daughter's reverence; and if you behave like a child, you must look to be punished like a child."

"I am not a mere baby, neither," I said.

"No," he replied. "I see you can make distinction between Teknia and Paidia; but a baby is the more inoffensive and less responsible agent of the two. If you are content to be a baby in grace, you must not contend for a baby's immunities. I have heard a baby cry pretty loudly about a pin."

This shut my mouth close enough.

"You are now," he added, gently, "nearly as old as your mother was when I married her."

I said, "I fear I am not much like her." He said nothing, only smiled. I made bold to pursue;—"What was she like?"

Again he was silent—at least for a minute; and then, in quite a changed tone, with somewhat hurried in it, cried,—

"Like the fresh sweetbriar and early May!

Like the fresh, cool, pure air of opening day . . .

Like the gay lark, sprung from the glittering dew . . .

An angel! yet . . . a very woman too!"

And, kicking back his chair, he got up, and began to walk hastily about the chamber, as fearlessly as he always does when he is thinking of something else, I springing up to move one or two chairs out of his way. Hearing some high voices in the offices, he presently observed, "A contentious woman is like a continually dropping. Shakspeare spoke well when he said that a sweet, low voice is an excellent thing in woman. I wish you good women would recollect that one avenue of my senses being stopt, makes me keener to any impression on the others. Where strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. Why should not we dwell in peace, in this quiet little nest, instead of rendering our home liker to a cage of unclean birds?"

Bunhill Fields, London, Oct. 1886.

People have phansied appearances of armies in y^e air, flaming swords, fields of battle, and other images;

(1) We may, perhaps, from time to time, publish some of Annabel C—'s posthumous poetry.

(2) Continued from p. 74.

and, truly, the evening before we left Chalfont, methought I beheld the glories of the ancient city Ctesiphon in the sunset clouds, with gilded battlements, conspicuous far—turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires. The light-armed Parthians pouring through the gates, in coats of mail, and military pride. In the far perspective of the open plain, two ancient rivers, the one winding, t'other straight, losing themselves in the glowing distance, among the tents of the ten lost tribes. Such are one's dreams at sunset. And, when I cast down my dazed eyes on the shaded landscape, all looked, in comparison, so black and bleak, that methought how dull and dreary this lower world must have appeared to Moses when he descended from Horeb, and to our Saviour, when he came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, and to St. Paul, when he dropt from the seventh heaven.

What a click, click, the bricklayers make with their trowels, thus bringing me down from my altitudes! Sure, we hardly knew how well off we were at Chalfont, till we came back to this unlucky capital, looking as desolate as Jerusalem, when the city was ruined and the people captivated. Woods in the streets—smouldering piles—blackened, tottering walls—and inexhaustible heaps of vile rubbish. Even with closed windows, everything gets covered with a coating of fine dust. Cousin Jack yesterday picked up a half-burnt acceptance for twenty thousand pounds. There is a fine time coming for builders and architects—Anne's lover among the rest. The way she picked him up was notable. Returning to town, she falls to her old practises of daily prayers and visiting the poor. At church she sits over against a good-looking young man, recovered from the plague, whose near approach to death's door had made him more godly in his walk than the general of his age and condition. He notes her beautiful face—marks not her deformed shape; and, because that, by reason of the late distresses, the calamities of the poor have been met by unusual charities of the upper classes, he, on his errands of mercy among the rest, presently falls in with her at a poor sick man's house, and marvels when the limping stranger turns about and discovers the beautiful votaress. After one or two chance meetings, respectfully accosts her—Anne draws back—he finds a mutual friend—the acquaintance progresses; and at length, by way of first introduction to my father, he steps in to ask him (preamble supposed) to give him his eldest daughter. Then what a storm ensues! Father's objections do not transpire, no one being by but mother, who is unlikely to soften matters. But, so soon as John Herring shuts the door behind him, and walks off quickly, Anne is called down, and I follow, neither bidden nor hindered. Thereupon, father, with a red heat-spot on his cheek, asks Anne what she knows of this young man. Her answer,—“Nothing but good.” “How came she to know him at all?” . . . Silent; then makes answer, “Has seen him at Mrs. French's and elsewhere.” “Where else?” “Why, at church, and other places.” Mother here puts in—“What other places?” . . . “Heavens!

what can it signify,” Anne asks, turning short round upon her; “and especially to you, who would be glad to get quit of me on any terms?”

“Anne, Anne!” interrupts father, “does this concern of ours for you look like it? You know you are saying what is uncivil and untrue.”

“Well,” resumes Anne, her breath coming quick, “but what's the objection to John Herring?”

“John?—is he John with you already?” cries mother. “Then you must know more of him than you say.”

“Sure, mother,” cries Anne, bursting into tears, “you are enough to overcome the patience of Job. I know nothing of the young man, but that he is pious, and steady, and well bred, and well read, and a good son of reputable parents, as well to do in the world as ourselves, and that he likes me whom few like, and offers me a quiet, happy home.”

“How fast some people can talk when they like,” observes mother; at which allusion to Anne's impediment, I dart at her a look of wrath; but Nan only continues weeping.

“Come hither, child,” interposes father, holding his hand towards her; “and you, good Betty, leave us awhile to talk over this without interruption.” At which, mother, taking him literally, sweeps up her work, and quits the room. “The address of this young man,” says father, “has taken me wholly by surprise, and your encouragement of it has incontestably had somewhat of clandestine in it; notwithstanding which, I have, and can have, nothing in view, dear Nan, but your well-being. As to his calling, I take no exceptions at it, even though, like Cæmentarius, he should say, I am a bricklayer, and have got my living by my labour—”

“A master-builder, not a bricklayer,” interposes Anne.

Father stopt for a moment; then resumed. “You talk of his offering you a quiet home: why should you be dissatisfied with your own, where, in the main, we are all very happy together? In these evil times, 'tis something considerable to have, as it were, a little chamber on the wall, where your candle is lighted by the Lord, your table spread by him, your bed made by him in your health and sickness, and where he stands behind the door, ready to come in and sup with you. All this you would leave for one you know not. How bitterly may you hereafter look back on your present lot! You know, I have the apostle's word for it, that, if I give you in marriage, I may do well; but, if I give you not, I shall do better. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and spirit, and attend upon him without distraction. Thus was it with the five wise virgins, who kept their lamps ready trimmed until the coming of their Lord. I wish we only knew of five that were foolish. Time would fail me to tell you of all the godly women, both of the elder and later time, who have led single lives without superstition, and without hypocrisy. Howbeit, you may marry if you will; but you will be wiser if you abide

as you are, after my judgment. Let me not to the marriage of true minds oppose impediment; but, in your own case——"

"Father," interrupts Anne, "you know I am ill at speaking; but permit me to say, you are now talking wide of the mark. Without going back to the beginning of the world, or all through the Romish calendar, I will content me with the more recent instance of yourself, who have thrice preferred marriage, with all its concomitant evils, to the single state you laud so highly. Is it any reason we should not dwell in a house, because St. Jerome lived in a cave? The godly women of whom you speak might neither have had soe promising a home offered to them, nor so ill a home to quit."

"What call you an ill home?" says father, his brow darkening.

"I call that an ill home," returns Anne, stoutly, "where there is neither union nor sympathy—at least, for my share,—where there are no duties of which I can well acquit myself, and where those I have made for myself, and find suitable to my capacity and strength, are contemned, let, and hindered,—where my Mother-Church, my mother's Church, is reviled—my mother's family despised,—where the few friends I have made are never asked, while every attention I pay them is grudged,—where, for keeping all my hard usage from my father's hearing, all the reward I get is his thinking I have no hard usage to bear——"

"Hold, ungrateful girl!" says father; "I've heard enough, and too much. 'Tis time wasted to seek to reason with a woman. I do believe there never yet was one who would not start aside like a broken bow, or pierce the side like a snapped reed, at the very moment most dependence was placed in her. Let her husband humour her to the top of her bent,—she takes French leave of him, departs to her own kindred, and makes affection for her childhood's home the pretext for defying the laws of God and man. Let her father cherish her, pity her, bear with her, and shelter her from even the knowledge of the evils of the world without,—her ingratitude will keep pace with her ignorance, and she will forsake him for the sweetheart of a week. You think marriage the supreme bliss. A good many don't find it so. Lively passions soon burn out; and then come disappointed expectancies, vain repinings, fretful complainings, wrathful rejoinsings. You fly from collision with jarring minds. What security have you for more forbearance among your new connexions? Alas! you will carry your temper with you—you will carry your bodily infirmities with you;—your little stock of experience, reason, and patience will be exhausted before the year is out, and at its end, perhaps, you will—die——"

"As well die," cries Anne, bursting into tears, "as live to hear such a rebuke as this." And so, passionately wringing her hands, runs out of the room.

"Follow after her, Deb," cries father; "she is beside herself. Unhappy me! tried every way! An *Edipus* with no *Antigone*!"

And, rising from his seat, he began to pace up and down, while I ran up to Nan. But scarce had I reached the stair-head, when we both heard a heavy fall in the chamber below. We cried, "Sure, that is father!" and ran down quicker than we had run up. He was just rising as we entered, his foot having caught in a long coil of gold lace, which Anne, in her disorderly exit, had unwittingly dragged after her. I saw at a glance he was annoyed rather than hurt; but Nan, without a moment's pause, darts into his arms, in a passion of pity and repentance, crying, "Oh, father, father, forgive me!—oh, father!"...

"'Tis all of a piece, Nan," he replies. "Alternate hot and cold—every thing for passion, nothing for reason. Now all for me; a minute ago, I might go to the wall for John Herring."

"No, never, father!" cries Anne;—"never, dear father——"

"Dark are the ways of God," continues he, unheeding her; "not only annulling his first, best gift of light to me, and leaving me a prey to daily contempt, abuse, and wrong, but mangling my tenderest, most apprehensive feelings——"

Anne again breaks in with—"Oh! father, father!"

"Dark, dark, for ever dark!" he went on; "but just are the ways of God to man. Who shall say, 'What doest Thou?'"

"Father, I promise you," says Anne, "that I will never more think of John Herring."

"Foolish girl!" he replies, sadly; "as ready now to promise too much, as resolute just now to hear nothing. How can you promise never to think of him? I never asked it of you."

"At least I can promise not to speak of him," says Anne.

"Therein you will do wisely," rejoins father. "My consent having been asked is an admission that I have a right to give or withhold it; and, as I have already told John Herring, I shall certainly not grant it before you are of age. Perhaps by that time you may be your own mistress, without even such an ill home as I, while I live, can afford you."

"No more of that," says Anne, interrupting him; and a kiss sealed the compact.

All this time, mother and Mary were, providentially, out of the way. Mother had gone off in a huff, and Mary was busied in making some marbled veal.

The rest of the day was dull enough: violent emotions are commonly succeeded by flat stagnations. Anne, however, seemed kept up by some energy from within, and looked a little flushed. At bedtime she got the start of me, as usual; and, on entering our chamber, I found her quite undrest, sitting at the table,—not reading of her Bible, but with her head resting on it. I should have taken her to be asleep, but for the quick pulsation of some nerve or muscle at the back of the neck, somewhere under the right ear. She looks up, commences rubbing her eyes, and says, "My eyes are full of sand, I think. I will give you my new crown-piece, Deb, if you will read me to sleep without another word." So I say, "A bargain,"

though without meaning to take the crown; and she jumps into bed in a minute, and I begin at the Sermon on the Mount, and keep on and on, in more and more of a monotone; but every time I lookt up, I saw her eyes wide open, agaze at the top of the bed; so I go on and on, like a bee humming over a flower, till she shuts her eyes; but, at last, when I think her off, having just got to Matthew, eleven, twenty-eight, she fetches a deep sigh, and says, "I wish I could hear him saying so to me . . . 'Come, Anne, unto me, and I will give you rest.' But, in fact, he does so, as emphatically in addressing all the weary and heavy-laden, as if I heard him articulating, 'Come, Anne! come!'"

THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD.

Among the millions of human beings that dwell on the earth, how few are those who think of inquiring into its past history. The annals of Greece and Rome are imparted to our children as a necessary and important branch of education, while the history of the world itself is neglected, or at the most is confined to those who are destined for a scientific profession; even adults are content to receive on hearsay a vague idea that the globe was in being for some undefined period preceding the era of human history, but few seek to know in what state it existed, or what appearance it presented.

This is owing, partly, to the hard names and scientific language in which geologists have clothed their science, and partly to ignorance of the beauty and attractive nature of the study; we dread the long, abstruse-sounding titles of *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, and are repelled by the dry disquisitions on mineralogy into which professors of the science are apt to stray. The truth is, however, that geology properly is divided into two distinct branches; one of these consists of the less attractive, though equally useful, investigation of the chemical constituents of the strata, and the classification of the fossil flora and fauna which belong to the various formations; this, which may be styled geology proper, is the department which belongs almost exclusively to men of science, and, inasmuch as it involves the necessity of acquaintance with the sister sciences of chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, and botany, is least adapted to the understanding of the uninitiated. The other branch, which may be called the history of geology, presents none of these difficulties; it is as easy of comprehension, and as suitable to the popular mind, as any other historical account; while it presents a variety of interest, and a revolution of events, before which the puny annals of modern history sink into insignificance.

Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the science, will probably be inclined to doubt the possibility of our being aware of events which took place ages before Adam was created; here, however, nature herself steps in, and becoming her own historian, writes "in the living rock" the chronicles of past

ages, and so accurately and circumstantially, that we can say positively, "Here existed the sea at such a period, and here the tide ebbed and flowed for centuries;" nay, she shows us the footmarks of extinct animals, and tells us the size, nature, habits, and food of creatures which have for unnumbered ages been buried in the grave of time. She informs us that here the ocean was calm, and that there a river flowed into it; here forests grew and flourished, and there volcanoes vomited forth lava, while mighty earthquakes heaved up mountains with convulsive throes. Such are the events that mark the world's history, and we now purpose giving a short sketch of the various eras in its existence.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago the earth, now so busy and full of life, rolled on its ceaseless course, a vast, desolate, and sterile globe. Day and night succeeded one another, and season followed season, while yet no living form existed, and still the sun rose upon arid, verdureless continents, and hot, caldron-like seas, on which the steaming vapour and heavy fogs sat like an incubus. This is the earliest period of which we glean any positive record, and it is probable that previous to this era the universe was in a state of incandescence, or intense heat, and that by the gradual cooling of the globe, the external surface became hard, and formed a firm crust, in the same manner that molten lead, when exposed to the cold air, hardens on the surface. The vapours which previously floated around this heated mass, in like manner became partially condensed, and gradually accumulating in the hollows, formed the boiling seas which in after ages were destined to be vast receptacles teeming with life.

How long such a period continued it is impossible to say, and were we even able to number its years, we should in all probability obtain a total of such magnitude as would render us unable to form any accurate idea of its extent. Our ideas of time, like those of space, are comparative, and so immense was this single period in geological history, that any interval taken from human records would fail to present an adequate idea of it.

As might be expected, this era was marked by vast and violent convulsions; volcanoes raged and threw up molten granite, earthquakes heaved and uplifted continents, seas were displaced and inundated the land, and still the earth was enveloped in vapour and mist, arising from the high temperature, and the light most probably penetrated only sufficiently to produce a sickly twilight, while the sun shot lurid rays through the dense and foggy atmosphere. Such a world must have been incompatible with either animal or vegetable life, and we accordingly find no remains of either in the rocks which belong to this early period; their principal characteristic is a highly crystalline appearance, giving strong presumptive evidence of the presence of great heat.

After this era of desolation and gloom, we enter upon what is technically termed the "Transition period," and here we begin to mark the gradual pre-

paration of the globe for the reception of its destined inhabitants. The change is, however, at first very slight, and there is evidence of frequent convulsions and of a high degree of temperature; but the action of fire appears to have declined in force, and aqueous agencies are exerting themselves. The earlier portion of this formation is rendered peculiarly interesting by the fact, that during it the most ancient forms of life sprung into existence. It is true that merely a few species of shell-fish, with some corals, inhabited the depths of the ocean, while the dry land still remained untenanted; nevertheless, humble and scanty as they were, we cannot fail to look with interest on the earliest types of that existence, which has subsequently reached such perfection in ourselves.

The presence of corals shows, that although the transition seas had lost their high temperature, yet they retained a sufficient degree of heat to encourage the development of animals requiring warmth. These minute animals possess the remarkable property of extracting from the elementary bodies held in solution in the waters, the materials for forming new rocks. To the coral animalcule or polype we owe much of the vast limestone beds which are found in every part of the world, and many a vessel laden with the riches and productions of the earth finds a grave on the sunken reefs that are the fruit of its labours.

As ages elapsed, and the universe became better adapted for the reception of life, the waters swarmed with zoophytes and corals, and in the silurian strata we find organic remains abundant; shell-fish are numerous and distinct in form, and in some instances display a very interesting anatomical construction. As an instance we may mention the Trilobite, an animal of the crustacean order; the front part of its body formed a large crescent-shaped shield, while the hinder portion consisted of a broad triangular tail, composed of segments folding over each other like the tail of a lobster; its most peculiar organ, however, was the eye, which was composed of four hundred minute spherical lenses placed in separate compartments, and so situated, that in the animal's usual place at the bottom of the ocean it could see everything around. This kind of eye is also common to the existing butterfly and dragon-fly, the former of which has 35,000, and the latter 14,000 lenses.

Continuing to trace the history of this ancient period, we reach what is called among geologists the Old Red Sandstone age. The corals, and the shell-fish, and the crustacea of the former period have passed away, and in their place we find *fishes*; thus presenting to us the earliest trace of the highest order of the animal kingdom—vertebrata. The plants in this system are few, and it would seem as if the condition of the world was ill-adapted for their growth. Another peculiar characteristic of this era is the state of calm repose in which the ocean appears to have remained; in many rocks the *ripple mark* left by the tide on the shores of the ancient seas is clearly visible; nevertheless considerable volcanic action must have taken place, if we are to believe geologists, who find

themselves unable to account otherwise for the preponderance of mineral matter which seems to have been held in solution by the waters.

We now pass on to the Carboniferous period, and a marked change at once strikes us as having taken place. In the previous era few plants appear to have existed; now they flourished with unrivalled luxuriance. Ferns, cacti, gigantic equisetums, and many plants of which there are no existing types, grew, and lived, and died in vast impenetrable forests; while the bulrush and the cane, or genera nearly allied to them, occupied the swamps and lowlands. This is the period when the great coal beds and strata of ironstone were deposited, which supply us with fuel for our fires, and materials for our machinery. The interminable forests that grew and died in the lapse of centuries were gradually borne down by the rivers and torrents to the ocean, at whose bottom they ultimately found a resting place. A considerable portion of the land also seems to have been slowly submerged, as in some cases fossil trees and plants are found in an upright position, as they originally grew.

There is no period in geological history so justly deserving of examination as this. To the coal beds then deposited Great Britain in a great measure owes national and mercantile greatness. Dr. Buckland, in speaking of this remote age, remarks in his *Bridge-water Treatise*, that "the important uses of coal and iron in administering to the supply of our daily wants, give to every individual amongst us, in almost every moment of our lives, a personal concern, of which but few are conscious, in the geological events of these very distant eras. We are all brought into immediate connexion with the vegetation that clothed the ancient earth before one half of its actual surface had yet been formed. The trees of the primeval forests have not, like modern trees, undergone decay, yielding back their elements to the soil and atmosphere by which they had been nourished; but treasured up in subterranean storehouses, have been transformed into enduring beds of coal, which in these latter ages have been to man the sources of heat, and light, and wealth. My fire now burns with fuel, and my lamp is shining with the light of gas derived from coal, that has been buried for countless ages in the deep and dark recesses of the earth. We prepare our food, and maintain our forges and furnaces, and the power of our steam-engines, with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species, which were swept from the earth ere the formation of the transition strata was completed. Our instruments of cutlery, the tools of our mechanics, and the countless machines which we construct by the infinitely varied applications of iron, are derived from ore, for the most part coeval with, or more ancient than the fuel, by the aid of which we reduce it to its metallic state, and apply it to innumerable uses in the economy of human life. Thus, from the wreck of forests that waved upon the surface of the primeval lands, and from ferruginous mud that was lodged at the bottom of the primeval waters, we derive our chief supplies of coal and iron, those two fundamental

elements of art and industry, which contribute more than any other mineral production of the earth to increase the riches, and multiply the comforts, and ameliorate the condition of mankind."

This may justly be styled the golden age of the pre-adamite world; the globe having now cooled to a sufficient temperature to promote the growth of plants without being injurious to them, is for the first time clothed in all the rich verdure of a tropical climate. Doubtless the earth would have presented a lovely aspect, had it been possible to have beheld it; the mighty forests unawakened by a sound save that of the sighing of the wind; the silent seas, in which the new-born denizens of the deep roamed at will; the vast inland lakes for ages unruffled but by the fitful breeze; all present to the mind's eye a picture of surpassing, solitary grandeur.

The creatures that existed, though differing from those of the previous age, were still confined to the waters; as yet the dry land remained untenanted. The fishes give evidence of a higher organization, and many of them appear to have been of gigantic dimensions. Some teeth which have been found of one kind, the *Megalichthys*, equal in size those of the largest living crocodiles.

There is one peculiarity respecting fossil fishes which is worthy of remark. It is that, in the lapse of time from one era to another, their character does not change *insensibly*, as in the case of many zoophytes and testacea; on the contrary, species seem to succeed species *abruptly*, and at certain definite intervals. A celebrated geologist¹ has observed, that not a single species of fossil fish has yet been found that is common to any two great geological formations, or that is living in our own seas.

Continuing our investigation, we next find the fruitful coal era passing away; scarcely a trace of vegetation remains; a few species of zoophytes, shells, and fishes are to be found, and we observe the impression of footsteps, technically called *ichnites*, from the Greek *ichnon*, a footmark. These marks present a highly interesting memento of past ages. Persons living near the sea-shore must have frequently observed the distinctness with which the track of birds and other animals is imprinted in the sand. If this sand were to be hardened by remaining exposed to the action of the sun and air, it would form a perfect mould of the foot; this is exactly what occurred in these early ages, and the hollow becoming subsequently filled by the deposition of new sediment, the lower stone retained the impression, while the upper one presented a cast in relief. Many fossil footmarks have been found in the rocks belonging to this period.

It is evident from the fact of footmarks being found, that creatures capable of existing on dry land were formed about this time, and we accordingly find the remains of a new order—Reptiles. These animals, which now constitute but a small family among existing quadrupeds, then flourished in great size and numbers. Crocodiles and lizards of various forms and

gigantic stature roamed through the earth. Some of the most remarkable are those which belong to the genus *Ichthyosaurus*, or fish-lizard, so called from the resemblance of their vertebræ to those of fishes. This saurian Dr. Buckland describes as something similar in form to the modern porpoise; it had four broad feet, and a long and powerful tail; its jaws were so prodigious that it could probably expand them to a width of five or six feet, and its powers of destruction must have been enormous. The length of some of these reptiles exceeded thirty feet.

Another animal which lived at this period was the *Plesiosaurus*. It lived in shallow seas and estuaries, and would seem, from its organs of respiration, to have required frequent supplies of fresh air. Mr. Conybeare describes it as "swimming upon, or near the surface, arching its long neck like the swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach."

This reptile, which was smaller than the *Ichthyosaurus*, has been found as long as from twelve to fifteen feet. Its appearance and habits differed from the latter materially. The *Ichthyosaurus*, with its short neck, powerful jaws, and lizard-like body, seems admirably suited to range through the deep waters, unrivalled in size or strength, and monarch of the then existing world; the *Plesiosaurus*, smaller in size and inferior in strength, shunned its powerful antagonist, and, lurking in shallows and sheltered bays, remained secure from the assaults of its dangerous foe, its long neck and small head being well adapted to enable it to dart on its prey, as it lay concealed amid the tangled sea-weed.

This has been called by geologists the "age of reptiles;" their remains are found in great numbers in the lias, oolite, and wealden strata. These creatures seem to form a connecting link between the fishes of the previous era, and the mammalia of the Tertiary age; the *Ichthyosaurus* differed little from a fish in shape, and its paddles or feet are not unlike fins; the *Plesiosaurus*, on the contrary, as its name denotes, partook more of the quadruped form. Dr. Buckland in describing it says: "To the head of a lizard it united the teeth of a crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a camelion, and the paddles of a whale." Besides these animals we find the *Pterodactyle*, half bird and half reptile; the *Megalosaurus*, or gigantic lizard; the *Hylæosaurus*, or forest lizard; the *Geosaurus*, or land lizard, and many others, all partaking more or less of affinity to both the piscatory and saurian tribes.

Passing on now to the period when the great chalk rocks which prevail so much in the south-eastern counties of Great Britain were deposited, we find the land in many places submerged; the fossil remains are eminently marine in character, and the earth must literally have presented a "world of waters" to the view. Sponges, corals, star-fish, and marine reptiles inhabited the globe, and plants, chiefly of marine

(1) Dr. Buckland.

types, grew on its surface. Although, however, a great portion of the earth was under water, it must not therefore be supposed that it was returning to its ancient desolation and solitude. The author whom we last quoted, in speaking of this subject says: "The sterility and solitude which have sometimes been attributed to the depths of the ocean, exist only in the fictions of poetic fancy. The great mass of water that covers nearly three-fourths of the globe is crowded with life, perhaps more abundantly than the air and the surface of the earth; and the bottom of the sea, within a certain depth accessible to light, swarms with countless hosts of worms and creeping things, which represent the kindred families of low degree which crawl upon the land."

This era seems to have been one of peculiar tranquillity, for the most part undisturbed by earthquakes or other igneous forces. The prevailing characteristic of the scenery was flatness, and low continents were surrounded by shallow seas. The earth is now approaching the state when it will be fit for the reception of man, and in the next age we find some of the existing species of animals.

It is worthy of observation, that at the different periods when the world had attained a state suitable for their existence, the various orders of animal and vegetable life were created. In the "dark ages" of geological history, when the globe had comparatively lately subsided from a state of fusion,¹ it was barren, sterile, and uninhabited; next, the waters having become cool enough, some of the lowest orders of shell-fish and zoophytes peopled them; subsequently fishes were formed, and for ages constituted the highest order of animal life; after this we enter on the age of reptiles, when gigantic crocodiles and lizard-like forms dwelt in fenny marshes, or reposed on the black mud of slow moving rivers, as they crept along towards the ocean betwixt their oozy banks; and we now reach the period when the noblest order of animal life, the class to which man himself belongs, Mammalia, begun to people the earth.

The world now probably presented an appearance nearly similar to what it does at present. The land, which in the chalk formation was under water, has again emerged, and swarms with life; vast savannahs rich in verdure, and decked in a luxuriant garb with trees, plants, grasses, and shrubs, and inland lakes to which the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, with many extinct races of animals, came to slake their thirst, form the principal characteristics of this period.

There is something peculiarly interesting in looking back to this early age, while Adam was yet dust. We picture to the mind's eye the gigantic *Deinotherium*, the largest creature of terrestrial life, raking and grubbing with its huge tusks the aquatic plants that grew in the pools and shallow lakes, or, as Dr. Buckland describes it, sleeping with its head hooked on to the bank, and its nostrils sustained above water

so as merely to breathe, while the body remained floating at ease beneath the surface. We see its twin-brother in greatness, the *Megatherium*, as it comes slowly stalking through the thick underwood, its foot, of a yard in length, crushing where it treads, and its impenetrable hide defying the attacks of rhinoceros or crocodile. In the waters we behold the mighty whale, monarch of the deep, sporting in the pre-adamite seas as he now does amid the icebergs of the Arctic ocean; the walrus and the seal, now denizens of the colder climes, mingling with the tropical manati; while in the forests the owl, the buzzard, and the woodcock dwelt undisturbed, and the squirrel and monkey leaped from bough to bough.

Arrived at the close of the pre-adamite history, after having traced it from the earliest ages of which we possess any evidence, down to the eve of human existence, the reflection that naturally presents itself to the mind is the strangeness of the fact, that myriads of creatures should have existed, and that generation after generation should have lived and died and passed away, ere yet man saw the light. We are so accustomed to view all creatures as created solely for human use, rather than for the pleasure of the Divine Creator, that we can at first scarcely credit the history, though written by the hand of nature herself; and the human race sinks into insignificance when it is shown to be but the last link in a long chain of creations. Nevertheless that such, however humbling it may be, is the fact, we possess indubitable evidence: and when we consider, as Mr. Bakewell observes, "that more than three-fifths of the earth's present surface are covered by the ocean, and that if from the remainder we deduct the space occupied by polar ice and eternal snows, by sandy deserts, sterile mountains, marshes, rivers, and lakes, that the habitable portion will scarcely exceed one-fifth of the whole globe; that the remaining four-fifths, though untenanted by mankind, are for the most part abundantly stocked with animated beings, that exult in the pleasure of existence, independent of human control, and in no way subservient to the necessities or caprices of men; that such is and has been for several thousand years the actual condition of our planet; we may feel less reluctance in admitting the prolonged ages of creation, and the numerous tribes that lived and flourished and left their remains imbedded in the strata which compose the outer crust of the earth."

LITERARY IMITATIONS AND SIMILARITIES.*

BY J. G. W.

XIV.

"Your family, though not a nunnery, may be a religious house; seeing God hath multiplied you into a whole convent; I mean the fourteen children which you have at this present: I say 'have;' for this reason is rendered why the children of Job, after his restitution,

(1) The theory of the original incandescence of the earth has been much debated, but we believe it is gaining ground among geologists.

(2) Continued from vol. vi. p. 156

were not doubled unto him as his cattle were,—because they were utterly foregone, his children only gone before: on which account those six removed from you into a better world still remain yours. God, in due time, translate you and your worthy husband, in a good old age, into the same place of happiness.”—FULLER: *Church History of Britain; Book VI. Dedication of Sect. III. to Lady Mary Fountaine.*

The beautiful poem of Wordsworth, “We are Seven,” which embodies, in a familiar form, the leading idea in the above passage of Fuller, is engraven on many a memory, and dear to many a heart. I would gladly set down the whole of it here, were I not apprehensive that it would occupy more space than may conveniently be allotted to it; but let me quote the stanzas which it may be thought specially interesting to compare with the preceding extract from the quaintly eloquent church historian:—

* * * * *

“ ‘Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?’
‘How many? seven in all,’ she said,
And wondering look’d at me.

“ ‘And where are they? I pray you tell.’
She answer’d, ‘Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ ‘Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.’

* * * * *

“ ‘How many are you then,’ said I,
‘If they two are in heaven?’
The little maiden did reply,
‘Oh, master, we are seven.’

“ ‘But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!’
’Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, ‘Nay, we are seven!’”

When thinking on the subject illustrated in this article, the biblical reader will naturally call to mind the sublime language uttered by our Great Teacher, when confuting the grand error of the Sadducees:—
“He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for *all live unto Him.*”—St. Luke xx. 38.

XY.

“ ‘Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide water’d shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
(Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom:
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman’s drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.”

Il Penseroso.

From Milton’s fire-light reverie let us now turn to Cowper’s:—

“Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,

Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk,
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
*The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv’ring flame.*
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.”

The Task, B. IV.

The *kitchen* twilight of a more humble bard shows us a different scene, and gives us an agreeable opportunity of contrasting a peep at social life in a rustic circle with the glimpses we just now had of lonely poets in their sequestered musings.

“*Him,*” though the cold may pierce, and storms molest,
Succeeding hours shall cheer with warmth and rest;
Gladness to spread, and raise the grateful smile,
He hurls the faggot bursting from the pile,
And many a log and rifted trunk conveys,
To heap the fire, and wide extend the blaze,
That quiv’ring strong through every opening flies,
Whilst smoky columns unobstructed rise.
For the rude architect, unknown to fame,
(Nor symmetry nor elegance his aim,) Who spread his floors of solid oak on high,
On beams rough-hewn from age to age that lie,
Bade his wide fabric unimpair’d sustain
The orchard’s store, and cheese, and golden grain;
Bade from its central base, capacious laid,
The well-wrought chimney rear its lofty head;
Where since hath many a savoury ham been stored,
And tempests howl’d, and Christmas gambols rour’d.

*Flat on the hearth the glowing embers lie,
And flames reflected dance in every eye:*
There the long billet, forced at last to bend,
While gushing sap froths out at either end,
Throws round its welcome heat:—the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish Giles,
Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,
The converse sharing, though in duty’s school;
For now attentively ’tis his to hear
Interrogations from the master’s chair.
‘Left ye your bleating charge, when day-light fled,
Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head?’”

&c. &c. &c.
BLOOMFIELD’S *Farmer’s Boy*.—Winter.

XVI.

The “Master,” (see last article,) after reminding the boy of the duty of humanity towards the animals entrusted to his charge, recommends to him content with his own lot, by representing *his* labours and trials as a trifle in comparison with the dangers and hardships of the *sea-boy*;—

* * * * *

“Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest day
A period terminates, and joys repay.
Perhaps e’en now, while here these joys we boast,
Full many a bark rides down the neighb’ring coast,
Where the high northern waves tremendous roar,
Drove down by blasts from Norway’s icy shore.
The *sea-boy* there, less fortunate than thou,

(1) *The Farmer’s Boy.*

Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow ;
His freezing hands, now drench'd, now dry, by turns ;
Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,
On some tall cliff upraised, a flaming guide,
That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide.
His labours cease not with declining day,
But toils and perils mark his wat'ry way ;
And whilst in peaceful dreams secure we lie,
The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,
Round his head whistling ;—and shalt thou repine,
While this protecting roof still shelters thine ? ”

—curiously enough, though very naturally, suggesting a train of thought in strong contrast with that which Shakspeare, in a well-known passage, ascribes to Henry IV. when comparing *his* situation with that of the sailor-urchin :—

—“ Sleep, gentle sleep,

* * *

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Unconscious lies the head that wears a crown.”

Second Part K. Hen. IV. Act III. Sc. I.

XVI.

Olcon. “ O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.”

Shaksp. (?) Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act I. Sc. IV.

... “ If we could from the battlements of heaven
Cape how many men and women at this time lie fainting
and dying for want of bread, how many young men are
hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans
are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose
life they are enabled to eat ; if we could but hear how
many mariners and passengers are at this present in a
storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against
a rock, or bulges under them, how many people there
are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression,
or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infeli-
city ; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the
noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place
of sorrows and tears, of great evils and a constant cala-
mity : let us remove from hence, at least in affections
and preparations of mind.”—JER. TAYLOR. *Holy Dying*,
Chap. I. end.

“ Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use

Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice, in his high career, would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.”

THOMSON.—*Winter.*

The reader may find it interesting to compare the particulars of the mass of “ evils that are in the world,” selected respectively by the Preacher of Golden Grove, and by the Poet of the Seasons : the conclusions drawn by them are not inconsistent ; though differing, to suit the immediate purpose of each writer. [Thomson's opening lines may remind one of the passage quoted from “ Pericles.”]

XVII.

After the picture presented in the preceding article, of this scene of trial considered in its more gloomy aspect, it may be just, as well as pleasing, to give some quotations, (all variations on one leading theme,) which convey a lesson drawn from the contemplation of “ the face of things from another point of view.”

“ If earth (that is provided for mortalitie, and is possessed by the Maker's enemies) have so much pleasure in it, that worldlings think it worth the account of their heaven ; such a sunne to enlighten it, such an heaven to wall it about, such sweet fruits and flowers to adorne it, such variety of creatures, for the commodious use of it : what must heaven needs be, that is provided for God himselfe, and his friends ? How can it be less in worth, than God is above his creatures, and God's friends better than his enemies ? I will not onely be content, but desirous to bee dissolved.”—JOS. HALL. *Meditations and Vowes. Century I. 21. (1621.)*

“ . . . the nightingale, . . . He that at midnight . . . should hear . . . the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth !”—WALTON'S *Complete Angler. Part I. Chap. I.*

“ Although the traveller's first and chief delight is the recollection of his home, which lies as a cordial at his heart, and refreshes him everywhere, and at all seasons, this does by no means prevent him from taking that pleasure in the several objects presenting themselves on the road, which they are capable of affording, and were, indeed, intended to afford. He surveys, in passing, the works and beauties of nature and art, meadows covered with flocks, valleys waving with corn, verdant woods, blooming gardens, and stately buildings. He surveys and enjoys them, perhaps much more than their owners

do, but leaves them without a sigh, reflecting on the far greater and sincerer joys that are waiting for him at home. Such, exactly, is the temper and disposition with which the Christian traveller should pass through the world. His religion does not require him to be gloomy and sullen, to shut his eyes, or to stop his ears—it debars him of no pleasure of which a thinking and reasonable man would wish to partake. It directs him not to shut himself up in a cloister, alone, there to mope away his life—but to walk abroad, to behold the things which are in heaven and earth, and to give glory to him who made them—reflecting, at the same time, that if in this fallen world, which is soon to be consumed by fire, there are so many objects to entertain and delight him, what must be the pleasures of that world which is to endure for ever, and to be his eternal home!”—Horne's *Sermons: Life a Journey*.

* * * * *

“O God! O good beyond compare,
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy mercies gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious that abode shall be
Where thy redeemed dwell with Thee!”

HEBER.

I know not how to stop without adding yet one more quotation.

.... “It is really like the ‘garden of the Lord,’ and the ‘Seraph Guard’ might keep their watch on the summit of the opposite mountains, which, seen under the morning sun, are invested in a haze of heavenly light, as if shrouding a more than earthly glory. Truly may one feel, with Von Caunitz, [see the story and poem in *Sermons*, vol. iv. note B.] that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable,—what, infinitely more, of Him who is the author of both! And if I feel thrilling through me the sense of this outward beauty, innocent, indeed, yet necessarily unconscious, what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty,—of God the Holy Spirit's creation,—of humbleness, and truth, and self-devotion, and love! Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind, and wise, and holy thoughts, and words, and actions; more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's [an old woman in the almshouses at Rugby] patient waiting for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, feeling as if she owed us anything,—than this glorious valley of the Velinus. For this will pass away, and that will not pass away: but that is not the great point; . . . there is in the moral beauty an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have; for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely His work: His living and conscious ministers, are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the light is God Himself.”—*Travelling Journal: July 20, 1840. Life, &c. of Dr. Arnold, Vol. II. p. 425.*

XVIII.

—“Nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo, fortunatæque favillæ
Nascetur violæ?”—*Persius: Sat. i. l. 33.*

i. e. —Now shall not from those shades,
Now shall not from the tomb, and happy ashes
Spring violets?

—“Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her pure and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!”—*Hamlet, Act V. Sc. I.*

XIX.

“Johnson—‘There is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. ‘You may be surprised (said he) that I allow him to be

so near my gold; but, you will observe, he has no hands.”—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

On reading the above paragraph, I was reminded (whimsically enough, the reader may think,) of an old classical story, though the circumstances, &c., are very different.—

“A little before I [Plutarch] visited Athens, the following adventure is said to have happened:—A soldier being summoned to appear before the commanding officer upon some misdemeanour, put the little gold he had in the hands of the statue of Demosthenes, which were in some measure clenched. A small plane-tree grew by it, and many leaves, either accidentally lodged there by the winds, or purposely so placed by the soldier, covered the gold a considerable time. When he returned, and found his money entire, the fame of this accident was spread abroad, and many of the wits of Athens strove which could write the best copy of verses, to vindicate Demosthenes from the charge of corruption.”—*Plutarch's Lives: (Langhorne's:) Demosthenes.*

XX.

“Who knows not, and who loves not, delightful Goldsmith's delightful ‘Vicar of Wakefield?’ But may I frankly own I do not feel perfectly satisfied with good Dr. Primrose's morality in one particular? . . . “when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them.”——Doubtless in this case

. . “the pleasure was as great
In being cheated as to cheat;”

yet, in spite of the saying, “*Volenti non fit injuria*,” a severe casuist might not quite approve of this mode of putting in people's way temptations to cheating. However, I suppose it was an understood conventionality among the clan of Primrose.

The politician as well as poet, Prior, might have ‘put up’ the vicar to such an ‘artful dodge;’ witness his

Epigram, written to the Duke de Noailles.

“Vain the concern which you express,
That uncalled Alard will possess
Your house and coach both day and night;
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless sprite.
With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain you cannot bear
An ill you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modest
By much, than you believe.
Lend him but fifty *Louis-d'or*;
And you will never see him more:
Take the advice; *Probatum est.*
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?”

THE DUKE OF KENT.

MR. NEALE's *Life of the Duke of Kent* has been published somewhat late in the day; rather too much in the afternoon of the events to which it is related. Nevertheless, even at the present period, it is worthy

(1) “*The Life of Field Marshal His Royal Highness, Edward, Duke of Kent.*” By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. Rector of Kirton. London: Bentley. 1850.

of consideration, and may agreeably entertain the reading public for a season. It would seem, indeed, that this Edward, Duke of Kent, was really, as Dr. Maton styled him, "a most princely-minded man;" not merely a prince by birth and station, but a prince also among the lofty aristocracy of noble minds. As his life was a troubled and eventful one, and his memory has been long lying under some unmerited suspicions, it is highly proper that an authentic record of his actual deeds and character should be rendered public, for the satisfaction of a reasonable curiosity, and also as a means of vindicating a reputation that has been in some respects aspersed and unfairly represented.

Such a record, having every appearance of faithfulness and credibility, Mr. Neale has here produced. He had many qualifications for the work. He knew the Duke; retains an "indelible recollection of his courtesy and kindness," during a certain "memorable interview;" has been at different times acquainted with several persons competent to speak of his habits, peculiarities, and circumstances; had opportunities of gaining large access to documents necessary to be consulted; possessed sufficient industry and patience for their due investigation, and the needful ability for arranging and reproducing them in a shape readable and convenient: he is, moreover, a man of evident candour and calm judgment; knows and respects all the conventional amenities; and has the aptitude and talent requisite for a delicate handling of his subject. His object, as he affirms, is "to do justice to a noble-minded man," whom he conceives to have been throughout his life "most harshly, unfairly, and spitefully treated." By such a sentence, Mr. Neale evidently casts blame on somebody; and it is only fair that it should fall where it is due: this is his intention, and for the rest, he leaves his book to fate.

Feeling the interest of the work, and supposing that sundry readers—in these days of competition, agricultural hardship, over-population, dreadful stress of pauperism, and a ruinous weight of taxes—may not care to spend fourteen shillings on a single volume, it is proposed, for their benefit, to select some of the main particulars it contains, and to present them for larger circulation in the present pages. Let the reader bear in mind the straitness of our space, the severe brevity that must be practised, and believe that we design to do the utmost that is possible for his curiosity; and then, perhaps, he may realize a state of mind which may incline him to be thankful for what he gets.

Edward Augustus, fourth son of George III., was born at Buckingham House, at noon, on the second of November, 1767. In allusion to his birth, he was sometimes heard to say,—"*My arrival was somewhat mal-à-propos.* The month was gloomy, November; the court was enveloped in gloom, for it was a season of mourning; one of my uncles, a great favourite with my father, was then lying dead in his coffin; his funeral, in fact, took place some twenty-four hours

after my birth. Sometimes the thought has crossed me, whether my inopportune appearance was not ominous of the life of gloom and struggle which awaited me."

"The Duke's childhood," says Mr. Neale, "as that of princes generally, may be passed over as affording little scope for observation; but at an early period of life, he was placed under the care of an earnest and judicious instructor, Mr. Fisher, subsequently Canon of Windsor, and successively Bishop of Exeter and Salisbury." This gentleman worthily fulfilled his trust, and continued to the end of a long life to cherish the most affectionate feelings of regard for his royal pupil. In 1824, at a party in his own house, in Lower Seymour Street, the good bishop entertained his guests with some of his recollections of the prince, referring to the period of his early life. "I may well be proud of him," said he; "a prince with whom the love of truth was paramount to every consideration; a prince whom nothing could induce to dissemble; even in childhood it was the same. At Kew Palace there was a timepiece, highly prized by George III.: it was a clumsy affair; there was nothing particular in its construction, or ingenious about its movement. The only attraction it possessed arose from its historical associations. It had belonged, if my memory rightly serves me, to the youthful Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne. One morning the pedestal of this relic was found vacant, and the timepiece itself lying on the ground, a wreck. It had been battered by some heavy instrument, and lay shivered in fragments. Repair was hopeless. The dial was damaged irreparably. The king's displeasure was not light; and immediate inquiries were instituted. They issued in no satisfactory result; the culprit could not even be guessed at; no one had witnessed the disaster; no one could explain its occurrence. After many hours elapsed, by mere chance a question was put to Prince Edward. 'I did it,' was the instant and unhesitating reply. 'But,' said one party [probably the tutor], anxious to screen the intrepid boy,—'your royal highness did it by accident?' 'No; I did it intentionally.' 'But your royal highness regrets what you have done?' 'No; not at all.' 'Not sorry?' 'No; I may be sorry for it to-morrow, but I certainly am not sorry for it now.' It was impossible to get over this avowal. The Prince was punished, *and not slightly.* But *when,*" added the Bishop, "*was it otherwise, in childhood or manhood?—when and where?*" Emphatic interrogatory!—which, had it been uttered sooner, might have prevented Mr. Fisher from knowing the comforts of a bishopric. The capacious memory that retained a lively recollection of a "Pigeon Paley," might easily have remembered (for no good) the insinuated censure of the Prince's tutor.

Having chosen the profession of arms, the prince, in his eighteenth year, was sent to Luneburg, then forming a part of the electorate of Hanover, there to prosecute his military studies, under the superintendence of Baron Wangenheim. "Farmer George,"

as the prince amusingly styled his father, granted him an annual allowance of a thousand pounds; most of which, however, was privately appropriated by the "Governor:" the said Baron being of opinion that it was the best policy for himself to keep his pupil short of cash. "One guinea and a-half per week, sometimes melted down by military forfeits to twenty-two shillings," was all that found its way into the prince's purse for personal expenses of every description. Rather tight reining for a colt of the royal blood! Meanwhile, his "military duties" were enforced with unrelenting punctuality and severity. There was no pause or respite in the grim old Baron's discipline. The order of every day was "parade and drill;" parade and drill to the utmost weariness of soul and body. A spirited sprig of royalty, not unnaturally, found such a kind of destiny a bore. He grew disgusted with the "Governor;" disgusted with wretched, poverty-stricken, gloomy, insufferable old Luneburg; disgusted with his "professional duties;" in every respect immeasurably disgusted.

After a year's residence at Luneburg, the prince was removed to Hanover, where apartments were provided for him in one of the royal palaces. "It was a change of scene," said he, "but with it came no remedy of existing evils. The same niggardly allowance was dealt out; the same system of *espionnage* was carried on; my letters were intercepted; several never reached the King; he was displeased at my apparently undutiful silence; false representations were made to him respecting my conduct: I was described to him as recklessly extravagant. I had the means of being so, undoubtedly, on a guinea and a half a-week! Much of the estrangement between my royal parent and myself—much of the sorrow of my after life, may be ascribed to that most unwise and most uncalled-for sojourn in the electorate."

Nevertheless, the sojourn at Hanover and Luneburg was not wholly overshadowed with disgust and gloom. The close of it was rather pleasantly lit up by a little candlelight of professional promotion. On the 30th of May, 1786, he learns that he has been gazetted Colonel in the army by brevet. On the 3d of the following month he is elected Knight of the Garter. Luneburg and Hanover shall soon be things of simple recollection. In October 1787, by the King's command, he goes into quarters at Geneva. Here he had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several English noblemen of his own age. "The charms of companionship there awaited him. The worth of youthful friendship was proffered to him. In the situation of the city itself there was much to interest him. Nowhere does nature appear more lovely and attractive than on the shores of Leman's lake. And marvellously fair is the city which is mirrored in its crystal waters."

In this picturesque environment, a prince, with ready money, might have had a chance of pleasantly enjoying life. Unhappily, the fate of Tantalus was a doom which the prince might think upon, and draw comparisons. Although the sum paid to the old Baron, for maintaining the establishment of his royal pupil,

was now six thousand pounds per annum, the beggarly dole of thirty-one and sixpence was all that the young colonel received from week to week as private pocket-money. The Baron was extremely considerate of the cash, and liked to make a profit by his undertakings. The Baron shall have praise among the crafty, but, nevertheless, behold the consequences. "From not having any of those indulgences allowed him which other young Englishmen of his own age, with whom he was living, enjoyed, and who were the sons of private gentlemen, the Duke incurred debts by borrowing money to procure them:" debts which were a burden to him during the remainder of his life. "In truth," as Mr. Neale remarks, "the inadequacy of his income, for many years, to support him in the style of living which, as a prince, he was called upon to adopt, was a perpetual and *unmerited* source of discomfort and disquiet." Till he came to reside at Geneva he had not any kind of equipage, nor had even been the owner of a horse. No rideable sort of animal—unless, perhaps, it might be some elderly and degenerate donkey—could, of course, be purchasable out of an income so unprincipally as thirty-one and sixpence by the week, liable to fines.

Anybody who has been in debt knows what it is to hear a knock at the street door. Debt, when the debtor is a prince, may be easily contracted, but, by a prince extremely scant of cash, cannot so readily be paid. We suspect his royal highness came to be acquainted with the astonishing perseverance of a dun. To a prince of the royal blood, extremely well disposed to pay, but always destitute of change, the frequent visitations of individuals having pecuniary demands were likely to grow burdensome. Appeals to the Baron are like asking compassion of a flint; appeals to the paternal majesty are not a whit the more successful. The prince declares at last: "I have so seldom found a gracious answer to any of the little, trifling requests I have made him, that I am now very shy of asking." Other annoyances are not wanting: his valet is a spy upon him, and much in favour with the Baron; the Baron is a sort of Satan in disguise, and obstinately opposes him in all his wishes, right or wrong; on all hands he feels himself most miserably straitened. What were it advisable for a prince, feeling his situation to be intolerable, to think upon, and do? It occurs to him that, like the young man in the parable, he will "arise and go unto his father," and see what kind of fatted calf, or other prodigal's provision, will be there prepared for him. He is now of age, and believes himself entitled to an impartial hearing: perhaps "Farmer George" may be pleased to be considerate.

Accordingly, on a certain night in January, 1790, the young Prince suddenly arrives in London, taking up his quarters at an hotel in King Street, St. James's. Notice of his arrival is sent to the Prince of Wales, who immediately goes to visit him, and brings him home to Carlton House. Here the two are joined by the Duke of York, by whom, it is agreed, intelligence of the event shall be communicated to the King. But

who shall express the extreme and unappeasable displeasure of his majesty! The rage of Achilles is understood to have been rather terrible; but the rage of George III. is even still more awful to encounter. Tremble intensely, O Edward! for thou art now to be its victim. To every extenuating circumstance suggested in the Prince's favour by his brothers—and it seems that their conduct on this occasion was most disinterested and affectionate—the King sullenly replied, "Edward has quitted his post without leave; he is now in England without my cognisance or consent. His presence here is an act of the most daring and deliberate disobedience; and you call on me to sanction it! Not so," said his majesty. And the majestic mind straightway formed its own decision; a decision that was unalterable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. For thirteen days, the Prince sought every opportunity to see the King; but prospered nothing in his enterprise. On the thirteenth day he received a sealed official paper. He opened it with impatience, and read, with astonishment and sorrow, a peremptory order to—embark for Gibraltar within the space of four-and-twenty hours! On the night of his departure, he was allowed an audience of *five minutes*, and then dismissed. On the 1st of February, he sailed from England, with the "insignificant sum of 500*l.*" advanced for his use to Captain Crawford. "He did not receive with his orders one single sentence to soothe, to cheer, or to satisfy him as to what his stated allowance would be when he should arrive at his destination. Such was the reception, and such the treatment measured out to the Duke of Kent."

"Now," says Mr. Neale, "when one recalls the numerous escapades of his elder brother, the Prince of Wales—the debts which that expensive gentleman contracted, and which were again and again defrayed by the nation; the messages which, in rather rapid succession, came down to parliament, relative to the pecuniary difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments of the first gentleman in Europe; the manner in which he more than once contravened the royal authority and was forgiven—hard measure seems to have been dealt out to the youthful Edward." His offence, considering the circumstances, was of quite a venial description; since there are grounds for believing that his main object was personally to represent his position to the King, and thus obtain some means of providing for his pecuniary obligations.

As no opportunity was granted him for this purpose, and no provision made on his account, one of the first results attendant on his new appointment, was an immediate increase to his difficulties. In the first place, he was compelled to provide his outfit at an enormous cost, as he had to purchase it in a colony, at prices extravagantly exceeding what he would have had to pay in England. Instead of paying off old debts, he found it impossible to avoid contracting new ones. One satisfaction, however, he possessed to comfort him—he was everlastingly quit of the old Baron; Governor Wangenheim could fret
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and worry him no more. He had, besides, the fortune to be placed under a much more generous tutelage. Colonel Symes was deputed by General O'Hara, then in command at Gibraltar, to take the Prince under his special superintendence. In the Colonel he finds a friend, who makes repeated efforts to get him relieved from his embarrassments. In one of the communications sent to the Home authorities there is this admission:—"The Prince's general conduct has been perfectly to the satisfaction of General O'Hara, and has met the approbation of the whole garrison." If the Prince had any fault, it seemed to be a tendency to rather rigorous discipline. He had drawn his notions from the Baron, the only military disciplinarian he was hitherto acquainted with. These notions, it is said, he subsequently abandoned; though it is admitted that while at Gibraltar, he attached too much consequence to trifles. While Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers, his strict habits rendered him unpopular with the men. Before long, representations relative to their dissatisfaction were transmitted home; and the result was that his Royal Highness was shortly ordered to embark with his regiment for America. At his departure, however, the officers gave him a splendid banquet, at a cost of 250*l.*; when the warmest assurances of esteem for his character and person were unanimously presented him. In an account of the *fête*, drawn up by Captain Fyers, of the Royal Engineers, allusion is made to the unfavourable representations understood to have been circulated in England to the Prince's prejudice. "*We*, however," says the writer, "*know* that these rumours can only find credit amongst those that are strangers to his character. His conduct, whilst here, has been most meritorious; and were we to inquire what young man in Gibraltar has shown himself to be the most attentive and diligent in the discharge of his public duties, as well as the most regular and temperate in his private hours, the answer would be 'Prince Edward.'" Such a testimony, we suppose, is quite sufficient to show the estimation in which the Prince was held among those to whom he was best known in Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar to Quebec, was not the pleasantest change of climate. That, however, might have been endured, had his income been such as to enable him to provide for his pecuniary engagements. But the most arbitrary and inconsiderate course had been all along pursued towards him. After several months' residence at Gibraltar, he had learned that his yearly allowance was fixed at 5,000*l.* a year—1,000*l.* less than was granted to Baron Wangenheim for the expenses of his establishment at Geneva, where he was completely under the control of his governor, and had no stately appearances to support; while at Gibraltar, he had "a definite public position to maintain, with private and professional claims on him on all sides." Surely, if 6,000*l.* were required at Geneva, 5,000*l.* was miserably inadequate at Gibraltar. On quitting for America, he entered into arrangements with his creditors, by giving bonds to them for sums amounting in

the whole to 20,000*l.*, payable at the expiration of seven years. He was induced to take this course under the impression that before the arrival of that period he should obtain his "parliamentary establishment," and from it be enabled to cancel the bonds, the interest of which was in the meanwhile to be paid quarterly—a stipulation faithfully carried out, but which absorbed a fifth of his current income. The debts incurred at Gibraltar the King subsequently undertook to discharge; but, for some reason or other, never fulfilled his promise.

After his arrival in America, the Prince found that his position as a prince and a field-officer was utterly incompatible with his means, and that instead of diminishing his difficulties, he was daily constrained to add to them. Living in such a coil of harassing entanglements, he naturally grew anxious for any change that would divert his attention from them. He accordingly sought, and readily obtained, an appointment to serve under Sir Charles Grey, who was then engaged in the reduction of the French in the West Indies. On joining Sir Charles, an honourable post was immediately assigned him; and in the first despatch from the invaded island of Martinique, he is described as "commanding at Camp la Coste, with great spirit and activity."

During the progress of this campaign, his daring bravery procured him the general admiration of his companions in the contest. He distinguished himself in several engagements, and so freely exposed himself to danger as to obtain an unusual degree of popularity among the soldiers. At the capture of Guadaloupe, in April 1794, the Prince led on the first division, consisting of the first and second battalions of grenadiers, and 100 of the naval battalion, to the attack of the post on Morne Marcot; which was performed with such exactitude, spirit, and ability, "as," in the language of Sir Charles Grey, "to do the officer who commanded it, and every officer and soldier under him, more honour than he could find words to convey an adequate idea of, or to express the high sense which he entertained of their extraordinary merit on the occasion."

He has thus, at the age of twenty-seven, gained a creditable reputation for skill and courage in the field. The Parliament of England hears of it, and both Houses pass a vote of thanks to him for his "gallant conduct and meritorious exertions." The Irish Parliament does the like; so that, as far as honour goes, the Prince may deem himself to have been tolerably rewarded. Honour is pleasant; but then, as Falstaff said, "honour cannot set a leg." It has "no skill in surgery." Neither is it adequate to replenish one's finances. To a prince so utterly "hard up," that "when he arrived at Martinique he was destitute of all but the clothes upon his person," parliamentary praises must have been comparatively indifferent. Had the parliament been pleased to grant that long expected "parliamentary establishment," it would have done something which the Prince could have been grateful for. Whether he expected it at this

period does not definitely appear; but there were precedents for expecting it even earlier, since his brother, the Duke of York, had obtained *his* provision at the age of twenty-one, and the Duke of Clarence at the age of twenty-four. The latter, indeed, received 16,000*l.* in addition to his income, as mere "pecuniary assistance"—10,000*l.* of which was given to help him to set up housekeeping. Contrasted with these liberal allowances, the indifferent provision made for Prince Edward indicates a negligence of his interests and comfort quite unworthy of the father of a family. One asks, with Mr. Neale, Whence arose this insensibility to his position? And, as the Yankee said, with reference to an inquiry which he made in the halls of his respected ancestors—"Echo answers, 'Really, I don't know!'" Mr. Neale gives us the impression that the Prince was always disliked at court; that he was distinctly slighted by the King, and treated with a systematic disregard of all his natural claims. Whether this was because the Prince was supposed to have rather liberal political tendencies, or whether there be any other reasons, or none whatever, to account for it, Mr. Neale is not able to inform us. The Prince, however, had an impression of his own. In a letter, full of bitterness, he says, in allusion to his career in the West Indies—"The wish entertained about me, in certain quarters, when serving there, was *that I might fall*." Are we to understand that such a wish was attributed to George III.? If so, one cannot suppose that Queen Victoria can much respect her grandfather.

The West Indian campaign having been concluded, his Royal Highness received orders to return to Canada. But he never took a step without increasing his embarrassments. An extraordinary combination of untoward circumstances—the loss of several equipments through capture of the vessels in which they were conveyed,—in a few months added to his debts not less than 14,000*l.*; a sum completely lost, but for which he was nevertheless answerable. Upon the whole, when he quitted North America, he was far more seriously involved than when he entered it. An unexpected circumstance, which occasioned his departure, was probably a relief to him. In October, 1798, as he was "returning from a field-day of the garrison," he sustained an accident from the falling of his horse, in the streets of Halifax; and for the benefit of surgical advice he immediately repaired to England.

In the spring of the following year, the House of Commons granted him his first parliamentary income of 12,000*l.* per annum. But, as if to signify the royal partiality, the King provided that the Duke of Cumberland, though four years younger, should have *his* public allowance settled on him at the same time. Respecting this arrangement Mr. Neale remarks:—"It requires but the operation of a very simple rule in arithmetic to show that, by the postponement of Prince Edward's parliamentary allowance, the country was, on every principle of equity, his debtor to the amount of 48,000*l.* Either this was the case, or his

younger brother, Prince Ernest, had received his parliamentary provision four years too soon, and was therefore a debtor to the country in the like sum."

Allowing all this to pass, as we needs must, we go on to tell, that on St. George's day, 1799, the Prince was raised to the dignity of "Duke of Kent and Strathearn in Great Britain, and Earl of Dublin in Ireland;" and on the 7th of May in the same year he took his seat in the House of Lords. On the 10th he was promoted to the rank of general in the army, and on the 17th received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America, whither he proceeded in July. His stay, however, was brief; for, "in the ensuing autumn, a severe bilious attack, followed by alarming symptoms, rendered it necessary that he should obtain immediate leave of absence, and return forthwith to England."

After his recovery, he availed himself of his presence in England to press, in person, his claims to remuneration for the repeated losses he had sustained in his removal from place to place, by order of his sovereign, and in the service of his country. During an audience with Mr. Pitt, he also pointed out the singular and invidious delay that had taken place with respect to his parliamentary provision. To which representations the minister replied, that "the Prince having been abroad for so many years on foreign service, his provision had been totally overlooked—an omission which was entirely his (Mr. Pitt's) fault; and for that he took shame to himself: but that so far as pecuniary loss was concerned, his Royal Highness should receive amends." Ultimately he promised, that if the Prince were not placed on an exact footing with the Duke of Clarence, and so invested with a grant of 96,000*l.*, in compensation for eight years' arrears of his parliamentary income, he should at least enjoy the same advantage as the Duke of Cumberland, and be paid an arrear of four years, or 48,000*l.*—a promise which greatly brightened the Prince's prospects, and gave him hope of redeeming himself from his embarrassments. Unhappily, a prime minister's promises are not the most stable things to put one's trust in; they depend on so many circumstances; and, after all these years, Mr. Neale writes it down with an exclamation, "NEITHER SUM WAS EVER AWARDED!"

The fact is, the great Pitt had quite enough to do to get money to keep his ministerial pot boiling. Moreover, he retired from office, and was succeeded by Mr. Addington, who also promised—promised in a manner the "most positive and unqualified"—but eventually "forgot, or made a show of forgetting, the assurances he had uttered." The Duke obtained nothing from Pitt or Addington, unless it were an impression that all prime-ministers are liars.

After many equivocations, Minister Addington seems to have adopted the confession of St. Peter—"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I will give unto thee,"—that is to say, a *place*. Here is the vacant governorship of Gibraltar: go into that,

and be comforted." The Duke hesitates, but finally accepts the offer. He is given to understand, however, that the "state of things" in the garrison is very bad; that there is much drunkenness and insubordination among the soldiers, which *must be put down*; that his Royal Highness will be required to put it down, and is, indeed, considered the proper man to do it; but that in the discharge of his arduous duties he shall have the "fullest support from Government." One of his "instructions" ran as follows:—"It is essential that your Royal Highness should be made aware, previous to your assuming the command at Gibraltar, that too great a proportion of the garrison has been usually employed on duties of fatigue; that, in consequence, discipline has been relaxed, and drunkenness promoted; that it will be the *duty* of your Royal Highness to *exact* the most minute attention to all His Majesty's regulations for disciplining, arming, clothing, and appointing of the army, from *all* of which not the most trifling deviation can be allowed."

The Duke was appointed to the government on the 27th of March, 1802, and reached his destination on the 10th of May. From the statements previously made to him, he was prepared to find the troops in a most irregular and licentious state, and the garrison thronged with abuses in every department. But the representations made to him in England fell infinitely short of the actual immorality, insubordination, and open laxity of all military rule which he found prevailing. On the very day he landed, he had an immediate opportunity of forming a judgment of the terrible task he had undertaken, from the exterior appearance of the troops, as they assembled in "review order" on the Grand Parade, and afterwards formed a line from thence to the lieutenant-governor's quarters, where the Duke at first took up his residence. "To describe the slovenliness of their appearance," says Mr. Neale, "the total want of uniformity in their dress and appointments, the inaccuracy of their movements, and the unsteadiness of both *officers and men*, is beyond the power of language." Moreover, the grossest irregularities characterised the bearing of the men in the public streets, and in their personal intercourse with the inhabitants. They might be seen roving about in scores, in a state of the most riotous intoxication. Discipline was a thing of mere tradition; and every man did that which was "right in his own eyes,"—which was usually the grossest *wrong* that his drunken head could think of.

The Duke looked on for several days, a silent, inactive, and disgusted spectator. He ponders a variety of plans for cleansing this Augean stable, and thinks at last, with Hercules, that he can do it best by turning a little water through it. Water, to be sure, is a scarce element in Gibraltar, but of *wine* there is an evident superabundance. He may not be able greatly to increase the supply of water; but he fancies something may be done to diminish the supply of wine. When less wine shall be obtainable, it is a reasonable inference that, in a hot climate, there will

be a larger use of water: a beverage well known to be considerably more conducive to sobriety. There were in Gibraltar about ninety licensed wine-houses, all mainly supported by the soldiery. At the risk of some of his revenue, the Duke determines to suppress as many of these as possible. He therefore issues an order to shut up thirty; selecting such as were in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, and in by-lanes and obscure places favourable for drinking on the sly, and allowing those to remain which stood prominently in the public streets. In cancelling the licenses, he was, however, careful to distinguish between parties who could support themselves without the wine trade, and those who depended upon it solely for subsistence—avoiding a too rigid interference with the latter.

This arrangement being made, he took steps for providing the soldiers with more regular occupation. He established a roll-call at sunrise; a dress parade morning and evening; insisted that the men should regularly attend meals; and that after firing the second evening gun, a report should be made that they were in their barracks. He also instituted regular periods for drill and exercise; provided for the regiments being off duty in succession, so that the commanding officers might see their men together once a-week; and enforced a system of operations to effect a general uniformity throughout the garrison.

These checks upon drunkenness and idleness were of some avail, but other and more stringent measures were found necessary. The Duke eventually considered it expedient to prohibit the soldiers from buying liquor of the retail vendors, and to restrict them to the use of the regimental canteens established in the barracks for their convenience—a regulation which soon issued in a violent catastrophe. The soldiers rose in mutiny; instigated, it is said, by many of the officers. There was, however, a want of unanimity, and the conspiracy therefore failed. According to the evidence of an old soldier—probably a mutineer—whom Mr. Neale encountered in his researches, the affair was a sad “blunder.” “You see, sir,” said he, “the men warn’t quite unanimous. On Christmas Eve the Royals broke out in mutiny, and went to the quarters of the 25th regiment, and expected the men would join them. *But they didn’t.* On the 26th of December, the 25th broke out and went to the Royals, and expected the Royals to join ’em, and then *they* wouldn’t—and so the mutiny was crushed. But if, on the first outbreak, on Christmas Eve, both regiments had been unanimous, the Duke would have never seen England again.” This communicative veteran declared that the officers were at the head of the conspiracy. “You say, sir, that it was the men as mutinied. *You say very wrong.* It wor not. It wor the officers. They mutinied *fast*. I say they did *fast*; for I wor a mess waiter, and heerd much of their talk; and bitter agen the Duke’s sartinly wor. It soon reached the ranks. It set all wrong there: for it pisoned the minds of the men; and the head mutineer was ——— himself. That’s gospel truth; and I’ll maintain it to the death.” But who is

Blank? Why should the supreme offender in the business continue shrouded in impenetrable anonymity? Had he been a private soldier nobody would have scrupled to publish forth his name; his *feelings*, if he were living, nobody would have cared to spare; consideration for *his friends* would not have been for a moment entertained: why should a mutinous villain, *in commission*, be so tenderly concealed? If Blank were really the “head mutineer,” he ought in all justice to have been hanged with the three convicted “ringleaders,” who were but subordinate mutineers. It is true, your “supreme villain” is often difficult to be detected; and in this instance, as in others, appears to have escaped. But if his name be really known, it ought, in all fairness and honesty, to be divulged. As the charge stands, all the other officers who were then at Gibraltar are liable to the suspicion of being implicated; any one of them may be regarded as the very Blank referred to as the grand anonymous miscreant. With all his desire to clear up this affair of mutiny, Mr. Neale has not cleared it up, and cannot clear it up, while he is satisfied to tell us upon hearsay that the principal offender was an officer named—Blank.

The declaration of Henry Salisbury (a transported mutineer), made in 1804, very distinctly charges the origin of the mutiny upon the officers. They are also described as being of the *first rank*. He says, they formed a committee for directing the proceedings, and for the payment of the men who were most active in disorder. A plan was likewise made for seizing his Royal Highness, and forcibly placing him on board one of the ships of war, with orders not to return on pain of death. The signal for this outrage was to have been given *by an officer*. The scheme was not executed, because the committee were informed that the Duke had become acquainted with it. The names of the officers stated to have been most prominently mutinous are (apparently) given in Salisbury’s confession; but they are printed here as—“Captain ——— and ——— of the Royals, and two officers of the name of ——— and ———.” Some of these Blanks are probably still living in respectable society; while the three subordinate “ringleaders” that acted under their instructions were hanged at Gibraltar! Justice, in this world, is often done imperfectly: it is so extremely difficult to *detect* a “supreme scoundrel,” particularly when, as often happens, he is clothed in the regimentals of respectability.

From what has been related of this mutiny, it is very evident that, however excellent may have been the Duke of Kent’s regulations and intentions, his administration rendered him exceedingly unpopular with both officers and men. The officers were as much provoked by the strictness of his discipline as the common soldiers, since it involved an unusual demand upon their time, and unpleasant limitations of their amusements, to carry it out in actual exercises of military duty. They had long been accustomed to freer ways, and desired a continuance of the old courses. So much parade, so much drilling, was not

agreeable to their sensations, nor adapted to their notions of convenience. They were interrupted in their billiards, and could not sit so long or so delightfully over their wine. As to the men, they naturally hate "parade," especially in warm climates; and to be dobarred from drinking, when they had money in their pockets, seemed to be the height of practicable severity. "The Duke of Kent!" said an old Chelsea pensioner, "I recollect him well. *He was a very bad man.* He WOULDN'T LET US DRINK. He was wus than any teetotaller going. Much wus. He said a soldier might do without drink! An impossibility! A rank, sheer, downright impossibility. And then his hours—he was up before the sun! And the parades—he never missed one. There was one word always foremost in his Prayer-book—the word DUTY—and by that he swore." And yet it seems the Duke commanded some respect. "He was noble-looking," said the pensioner—"noble-looking was the Duke, sir,—noble, noble,—but had rather too much iron in him. Few of his officers stood by him—very, very few—about the wine-houses particularly. In that matter he stood alone, almost, if not altogether alone. . . . To be sure, 'twas surprising how the deaths in the garrison diminished after many of them wine-shops were shut up. The sick list was wonderfully shortened. Perhaps the Duke meant us well. But about parades and wine-shops, his notions were most cussedly onaccountable." The probable mutinger, before quoted, bears a somewhat similar testimony to the Duke's excellent intentions, and more particularly to his kindness, though he has the self-same reservation respecting his restraints on drinking. "There wor a deal o' kindness about the Duke, too. He never forgot the sick soldier; went to the hospital, saw that justice was done to the poor fellows there; and would listen patiently to any request a poor devil had to make. But, for a soldier, mark you—for a soldier—he wor—he certainly wor—loo temperate. That's Gospel truth."

As far as we can see into this affair, as far as we have the means of estimating the Duke's conduct in it, we think, with Mr. Neale, that there is nothing in the matter which the "most ardent admirer of the Duke need shrink from contemplating." His administration was marked by no features of cruelty, partiality, vindictiveness, or cupidity. Much exaggeration has been circulated respecting the "strings of executions" that succeeded to the mutiny, and about the general severity of his discipline: but, on examination, it is found that the only string of executions was the small string of three—the three convicted ringleaders of the conspiracy, who, in like circumstances, under any governor, must have suffered the same fate. His severity, again, was simply that which the state of the garrison at Gibraltar needed, to bring it under appropriate regulation. He found it abandoned to intemperance—licentious, insubordinate, every way disorderly; and it was his special mission, deputed him from England, to reduce it into order. In reference to the "pretty pass" to which things

had come before the Duke arrived, let us once more quote our before-mentioned "probable mutineer;"—"The men were part slovens and part rebels. And as for the women creatures, they could neither stir in the streets, nor rest quiet at their homes, especially at night, on account of the soldiers being all about on the stroll,—wicked,—drunk, and audacious lively. The quiet ones—the civilians, and such like—what complaints they did make, surely, of what they called 'military license!' However, the Duke soon put all that down." A state of things evidently requiring to be put down. And the Duke seems to have put it down wisely, temperately, and effectually. If by his efforts to this end he indirectly produced a mutiny, he was nowise chargeable with the consequences. Neither were his punishments inflicted on the mutineers any way excessive. They were the common penalties for such offences, and were apparently awarded with a conscientious reference to the amount of delinquency proved against the offenders. He was personally convinced of the infidelity and culpability of many of the officers, though he had no means of tracing the crime of mutiny home to them; but, in spite of their apathy and opposition, he effected a considerable reformation; and, for three months prior to his recall, the troops were in regular and real subordination, and perfect tranquillity was established in the garrison.

Three months after the restoration of order, the Duke was not a little surprised to receive the King's command to return to England, "upon the consideration that it might be desirable that the different departments of his Majesty's government at home should have the advantage of some personal communication with his Royal Highness, upon the recent events in Gibraltar." "The Duke," says Mr. Neale, "in order that every possible mortification might be heaped on him, was bidden to resign his trust into the hands of his second in command—General Barnett:" a man whose indifference to the irregularities in the garrison had greatly hindered the success of the Duke's endeavours. The Duke resisted this, and remained until the arrival of the new Lieutenant-Governor. On reaching England he demanded an immediate investigation into his conduct. He desired to waive all the privileges of his rank, and requested that a court-martial might be forthwith assembled to sit in judgment on his entire course of proceeding at Gibraltar. His suit, however, was negatived. The assembling of "a court-martial to adjudicate upon the propriety or impropriety of the actions of an officer of his rank, was manifestly inexpedient." "No court of inquiry could be granted." He then pleaded for the summoning of any other tribunal to which the charges, "whispered rather than made," against him, could be referred. This, again, was negatived. He then demanded permission to return to his government; but was answered that *that* too must be withheld: though *why* withheld, no reason was assigned. Though the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards was his brother the Duke

of York, he was so far from being a friend to him, that he was even one of his principal opponents.

To call a man from a distant government under pretence of requiring explanations from him, and then to afford him no opportunity of giving the explanations which might possibly justify his conduct, was, to say the least of it, extremely shabby treatment. This, however, seems to have been the treatment to which the Duke of Kent was subjected. By no effort or solicitation could he obtain even so much as a statement of the reasons which had induced the members of the government to recall him from Gibraltar. All his applications to be reinstated in his appointment were capriciously repelled. No inquiry was instituted which might have offered him the chance of vindicating his character against insidious misrepresentations. He was left to bear the imputation of misconduct in his administration, without being permitted to do anything to clear himself, or to justify his doings before the public. All his entreaties to obtain what he designated "common justice" were contemptuously disregarded; so that, at length, he was constrained to relinquish the attempt; to renounce his claims of any further employment in the public service; and to betake himself to the humbler career of private and unambitious usefulness.

For several years the Duke lived a comparatively sequestered life. There is, indeed, little that is important to be related of him until his marriage. His pecuniary embarrassments had not, in the meanwhile, been very considerably diminished. Several of his creditors were occasionally rather pressing. Though he often renewed his applications for the payment of large sums which he had lost, or made use of, in the public service, and repeatedly received promises that his claims should be favourably considered, he never obtained any material assistance. After many delays, and manifold experience of the futility of relying upon ministerial assurances, he finally determined to make an effort to reduce his obligations by personal self-denial, and a rigid exercise of thrift. Accordingly, in 1807, he conveyed "one-half of his income to trustees, for the express purpose of liquidating his debts; at the same time reducing his establishment and limiting his arrangements, with the hope of effecting his purpose within a certain definite period." This scheme suffered some partial interruption, owing principally to the numerous demands made upon the Duke's liberality; but in 1815 he made a further and more considerable effort to accomplish his creditable object. "After many conferences with his friends, he resolved to constitute a committee of them, to assign over *three-fourths of his income* into their hands until the complete liquidation of his debts was effected; to give them complete control over his income; and to limit his own expenditure to a sum not exceeding the remaining fourth part thereof, with which he agreed to content himself." This plan being matured, "the Duke parted with many of his servants, and made reductions to a

large extent in every part of his establishment, the admirable results of which were speedily visible; for, by the strenuous exertions and judicious arrangements of his friends, more was done in the first twelve months that followed the general retrenchment than was accomplished in the eight years preceding."

In order to carry his plan more effectually into execution, the Duke quitted England, and, in 1816, settled himself at Brussels. From hence he made frequent excursions into Germany, for the purpose of visiting several branches of his family. On one of these occasions he became acquainted with the Princess of Leiningen, a young and amiable widow, to whom he was ultimately induced to tender matrimonial proposals. The Princess was the sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg; and, at the age of sixteen, had been married to the hereditary Prince of Leiningen—a somewhat venerable suitor, eight-and-twenty years older than herself, and, it is said, "in no one respect, either of person, manners, qualifications, or habits, suited to her." The prince was a sort of Squire Western, being entirely devoted to his hunting, and the victim of a temper "singularly irritable and *uncertain*." The union lasted twelve years,—“a period not without its trials,” but marked throughout, on the part of the youthful princess, by the most guarded and exemplary discharge of her domestic duties. At the death of the prince, her two children, a son and a daughter, were confided to her guardianship. Her widowhood was characterised by the most dignified and irreproachable demeanour. To a man inclined to wed, and not objecting to a widow, the princess was a woman worthy of the wooing. The Duke of Kent perceived this, paid his addresses, and succeeded. They were married at Cobourg on the 29th of May, 1818; the marriage, according to courtly customs, being subsequently re-solemnized, at Kew, on the 13th of July.

A marriage, whether in high life or low, is commonly attended with expense. Though the Duke's had been "conducted with every possible regard to economy," it cost him nevertheless a considerable sum of money. It is said the ministry had led him to expect an outfit of 12,000*l.*; but it appears that not a farthing of it was ever granted him. "His committee were therefore obliged to make a commensurate advance from the funds destined to the liquidation of his debts; and thus the period of his deliverance from his encumbrances was still further protracted." Under these circumstances his Royal Highness was constrained to persevere in his plan of residing on the Continent. Accordingly, after a few weeks' stay in England, he proceeded to Amorbach, the residence of the Prince of Leiningen, which the duchess, who had been appointed regent of the principality during her son's minority, had occupied in the period of her widowhood.

The next year, however, it became necessary to return. The Duchess was in an "interesting situation," and it was desirable that the infant should be born in England. But a grand difficulty intervened,

and was well-nigh hindering the journey: the Duke was absolutely "hard up" for travel-money. The Duchess was "far advanced" before they could set out: "being literally prevented," as the Duke expressed it, "from moving until then, through the want of means to meet the expenses of the journey."

But how, and by whom, think you, were the means at length provided? Not by the "luxurious Sybarite at Carlton House;" not by Lord Liverpool, the premier; not by any of the Duke's family or state connexions,—though all were perfectly aware of his straitened circumstances, and of the situation of the Duchess;—but by a few devoted, untitled, and, comparatively speaking, humble friends, who, hearing of the urgency of the case, raised the requisite remittances, and thus enabled his Royal Highness to surmount the difficulty. He and the Duchess soon after reached this country in safety; and on the 24th of May, 1819, at Kensington Palace, a little princess made her appearance in the world, who is at present known to us as Victoria, Queen of England.

The Duke now desired to remain in his fatherland. His debts, however, were a continual burden to him, and the source of incessant anxiety and concern. As a last effort to be delivered from them, he determined to dispose of his valuable residence of "Castle-bar Hill," which was estimated by a London land-agent to be worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds. The times, unfortunately, were very unfavourable for the sale of such a property; and therefore, to avoid a loss, the Duke sought to obtain the sanction of the House of Commons to dispose of it by lottery. After much debate about the matter, the House decided against the Duke's proposal. Mr. Neale thus sums up the measure of indignity and annoyance to which the Duke was necessitated to submit. "Ministers would neither mete out to the Duke of Kent common justice; nor fulfil the promise solemnly made him by Lord Sidmouth; nor grant him the arrears fairly due to him of his parliamentary allowance; nor remunerate him for the heavy losses which he had sustained by the destruction of equipment after equipment in the public service; nor pay his debts, which he did *not* ask; nor afford him facilities (which he *did*) for discharging them himself. They were content only to harass, impede, and annoy him."

But now, in the meantime, the health of the Duchess, which had "suffered from the unwearied solicitude with which she fulfilled her maternal duties," seemed to demand a warmer climate. The royal pair therefore went to Sidmouth to spend the winter; intending to return early in the spring to their former residence at Amorbach. From Walbrook Cottage, on the 29th of December, the Duke writes thus to a friend with whom he had long freely corresponded: "My little girl thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate; and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy; *too healthy*, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder: how largely she contributes to my own happiness at this moment it is needless for

me to say to *you*, who are in such full possession of my feelings upon this subject." This was one of the Duke's last letters. On the 23d of January (1820) he died of inflammation of the lungs, caught a few days previously from sitting in wet boots.

With this event we are brought to the end of the Duke's history. There remains little further for us to say respecting him. He appears to have been a man of solid worth, fair talents, and Christian principles; a man much respected and regretted by the nation, on account of the liberality both of his opinions and practices; a man also considerably ill-treated by his family and the ministerial powers of the day, because of his sympathy with the popular aspirations after a greater political freedom than was consonant with the sentiments of the prevailing administration. In the promotion of charitable and philanthropic objects the Duke laboured with a steady and resolute consistency. With his name and with his purse he aided almost all the religious and benevolent associations of the day. Had he not been so much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances—through the debts which he contracted, partly in the heedlessness of youth, and partly under peculiar emergencies while engaged in the public service—there is every reason to believe that his beneficence would have been still more largely and liberally exercised. So greatly did these embarrassments oppress the Duke, that a considerate mind regrets he cannot now be made acquainted with the fact, that they have all been since honourably and thoroughly extinguished; not by the nation, nor by the generosity of his admirers, but by the united savings and self-denial of the duchess and her daughter. It is a fact in the highest degree honourable to them both. For this, as for many things, shall Queen Victoria be respected; nor can the worth, the devoted love, the lofty-mindedness of her noble mother, be likely to pass away from the memories of Englishmen. The Queen's course hitherto has been smoother than her father's; but, as far as we can see, she carries her head well under prosperity; and we believe it is the wish of the nation's heart that her fortunes may never be overclouded by any sadness or disaster.

EGYPT AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEVANTINE FAMILY."

THE present political condition of Egypt is interesting to study in itself, and may hereafter prove a subject practically important to this country. A very complete change has lately taken place in the depositaries of authority, but time has scarcely been allowed for deciding how this change will manifest itself in the condition of the people at large. The speculations indulged in towards the close of the life of Mohammed Ali, must, in some respects, be at fault; for the expected ordeal of military government under Ibrahim Pasha has been mercifully averted from the valley of the Nile.

Let us, however, for the better comprehension of

our subject, transport ourselves back to the time when the sway of the celebrated viceroy had produced its ultimate results—when Egypt panted under the stationary atmosphere of a consolidated despotism; for we shall thus have an idea of its present state, except that the guiding power is less firm, no new impulse having as yet been imparted. In a few words, we shall endeavour to sketch not the apparent but the real position of Egypt at that epoch. This distinction is important; because those persons who have usually undertaken to give Europe the requisite information have almost purposely confined themselves to descriptions of institutions which certainly exist in name, but which have little more effect on the condition of the country than the Armenian college at Paris has upon the prosperity of Auvergne: positively not so much as the India House exerts on the manners of London. The only writers we know who have avoided this method are M. Schælcher, and, at a more remote period, Mr. J. A. St. John. The latter traveller, it is true, enlarges on the European improvements of the Pasha; but at that time they were in the full vigour of youth. In fifteen years, despite the constant renewal of the material aids, they died away by inches; and when we reached the country, resembled the dried up stalks of exotic plants, carelessly thrown down by an ignorant gardener, in a soil and beneath a climate totally unfitted for them.

Setting all these things aside, as soon as their vanity appeared, we determined to ascertain what was the real action of the government. We looked first at the appearance of the people, and found that, as a rule, whilst enjoying the equivocal health and strength vouchsafed to most southern races, they were ill-clad, and for the most part evidently ill-fed. The exceptions occurred only in those cases where contact with Europeans afforded a sufficient explanation. Their huts were even more miserable than of yore; and wretched mud villages were every day swallowing up the populations of the brick-built towns. Alexandria alone was increasing in size and population—the only sign of an increasing commerce which, in a healthy country, would have been accompanied by the increasing well-being of every Fellah even to the very southern frontier.

In a moral point of view it was equally evident that no improvement had taken place; for we do not call improvement the extinction of the persecuting spirit, the absence of active bigotry. Travellers, of course, find this very convenient. They are charmed with their intercourse with a people whom they may order about as they please, and, if the spirit move them, insult and ill-treat without danger; but they do not know, or choose to overlook, the fact, that this humility is the result of the crushing despotism which Mohammed Ali organized in the country. Education, properly speaking, is perfectly unknown. As of yore, a good many Arabs learn to read; but their erudition is confined to some chapters of the Koran. A newspaper, partly in Turkish and partly in Arabic, is published at Cairo; but its circulation is entirely a

forced one among the officers in the Pasha's service, from whose pay the price is deducted. The best proof that the Egyptian mind remains stationary is, perhaps, that all the public offices almost are filled, as before, by lazy Turks, wily Armenians, and sneaking Copts.

These remarks, as the form in which they are made will imply, are as applicable now as they were during the period to which we more particularly refer—the latter years of Mohammed Ali's government. At that time we took especial care to observe in what way public business was carried on; and the result was curious enough. Wherever indifferent matters were concerned, or it was desired to throw dust into the eyes of European visitors, all manner of forms were resorted to; and it positively appeared at times that civilization had penetrated into the country. But, after all, the only really important occasions upon which an Egyptian comes in contact with power are in the administration of justice, and the levying of taxes. A few words on each of these subjects may be both amusing and instructive.

There exists, properly speaking, no law in Egypt. Every case is decided by what may be called ecclesiastical rules—that is to say, according to the Koran;—or by the arbitrary pleasure of the judge. I remember a curious circumstance, which will illustrate the danger of allowing English subjects to depend for protection on the laws of the country in which they may reside. A man was murdered on the Marina in Alexandria. The watch found him lying in the middle of the street; and on examining the neighbourhood, fell in with six sailors, landed to spend the evening from some Liverpool vessel. According to the laudable custom of our countrymen, they were all half seas over; and being able to give no account of themselves, were taken, with much ill-treatment, to the house of the head of the police, and locked up, being accused of having stabbed the poor Arab whose body had been found. Next day, our consulate claimed them; and they were transferred to the British prison—a miserable hole, it is true, but a paradise to the poor fellows in comparison with an Arab lock-up. Here they amused themselves by a variety of attempts at escaping—whilst a careful investigation was set on foot. It was clear as noonday that they had nothing to do with the crime that had been committed; but when a judicial decision to this effect had been given, the native government—indignant at the inefficient action of European justice—applied for the six men to be given up, in order that they might be *nabooked*—that is, tortured with the stick into a confession.

Another case is equally characteristic. Some produce was stolen from a boat belonging to a Frank; and, a complaint being lodged, the crew of an Arab kanjia was suspected of the delinquency. An inquisition, however, discovered not the slightest proof of guilt, which fact was announced to the consul of the complaining party in a letter from the *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*—commonly called by the wags, the *Ministre des Etranges Affaires*—Artim Bey. "The innocence of the accused parties being manifest," concluded this docu-

ment, of which we obtained a copy, "it may seem hard to punish these poor wretches. However, in order that the desire of His Highness the Viceroy to act according to the laws of justice may shine with reluctance, the reis shall receive condign punishment." The usual compliments followed; and the Minister signed in full—no doubt perfectly persuaded that he had acted so as to secure respect and admiration. In spite of an answer to the effect that under the circumstances nothing was expected to be done, the poor reis (captain) fell a victim to an obstinate fit of love of justice, and was sentenced to the galleys for life!

A Trieste merchant forwarded to Egypt some cases of the best steel for sale. They were placed in the hands of a Muslim, who kept them for a long time without giving any account. At length, in answer to a strenuous remonstrance, he said he had been unable to sell; and sent back cases of bad iron cut of the same size. The fraud, being complained of, was denied. The Kadi was appealed to, and without any serious examination of the affair, ordered the man to be beaten for thirty-nine minutes; so that he never properly recovered. No other redress could be obtained; but a representation was made to the viceroy on the barbarity of the punishment inflicted—which was so great that Europeans would be generally deterred from seeking redress for the future. The answer was that, as a reparation to the injured feelings of humanity, the judge should be awarded the same punishment! Complaint of one barbarity, therefore, only led to another.

This is the way in which justice is administered, even when Europeans are mixed up, in all cases where the influence of government is supposed to be compromised. When mere natives are concerned, there is no limit to the cruelties committed. The stick governs Egypt as well as China. Every other man seems to have been nabooked at least once; and wonderful is the apathy with which the awful infliction is borne. Death rarely ensues unless the blows are purposely calculated to produce that effect. The best known instance is that of a Coptic clerk, beaten to death *by order*, for a supposed error in his accounts, in presence of the Pasha and two European consuls; happily, not of first-rate standing. They represented Greece and Belgium.

When the government is not directly interested, a rough kind of justice is administered occasionally; but the system of bribes is carried to a very great extent. A man once murdered his wife, by throwing her down a well. Her parents seized the guilty husband and dragged him before the governor of Cairo. The case was so flagrant, the evidence so irresistible, that every one expected a capital condemnation. But no! if report be not a liar, the accused contrived to forward a promise of a large sum of money to the upright judge, and a loophole was instantly formed for his escape. "The Koran saith," quoth the upright judge, "that revenge for murder shall be sought by the nearest relation of the deceased. Doth the nearest relation demand blood?" "Yes," cried the father of the poor woman. "I demand

blood. I am the nearest relation." "Not so," replied the upright judge. "The nearest relative is the child of the woman, now two years old. When he cometh to man's estate, he may demand justice. Until then I dismiss the case."

These facts, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, explain the astonishment and suppressed ridicule with which were received in Egypt the pedantic propositions of the French government, who demanded before 1840, that Mohammed Ali should grant "a *charte*, a national representation, trial by jury, and all modern institutions." At this price, it is said, they were ready to guarantee his absolute independence. After 1840, the agents of Louis Philippe, we are sorry to say, became as easy as they had before been puritanical; and we have seen a letter in which the French consul-general refused to interfere for the redress of an injury, because, on the eve of his departure for France, he did not wish to create an ill-feeling against himself in the Pasha's mind.

A very few words will explain the fiscal arrangement of the Egyptian government. The principle in the collection of the revenue, is to take from the people as much as possibly can be taken, no matter by what means. An able politician, long resident in the country, calculated that the fellahs pay ninety-five per cent of the produce of their labour. This will easily be imagined, when we know, that from a population of less than two millions and a half, a sum exceeding 4,000,000*l.* is annually got into the treasury. The taxes are levied by the governors of the provinces and their subordinates, who are all guilty of enormous robbery. No appeal is possible; and the result is that about three halfpence per day is the average amount upon which the inhabitants of this rich country are reduced to live. The principle of *mutual responsibility*, invented for the Pasha, to their disgrace, by his French advisers, is rigidly applied. Neighbour pays for neighbour, village for village, district for district; so that the man or set of men whose backs and feet are well hardened, can shift off payment upon those who are more delicately constituted.

It may easily be imagined that, under such a system, much difficulty is experienced in keeping the population stationary, in spite of the proverbial love of the Arab for his village. Great blame has been thrown upon the English government for depriving Syria of the benefits of Mohammed Ali's enlightened rule; but facts are stubborn things. The eastern provinces of Lower Egypt are absolutely depopulated by emigration to Syria; and if a slight relaxation of rigour had not taken place in them, they would soon have been converted into a desert. The province of Shargieh was once under the government of a certain Abderahman Bey, who, finding difficulty in getting in the tribute, absolutely sawed many fellahs in two between planks, as an example to the other tardy tax-payers. Fifty thousand people are said to have left Egypt and fled across the desert to escape from this awful rule; and it was thought prudent to sentence the Bey to the galleys for three years, especially as an opportunity

was thus afforded for the confiscation of the wealth he had amassed. When his period had elapsed, the services of so good a collector were again put in requisition in the same place; and whilst we were in Egypt, he left his chains at Abukir, and returned to the Shargieh with instructions to be a little less zealous for the future.

There is scarcely a fellah—that is, agricultural labourer—who would not, if he were able, leave the country to take refuge in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, where the mere agglomeration of men constitutes some protection from despotism. To put a stop to this process, very severe measures have been adopted. The peasant who escapes is flogged and sent back to his village, whilst the punishment of death is sometimes inflicted on the person who receives him. I remember an instance in which the presumed concealer of that contraband article, a peasant, was hanged before his own door. The representative of a European power, I believe of France, made a strong remonstrance, but too late. The justice of Mohammed Ali was expeditious. It turned out afterwards that an innocent person had been punished by mistake for the guilty one; whereupon the regenerator of Egypt mercifully remarked that one life was enough for one offence, and the real culprit got off scot-free.

The great viceroy's intellect began to decline some years before he was admitted to be totally incapable of holding the reins of government; and some very curious anecdotes might be related of his doings. But some of them are too Eastern, and others are tolerably well known. Towards the end of 1847, very unequivocal signs of madness manifested themselves, and in the month of June, 1848, it became necessary to put him under some restraint, and substitute a piece of pasteboard for the blade of his sword, which he sometimes wished to use against his own relatives. Great was the excitement among the political circles of Egypt. Two very well defined parties existed,—one advocating the arranged succession of Ibrahim Pasha, the other predicting, and consequently desiring, that Abbas Pasha, upon the death of his grandfather, would make a bold stroke for the vicereignty. Ibrahim, the seraskier, or generalissimo, as is well known, was supposed to stand in the same relation to Mohammed Ali that Eugène Beauharnais did to Napoleon. The genuine descendant, therefore, was persuaded that he had a better right. The claims of both were equivocal, so far as the interest of the country was concerned. Ibrahim, who had public opinion in Europe in his favour, had little else to recommend him. His qualities as a general, by no means of the first order, were not likely to stand him in much stead in the government of a country. On the contrary, his ambition was all military, and he showed a marked propensity to play at soldiers. It was true, he had exhibited some taste for agriculture, and possessed magnificent gardens and rich farms; but he could not be said to encourage industry of any kind. His character even exhibited itself in a worse light from

this point of view than from any other. His lands, flourishing and verdant as they were, were always abodes of the profoundest misery. This arose partly from his having been also a manufacturer, paying his agricultural labourers in sugar and tarbooshes at an arbitrary value! He ruined a whole town by seizing on the inhabitants, and compelling them to enter his works. He was a hard master, and punished the slightest offences most unmercifully. Many respectable Turks might be seen at his palace at Koobbeh, near Cairo, working in chains. This private jurisdiction of the great people of Egypt reminds one of the middle ages. Ibrahim and other folks high in rank had prisons of their own in Alexandria and Cairo; and hopeless, indeed, was the lot of whoever was thrust into them. To proceed—the seraskier was universally acknowledged to be sanguinary. We do not give examples, because the most characteristic are unrepeatable. It will be sufficient to say, that the women pronounced his name with a shudder, and invariably added the epithet, *Zalem*, "tyrant." This was a dreadful judgment in a country where Mohammed Ali was described by the people as, after all, "not a very bad man." Ibrahim affected European politeness, shaking hands, wearing tight breeches, and doing many things in a Frankish style, quite disgusting to the Moslems; but he was only a cruel and debauched Turk, a little Frenchified in externals.

Abbas Pasha "enjoyed" also a very bad character for debauchery, but, had he tried, could not have surpassed his uncle. He was said not to be cruel, and has since not given any proof that this good opinion was unfounded. He delighted chiefly in horses, and his challenge to the Jockey Club is well known. Ram-fighting, also, he considered a great amusement; and he would shake his enormous paunch and roar with pleasure at every exploit of the horned combatants. Some people, wiser than their neighbours, maintained that all this was deep policy, and that, whilst leading apparently a frivolous life, Abbas was organizing a deep conspiracy among the bigoted part of the Turks to oust Ibrahim in case of the viceroy's death. When we were in Cairo we heard much talk of these doings, and plausible enough were the reasons brought forward in favour of the project. In the first place, it was said with some truth, the celebrated arrangement concluded after the Syrian war, by which the succession was to pass down through Ibrahim, had not in reality been guaranteed by England. All depended on the mere promise of the sultan; and this promise might be set aside for political reasons. The seraskier was known to be profoundly hated by the people, and was suspected, moreover, of wishing to make some arrangement with the French (perhaps the cession of Alexandria or some fort commanding it), in order to procure the recognition of his independence. On these and other grounds it was thought probable that if the sultan refused the investiture to the supposed son of Mohammed Ali, and bestowed it upon his real grandson, there would be but a nominal violation of faith.

For our part, although we preferred a government on pure Turkish principles, such as was expected from Abbas Pasha, to a bad imitation of French centralization, we looked with indifference upon all those intrigues, being perfectly convinced that ever since the word *amelioration* was first sounded in Egypt, the cart had been systematically put before the horse, and that all the schemes of improvement that had been constructed, owed their origin to speculators who did not know or did not care where the shoe pinched. Every man believed that there was nothing like leather. The engineer proposed the introduction of machinery and the construction of such works as the Barrage; the soldier recommended a regular army; some insisted on the utility of manufactures, others on the introduction of cotton; canals were the great panacea of one man, railroads of another. All these things were very good—most excellent in a special point of view, except the military establishment. The great mistake was, that they could not be introduced under the barbarous auspices of Mohammed Ali, without absolutely crushing the staple industry of the country—agriculture. Every innovation threw whole districts out of cultivation, and whilst public works multiplied on all sides, the population visibly diminished. Had any solid results been obtained, we might perhaps have justified in some respects all these fine doings. But the machinery when once imported is generally allowed to rust and go to pieces; the army is transformed into a huge gang of half-paid forced labourers; the Barrage, three times commenced, is abandoned; and so on. The country is covered with fields that ask for labourers, and are gradually disappearing under the encroaching desert. The diminished population cannot even now glean a sufficient subsistence from the fertile plains that remain, but wander, like Australian savages, amidst the richest crops in the world.

The remedy for all this misery is easy enough, but no reasonable plans are attended to in Egypt. Perhaps this is why they are so rarely made. Mohammed Ali listened only to the anachronisms which filled the conversation of his French friends. They proposed to destroy the cataracts in order to facilitate the navigation of the Nile, to deepen the bed of the river, (which shifts every year,) to enlarge the ports and harbours, and to introduce a vast system of canalization, to establish model farms, schools of design, colleges, universities, and what not. All these grand projects were to be carried out by means of additional taxation. Nobody ever condescended to reflect whether the country could bear the slightest increase of its burdens without absolutely perishing; much less did it occur to any one that all these improvements should begin with the fellahs themselves. They should be not forced, but encouraged to develop the resources of the land. Instead of being weighed down by taxes, they should be assisted in a manner proportioned to their knowledge and their intellects. Instead of being oppressed and dazzled by the prodigious superiority of Europeans, they should be incited to trust

in themselves, to improve by slow degrees, to perfect gradually their own agricultural implements and modes of cultivation. A vast amount of labour is thrown away in Egypt by the miserable means employed to raise water: a few steam-engines here and there would have done incalculable service, as would indeed an improved water-wheel, the present one wasting at least one-third of the quantity raised each turn. All attempts to graft European civilization on Egypt have hitherto failed. Could not an Egyptian civilization be developed? "Reduced taxation" would be our great panacea; spend less in costly importations of carriages, jewels, and machinery doomed to rust; burn the fleet, dismiss the army, entice new settlers instead of driving away the old; abolish especially the capitation tax. Above all, let no magistrate or governor have anything to do with levying money; establish a revenue department, send all the Copts to the plough, and if you employ Europeans on anything, employ them in this branch. Have English collectors, with Arabs under them, if you raise direct taxes at all—if the revenues of the port of Alexandria do not suffice to defray all legitimate expenses. An honest governor, with a firm character, acting on these principles, would soon raise Egypt to a state of unexampled prosperity, a state on which she would not look back with regret to the most brilliant period of the Pharaohs.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XLIII.

ANNIE GRANT TAKES TO STUDYING GERMAN, AND MEETS WITH AN ALARMING ADVENTURE.

WHETHER the sight of Annie's tears would have produced any change in Lewis's determination, had their *tête-à-tête* continued uninterrupted, is a question in regard to which psychologists may arrive at any conclusion which pleases them—for Walter having literally, or figuratively, caught his butterfly, rejoined his companions almost immediately, and under cover of his puerile volubility Annie contrived to dry her eyes, and outwardly regain her composure.

In the course of the following morning, Lewis found an opportunity of making the important communication. General Grant heard him with grave attention, and when he had concluded, observed,—

"This alters the whole aspect of the affair. Any man may commit a fault, but if he sees his error and is willing by every means at his command to atone for it, it behoves all generous-minded persons to forgive him. I perceive that I have, in this instance, acted hastily, and owe Lord Bellefield reparation. I shall write to him immediately, and have to thank you, Mr. Arundel, for affording me this information, which may give me an opportunity of effecting a reconcilia-

tion with one, on whom I had long since decided to bestow my daughter's hand. Your disinterested, I may say magnanimous conduct in this matter, entitles you to my fullest confidence. I shall make it an express stipulation that Lord Bellefield convices for the future all due consideration towards you."

And this speech, and the haunting memory of Annie's tears, were Lewis's reward for doing his duty.

The result of this communication was, that the General wrote a long letter to Lord Bellefield, using many words to express his meaning, which might have been advantageously compressed into half the number; however, it satisfied its composer, who considered it a miracle of diplomacy, and a model of style. Lord Bellefield's answer was cold and haughty; his pride had been wounded, and his was not a mind frankly to forgive an injury of that nature; still he did not reject the General's overtures. He was going to travel in Greece, (he wrote,) but on his return to England, he would see General Grant, and refute the calumnies which had been spread to his disadvantage; he was aware that he had enemies who might be glad to avail themselves of any opportunity to vilify his character, but he trusted to the General's sense of justice, to discourage such attempts. And the contents of this letter were communicated to Annie by her father, together with a rebuke for having so easily believed reports to her cousin's disadvantage, which lecture somewhat failed in its effect from the unlucky fact, that, in this particular instance, the lecturer's practice happened to have been diametrically opposed to his preaching; but the rebuke led to one evil result, viz. it crushed in the bud a half-formed project which Annie had conceived, of acquainting her father with her growing disinclination to a union with her cousin, and of imploring him to take no step towards a renewal of the engagement. Moral courage (save when her feelings were very strongly excited) was not one of Annie's attributes, and as the evil she feared was not a proximate one, she trusted to chance to postpone it still further, if not to avert it altogether. Thus, being naturally of a light-hearted joyous temperament, she ere long recovered her usual gaiety, and an occasional sigh, or a quarter of an hour's unwonted abstraction, alone attested her recollection of this dark speck on the horizon of her future life.

The return to Broadhurst appeared to produce a soothing effect upon Lewis also—it gave him an opportunity calmly to review his position; and a new idea struck him, generalizing from which, he sketched out a system different from that which he had hitherto pursued in regard to Annie Grant. True, he could never hope to call her his—love was forbidden him—but friendship, warm, ardent friendship,—love elevated, spiritualized, purified from the slightest admixture of passion,—this he might enjoy safely; it only required a strong effort of will, a determined uniform exercise of self-control. To be enslaved by hopeless love was mere weakness; to crush the sentiment entirely was

Quixotic, and uncalled for; but to control and regulate it,—to fix limits which it should not exceed, and thus to convert a curse into a blessing, this was an effort worthy of a reasonable being, and this he would accomplish. In order to carry out this design, he determined no longer to avoid Annie as he had done; it was cowardly to fly thus from temptation; besides, it was evidently useless to do so; imagination supplied the deficiency, and the evil was but increased. No, he would face the danger and subdue it. Thus, too, he might be of use to her, for with all his admiration of her character, he read it aright, and saw that there were weak points which required the aid of principle to strengthen them; that her pursuits were frivolous, her mind uncultivated, and her existence practically aimless, because her views of life were confused and indistinct, and her standard of excellence a visionary one. All this he saw, and seeing, felt that he could remedy; and while he pondered on these things, Annie recalled an old wish to study German, and asked her father's permission to be allowed to do so, if Mr. Arundel could find time to give her lessons; whereupon the General, having a great respect for any language of which he was personally ignorant, preferred her request to Lewis, and that young gentleman was graciously pleased to accede thereunto. Miss Livingstone of course played duenna, and but for one circumstance, would have performed her character with a degree of cold-blooded virulence worthy of the most fractious tigress that ever mangled "lovers tender and true." This fortunate circumstance was, that the lessons, being usually taken by way of dessert after an early dinner, invariably sent Minerva to sleep. In vain did she bring out her "poor basket," in which receptacle lay hid certain harsh under clothing for infant paupers; in vain did she attempt sewing the seams of Procrustes-like pinafores, which, solving the problem of the minimum of brown holland capable of containing a living child, were destined to compress the sturdy bodies of village urchins; the "*calathivæ Minervæ*" were unable to resist the attacks of the god Somnus, and ere Annie had stretched her pretty little mouth by the utterance of a dozen double bodied substantives, the lynx-eyes were closed in sleep, and for all practical purposes Miss Livingstone forfeited every right to the first half of her patronymic.

Reader, if you are of the gender which uncourteous grammarians are pleased to designate the worthier, tell me,—in strict confidence, of course,—did you ever read German with a pair of bright eyes turning from the crabbed Teutonic characters to look appealingly into your own optics, while two coral lips, formed for pleasanter purposes than growling German gutturals, complain of some enigmatical sentence, which has not got a right meaning to it, the said eyes and lips being the outward symbols of a warm heart and quick intelligence, ready to discern and feel the grandeur of Schiller, the Shakespeare of the Fatherland, or thrill to the trumpet blasts of young Körner's warrior spirit, or trace the more subtle thinkings of Goethe, that anatomist of the soul of man? Tell me, did you ever

read with so desirable a fellow-student? If you have done so, and can honestly say you did not think such schooling delightful, the sooner you close this book the better, for depend upon it there is little sympathy between us. Lewis at all events had no cause to be dissatisfied with his pupil, who was equally docile and intelligent, and in a marvellously short space of time was able to read and translate with tolerable fluency; while the few German sentences in which her instructor from time to time saw fit to address her, appeared less like heathen Greek to her at each repetition. As soon as she had sufficiently mastered the difficulties of those aggravating parts of speech, the compound separable verbs, and acquired moderate control over other equally necessary and vicious parts of the grammar, they commenced translating that most poetical of allegories, La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*; and Annie as they read, took it all at first *au pied de la lettre*, and imagined, with a degree of shuddering horror, which, as it was *only* a tale, was rather pleasant than otherwise, all the supernatural uncomplaisances Huldbrand underwent in the Enchanted Forest, and admired all the generous impulses of the heroine's singular uncle-and-water, Kühleborn, whom however she considered would have been better adapted for family purposes, if he had been rather more of a man and less of a cataract. Then *Undine* herself, the capricious, fascinating, tricky spright—the thoughtful, loving, feeling woman—how Annie sympathised with, and adored her! For Huldbrand she felt a species of contemptuous pity, but Bertalda, oh! she was sure no woman was ever so heartless, so utterly and wickedly selfish. And then, when Lewis unfolded to her his view of the Allegory, (every one is sure to form a particular theory of his own, as to the meaning of *Undine*, and to think he only has discovered the author's intention,) and Annie learned, that the tale shadowed forth the mighty truths which through the passage to eternity, and, symbolizing the struggle between good and evil, showed how Principalities and Powers wage throughout all time an undying warfare—the breast of man their battle-field—her pulses quickened and her cheek flushed; for she felt for the first time the solemn realities of existence, and saw dimly, how a single life might be a link between the Ages, and a portion, however insignificant, of the mighty whole. What wonder then, if part of the reverence, the awe, chastened by a deep solemn joy, with which she recognised the workings of Infinite power, and Infinite love, cast their spell around him who had first awakened these perceptions within her?—what wonder if unconsciously comparing him with those around her, she grew to believe him a being of another and a higher nature, and so to hang on his slightest word or look, to dread his frown, and deem his smile sufficient compensation for hours of unwonted study?

The German lessons seemed to agree particularly well with Lewis also; for his eye grew brighter and his step more free, the extreme paleness of his complexion changed to a manly brown, a slight tinge of colour imparted a look of health to his cheek, and—

unromantic as it may appear—his appetite increased alarmingly. Would the reader learn the secret of this improvement? It is soon told. Living in the present, blinding himself to the truth, he was happy! His system, he told himself, had succeeded,—his theory had been tested, and proved a true one,—resolution had conquered, and the insanity of love had cooled down to the reasonableness of a delightful friendship.

Lewis was excessively pleased with himself at this result. At length, then, he had attained that complete and perfect degree of self-control he had so long endeavoured to acquire; his feelings were reduced to a due submission to his will; and henceforward his happiness was in his own hands. And thus basking in this gleam of sunshine, he shut his eyes to all beyond, and dreamed that he possessed an elixir to dissipate every cloud, and that henceforward storms would disappear from the horizon of his destiny, and become mere myths, existing only in memory. And these were some of the earliest results of the German lessons.

About this time, a small but unpleasant adventure occurred to poor Annie, which occasioned her a severe fright, and rendered her nervous and uncomfortable for many days afterwards. She had been on an expedition to the cottage of a poor neighbour, who was suffering from illness; and as the sick woman lived beyond a walk, Annie had gone on horseback, attended by an old coachman, who had lived in the family many years. Having accomplished her mission, she had ridden about a quarter of a mile on her return, when she discovered that she had left her handkerchief behind; and, directing the servant to ride back and fetch it, she proceeded at a foot's pace in a homeward direction. The road she was following wound round the base of a hill, thickly covered with trees and underwood, the spreading branches of the oaks meeting across the lane, and making a species of twilight even at mid-day.

As Annie Grant was passing under one of the thickest of these trees, a tall gaunt figure sprang from behind its knotted trunk and seized the bridle of her pony. Gazing in alarm at her assailant, Annie perceived him to be a man of unusual stature, his features were pale and emaciated, and an unshorn grisly beard added to the ferocity of their expression; his clothes, which were torn and soiled, hung loosely about him, while the long bony fingers which clutched her bridle-rein, the sunken cheeks and hollow glaring eye-balls, gave evidence that his herculean proportions had been reduced almost to a skeleton leanness, by disease or want. Annie had, however, little time to make observations, for, accosting her with an oath, the ruffian demanded her purse. Drawing it forth, she held it to him with a trembling hand. He seized it eagerly and examined its contents, his eyes glittering as he observed the sparkle of gold. Hastily concealing it about his person, he next demanded her watch, which Annie, after a hopeless glance in the direction from which she expected the appearance of the

servant, also relinquished. Having secured his plunder, the fellow paused, apparently reflecting whether by detaining her longer he could gain any further advantage; as he did so, the sound of a horse rapidly advancing struck his ear, and immediately afterwards a turn in the road enabled him to perceive the figure of a servant on horse-back, the sunshine glancing from his bright livery buttons. The moment this object met his view, he started, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed fixedly at the approaching horseman. Having thus satisfied himself as to the man's identity, he exclaimed with an oath, "It is the old bloodhound's livery, and the girl must be his daughter. Oh, what a chance I have thrown away! Yes," he continued, turning fiercely upon poor Annie, and threatening her with his clenched fist, "if I had guessed you were the daughter of that — old Grant, you should not have got off so easy, I promise you." He paused, as a new idea struck him, and his face assumed an expression of diabolical revenge—placing his hand in his breast, he drew forth a pistol, cocked it, and muttering "There is time yet," levelled it at his trembling victim. With a faint scream, Annie dropped the reins, and clasping her hands in an agony of fear, murmured a petition for mercy. The ruffian stood for a moment irresolute, but, desperate as he was, some touch of humanity yet lingered in his breast, a softening recollection came across him, and muttering—"I can't do it, she looks like poor Jane," he uncocked and replaced the pistol.

At this moment the servant, having heard Annie's scream, came up at a gallop, and the robber, uttering a fearful imprecation, sprang back into the wood, and disappeared among the trees.

It was some minutes before Annie, who was on the verge of fainting, was able to give a coherent account of the adventure which had befallen her; as soon, however, as she had in some degree recovered from the effects of her terror, she desired the servant to ride close behind her, and, urging her pony into a rapid canter, made the best of her way home. Here she found matters in a state of unusual bustle and confusion; the General had received information that Hardy the poacher had broken out of H— gaol, effected his escape unperceived, and was supposed to be concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood of Broadhurst. Accordingly he was marshalling all the available males of his establishment, preparatory to setting out on an expedition to search for, and if possible to apprehend the escaped felon.

Great was his horror and indignation, when he learned the danger to which his daughter had been exposed, and ascertained from the description she gave of her assailant, that the man who had robbed her, and even threatened her life, was none other than the ruffian Hardy.

The preparations which he had already made, he now considered insufficient for ensuring the success of the expedition; he accordingly despatched a mounted groom to procure the assistance of a couple of policemen, and sending for Lewis, begged him to lead a

party to search the country in one direction, while he proceeded with a second division of the household forces in another. As the young tutor heard of the alarm to which Annie had been subjected, his cheeks flushed, and his compressed lips quivered; he said little, however, but returning to his room, placed a brace of small pistols in the breast of his coat, attached spurs to the heels of his boots, then mounting a horse which was in readiness for him, rode off. The tenants were roused, the game-keepers summoned, the policemen arrived—General Grant remained absent till nearly ten o'clock at night, and his daughter became alarmed to the last degree for his safety. At length he returned—their search had been unsuccessful; but Mr. Arundel and some of the men would remain on the watch all night, and he would himself resume the pursuit next morning.

For three days and nights Lewis never entered a house, and was scarcely out of the saddle; the fourth day the police received a report from the authorities at Liverpool, stating, that an individual in some degree corresponding to the description of Hardy, had taken his passage in a vessel bound for the United States, and that the wind being favourable, the ship had sailed before they had been able to search her; and with this unsatisfactory report, the family at Broadhurst were forced to content themselves.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IS CALCULATED TO "MURDER SLEEP" FOR ALL
NERVOUS YOUNG LADIES WHO READ IT.

THE incident related in the last chapter produced a strange and alarming effect upon Miss Livingstone; in fact, it may be said to have laid the foundation of a species of monomania, which haunted her to the day of her death. From this time forth, she laboured under the delusion that a man trained from his youth up to rob and murder his sleeping fellow-creatures, was secreted at one and the same moment under every bed and behind all the window curtains in the house. A singular and alarming property belonging to this ambushed ruffian, was the extraordinary shadow cast by his legs and feet. Miss Livingstone was perpetually scared by discovering it in the most unlikely places and positions; indeed the statistics of these shadowy phenomena tended to show that it was this villain's ordinary custom to stand upon his wicked head. Then the noises he made were most strange and unearthly, and a habit he possessed of moaning whenever the wind was high, really exceeded anything human nature could be expected to put up with. The trouble he occasioned everybody was inconceivable; for at least a month after Anna's adventure, the butler almost lived in Minerva's bed-room, so constantly was he summoned to unearth this lurking traitor; and yet, although Miss Livingstone was quite certain the monster was there, for she had seen the shadow of his boots with the soles upwards, upon the tester of the bed, by some dreadful fatality, he always contrived to evade the strictest search. Once Miss Livingstone thought she *had* got him, for, having

summoned assistance on the strength of hearing him snore, she actually enjoyed the satisfaction of being sworn at by him, when she looked under the bed and poked for him with a large umbrella; but this time he turned out to be the cat. The servants became so harassed by these repeated alarms, that at length the butler gave *bond fide* warning, while the footmen, when there was nobody to hear them, vehemently protested they were not hired as thief-catchers, and that Miss Livingstone had better set up a private policeman of her own, if she chose to be so subject to house-breakers. Lewis was not at all pleased with this adventure; in the first place it interrupted the German lessons, for poor Annie had been so seriously frightened—not without cause—that it made her really ill, and for some days she remained on a sofa in her own room. In the second place, Lewis had been so deeply affected when he first heard of the danger to which she had been exposed, that for a moment a doubt crossed his mind whether such a degree of sentiment was exactly consistent with that mild imposition yecept platonic friendship. In the third place, he had used his best endeavours to catch Hardy once again, and had been thoroughly and completely baffled. Time, however, that wonder-working individual, passed on, and by his assistance Annie's nerves recovered their tone, and the German lessons were recommenced, Miss Livingstone saw fewer visions of reversed legs, and confined her researches after the concealed one to a good peep under the bed night and morning. The General made a great fuss about the whole affair, and severely reprimanded several individuals for permitting Hardy to escape, who never had it in their power to prevent his doing so. Having relieved his mind by this judicious exercise of authority, he applied himself to other pursuits, and speedily forgot the whole transaction.

About two months after the occurrence of the robbery, Lord Bellefield wrote to announce his return, and General Grant went to London alone in order to meet him. Before his departure, Annie, whose dislike to the interrupted engagement appeared to increase rather than to diminish, determined to make a great effort, and to acquaint her father with her disinclination to the proposed alliance; and to entreat him to take no steps which might lead to a renewal of the matrimonial project. The General heard her attentively, and then observed,—

"I perfectly understand and appreciate your feelings, my dear Annie; they are such as, under the peculiar circumstances, become *my* daughter. Remember, my dear, that the matter is in wiser and more experienced hands than yours; and rest assured that nothing shall be done of which even your punctilious delicacy and true sense of honour can disapprove." Then, seeing Annie was about to speak, he continued, "Any further discussion is not only unnecessary, but, as the matter now stands, would appear to imply a doubt of my capability of acting for you; which I should consider, to say the least, disrespectful. You will oblige me by withdrawing, my

dear Annie." Thus saying, he rose; and opening the door with all the frigid courtesy of the Grandisonian school, ushered her out. And so poor Annie's attempt proved a signal failure.

On the following morning the General left Broadhurst, having given Annie a very unnecessary caution against riding out with merely a servant, and made it his especial request that Lewis and Walter should accompany her, by way of escort; a proceeding of which neither tutor nor pupil appeared to disapprove.

General Grant was absent for more than a fortnight; and as the weather was unusually fine during the whole of the time, Annie and her attendants rode out every day. Oh, those rides! what delightful expeditions were they. By a tacit consent between Lewis and Annie, all allusion to the future was avoided, in word or thought; they lived in the present, those loving hearts; they were happy, and that sufficed them; and the trees appeared greener, and the flowers more brilliant, and the sunshine brighter, than they had ever seemed before; all was like a fairy dream, and dream-like did it pass away.

A letter from the General, announcing his intended return, was in Annie's hand, as, bending over a ponderous volume of crabbed characters, she awaited her German lesson. The windows of the breakfast-room in which she was seated opened on to an ample lawn, interspersed with groups of shrubs and gay flower-beds. In crossing this lawn, Walter had contrived to intercept Lewis, and inveigle him into a game at ball.

Flushed by the exercise, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his dark curls hanging in wild disorder about his brow, the young tutor approached the window at which Annie was seated. Concealed by the heavy folds of the window curtain, the girl watched him unperceived: involuntarily she contrasted his frank and easy bearing, his free and elastic step, and the smile half proud, half playful, which parted his curved lips and sparkled in his flashing eyes, with the cold reserve which usually characterised his demeanour, and for the first time she became aware what a bright and noble nature had been obscured and warped by the false position into which circumstances had combined to force him. Who could blame her, who rather would not love her the better, and thank God that He has implanted such beautiful instincts in every true woman's heart, if she felt that she should wish no fairer destiny than to devote her life to bring back the sunshine of his, and by her affection restore the youth of soul which misfortune had wrested from him!

Little guessing the thoughts that were passing through her mind, Lewis advanced towards the window, exclaiming: "Miss Grant, I have a petition to urge—the day is so lovely it is quite wicked to remain in-doors; can I persuade you to use your influence with Miss Livingstone, to allow us to transfer the site of our German lesson to the bench under the lime-tree? I will promise to arrange a most seductive seat for her in the very shaded corner."

"My aunt has departed on a charitable mission," was the reply; "she received a message to say that an unfortunate child whom she has been doctoring out of that dreadful medicine chest of hers, is much worse, and she has rushed off armed with pills and powders."

"To give it the *coup de grace*, I suppose," interrupted Lewis.

Annie shook her head reprovingly, and continued—"In the excitement of the occasion, she appears to have entirely forgotten our poor German lesson."

"In which case the decision as to place rests with you!" resumed Lewis eagerly, "the matter is therefore settled,—you *will* come." The accent upon the "*will*" was intended to be one of entreaty, but somehow the tone in which it was uttered, partook largely of command, and Annie, as she obeyed, said with a smile,—

"I *must* come,—that is clearly your meaning, Mr. Arundel; however, I see Walter and Faust are already *en position*, and I must not set them an example of disobedience, so if you will find the books, I will join you immediately."

It was, as Lewis had declared, a lovely evening; the sky was of that deep clear blue which indicates a continuance of fine weather, a soft breeze sighed through the blossoms of the lime-tree beneath which they sat. Faust lay at Annie's feet, gazing up into her face, as though he loved to look upon her beauty, which perhaps he did, for Faust was a dog of taste, and particular in the selection of his favourites. Walter, stretched at his length upon the turf, was idly turning over the pages of a volume of coloured prints. Lewis opened the work they were translating; it was that loveliest of historical tragedies, Schiller's Piccolomini, and Annie read of Max the true, the noble-hearted, and thought that the world contained but one parallel character, and that he was beside her. They read on beneath the summer sky, and tracing the workings of Schiller's master mind, forgot all sublunary things in the absorbing interest of the story. The scene they were perusing was that in which Max Piccolomini describes the chilling effect produced upon him, when he for the first time beholds Thekla surrounded by the splendours of her father's court, and says—(I quote Coleridge's beautiful translation for the benefit of my *un-German* readers, and in consideration of the shallowness of my own acquaintance with the language of the Fatherland.

"Now, once again, I have courage to look on you,
To-day at noon I could not;
The dazzle of the jewels that play'd round you
Hid the beloved from me.

* * * * *

This morning when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,
Oh! what an impulse felt I in that moment
To fall upon his neck and call him father;
But his stern eye o'erpower'd the swelling passion,
I dared not but be silent—and those brilliant
That like a crown of stars enwreath'd your brows,

They scared me too—Oh! wherefore, wherefore should
he
At the first meeting spread, as 'twere, the ban
Of excommunication round you?—wherefore
Dress up the angel for the sacrifice,
And cast upon the light and joyous heart
The mournful burthen of his station? Fitly
May love woo love, but such a splendour
Might none but monarchs venture to approach."

As Lewis read this speech, the bright happy look faded from his face, and his voice grew deep and stern; there was in the whole scene a strange likeness to his own position, which pained him in the extreme, and brought back all his most bitter feelings. Engrossing as was this idea when once aroused, he could not but observe the unusual degree of taste and energy which Annie, who appeared carried away by the interest of the drama, infused into her reading, and the tones of her sweet voice did ample justice to the friendly, confiding tenderness with which Thekla endeavours to console her lover. After her appeal to the Countess Tertsky,—

"He's not in spirits, wherefore is he not?
He had quite another nature on the journey,
So calm, so bright, so joyous eloquent;"

she turns to Max, saying—

"It was my wish to see you always so,
And never otherwise."

Annie spoke the last words so earnestly that Lewis involuntarily glanced at her, and their eyes met. It was one of those moments which occur twice or thrice in a life-time, when heart reads heart, as an open book, and sympathetic thought reveals itself unaided by that babbling interpreter the tongue. Through weary years of sorrow and separation that look was unforgotten by either of them; and when Annie bent her eyes on the ground with a slight blush, which told that the large amount of womanly tenderness that she fain would show, was not unmingled with a portion of womanly love which she would as fain conceal, and Lewis dared not trust himself to speak lest the burning thoughts which crowded on his brain should force themselves an utterance, neither of them was sorry to perceive the figure of Aunt Martha, rustling crisply through the stillness, as, burthened with boluses, Minerva appeared before them, to give a triumphant account of her victory over Tommy Cradle's catarrhal affection, of which ailment she promised Annie a reversion for her imprudence in sitting out of doors without a bonnet.

When Lewis retired to his room that night, he sat down to think over in solitude the occurrences of the day. Had he been deceiving himself, then? was his unhappy attachment still unsubdued; nay, had it not strengthened, under the delusive garb of friendship? had not Annie's society become necessary to his happiness? Again—and as this idea for the first time occurred to him, the strong man trembled like a child from the violence of his emotion—had he not more than this to answer for? Selfishly engrossed by his own feelings, madly relying on his own strength

of will, which he now perceived he had but too good reason to mistrust, he had never contemplated the effect his behaviour might produce upon a warm-hearted and imaginative girl. Lewis was no coxcomb, but he had read that in Annie's manner which convinced him that she was by no means indifferent to him. True, it might be only friendship on her part—the natural impulse of a woman's heart to pity and console one who she perceived to need such loving-kindness—and with this forlorn hope Lewis was fain to content himself. Then he began to form wise resolutions for the future: he would avoid her society—the German lessons should be strictly confined to business, and gradually discontinued; and even a vague notion dimly presented itself of a time—say a year thence—when Walter might be entrusted to other hands, and he should be able to extricate himself from a situation so fraught with danger. And having thus regarded the matter by the light of principle and duty, feeling began to assert its claims, and he cursed his bitter fortune which forced him to avoid one whom he would have braved death itself to win. He sat pondering these things deep into the night; the sound of the clock over the stables striking two at length aroused him from his reverie, and he was about to undress, when a slight growl from Faust, who always slept on a mat in Lewis's dressing-room, attracted his attention, and as he paused to listen, a low whistle, which seemed to proceed from the shrubs under his window, caught his ear. Closing the door of the dressing-room, to prevent Faust from giving any alarm, he walked lightly to the window, which, according to his usual custom, he left open all night, and silently withdrawing the curtain, looked out. As he did so, a window on the ground-floor was cautiously opened, and the whistle repeated. After a moment's reflection, he became convinced that the room from which the signal whistle had been replied to was occupied by the new butler, who had replaced the individual harassed into the desperate step of resigning by Minerva's incessant crusades against the Under-the-bed One. At the sound of the signal whistle, the figures of four men appeared from the shrubs, amongst which they had been hidden, and noiselessly approached the window. The candle which Lewis had brought up stairs with him had burned out; and although his window was open, the curtains were drawn across it; he was therefore able, himself unperceived, to see and hear all that was going on. As the burglars, for such he did not doubt they were, drew near, the following conversation was carried on in a low whisper between their leader, a man of unusual stature, and Simmonds the butler.

"You are late; the plate has been packed and ready for the last two hours."

"There was a light in the ——d tutor's room till half-an-hour ago," was the reply; "and we thought he might hear us, and give the alarm, if we did not wait till he was in bed."

"It would not have much signified if he had, when you were once in," returned Simmonds: "the grooms

don't sleep in the house; the valet is in London; so there's only the tutor, the footman, and the idiot boy, besides women."

"Where is the old man?" inquired the other.

"Not returned," was the answer.

A brutal curse was the rejoinder, and the robber continued,—"The girl is safe?"

"Yes."

"And the tutor?"

"Yes. What do you want with them?"

"To knock out his ——d brains, and take her with us," was the alarming reply. Simmonds appeared to remonstrate, for the robber replied, in a louder tone than he had yet used,—

"I tell you, *yes*! Old Grant shall know what it is to lose a daughter, as well as other people."

Afraid lest the loudness of his voice should give the alarm, the other exclaimed, in an anxious whisper, "Hush! come in;" and, one after the other, the four men entered by the opened window.]

(To be continued.)

VENICE, AND GENERAL PÉPÉ.

THOUGH we have accused our countrymen, in some of our preceding pages, of a general indifference to the Italian struggles for that freedom which is our own most just and proudest boast, we yet are willing to acknowledge that they have expressed towards Venice somewhat more of that sympathy that one generous people ought to show towards another, engaged in a cause which they themselves would be the first to embrace, under similar circumstances.

For this manifestation of a feeling which we should have been glad to have seen displayed upon a more extended basis, many reasons might be brought forward, which did not apply to other parts of the oppressed and misunderstood land whose cause we advocate, simply because it is oppressed and misunderstood.

In the first place, Venice is a maritime country, and as such is brought into nearer commercial acquaintance and interest with our own. True, she has for centuries styled herself the Queen of the Ocean; but that is a title never to be conceded by us, whilst the flag of our own Queen flies triumphant over every ocean, to our colonies and settlements in every part of the habitable globe. Yet Venice looks so beautiful, as she surveys herself in the bright mirror of her beloved Adriatic, all her marble palaces reflected in its bosom, along with the blue sky which canopies them, that it would be impossible to dispute with her the more poetic title of Goddess of the Waves; to which she has as much right, from her origin and her charms, as had her prototype, the Cytherean Venus, when rising from the silvery foam of the Archipelago. Yes, no doubt the impression of her beauty, transmitted in song, and stamped indelibly upon the memory of the traveller, the poet, and the painter, has had its share in the compassion which the fall of *Venezia la ricca*

has awakened, even in hearts "unused to the melting mood!" but there are likewise graver remembrances of her fourteen centuries of gradually increasing power—her infant struggles with the Franks and Huns, at the very entrance of her canals; her maturer combats with the people of Dalmatia and Istria, of Ancona and other maritime cities, by the conquest of which she acquired the domination of the Adriatic, at the expense of the blood of her bravest sons, with which its waters were dyed; her subsequent victories over the Hungarians, the Saracens, the Greeks, the Pisans and the Genoese; her gradual acquisition of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and other Italian states; her valorous expeditions into the Holy Land, and her successful wars against the Turks; her long intervals of prosperous peace and wise neutralities; during which she amassed her vast stores of wealth at home, and increased her power and her influence abroad. Then rises before us the dignity of her Doges, the imposing solemnities of her government, the wide extension of her commerce, her proud republican independence, her fierce struggles to maintain that independence in all its vigour, and even the insufficiency of her utmost efforts to preserve it; all subjects of interest to every reflective mind.

It is not, however, upon the remote past of Venice that we wish to dwell; it is solely upon her recent struggles, the wrongs under which she has laboured ever since she was first subjected to the yoke of Austria, and the respect to which she is entitled from the noble exertions she has made to cast that yoke aside.

It is difficult for the generality of persons to fully comprehend and feel for any particular class of misfortune or hardship, with which they themselves have never been tried. In our own country we have many things to complain of; many that would admit of improvement or correction; many that loudly call for it; for where can be pointed out the human code of government, which is perfect alike in its theory and administration?—but we have far more, yea a hundredfold more, to be grateful for, than to complain of; and one of our chief causes of thankfulness ought to be that we have no *foreign intervention*, no insolent dictation of strangers over us, in public matters, or intrusion of spies and secret informers, in the privacy of our own firesides. Indeed we know of no grievance to which Englishmen would less patiently submit. Witness the jealousy with which the admittance of German troops, or German officials, in any way, has been watched, and guarded against by us, ever since the accession of the House of Hanover. What should we say if we saw every public office filled with salaried Germans, and every regulation submitted to German laws, and German administration of them? Yet this was the treatment to which the Venetians were subjected by the Austrians, and will be again, and with increased severity.

Under the Austrian rule in Venice all criminal processes were carried on in writing; and a citizen might be accused, arrested, imprisoned, tried, condemned, sentenced, and executed, without ever seeing the face

of his judge, or being confronted with his accusers. The taxes and imposts were enormous, and the method of gathering them most unjust; if a tax-gatherer ran away with the sums he had collected, the parties thus robbed were compelled to pay the amount a second time. The Austrians paid all their *employés*, both civil and military, in base coin, of which they would only receive one third back again in taxes, requiring the rest in gold. No Venetian was allowed to serve in the Austrian army, but as a volunteer; and that without pay: whilst, on the other hand, all the most responsible public offices were filled by Austrians, often ignorant of the Italian language, at disproportionate salaries. No newspaper was allowed to be published in Venice, or to be translated from other countries, till examined and permitted by the police. No Venetian could leave Venice without personally applying for a passport, some days beforehand; and stating every particular of his residence, the condition and number of his family, his own occupation, the business on which he was going, and the distance; when, in case of his account of himself satisfying his interrogators, he was allowed to depart, upon payment for his passport, and the security of two substantial housekeepers for his return. If, however, he happened to be a person of rank, he did not get off so easily: in that case he had to apply direct to the Secretary of State, at Vienna, for leave of absence; and often he had to wait for months, before he obtained it; and not seldom was it finally refused—nor was it ever granted without the deposit, in addition to the payment for the passport, of a zecchino per month, for the amount of time specified as wished for. To Vienna itself, however, the local governors had orders to deny all passports whatsoever: do our readers desire to know why? we can inform them; it was to prevent, by any chance, the complaint of the hardships under which the Venetians laboured, from reaching the Imperial ear; for, ignorant and despotic as the Emperor was known to be, it was yet believed that he was not aware of the extent to which his authority was abused. Imagine such a system of things among our merchants or nobility! But it would be endless to enumerate the grievances of the Venetians—the frequent confiscation of their palaces; sold in many instances to the Jews, for the bare value of their building materials; the vexatious delays in their shipping interests; which often, by frivolous regulations, caused a vessel to be detained as many days as she had been hours in making her voyage from Trieste or other ports, before she could discharge her cargo. Let us leave all those separate tyrannies, both petty and great; each of which ought to be enough to excite the honest indignation and generous sympathy of every Englishman—let us enter at once into the last and most heroic stand of the Venetians, in the endeavour to regain their ancient liberties and national rights, as it is depicted in the manly and truthful, and we may add, as far as concerns himself, most modest and unobtrusive narrative of the brave and honourable General P  pe.

The romantic and chivalrous early life of this veteran

warrior, an exile in the cause of liberty at the age of seventeen, passing the next twenty years alternately in chains or in camps, and a victorious liberator of his country at the head of fifty thousand men before he had attained the age of thirty-eight, might well detain us at our outset, did not our limits confine us to the latest transactions of his eventful career, as connected with the defence and fall of Venice.

After an animated picture of the politics and position of Ferdinand II. at Naples in 1848, the general proceeds to make us acquainted with the situation of the Lombard-Venetian provinces under the Austrian rule, at the same period; and his remarks will fully bear us out in those which we have already made on this subject.

"In the space of a few years, two thousand millions [of *lire*,] (a fabulous sum, when the size of our territory, not more than an eighth of the monarchy, is considered)—two thousand millions had been buried in the imperial treasury; to our great misfortune, and without real advantage for the finances of the empire: such is the ignorance and corruption which in Austria rule public affairs! Everywhere commerce languished, hampered as it was by the fetters of prohibitive laws, and enormous taxes; while, on the other hand, smuggling increased excessively, and was one, though not the only cause, of the universal immorality. There were no longer any cannon foundries, nor manufactories of arms, or of linen cloth. Native industry was ever sacrificed to that of its rivals, Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia. No encouragement was given to agriculture, the principal source of municipal wealth. The delays of the administration were incredible, and law-suits eternal. The conscription was intolerable; every year the flower of our youths were transported into Hungary, Moravia, Bohemia, and latterly into Galicia. Talent was either bought by the police, shackled by the censorship laws, or left to die in chains. Information, that social di grace, owed its growth to Austria; and this horrid pest had penetrated the very heart, and corrupted the very marrow of society. There were spies in the piazzas, spies in the cafés, in the theatre, in the churches, in the most intimate family privacy. Many honoured citizens, because they were suspected by the government, without any other reason, were imprisoned; many were, from the same cause, torn from the sanctuary of their own homes, and sent as exiles into a foreign land."—*Narrative of Events in Italy, by General Pèpe*, vol. i. p. 45.

And this is the state of things under which some Englishmen have pronounced the Lombards happy and contented; or, at any rate, that they ought to have been so! Many are the interesting instances that the General gives us of the magnanimity, the devotedness of the Milanese in defence of their social rights and their native walls.

"Delicate women and tender children were seen tearing up the stones in the roads, and carrying them into their houses, to throw on the heads of their assailants. Some prepared oil, some boiling water; some sharpened their knives, or got ready their fowling-pieces; some a simple stick with an iron point. Hundreds of barricades arose in the city, while at the windows of the citizens waved, as on a day of rejoicing, the tri-coloured banner. . . . While a brave people were thus fighting for their franchises and their independence, the more intelligent part were labouring to find means to finish the unequal conflict happily. The astronomers made observations on the steeple tops, and with their telescopes spied the movements of the enemy, and every hour

rendered an account of them to the war committee. Ingenious artifices were used to make cannons of wood, strengthened with hoops of iron, and capable of withstanding a certain number of discharges. The chemists prepared gunpowder and gun-cotton. Others melted lead for balls, and others were employed in preparing cartridges. . . . A citizen, who had lost his right hand in the combat, was seen to discharge his gun with the left hand: one of his companions having charged it for him, and he fired it repeatedly thus with wonderful perseverance. A young man who was the first to enter the viceroyal palace, shouting '*Viva l'Italia!*' was struck by fifteen balls: when almost cold, this heroic youth still murmured '*Viva l'Italia!*' A dying man wrote on the walls with his own blood, '*Courage, brothers!*'—and expired.

"But ability and valour were not the only ornaments of our people. The charity shown in Milan during these days was universal. In many houses the wounded were collected, and expert doctors and surgeons gave them every sort of succour and assistance. Ladies of all ages prepared lint and bandages. The rich distributed bread and wine gratuitously to the poor. The denunciations of patricians and people, so senseless in modern times, disappeared, and with them the pride of the one and the envy of the other. During five days Milan presented a spectacle which was worthy of the angels, and too beautiful for men! It was truly a city of friends and brothers! And the good Milanese, after beating the Austrians and the Croats, saluted them, too, with the appellation of brothers: if naked, they clothed them, if hungry, they fed them, if wounded, they were placed under the loving care of the sublime city. Their hostages were guests. Among the numerous examples of humanity and moderation which we might cite, we will limit ourselves to two. The family of Baron Torresani Lanzanfeld, head of the police, remained in our power: this family was treated with the most delicate consideration. Conte Bolza, a noted tool of the police, had not succeeded in escaping: he hid himself in a hay-loft, like a wolf pursued by hunters. He was dragged from thence by another of these bailiffs, who had discovered the place of his concealment. A brave-hearted man said to them,—"If, in these circumstances, you kill him, you will perform a just act; if you do not kill him, you will have performed a holy action;" and this magnanimous people touched not a hair of the head of this wretch, who deserved the severest treatment. It was an incontestable fact that our people were as generous as they were terrible in combat,—only too generous in victory!"—Vol. i. p. 69.

To this testimonial we can give our full credence, because we have ourselves witnessed the exhibition of the same valour, the same humanity, we might add courtesy, under similar circumstances in Rome. But we must not linger on our way; our present business is with Venice.

It was on the 9th of December, 1847, that Giovanni Battista Mazzari, a central deputy of Lombardy, issued his report, in which he incited the Central Congregation to nominate a commission from its body, for the purpose of inquiring into the means of establishing a good understanding between the government and the governed, in order to remove the danger of that fatal collision between them, which the daily increasing discontents of the people rendered but too probable. Encouraged by this example, the advocate Daniel Manin made a similar motion in the Central Congregation at Venice, on the 21st of the same month, specially demanding public trials and other reforms, particularly in criminal cases. This was speedily followed by another from Nicolo Tomasco,

a man of letters, and universally esteemed, touching the restrictions on the press, and other abuses. All these acts, however, were legally performed, and the petitioners confined themselves strictly to the limits of the sovereign patent. Finally, also, the Venetian Central Committee, after secretly ascertaining the wish of the government, appointed a commission to collect and transmit to Vienna the complaints of the people.

The promulgation of all these demands for reform soon excited great fermentation in the public mind. The police at first thought to quell it by terror, and arrested Manin and Tomaseo, but these measures only increased the excitement. The walls were covered with placards in favour of the independence of Italy: liberal demonstrations took place at the theatres, and meetings were held, and speeches made, in the public piazzas, amid the applauses and vociferations of the people.

"Recourse was then had by the government to arms, and the lower people were driven away, at first with the bayonet, and, on the following day, were fired at, from a short distance. The Venetian people were unarmed. They pulled up stones, and breaking them, attacked in their turn, and then ran on the soldiers, and seized the bayonets from their guns. Children of ten or twelve years old were conspicuous in these encounters; they beat a waltz under the very fire. The wounded bound up their wounds, and returned to the attack. There were some both wounded and killed, an earnest of what they were capable of enduring, and of what they afterwards effected; and a lasting example of magnanimity and devotion to the cause of emancipation."—Vol. i. p. 98.

The news that a constitutional government was published at Trieste, increased the enthusiasm of the people. The portrait of Pio Nono, at that time the supposed liberator of Italy, was crowned with a garland, and carried to the Piazza of San Marco, and the passers-by were compelled to take off their hats before it; the theatre, previously deserted, was that evening filled, and a tri-coloured flag was hoisted from the balcony, and only torn down by government with the aid of the military. Thus things went on until the 17th of March, when the people, unable any longer to restrain their feelings, decided upon liberating their courageous advocates, Manin and Tomaseo. The governor, alarmed at this intimation, sent orders for their release; but the populace had already reached the prison, forced the doors, and were in the very act of carrying their champions round the Piazza of San Marco, on their shoulders. Manin then made a long harangue, under the very windows of the governor, until, exhausted by the excess of his own energy, he fainted, and was taken home by the sympathising people. Three days after, a deputation was sent from the municipality, to intimate to the governor that the Austrian government must renounce its power, and the civil governor resign his functions to the military governor, Zichy, who must sign a convention, by virtue of which Venice should be evacuated by the Austrian troops, ceding the command, which, in expectation of a provisional government about to be instituted, was secured to the members of the depu-

tation. While these events were passing in the palace, the arsenal was strongly occupied by a portion of the civic guard, and Manin, taking from thence a standard with the ancient emblem of St. Mark, was conducted along in triumph, proclaiming the Venetian republic to the people.

The same night the members of the deputation resigned, and the following day, the 23d of March, the commandant of the civic guard, Mengaldo, drew out two of his battalions on the piazza, and after obtaining from the patriarch the benediction of their banners, he proposed a provisional government, with Manin at its head, to which all the magistrates, both civil and judicial, gave in their adherence, as did also the Venetian provinces, as soon as they were evacuated by the Austrian troops, which were concentrated in Verona.

At this time Pôpé, starting at the call of Italian independence from the forced repose of his long exile, like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, had repaired to Naples, in order to endeavour to persuade its falsest and most cruel of kings to send an expedition of land and sea forces to the aid of Venice, in her struggles to regain her ancient liberty and her place among nations.

"The dawn of the 29th of March," says he, "when we discovered the Gulf of Naples, was to me a moment of overpowering emotion. Not only had my long sojourn in the north made its beauty more striking, but other recollections rushed to my mind, already agitated with tender feelings. There was Castellamare before me, whither, twenty-seven years before, in this same month of March, I had gone, not without great danger, in order to embark in a Spanish vessel for Barcelona, esteeming myself fortunate to be sent on a long exile, instead of leaving my head under the axe of princes who thirsted for my blood.

"Turning my eyes towards the tremendous and poetical Vesuvius, I perceived the mountains which concealed Avellino, from whence, in 1820, I had passed them with an army, which I conducted to the capital; not to punish the cruel king, who, in 1799, had sent to the scaffold the flower of my contemporaries, to the number of three hundred, all the honour of Italy and of humanity, but respectfully to impose on him a liberal constitution. Viglieno next caught my view, recalling the flag of those Calabrian heroes, who, faithful to their magnanimous vow of dying free, set fire to the powder magazine, and were followed by their conquerors into eternity. I invoked them to rise from their tombs, and admire how, at last, their sacrifice was becoming fruitful."—Vol. i. p. 107.

His first interview with the king is thus described:—

"On entering the room appropriated to the officers on duty, I was saluted as a person of high position, and immediately introduced to the king. He retained no trace of the boy of ten years old whose beauty I had then admired: with added years he had become colossal, and his countenance did not indicate tenderness of heart. Yet his manner to me was only too gracious; he invited me to sit down on a magnificent sofa, while he took a light cane chair for himself. 'Sire,' I said, 'this is my place, the other belongs to your majesty.' He began by inquiring after the health of Florestano (the general's brother, who had gained much reputation for his military services in Sicily in 1820), and this inquiry he never failed to repeat in all my subsequent visits. After asking whether my voyage had been prosperous, he talked

of France. I told him that when first the French republic was proclaimed, no one believed it, but soon after I had convinced myself, and I remained convinced, that a throne would not speedily be re-established in France. We discoursed of the embarrassment in which the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and other German princes found themselves placed. I said, 'Sire, an example is offered to princes, as useful as it is agreeable to follow, in the person of the King of the Belgians, who has conducted himself in such a manner that his people unanimously entreated him not to abandon them.'

"Having conversed some time on the political condition of other states, without saying a word of his own, he pressed me to return again the following day.

"On leaving him, I turned my eyes towards that chamber, temporarily converted into a chapel, where Ferdinand's worthy ancestor in 1820, in presence of his ministers, myself, and other notabilities, swore on the Evangelists, and said to me, weeping, 'This time, general, I assure you I swore from my heart,' on which he placed his hand; and I, admiring in this gesture a grey-headed old man seeming to repent his perjury, wept at his tears, and incurred the reproaches of not a few of my contemporaries, who were not present at the scene which excited and excused my emotion. In that palace, too, I called to mind the feigned reasonings of the Regent, afterwards Francis I., and the father of Ferdinand II. This prince, the most dissembling of men, pretended to be a warm partizan of constitutional government, and in order to make himself believed, he studiously advanced arguments in favour of that system."—Vol. i. p. 121.

A lively picture follows of the profound dissimulation of the king, and the hollowness of his professions, with regard to Austria; though he admitted to P  p   that it was a power he had always detested, notwithstanding he had married an Austrian princess.

Having dissolved his ministry the day after the General's first audience, his Majesty sent to him to propose that he should form a cabinet; taking himself the presidency of the council, and the double posts of Minister of War and of the Marine; and moreover the charge of the organization of the National Guard throughout the whole kingdom; so well was the manner remembered in which he had maintained internal peace and order in Naples, during the stormy period there of 1820 and 1821. General P  p   willingly accepted this arduous task, in the honest hope of acquitting himself of it, to the benefit of his country, and the public weal. He therefore lost no time in drawing out a programme for the government, and a list of the new ministry. But quick as he was in acting upon the royal will, his Majesty was quicker still in changing it; and the programme was returned as soon as received, with the information that the King conceived he should "fail in his duty towards his country, by altering the Constitution already granted."

Partly, perhaps, to make amends for this sudden dereliction of his own proposition, and partly because he was afraid of standing out longer against the wishes of the people, the king at length made up his mind to send 40,000 men, including the corps of reserve, against the Austrians, and to offer the command of them to General P  p  ; an offer which he accepted without a moment's hesitation, and from the moment he did accept it, his whole soul was filled with impatience to lead his troops to the aid of Venice.

But while he was bent upon this army being speedily organized, and so effectually as to gain the palm of victory for Italy, the king was resolved that it should be numerically feeble, deficient in all the material requisites, incapable, in short, of rendering any important service to the Italian cause. The base subterfuges employed by the king, and his courtiers, superior officers and generals, to delay the preparations for entering on the campaign at last threw poor P  p  , who all that time scarcely took a moment's repose, into a violent fever, which confined him to his bed for six days. The original plan of the expedition had been that seven battalions should go at once in steam frigates, and disembark, under the command of P  p  , in the Lagoon. But the king took the advantage of the General's temporary illness to oppose the embarkation of the troops, and it was finally decided that they should go by land. Accordingly, after many other vexatious and frivolous delays, the brigade, composed of 17,000 men, started; but just before his departure P  p   received a letter from the Minister of War, informing him on the part of his Majesty, that on arriving at the Po with the troops, he was to concentrate them on the right bank of the river, and "there wait for instructions from the regal government as to the active part they are to take in the present war for the liberation of Italy from a foreign yoke." This letter, P  p  , with honest indignation, informs us he placed in his private portfolio, "with the firm intention of considering it as not received."

"What general, trained to warfare," he asks, "would have been so chicken-hearted as to consent to remain on the right bank of the Po—to say to the Sardinians, to the Venetians, 'Expose your lives for the national cause, for its honour, for its independence, I will remain here, and read your seats in the newspapers, until I receive orders to pass the great river, orders which will never arrive!'"—Vol. i. p. 147.

Arrived at Bologna, with his staff, the General found a letter from Manin, setting forth the perilous position of Venice, threatened with blockade both by sea and land, and earnestly calling upon him, and the "generous Neapolitans" under his command, to hasten to its succour with both land and sea forces. This letter redoubled P  p  's ardour, but whilst he was dying with impatience to cross the Po, and fancying he held the liberty of the Peninsula in his hand, a despatch arrived from Naples, commanding, in the name of the king, the immediate return of the troops, laying down the plan of their homeward route, and stating that in case of General P  p   not thinking proper to take the command of the troops in their retreat, it was to be assumed by Lieutenant-General Statella. So much for the good faith of King Ferdinand II. Thus in an instant were darkened all the sanguine hopes and brilliant anticipations of the brave and ardent P  p  .

"With a heart oppressed with anguish," says he, "with sufferings more acute than if my last moment of life had arrived, I gave Lieutenant-General Statella orders to take the command of the brigade, and follow the directions of the Government."—Vol. i. p. 170.

! Soon, however, recovering from his first despair, and encouraged by the enthusiastic assurances of the Bolognese that they would support him, he wrote to annul his letter to Statella, who seemed equally glad to renounce the command of the brigade, as Pèpé was to resume it. We must pass over many interesting details that follow, for it is not our intention to give a continuous history of the Venetian war; but only to lay before our readers some of the many glorious instances it afforded of patriotism, courage, patience under the severest privations, and devotedness to the cause of Italian liberty.

It was on the 13th of July, 1848, that Pèpé arrived in Venice, after a succession of anxieties and difficulties, with the few troops that had preferred remaining with him in the cause of freedom, to returning to Naples to fire upon their own countrymen, under the order of the "bombarding King." It was at a critical moment, and he was received with the warmest acclamations. He was immediately waited upon by Manin the President of the Republic, to inform him exactly of the situation of Venice at that time, and to propose to him that he should take the command in chief of all its land-forces.

"I accepted this command," says Pèpé, "for I had ever considered Venice the most important military position to preserve in Italy, since it is from thence that the Austrian empire must be attacked. The fortifications in the lake were almost abandoned, and the excellent Neapolitan officers of the engineer-corps who had followed me were most useful. The militia whom I found in Venice, when joined by those I had brought with me, amounted to 22,000 men, including a fine battalion of marines, and one of gendarmes, all old soldiers, but who could rarely be occupied in the defence, as they were employed in preserving internal order. The rest of the militia were divided into different regiments, into battalions, and into many subdivisions, and were chiefly commanded by adventurers. Each corps had rules of discipline, and ordinances, peculiar to itself, and, what is more extraordinary, they were paid and armed in different ways. Often in one company might be seen four different kinds of muskets. Garrison-service was wholly unknown. Amongst others, the garrison of Malghera, the key of Venice, was composed of 3,000 of the civic garde mobile, who not finding sufficient room to lodge themselves in the two barracks which were there, lay on the ground in the open air, or within the barrack which they were beginning to construct."—Vol. i. p. 237.

The defenders of Venice did indeed at that time include a motley mixture of Neapolitans, Romans, Venetians, Lombards, Tuscans, and even Piedmontese; along with many Italian deserters, and refractory conscripts, from the Austrian army; inasmuch that Tomaseo, then constituted the Minister of the Interior, distrusted their utility, and wrote to Pèpé, upon the subject, as follows:—

"*Venice, June 17.*
"DEAR GENERAL,—This troop of idle, undisciplined men is more dangerous than useful to Venice. We beseech you to send them away as soon as possible. Form a camp, which is earnestly demanded by every one. To you is confided our destiny, and perhaps that of all Italy. It is superfluous to recommend ourselves to you. Adieu, with affection."
"TOMASEO."

"I produce this letter," says the General, "for the honour of Italy; where it appears that a vagabond set of

youths, unused to arms, in a short time became disciplined troops, who assaulted with success a warlike enemy, not once or twice, but repeatedly.

"But if among so many thousand militia many deserved the appellation of vagabonds, many others, perhaps a good half of the entire garrison, had left their families, who were more or less in easy circumstances, through love of Italy. Oftener than would be believed, I found in the ranks young volunteers of high families, either from the city or the provinces. . . . I generally met with so much kindness of feeling in these enthusiastic young men, that when I questioned them, first one and then another, concerning their wants, they concealed from me the privations they suffered, to avoid giving me pain; for not one of them was ignorant that I loved them as my sons. About 300 young men of respectable families had formed themselves into a company to serve as artillery men during the siege. They suffered privations with such patriotism, and exposed their lives with so much valour, that you might have thought them the contemporaries of Lycurgus."—Vol. i. p. 240.

Much of the credit of this order and improvement was due to General Pèpé's incessant activity and attention to the wants of all under his command; blending almost parental kindness with the strictest discipline, he soon made himself equally respected and beloved. Everywhere his pages bear witness to the bravery and fortitude of the troops that defended Venice so valiantly to the very last moment, when they had no longer ammunition to defend her with, or bread for their own sustenance. The Neapolitans, in particular, who had followed him despite the royal order for their return, signalized themselves on all occasions, and were particularly admired by the Venetians, not more for their valour, than for the perfect dexterity and promptitude of all their military movements. With what double lustre does their courage in the generous cause of their country's freedom shine, when compared with the cowardice of those 10,000 Neapolitans who, advancing towards Rome, under the command of their trusty monarch, Ferdinand il Bomba, fled before Garibaldi, like frightened hares.

The mention of a few of the many brave whom General Pèpé has handed down to fame, in his narrative, is a debt due to their merits, the payment of which will, we trust, be as pleasing to our readers as it is to ourselves. And, first of all, honour to the dead. It was a favourite observation of General Pèpé's, that "if Tasso had come to Malghera, he would have found the originals of some of his heroes;" and pursuing this idea, he distinguished Lieutenant-General Rosaroll, a Neapolitan by birth, by the name of "the Argante of the Lagoon." He distinguished himself greatly at the defence of the fort of Malghera, and met a glorious death whilst directing the fire of the battery of St. Antonio, on the railway bridge, which Pèpé used to tell him should be called his god-daughter. Though he had been severely wounded in Charles Albert's army a few months before, and was suffering much from fever at the time, he could not be persuaded to stay away from the first battery of the bridge.

"At three o'clock," says General Pèpé, "a bomb from the enemy burst a powder deposit; Rosaroll immediately repaired the damage, continuing all the while the fire

from our guns. Five hours later, while from a parapet he was observing the Austrians, a fatal ball struck his right shoulder, and he fell. 'To your guns, to your guns!' he imperiously cried to the artillery-men who ran to assist him. The General-in-Chief went to him, and found him gasping for breath; he pressed his hand, and spoke words of consolation. But the noble warrior, recalling all his strength, said, 'Not I, expiring, but *our Italy*, should be the object of your care;' and a few minutes later his valiant soul had taken its flight to the regions of immortality."—Vol. ii. p. 248.

Close upon the death of this brave man, Pépé commemorates another, also of Naples,—Alessandro Poërio, who, worthy of long remembrance, met death in the sortie of Mestre, whilst advancing with desperate valour.

"It was in this affair," says the General, "that Baron Alessandro Poërio, a volunteer on my staff, received a musket-shot in his leg; he continued to advance, and received a second in the right knee; and while lying on the ground, the enemy wounded him on the head with his own dagger. While his right thigh was being amputated, this brave Poërio conversed calmly of his beloved Italy,—the heroes of Plutarch might have used the same language while speaking of Athens or Sparta."—Vol. ii. p. 340.

But to this account we wish to add a somewhat more lengthened one from the pen of Count Opprandino Arrivabene, himself an accomplished man of letters, a scion of an illustrious Mantuan family, and a warm upholder of the Italian cause:—

"Italy," says he, "has offered up another illustrious victim on the altar of her independence. In the very hour of victory, obtained by the Italian troops at Mestre, on the 27th ultimo, Alessandro Poërio fell, having received in his knee two Croatian bullets, by the side of General Pépé, in the thickest of the fight; into which he had advanced to set the example, that he who would live free ought to know how to die. He fell, crying out, 'Viva l'Italia;' being conveyed into Venice by his victorious companions in arms, still speaking of his country, he appeared insensible to the pain of amputation, to which it was found necessary he should submit; within four days from this time, surrounded by his brave and weeping friends, he serenely expired, in the calm expectation that from the same tomb into which he was about to enter, Italy herself would arise, glorious, and contented with him who had so greatly loved her.

"Alessandro Poërio, born about the commencement of the present century, was the son of the erudite Baron Joseph Poërio, a Calabrian, whose name is frequently mentioned in the history of his time by Colotta. Early made sensible of the tyranny of despotism, Alessandro was condemned to exile, together with his father and his worthy brother Carlo. He pursued his studies in Germany, in Paris, and in Florence; well skilled in Greek and Latin, he also spoke the modern Greek, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the German, the English, the French, and the Polish languages: and at the same time he was not neglectful of his own, which he cultivated with the strongest affection, and both wrote and conversed in it with the greatest purity and elegance. Profound in historic lore, and deeply learned in philosophy, his quick and brilliant imagination gave birth to many splendid poetical effusions, which abundantly testify as to the valuable qualities of his mind and heart. A small collection of these was published about five years ago, at Paris, by Didot, without the author's name, under the title of '*Aleune Ariche*.' It may be said that all those who were acquainted with him, in Germany, in France, and in Italy, were his friends, seeing that he

was as good, as modest, as affectionate, as he was learned and ingenious."

"Of a weak constitution, infirm, and prematurely old, he yet braved the dangers of the field, sustained by his patriotism, and by his confidences in the justice of a cause which to him was a sacred one; which he believed would finally triumph, as most assuredly it will.

"It is needless to say more of him; his rare intelligence, and the purity of his life, are in the knowledge and the affectionate remembrance of so many; and worthier pens will not be wanting to celebrate his merit, and to invite the whole nation to deplore his loss, as Venice has already done, when on the 4th instant the governor of the city, the generals and officers of the army, together with the civic guard and all ranks of citizens, assisted at the sad and solemn ceremony of his funeral. He could not die otherwise than happy, for at the very moment of his departure he saw his country's standard triumphant, and heard the distant sound of the breaking of our chains in Vienna, and he rejoiced in his inmost soul at the assured passage of Europe's deliverance."—*Roman Advertiser*, Nov. 16, 1848, p. 840.

But our pages would swell into volumes were we to attempt the chronicling of one-half the heroes conspicuous in the Italian cause, whose names deserve rescuing from oblivion. We must content ourselves with a very brief mention of some of those who still live to claim the gratitude of their country; and foremost among them we will place Captain Cattabeni, who "bold, even to temerity," as Pépé says of him, undertook, in the same affair in which Poërio received his death wound, to drive out, in conjunction with Rossaroll and Sirtori, with a handful of brave Lombards, house by house, the Austrians who had entrenched themselves in Mestre, and thus to open the way for the Venetian troops to occupy the city. Being subsequently recalled to Rome, he took his place as deputy, and likewise defended the barricades, during the siege of the city, along with the brave and honourable Cernuschi and Caldari. He had already made himself conspicuous by his valour on many occasions. Of one of these, when the enemy had unmasked their batteries before Malgherra, and sent a shower of bombs, shells, and shot, all along the line, Colonel Ulloa, the commander of that most important fortress, thus speaks:—

"And here it becomes my duty to signalize with peculiar praise, a company of the Sile legion, who, guided by their distinguished Captain, Cattabeni, at the moment in which we were receiving a shower of the enemy's balls, went, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the garrison, to the distant dwelling of their commander, from whence they brought back their flag in triumph, traversing great part of the fort."—Vol. ii. p. 180.

He is now, with other Italian refugees, in London, supporting his compatriots by the example of as much philosophy in exile as he had before shown courage in the field.

Cosenz and Morandi, Noaro, Bignami, Zambeccari, Zanetti, and Montecchi, all signalized themselves repeatedly by acts of valour. But where so many are deserving of commendation, it seems almost invidious to particularize any; and full as many instances of the most devoted courage and fidelity might be given from the privates and lower classes. One poor fellow, a grenadier from Calabria, exclaimed, whilst enduring

amputation of his right arm, "I would give this other arm for Italy." Antonio Zorzi, a boy of twelve years, sprang into the sea, to recover the flag of the boat in which he was serving, and which was carried away by a cannon ball from the enemy; he succeeded in regaining it amid showers of grape-shot, and triumphantly fastened it on the prow, shouting all the while, "*Viva l'Italia!*" That cry was indeed on the lips even of the wounded and the dying.

But alas! in despite of all her heroism, all her devotedness, the situation of Venice became every day more and more hopeless. The King of Sardinia, struggling with his own misfortunes, had been obliged to withdraw both his fleet and land forces from her assistance, at the very moment when she most required them. The Roman States, threatened with Austrian invasion, required all their strength to meet it; and accordingly the four Roman legions, which had been foremost to march to the defence of the Lagoon, were sent back, with the exception of a single battalion of one thousand men, to their native provinces; with the most honourable testimonials from the commander-in-chief, to the bravery and the fortitude with which they had, for the seven months they had been under his command, endured difficulties, privations, and sickness, that might have tried the resolution of even veteran troops.

But yet another evil was threatening her—and that was poverty. On the population of the Lagoon, which at the utmost did not exceed two hundred thousand men, devolved the maintenance of all the forces, both of sea and land, and, moreover, the supplying of them with clothing and household requisites. The Venetians had already sacrificed nearly all their private property to the general good: eighteen of the wealthier and more influential families, not content with largely guaranteeing the paper money, which the exigencies of the state had required to be put into circulation, contributed among themselves the sum of eighteen millions of *lire*, which they placed at the disposition of their country. In the same manner, the public functionaries voluntarily proposed such deductions in their salaries as left them barely enough to subsist upon; and the sailors of the fleet gave up half their pay. The ladies, also, nobly presented their jewels and ornaments; and indeed persons of every grade contributed to the utmost of their means. Even the poor mountaineers of Friuli, who themselves live almost entirely upon chesnuts, brought their humble offering of 270 lbs. of butter, for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and a chamois, to be disposed of by lottery; and this offering, brought, like the widow's mite, "who of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living," from the simplest abodes of poverty and labour, derived additional value in the eyes of the brave men to whom it was made, from knowing that the poor fellows who brought it had done so at the risk of their lives, the Austrians having made a decree, by which any person or persons detected going into Venice with provisions or ammunition, were instantly to be shot.

In order to gain funds for carrying on the war, General P  p   proposed pecuniary aid being solicited throughout the Italian states, and set a noble example himself, of generosity, in giving up the remaining half of the salary allotted him by the Venetian Government, of 70,000 francs a-year, having relinquished the first half from the time of his receiving it. And here we are proud to add, that some of our English nobility and merchants sent contributions. One of the first to do so was Mr. Charles Alexander Scott, who sent a thousand *lire* to Manin, with a note, as follows:—

"WORTHY CITIZEN PRESIDENT,—Deign to accept the slight contribution of a thousand *lire*, towards the urgent wants of the heroic and beloved Venice; and may Heaven crown your noble efforts with full success!"

And now another evil advanced—provisions became every day more and more scarce; and the bread was obliged to be mixed with rye and other grain of inferior quality. In consequence of this, the increasing heat of the season, and the crowded state of the sleeping-places, fever broke out, with cholera—that scourge of later years—in its train; and the veteran general had the grief to see the Venetian army thinned, day after day, more by them than even the enemy's fire. He thus expresses his feelings on the occasion:—

"These daily losses," said he, "one after another, of young men, belonging to good families, whose names were known to us all, grieved me to the soul. I was also much afflicted to see the hospitals and barracks filled with the wounded and the invalids, whose greatest agony was that they were unable to fight by the side of their companions. . . . Both the troops and people bore, with constant resignation, the scarcity and bad quality of the bread and other eatables, which, at the same time, were extremely dear. I sent four carriage horses myself to the butcher. . . . The attitude of all classes of the people was such as to do honour, not only to the Lagoon, not only to Italy, but to the human race. Providence, in permitting that a people so noble, so energetic, should fall into servitude, seems to tempt our limited understandings to doubt its intervention. The grief of bidding adieu to house and home, the certainty of meeting with disasters and privations without end, the inevitable sufferings of so many tender youths, never drew from a single mouth the desire of a treaty for peace."—Vol. ii. p. 255.

But it is painful to dwell upon the final defeat of a brave people. Let it then suffice to say, that it was not till famine stared them in the face, and they had no longer even powder with which to return the enemy's fire, till the bombs and grenades reached over half the city and the balls over two-thirds, that the Venetians made an honourable capitulation.

"Thus fell Venice," says General P  p  , "not vanquished by a great empire, but because she had neither bread nor powder. She fell, after sustaining a thousand misfortunes, and after sacrifices on the part of the population which are almost incredible."—Vol. ii. p. 318.

His own narrative of the events connected with the siege will go down to posterity, in confirmation of the many proofs that have already been recorded in the page of history, that the struggle for independence in Italy, in the middle of the nineteenth century, was throughout supported by persons of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and headed by men of honour and of ability, both in the cabinet and in the field.

Reflections.

THE PRELUDE, BY WORDSWORTH.

THE recent death of William Wordsworth has prepared the public for many comments on his genius; and a paper has already appeared in this magazine, in which a tribute was paid to his memory, and a brief sketch of his life and character presented. But the publication of a posthumous poem,¹ forming another portion of the great unfinished work on which his fame will mainly rest, justifies a further reference to the literary reputation of the departed poet, and tempts us to enlarge at greater length on some of his peculiar merits.

It is pleasing to reflect, that before the grave had closed over Wordsworth full but tardy justice had been done to his commanding genius. The length of days with which a benignant Providence had blessed him, had brought with them some peculiar privileges. He had outlived detraction and injustice; his reputation had silently widened; and every thoughtful mind in the realm which gave him birth acknowledged and blessed his influence, and appreciated the importance of his mission. He had fairly earned the popularity—if such a word aptly describes the due recognition of genius—which he had scorned to pursue by any unworthy artifice, or by the sacrifice of a principle or conviction; and having pursued the even tenor of his way through evil and through good report, he was recompensed at last, in his quiet seclusion, for the ridicule and misapprehension to which his theories had exposed him, by the expressions of admiration, sympathy, and respect which reached him from far and near, and by the full assurance which his own heart vouchsafed him, that he had not failed in the high and laudable aim of his honourable life.

On the intellectual growth of the present generation, it is universally admitted that the genius of Wordsworth has exercised a most potent and beneficial influence. Our best poetry and philosophy are impregnated with his spirit. In spite of some theories carried to an absurd extent, and a spirit of literary dogmatism which naturally provoked opposition, the poetical creed which at the outset of his career he propounded to the world, had sufficient vitality to effect many salutary reforms, and to influence many powerful minds. He endeavoured to enlarge the domain of song. In opposition to the prevailing prejudice, he boldly declared that there was nothing too lowly or too mean to become the subject of poetry. From "the short and simple annals of the poor" he has deduced his highest lessons of truth and wisdom. The American philosopher, Emerson, has noticed, as one of the "auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state," the significant fact, that, "instead of the sublime and beautiful, the

near, the low, the common, are explored and poetized." "That which had been trodden under foot," he says, "by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign—is it not?—of new vigour, when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar and the low." Even so was it with Wordsworth. He laboured with all his might to shock the prejudices of those extremely nice-minded persons, who supposed that poetry had nothing to do with the feelings, occupations, and pursuits of the vulgar. With the courage of the philosopher, and the zeal of the philanthropist, he vindicated under its lowliest aspects the nobility of our common nature. His mind was penetrated with a profound reverence for the works of Providence, and he devoutly believed that none of His creatures had been created in vain. Thus the wayside beggar on the Cumberland hills appeared to him a being of high and holy interest—a constant incentive to acts of benevolence and kindness—a living memorial of the charity which blesses the giver more than the receiver.

"While thus he creeps
From door to door, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity
Else unremember'd.

* * * * *
—Man is dear to Man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this simple cause,
That we have all of us one human heart."

As the poem which has just been published, and which we are about to review, was commenced at a very early period, and carries us back to the morning of Wordsworth's life, before we make any comments upon it we will briefly refer to some of the first productions which bore the stamp of his peculiar genius, and gave him a poetical individuality. And first of the Lyrical Ballads. It has already been said that Wordsworth aimed at effecting some important reforms in our poetical literature. He did so, first in the choice and treatment of his subjects, and, secondly, in the language he employed, and the metrical construction of his poems. With regard to the former point, we have but few more remarks to make. In addition to taking his themes exclusively from humble life, he declared, according to the preface which he prefixed to the second volume of his Lyrical Ballads, that each poem, however trivial the subject might

(1) "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; an Autobiographical Poem." By William Wordsworth. 1850.

(2) "Man-thinking, an Oration." By R. W. Emerson.

appear, had its definite object and purpose, and that it contained the result of the author's reflection and meditation on some particular topic. For instance, in the well-known stanzas, entitled "We are Seven,"—and which commence, it will be remembered, with the beautiful verse—

"A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of Death?"

it was his object, in his own words, "to show the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion." And so with respect to the other poems in the collection:—all of them were intended to be distinguishable from the popular poetry of the day, and to be written with a distinct purpose. Next, with regard to the style and language of these early poems. His principal object, as he avowed, was "to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate and describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men." He determined to disregard, and even studiously avoid, what was usually called poetic diction, and to adopt in its place the ordinary form of oral communication between man and man. For pomp of sound and lofty array of phrases, he wished to substitute a natural simplicity. In support of his theory, and in order to prove the inferiority of the ordinary poetic diction to a more simple and straightforward form of expression, he has quoted (in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*) Johnson's laboured paraphrase of a well-known passage in the *Proverbs*, from which we will extract a few lines, accompanied with the original, that our readers may form their own judgment on the correctness of his strictures on the prevailing taste.

"Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of a plentiful day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?"

And more to the same effect. "From this hubbub of words," says Wordsworth, "pass to the original. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?'"

"By sitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation," (to use his own words,) Wordsworth imagined that he might fulfil all the higher purposes of poetry. To test his theory, he chose advisedly some of the rudest and commonest themes, and employed the plainest and baldest language of common life. We know with

what a storm of ridicule and disapprobation the attempt was received. Even those who had recognised his genius, very properly, though gently, condemned the puerilities and affectation into which he had been betrayed by blind devotion to a theory. In spite of all his reasoning and explanation, few persons could be seduced into a warm admiration of his singularly unadorned strains of rustic life. Though he would not confess it, he was obviously in the wrong; he had mistaken rudeness for simplicity; he had gone to far. After the conventional phrases and mechanical structure of much of the poetry of the eighteenth century—the florid rhetoric of Darwin and his imitators, and the laborious nonsense of the Della Crusceans—a return to truth and nature was most desirable; and Cowper and Burns had already afforded examples of dignified simplicity, and paved the way for the introduction of a purer style of poetical composition. Wordsworth was a still stronger type of the reactionary spirit, and was deeply affected by its influence. Like many other zealots, he started with a theory, for which, in the first instance, for consistency's sake, he made large sacrifices. Disregarding it at length, though without any formal recantation, he followed the bent of his genius, and instead of affecting a prosaic baldness and inelegance, he endeavoured, in obedience to juster principles of taste, to raise the low, to dignify the humble, to elevate the common and the mean.

We have not space to notice in detail his subsequent poems; nor will our readers thank us for a catalogue. It is enough to say that many of his smaller pieces have been perfect in their kind, and that those most admired, and most likely to stand the test of time, are those which have been framed in most flagrant violation of his early theories. The lines on *Tintern Abbey*, a large proportion of the *Sonnets*, the ode on the *Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood*, and, above all, his *Laodamia*, we may speak of as compositions which will be read with pleasure at all seasons by all thoughtful persons, and which may be regarded at the same time as examples of a refined and polished style.

Having made these few preliminary remarks, in a spirit which we hope our readers will not misunderstand, we approach the great work to which Wordsworth dedicated all his unrivalled powers of thought—the unfinished temple, glorious in its vast proportions and fragmentary grandeur,—of which the *Prelude* was intended to form part. In the preface to the *Excursion*, published in 1814, the poet had briefly shadowed forth his great design. Some years ago, he said, he had "retired to his native mountains with the hope of being able to construct a literary work that might live;" and having taken a careful review of his own mind, he determined "to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of man, nature, and society, and to be entitled the '*Recluse*,' as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement." We are now told that the *Recluse*, if it had been completed, would have consisted

of three parts. Of these the second part alone, viz. the *Excursion*, was finished, and given to the world by the author. The first book of the first part of the *Recluse* still remains in manuscript, but the third part was only *planned*." The length to which such a work would have extended can be estimated by that of the *Excursion*, and of the poem now published; reviewers and authors were formerly, when the war of literary contention ran high, extremely witty on the subject; and it must be confessed, with Wordsworth's tendency to diffuseness, and occasional flatness and monotony, it is very questionable whether the completion of the design would have been advantageous to his fame. The publication of the *Excursion*, however, was an era in literary history. That it is the greatest philosophical poem in the language is not now denied. Notwithstanding the contemptuous "This will never do," of the Edinburgh, and the ridicule of contemporary writers, where is the work, in verse or prose, of the same period, at all equal to it in merit and importance? When Byron superciliously described it as

"A drowsy, frowsy poem called the *Excursion*,
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

how little was he able to estimate its probable effect on literature and modes of thought!

The *Prelude* to the *Recluse*, now for the first time published, will be ranked among the most interesting, if not most valuable, of the poet's performances. In the preface to the *Excursion* he has thus alluded to it, and our readers may not be displeased with his ingenious and fanciful remarks. "The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labour which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connexion with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses ordinarily included in those edifices."

The outward life of Wordsworth was not diversified by many incidents of a startling character. But it is to his inner life that the autobiography principally refers; and illustrating as it does the growth of his intellectual nature, we need scarcely add that it is full of serious and important matter. The first and second books of the *Prelude* are devoted to childhood and school-time. He was born amid scenery, and reared under circumstances, well calculated to develop the latent powers of his mind, and to quicken the imagi-

native faculties. This indeed he has gratefully acknowledged:—

"Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Foster'd alike by beauty and by fear;
Much favour'd in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which ere long
We were transplanted."

His vivid reminiscences of the pastimes and pleasures of a happy boyhood are full of beauty. Into all childish sports he plunged with intense delight, and every season had its peculiar pleasure.

"We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven
Beheld not vales more beautiful than ours;
Nor saw a band in happiness and joy
Richer, or worthier of the ground they trod.
I could record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bowers
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line,
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong
And unproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.
—Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dash'd headlong, and rejected by the storm."

As the years stole on, a taste for "calmer pleasures" was gradually formed; and in the presence of the sublimest features of nature, the dormant passions of his soul were awakened. Here is a recollection of school-time:—

—"When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a sister isle
Beneath the oak's umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased alike,
Conquer'd and conqueror. Thus the pride of strength,
And the vain glory of superior skill
Were temper'd; thus was gradually produced
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my friend who knows me I may add,
Fearless of blame, that hence for future days,
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,
The self-sufficing power of solitude."

The serious delights of study—the acquisition of varied information, must be also numbered amongst his youthful pleasures:—

—"Many are our joys
In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,
And sorrow is not there!"

(1) With these words Jefferys commences his review of the *Excursion*. See his collected *Essays*.

Thoughtful beyond his years, there must have been many characteristic traits by which Wordsworth at this early period was distinguished from his school-mates. He was no common boy, and yet so gentle and unobtrusive, that it is probable he was not generally recognised as a genius. He loved long walks with a quiet friend, and tranquil communings with nature.

—"My morning walks

Were early ;—oft before the hours of school,
I travell'd round our little lake five miles
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time ! more dear
For this, that one was by my side, a friend,
Then passionately loved ; with heart how full
Would he peruse these lines !"

At length his "seventeenth year was come." He had long "walked with nature,"—had grown up in constant communion with her grandest and loveliest scenes,—and his mind had been gradually formed and strengthened by her sublime influences. In the fulness of his heart he "saw blessings spread around him like a sea."

"From Nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much, that all my thoughts
Were steep'd in feeling."

Mountains, lakes, and cataracts had schooled him into submission, love, and heavenly-mindedness. With "grateful voice," and in a strain of poetry rarely equalled, he has thus acknowledged their benign influence:—

"If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires,
The gift is yours ; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown ;
If, mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
Yet mingled not unwillingly with ancers
On visionary minds ; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature ; but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life ; the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts ! tis yours,
Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature ! Thou hast fed
My lofty speculations ; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion."

About the year 1787, when he was still a stripling of seventeen, Wordsworth became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge. He at once entered a new world. The pleasurable features of academic life filled him at first with transport ; and, like all youths suddenly transplanted from school to college, he felt a strange self-importance, as he moved amongst the novel scenes by which he was surrounded. Who that has not quite forgotten the hey-day of his youth,

will not sympathise with the joyous and buoyant feelings expressed in the following lines ?

"My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope ;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
Seem'd friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung
round

With honour and importance : in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved ;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flow'd in upon me from all sides ; fresh day
Of pride and pleasure ! to myself I seem'd
A man of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befel,
From street to street, with loose and careless mind."

In the round of college labours, rivalries, and endeavours, Wordsworth failed to distinguish himself ; for he had little ambition for academic distinction. He frankly confesses—

"Such glory was but little sought by me,
And little won. Yet from the first crude days
Of settling time in this untried abode,
I was disturb'd at times by prudent thoughts,
Wishing to hope without a hope, some fears
About my future worldly maintenance,
And, more than all, a strangeness in the mind,
A feeling that I was not for that hour,
Nor for that place."

The "first delight" that flashed upon him in these new scenes passed away, and he found that "his nature's outward coat" had "slowly and insensibly" changed. His experience, at this point, is similar to that of hosts of others. He plunged into gaiety ; worked by fits and starts, and made and broke many good resolutions,—as light-hearted gownsmen have done before and since his time.

—"Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were welcome all.
We saunter'd, play'd or rioted ; we talk'd
Unprofitable talk at morning hours ;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought."

Some genial intellectual pleasures were intermixed with physical enjoyments, and they are beautifully recorded :—

"Beside the pleasant Mill of Trumpington
I laugh'd with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade ;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State,
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I call'd him Brother, Englishman, and Friend.
Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seem'd to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks,
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride."

On the whole, it appears that his college life was aimless and desultory. In a given round of studies, in the appointed task-work of the universities, the highest order of second-class minds are perhaps more likely to achieve excellence than the world's ruling intellects. Wordsworth is not the first great poet or great man who has failed to grasp the honours, or fitly seize the varied opportunities, of an academic career. Genius is always wayward; it will work out its own purpose in its own way. His failure, if failure it can be called, the poet attributes more to himself than to others. He was "a spoiled child, bred up mid Nature's luxuries," and "ill-tutored for captivity" or restraint. Still, he ventures to maintain that the discipline of the university was somewhat in fault; and his fancy pictures a scene dedicated to youthful study, where it might have been otherwise with him; where

"The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught
To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love."

And where—for the following lines are too characteristic to be omitted—

"Youth should be awed, religiously possess'd
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off abash'd
Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy, sound simplicity should reign,
A seemingly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious."

After these visions of University Reform, a backward glance is naturally cast on the reverent piety, the abstemious lives, and patient labour of the distinguished scholars of former days; and a glorious allusion is made to the story of Bucer, Erasmus, and Melancthon, reading by the moonlight, "before the doors or windows of their cells," for lack of taper light.

After all, he had perhaps little reason to complain of *Alma Mater*. His time was not altogether mis-spent within her walls, and in the following sentence he intimates as much:—

———"For myself
I grieve not; happy is the gown'd youth
Who only misses what I miss'd, who fails
No lower than I fell."

The next book brings us to a summer vacation, passed in the "sweet valley" where he had been reared, and where he renewed his acquaintance with the sublime features of natural scenery. But new and interesting topics of contemplation now began to occupy his mind.

"A freshness also found I at this time
In human life, the daily life of those
Whose occupations really I loved;

The peaceful scene oft fill'd me with surprise,
Changed like a garden in the heat of spring,
After an eight-days' absence."

With new delight he noted the habits and the characters of the simple-minded inhabitants of his native place; and the portrait of "a grey-haired dame" whom he had known in childhood, is drawn with a vigour and apparent faithfulness which few poets could emulate.

———"Her smooth domestic life,
Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleas'd me; and no less
Her clear though shallow stream of piety,
That ran on sabbath days a fresher course;
With thoughts unfelt till now, I saw her read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had dropp'd asleep,
And made of it a pillow for her head."

Meanwhile, the poet was not insensible or disinclined to the more seductive pleasures of youth. He shared in the gaiety which the neighbourhood afforded, and was ready at "the feast and dance." But at this period an incident occurred, which he has thought worthy of notice, as having an influence on his future life. One memorable night had been spent in dance and revelry, and he was returning home in the early morning light, when a scene presented itself which awoke some solemn emotions:—

———"Ere we retired
The cock had crow'd, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld: in front
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drench'd in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear friend! that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walk'd
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives."

The poet's experience of books is next detailed. We need not dwell on his early fondness for imaginative literature—his love of popular legends, tales, and traditions. All this might be taken for granted:—but we cannot pass over his lofty commemoration of the transcendent influence of the mighty volumes and magic strains which have, in all ages, stirred the heart, and sway'd the popular mind.

———"Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous verse,
That in the name of all inspir'd souls,
From Homer the great thunderer, from the voice
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England,—from those loftiest notes

*Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sunburnt travellers resting their tired limbs,
Stretch'd under way-side hedgerows, ballad tunes,
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their joys:
'Tis just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether known,
Or sleeping nameless in their scatter'd graves,
That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honours, and should, once for all, pronounce
Their benediction; speak of them as powers
For ever to be hallow'd; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure Word by miracle reveal'd."*

The vacation over, Wordsworth returned to college, and "in his own unlovely cell" sat down again, "in lightsome mood." Henceforth he lived more to himself; and though still unreconciled to academic rules, read and thought more earnestly. Thus employed, time hurried on with rapid strides.

"Two winters may be pass'd
Without a separate notice; many books
Were skim'm'd, devour'd, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detach'd
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seem'd a course
Of hardy disobedience towards friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind."

A hurried tour among the Swiss and Italian Alps was the next great event of the poet's life.

"When the third summer freed us from restraint,
A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,
And sallying forth, we journey'd side by side,
Bound to the distant Alps."

In some respects the excursion was rather imprudently timed; for, as the poet confesses, it implied "a hardly slight

"Of college studies and their set rewards;"

and was calculated to give some uneasiness to those to whom his worldly interests were dear. But the young enthusiasts were moved by the fervour of the times, and the spirit of revolution which had swept over a neighbouring nation seemed to give a charter to irregularities; for Wordsworth does not omit to state, that

"Europe at that time was thrill'd with joy,
France standing on the top of golden hours,
And human nature seeming born again."

"Lightly equipped," the young travellers took a brief farewell of the white cliffs of Albion, and journeyed southward through France. Under the "vine-clad hills of Burgundy," and on "the bosom of the gentle Saone," they glided onwards. It was an era of national rejoicing and enthusiasm, and the strangers had but to mention the country from whence they came, to be received everywhere with welcome and delight.

"We bore a name
Honour'd in France, the name of Englishmen,
And hospitably did they give us hail,
As their forerunners in a glorious course."

The travellers passed quickly from place to place with youthful eagerness;—

"A march it was of military speed,
And earth did change her images and forms
Before us, fast as clouds are changed in heaven."

With bounding hearts they gazed upon Mont Blanc, and "the wondrous Vale of Chamouny, stretched far below." Every scene was full of novelty, and political events gave an additional interest to their journey. As they bent their steps homewards, they noticed, with transports of delight, the "triumphant looks" which were then "the common language of all eyes;" and the last incident of the expedition quickened their revolutionary sympathies:—

"We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
Of their near neighbours; and, when shortening fast
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We cross'd the Brabant armies on the fret
For battle, in the cause of Liberty."

On his return from this excursion, the poet tells us that he soon bade farewell to the university, and being undetermined as to the course of life he should pursue, and having a space of "intermediate time at full command," he took up his residence in London. The narrative henceforth appears to us more flat and prosaic, although many graphic and interesting passages occur. A period of six years had intervened since the poet had poured out his "glad preamble to this verse;" and the difference of style between the early and later portions is very perceptible. In embodying his reminiscences of London, he dwells first on his early impressions of the great metropolis, and the wondrous tales of its magnificence which had reached him, when a boy, among his native hills. He then describes, with graphic minuteness, the various scenes which attract the attention of a stranger, and, amongst other resorts, "half-rural Sadlers' Wells" is mentioned with due respect.

"Though at that time
Intolerant, as is the way of youth
Unless itself be pleased, here more than once
Taking my seat I saw (nor blush to add,
With ample recompense) giants and dwarfs,
Clowns, conjurors, posture-masters, harlequins,
Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
Perform their feats."

Although his earnest mind still derived its most intense pleasure and satisfaction from observing and reflecting on the incidents of real life, yet he tells us that at this period "the theatre was his dear delight."

"The very gilding, lamps, and painted scrolls,
And all the mean upholstery of the place,
Wanted not animation, when the tide
Of pleasure ebb'd but to return as fast
With the ever-shifting figures of the scene,
Solemn or gay."

He visited the Houses of Parliament, and listened with rapt attention to the eloquence of Burke, then the leading orator of the Commons; and, passing from the Senate to the Pulpit, he ridicules with some power,

and even humour, the affectation of certain dandified preachers of the day :—

"There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
And, in a tone elaborately low,
Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze
A minuet course."

A graphic description of St. Bartholomew's fair is also introduced.

The next book is entitled "A Retrospect;" the argument being "Love of Nature leading to the love of Man." Up to a certain period of his life,—until, in fact, not less "than two-and-twenty summers had been told,"—Nature had occupied the first, and Man the second place in the poet's affections and regards :

—"A passion, she,
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come."

But the course of his life, and especially his residence in London, filled him with new sensations. In the crowded city he found matter for serious meditation; and his thoughts were thus, "by slow gradations," drawn

"To human-kind, and to the good and ill
Of human life."

A residence in France during the stormy period of the Revolution added to his stores of experience, and enabled him to contemplate mankind under some new aspects. The early sentiments of Wordsworth with regard to politics are boldly expressed in this part of the narrative; and, distasteful as they may be to some readers of the "Prelude," they have not been suppressed, or softened down by subsequent alteration. Like Southey, and his friend Coleridge, he was at this period an ardent republican. He had made up his mind for a brief sojourn

"in a pleasant town
Wash'd by the current of the stately Loire;"

and on his way thereto he stayed for some days in Paris, then stirred by the fierce fervour of revolutionary excitement. The young stranger visited the "National Synod and the Jacobins;" and strove to arouse his feelings of enthusiasm by surveying the ruins of the Bastille :—

"Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sat in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gather'd up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I look'd for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt."

Having hastened to his "more permanent abode," he formed an acquaintanceship with some military officers, stationed in that city,—men of birth and education, who did not conceal their discontent at the new order of things. With these gentlemen the poet disputed on political matters, and his arguments were

treated with more courtesy and indulgence than he had any right to expect.

—"An Englishman,
Born in a land whose very name appear'd
To license some unruliness of mind;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learn't speech
Wins from the courteous; I, who had been else
Shunn'd and not tolerated, freely lived
With those defenders of the crown, and talk'd,
And heard their notions; nor did they disdain
To wish to bring me over to their cause."

One kindred spirit he found in this military band, with whom he indulged in many lofty dreams of republican glory and human perfectibility;—a sincere and single-minded enthusiast,—in fact, a man after his own heart :—

"A patriot thence rejected by the rest,
And with an oriental loathing spurn'd,
As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,—
Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries
Made him more gracious, and his nature then
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf
When foot hath crush'd them."

Great events had taken place when the poet, homeward bound, returned to Paris. The king had fallen—and dire cruelties, to be mentioned with horror by all future generations, had been enacted in the French capital. With strange interest, and "with ardour heretofore unfelt," the poet ranged the city, and in his progress passed

"The prison where the unhappy monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage; and the palace lately storm'd
With roar of cannon by a furious host."

In his chamber that night,—high and lonely—he "felt most deeply in what a world he was." He was surrounded with terrible mementos of revolutionary excess, and distant only a few weeks from one of the bloodiest events recorded in history :—

"With unextinguish'd taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by
Press'd on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month—
Saw them and touch'd; the rest was conjured up
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments."

The poet returned to England, without having changed his political creed. His sympathies were on the side of the French Republicans, now menaced on all sides by powerful enemies, and he exulted in their success, although his hopes were paralysed by the system of terrorism that had been adopted.

"Meanwhile the invaders fared as they deserved;
The herculean commonwealth had put forth her arms,
And throttled with an infant godhead's might
The snakes about her cradle."

* * * * *
And as the desert bath green spots, the sea
Small islands scatter'd amid stormy waves;

So that disastrous period did not want ;
Bright sprinkling of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of saints in heaven
Might point with rapturous joy."

His faith, however, was shaken at last by the course of political events. Frenchmen became oppressors in their turn, and changed a war of self-defence into a war of conquest. His dream of human perfectibility faded, and the failure of his youthful hopes sank deep into his heart. In a saddened mood, he retired once more to the Cumberland hills, and endeavoured to restore his imaginative powers, which disappointment had somewhat impaired, by communion with the scenes of his youth. Still believing in the innate nobility of the human heart, he studied the manners and habits of simple and uneducated peasants, and determined thenceforth to make them the subject of his verse. Our readers will not now fail to see the source of the theories to which we alluded at the commencement of this paper. The poet's unsatisfied spirit shrank from the formalities of artificial society, and found repose and confidence in the simplicity and wisdom of peasant life.

—"There I heard
From mouths of men obscure and lowly, truths
Replete with honour; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair."

Such literary powers as he possessed, matured as they were by observation and experience, he determined to devote to the truthful description of rural life and the manners of country people: the world knows the result:—

"Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is perform'd within,
When all the external man is rude in show,—
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and shower."
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things."

We have felt some interest in following thus far the Poet's narrative, regarding it as a minute revelation of his feelings, and as tending to illustrate the scope and character of his genius. From the extracts we have printed, our readers will judge of the merits of the poem. To us it appears to abound with Wordsworth's beauties, and with Wordsworth's faults. It contains many single passages of the highest poetical excellence; but we cannot help admitting that much of the narrative, especially in the later books, is flat, prosaic, and common-place.

We must not omit to state that the friend to whom the poem is addressed, was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to whose genius more than one beautiful and appropriate tribute is paid.

PEACE LYRICS.

MR. ADAMS has in a few elegant lines very nearly saved us the trouble of reviewing his little volume of poems;—the *trouble* we have inadvertently said, but that is a professional phrase—whatever the reviewer may do, the reader will find no trouble, but a pleasure in perusing these beautiful lyrics. Our author, speaking of his *Poetical Creed*, says:—

"I sing no song of chivalry,
I wake no sounding lyre,
The deeds of knights in tourney-fights
May not my soul inspire;
I look not unto ages past,
Nor dream of by-gone days,
The toil and strife of present life,
These better suit my lays."

These lines sufficiently indicate that Mr. Adams belongs to that class of poets which the present days have called forth, and who may, without any impropriety, be called the "poets of progress." These writers are distinguished by the *singleness* of their aim,—the attainment of some practical good, affecting chiefly the masses of society. Each poem, or collection of poems, of theirs, is devoted to the advocacy of some one truth, palpable enough, probably, to all, but apt to be cast aside by the bustling and active, and forgotten altogether by the quiet and indolent.

This school of poetry, in which perhaps we may consider Ebenezer Elliott as having taken the lead in point of time, is more distinguished by terseness and energy of versification, than by melody of numbers; more by pointedness of argument, than by imaginative scenery; more by elevation of sentiment than by grandeur of style. Not that there is any marked deficiency of harmony and elegance, but the leading characteristics are as we have said.

From the pen of the same author, we have a pretty, cheap, little serial, named "British Songbirds," in which ornithology and poetry are happily combined. Works of this description are of the greatest value in diffusing information and a taste for nature through the community at large, and have our hearty commendation and good wishes.

Music, perhaps, is hardly within the sphere of our editorial remarks; yet we feel bound to recommend—to our clerical readers in particular—two recent publications,—"*The Church Musician*," and "*The Church Hymn Book*,"—issued by Rivingtons; as being admirable auxiliaries to a *genuine* system of music for the services of the sanctuary; selected from the best masters, and adapted to the different festivals of the Church. They are well worthy of the notice of such as desire to promote a wholesome reformation in this particular branch of the worship of God.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

It is no new remark that we often know least of what lies nearest to us, and tend to disregard whatever is easy of attainment. We have known old Londoners who had never seen the Tower; people born within twenty miles of the Giant's Causeway, who have never visited it; and the present writer has a guilty recollection of having once, when travelling on the Continent, been unable to answer from personal observation a question put by a foreigner concerning Richmond Hill, not having at that time ever set eyes on it. Railways and steamboats are, it is true, now doing their best to prevent such delinquencies for the future, but the same principle may still be seen in operation. Our countrymen overrun Switzerland and Italy, and on the Nile the English flag is scarcely more a stranger than at the Nore; but it is the rarest thing possible to find any one, unless business have carried him thither, who knows anything of the opposite shores of the North Sea—countries lying a day or two's sail off, and with which we have the strongest affinities in blood, in language, in the best and soundest parts of our national character. If we speak of Denmark, we recall, perhaps, if our auditor be occupied with commercial affairs, some facts connected with Sound duties, or Rendsburg butter tubs; if otherwise, it may be the regal phantom of King Canute, gravely quizzing his courtiers, or a vision of Hamlet and the ghost goes wandering by. The recent unhappy quarrel has, however, lately turned public attention in that direction, and may therefore perhaps induce some tourists, who are not content to run always along the beaten track, to undertake a pilgrimage to the home of our Scandinavian forefathers—the really *old* England on the Baltic. In the land of the Angles, still called by the same name, (*Angeln*), he might suppose himself in the county of Kent, and should he chance to be a Northumberland man, he would find himself quite at home, and be able to make himself well understood in the peninsula of Jutland. In some of the Frisian islands, as that of Amrum, which lies geographically nearest to England, many words are almost the same as those commonly in use amongst us. The irregular verbs, for instance—the English *think, thought*, is in Friesish *theenk, thought; bring, brought*, is *bring, broaght*. "How many miles?" says the Englishman. "*Hu mani mile?*" says the Amramer. Indeed, the similarity has given rise to a proverb—

"Butter, bread, and green cheese,
Is good English, and good Friesch."

The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, with the loss of which the King of Denmark has been lately threatened, (indeed, the issue of the struggle is still uncertain,) form, beyond comparison, the most valuable portion of his dominions. Even the small district of

Lauenburg, it is said, brings in more revenue to his crown than did formerly the whole kingdom of Norway for which it was exchanged. But a very imperfect idea of the fertility of these countries would be formed by the tourist who should merely pass along the frequented route from Hamburg to Kiel, as it lies over a central ridge of heath which intersects the whole peninsula from the Elbe to the extremity of Jutland. On the eastern side lies a lovely region of gentle hills, crowned with beech woods, and intersected with blue sparkling fords; on the west, an extensive tract of some of the richest marsh land in the world: The broad green strip which extends along the whole eastern shore of the North Sea, forming the coast of Holland, Hanover, Oldenburg, Holstein, and Schleswig, is wholly the product of the fine matter brought down by the Elbe, the Weser, the Scheldt, and other rivers, thrown up into banks and islands by the action of the sea; afterwards protected by dykes, and rendered productive by human labour.

Between the free city of Hamburg and Gluckstadt, on the right bank of the Elbe, we find the first of these marshes; then proceeding along the sea-shore northward, the marshes of Krempe and Wilster, then the renowned Ditmarshes, and finally, crossing the Eider, the marshes of Schleswig, which extend to Jutland, where the rich alluvial deposit ceases, and is exchanged for barren shifting sandbanks and dunes.

The marshes, having never been disturbed by any action from beneath, present to the eye a perfect level, strikingly contrasting with the central ridge of volcanic origin running through the Danish peninsula, which forms the skeleton on which they have been deposited. This hilly barren land—*geest-land*, as it is called by the people of all these countries—runs out into the flat marsh in tongues and promontories of all shapes and sizes, but is always perfectly distinguishable from it. Some even of the islands lying along the coast, which had been raised from the bed of the ocean before the formation of the alluvial soil, consist half of "geest" and half of marsh, and the country people have no idea that all the lands on the globe do not exhibit a similar distinction of soil, and will ask a foreigner whether his country is "geest" or "marsh."

These two kinds of land present many contrasts besides those of a flat and a hilly surface. The marsh is treeless, the geest partially wooded; the former nowhere shows sand or heath, but the richest vegetable soil, field after field, meadow after meadow, and teems with abundance; the geest, on the contrary, is to a great extent uncultivated. The marsh has no spring of fresh water, but is intersected by straight canals; on the geest we find springs, and brooks, and rivers, and these contrasts in the physical aspect of the two portions of the country, are fully equalled by those of the moral character and mode of life of the inhabitants.

The peculiar constitution of their country has rendered necessary a peculiar kind of agriculture; has determined the occupation and the manner of life, and had, unavoidably, the greatest influence on the

(1) "*Butter, bread, in greene tutes,
Is both English in guth Friesch.*"

The resemblance is of course more striking to the ear than to the eye; but the orthography is after all scarcely so alarming as that of our Phonetic friends.

manners of the people. The incessant watchfulness required to defend the country against the attacks of the sea, the construction and preservation of the dykes, and sluices, and canals, demands so much practice, and such peculiar kinds of knowledge, that it could scarcely be performed effectually by any but a people long resident on the spot. After the Dutch and Frieslanders, the Italians are the most skilful water architects and marsh occupants of Europe, and have done for Venice what the Dutch have for Amsterdam. They have their *marenne* as the Dutch their marshes, and the delta of the Po is canalised and dyked like that of the Rhine.

The riches that the inhabitants draw from their marshes have contributed to render them independent and somewhat haughty in spirit. The possibility of defending their country and their freedom from hostile invasion by artificial inundations, has served to strengthen this spirit; and thus from Holland and the mouths of the Maes to the peninsula of Jutland there have arisen in the marshes a series of more or less independent little democracies, which, though they have gradually lost their sovereign rights, are still almost all regarded as distinct communities, and endowed with peculiar privileges. For centuries long, the Counts of Holland and Oldenburg, the Dukes of Schleswig, the Kings of Denmark, and others, waged fierce and sanguinary wars with them, but it is to be observed that these, on the side of the marsh people, were purely defensive.

There are few villages in the marsh countries, but the houses of the farmers lie scattered singly all over them: each raised on an artificial hillock of from ten to fifteen feet high, which affords a refuge in times of inundation. Along all the shores of the lower Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, and a great part of the Netherlands, we find the same contrivance, for a similar reason, and in many places also where from the strength of the dykes they are really unnecessary. The sloping sides of these hillocks serve to grow vegetables, for which the level is too moist, and sometimes on the summit, close to the house, is seen a small tree, the only specimens of their kind to be found in the marshes. The houses are of red brick, long and low, and without such a profuse expenditure of wood as in Holland; over the door is invariably a narrow snow-white arch, which appears to constitute a sort of national distinction of the people of Frisian origin. Near this are two iron rings to tie horses to, for during the autumn and winter it is almost impossible to traverse the marshes on foot, and the architect has often endeavoured to give additional firmness to the walls, by fastening them together with huge iron cramps, sometimes in the form of the initial letters of his name. The top of the hillock is almost always laid out as a garden, and exhibits a profusion of bushes and blooming flowers, so that each hillock rises like a little island of blossoms out of the level sea of verdure beneath. The interiors of the houses are exquisitely clean, and the walls usually laid with Dutch tiles, whose glazed surface will not easily retain the smallest impurity,

and even if it should, will only require the application of a damp cloth to restore it to its pristine beauty.

One of the most characteristic features of the landscape, is the network of dykes, which cross the meadows in long lines, and which are distinguished into outer, or sea, and inner dykes. The latter have mostly been at one time sea-dykes, but have become inner dykes, as more land has gradually been formed and dykes constructed beyond them. They are usually left standing, partly because of the expense and trouble of removal, and also because they may still serve as a needful defence, in case of the bursting of the outer wall; besides that they are useful as roads, when, after long rain, the marshes have become impassable. It is often, however, forbidden to drive along the top of the sea-dyke, for fear of the injury that might result from the shaking of the carriages. When it is permitted, a curious contrast is presented to the traveller by the two sides of the picture. From a wall about five-and-twenty feet high, he looks down on two worlds; here, the sunny green pastures, with herds of grazing cattle, the rich corn-fields, and the snug homestead with all its comforts; on the other side the "wandering fields of barren foam," seals and dolphins, and the uncouth monsters of the deep, and flights of seamews screaming for their prey.

Beyond the outer dyke, in many places, embankments stretch out like long arms into the sea, and serve as well for the protection of the dyke, as to favour the formation of new land. First, coarse sand and pebbles are left lying within the space thus protected, and gradually, as this accumulates, and the water becomes shallower, and consequently more tranquil, finer and finer particles are deposited. As soon as it has reached such a height that it is no longer covered twice a-day by the ordinary tide, a few plants of a peculiar character begin to grow upon it. They take root in the sand, and are not only able to endure being frequently covered by the salt flood, but are admirably adapted to promote the growth of land, as they consist of bunches of fine roots and fibres, on and behind which the particles of soft matter deposit themselves, so that the receding wave cannot easily wash them away.

When the soil has gained something in fertility, a new species of plant—a sort of coarse grass—makes its appearance, and disputing possession with the first comer, at length gains the mastery, and takes its place. In the course of years, the ground improves still more, the coarse grass is superseded by finer sorts, and it is now never covered by the sea but in spring, or extraordinary high tides. When it has advanced thus far, the inhabitants of the marshes begin to turn it to account, by driving their cattle upon it, though this exposes them to some danger, for the floods sometimes advance with such rapidity that there is not time to draw the herds back within the protection of the dyke, and they are drowned.

In this stage of the business the question arises, whether the new piece of land is sufficiently valuable to pay the expense of dyking; and this depends

partly on the form it has assumed. If it has run out far into the sea, and is narrow, it will require more dyke than it is likely to be worth; if the land to be gained is considerable in proportion to the length and strength of the required dyke, the question will probably be decided in the affirmative; but there are so many points to be considered in the conditions of the undertaking, that twenty or thirty years will sometimes elapse before the work is begun, and in the meantime, Neptune may step in some wild winter night and sweep away the whole subject of dispute for his own share.

This is one of the difficulties of the case—whether to wait for the formation of more land, and by so doing run the risk of losing it altogether; or to incur a greater proportional expense and secure it at once. Commissions are usually appointed to examine the state of the sea-lands, and perhaps one commission will decide for, and another against the dyking. Then it has to be settled whether the government, which claims all new lands, shall undertake the dyking, or grant it on certain conditions to individuals. Companies are formed to buy the land, and each tries to outbid the other, and thus, after Nature has employed hundreds of years in forming the land, fifty or sixty more will be required to bring it fairly under cultivation. Amidst such physical and moral storms have these little fertile districts been wrested from the barren sea. The whole organization of such a country, and the construction of dykes, roads, canals, bridges, sluices, &c.—to say nothing of houses and churches—of course requires an enormous expenditure of capital, and to induce people to invest their property in such undertakings, the Danish government has often been compelled to offer many tempting privileges and advantages, such as perfect freedom from taxation for twenty or thirty years, independent commercial government, the use of the pastures of the outer dykes, &c.; and tens of thousands of dollars are yearly spent in repairs, of which the unpractised eye would not perceive a trace.

This is one of the cases in which the advantages of co-operation are most immediately obvious, and accordingly "Dyke Unions" have for a long period subsisted in this country, and have served as the basis of other associations with different objects. The lines of dyke that lie like a network over the land, have thus also become bonds to draw society together. Nothing unites men like a common effort against a common danger, and the sea is for the inhabitants of these countries the common enemy, whose presence keeps perpetually alive the feeling of brotherhood and humanity. There are no absentee landlords in the marshes; they belong wholly to the cultivators, a homely race from the old Saxon stock, whose national banner exhibits no more heroic symbol than that of a kettle upon the fire. But it is a symbol under which they have often fought most valiantly; and it has at least the advantage of being well understood; of awakening sympathies in which all can share, and of being free from the objections on the score of sound morals,

that might be raised against such animals as lions and eagles, who, as Franklin said, "do not get their living honestly." Beneath the kettle flames the motto, "*Liever dued us Slav,*" literally "Rather dead than a slave;" but which might be freely rendered, "Let us rather die than go without our tea." Historical truth, however, compels us to add, that in these marshes it is not so often tea as gruel that furnishes "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

Crossing the heathy district, which is very thinly peopled, and in many parts only occupied by a semi-savage race of wandering shepherds and their black-faced flocks, and numerous tribes of gipsies, we come to a country, which at the first glance we perceive to differ widely from the one we have just left. In the first place, it is extremely well wooded. The oak, birch, ash, lime, and willow, grow in abundance, though, singularly enough, the fir, from which Denmark is said to derive its name, is nowhere to be seen, unless where it has been artificially planted. But the great ornament of the country is the beech, which grows here to almost unrivalled size and beauty—now scattered about in groups of two or three dozen; now falling into rich masses of extensive woodland, or fringing the shores of the beautiful little bays or firds, encircling some fairy lake, or forming a superb setting to some emerald gem of a meadow.

Instead of a wide watered shore, intersected by long lines of dyke, we have here small enclosures, high hedges, and, as we have said, a country strikingly resembling England, especially the eastern parts of the county of Kent, with its steep banks and roads running as in a hollow way. The people of the western marshes are chiefly occupied in fattening cattle for the market; but here is the most pleasing of pastoral occupations, that of dairy farming, and you see pretty milkmaids come tripping along with their little straw hats and bright painted pails, instead of the uncouth milk-men common in so many countries.

This side of Denmark abounds in Scandinavian antiquities, and the character even of the popular superstitions betrays a similar origin. You find a huge mass of granite, and are told it was flung from one of the neighbouring islands by a certain giantess, who used her garter on the occasion for a sling. In the west, the legends seem to take their colour from the physical features of the country. The figures of men on horseback or on foot, or of carriages moving along the tops of the dykes, their dark outlines marked out against the sky, have often a strange spectral appearance, and it is not surprising that these form the favourite ground for the exploits of all ghosts, demons, and evil disposed spirits.

Many of the dykes, from one side of which you look down on pleasant farms and homesteads, and all the charms of rural and pastoral life, show you on the other the wide howling waste of the desolate ocean. Here goblins may shriek and gibber to their heart's content amidst the noise of winds and waters; here

(1) The word is usually derived from *Fenne Mark*, the Country of Fir.

will come spurring along on its phantom steed the ghost of some wicked governor of the olden time; here the terrible spirit called the "Wrestler" will watch for the lonely traveller on the top of the dyke. He sees nothing, hears nothing, but he feels himself embraced in dreadful ice-cold arms, and then ensues a struggle which mostly ends by the traveller being dashed down into the flood that foams beneath; sometimes he is only thrown breathless and exhausted to the ground, and lies there till the first ray of morning dawn puts the goblin to flight.

In the heathy districts that lie between the two, the supernatural population bears more resemblance to our own fairies. When a traveller lingers late at eve upon the moorland, or loses his way among the pools covered by great water-lilies, he will hear from a hundred small voices at a time cries of "Good evening! good evening!" He looks about, but can see no one; but at length peering into the cups of the large lilies, he sees troops of tiny men and women, and as he runs off with all possible speed, the moor rings with their laughter; but whoever will stand steady, and not be frightened, may be sure of having some pretty fairy gift to take home with him. Even in these things the distinction of character in these various parts of the country is strikingly preserved.

Among other differences of the east and west coast, may be mentioned that the whole extent of the marsh country shows only a single estate belonging to a noble, but the east from Lubeck, northwards to Jutland, exhibits an uninterrupted series, above two hundred and forty of such, in which the landlords exercise many old feudal privileges, including that of private jurisdiction. The contrast is partly explained from the nature of the soil, requiring in the marshes an expenditure of energy and intelligence, that would scarcely have been made by any cultivators but those who worked on their own land. Such a country could hardly have been peopled by any but peasant proprietors. Another solution is offered in the republican tendencies of the Frisian race, by which the marshes are inhabited. We may recollect, however, that this race has always been found in regions of a similar character; and that, consequently, their political tendencies are to be regarded rather as effect than as cause. Up to 1559, almost every parish constituted a separate little republic, managing its own affairs in the most independent manner, and only occasionally, in matters that concerned the whole community, referring to the decision of a sort of federal government composed of forty-eight *regents*.

A great part of the land in the east of the peninsula is also distributed amongst what are called peasant proprietors, but their position differs in many respects greatly from that of the rich thriving peasantry of the marshes, and as their farms are by law entailed on the eldest son, they constitute a sort of lower aristocracy. As the ordinary correlative of such institutions, we find also a large and increasing class of very poor labourers, such as are entirely unknown in the west.

There are few great towns in the Danish dominions; with the exception of Copenhagen, there is only one whose population reaches to nearly 30,000, and the greater part fall considerably below 10,000. Copenhagen itself is perhaps, (unless for the amiable and hospitable manners of the inhabitants) less worth visiting than almost any other spot in the country. It is a well built, well behaved, orderly, and convenient city; one of the newest capitals in Europe, but has a certain character of mediocrity in all things. Its streets are mostly broad and handsome, but not equal in these respects to Petersburg, and Berlin; one part, which is intersected by canals, will remind you of Amsterdam, but is inferior to Amsterdam in its peculiar style; another bears a likeness to Paris, but of a second-rate Paris; it has a good picture-gallery, a good museum, but there are better elsewhere. It would be scarcely possible to point out any characteristic feature, peculiar to itself; and of the quaint and picturesque beauty of the old German cities there is not a trace. This may be accounted for, from the fact of its newness; for though it existed as a fishing village from time immemorial, most of the buildings now existing are of a very recent date. But whatever may be the general mediocrity of its character, Copenhagen, in one point, must be allowed to claim precedence of all others. There is not a capital in Europe that has been so often bombarded; no other citizens have been so often called upon to fight for their hearths and altars, and as a natural consequence, none are more patriotic. They do not, however, like some other patriots, manifest their love for their own country, chiefly by their hatred of others. Even the taking of their fleet (in 1807), sore grief as it was, for the Danes are passionately fond of a fleet, and are indeed a nation of sailors, seems to have been forgotten and forgiven, and the feeling of hostility to the English which it excited, to have long since died away. "It is a long time ago," they say, "and we've got another fleet now. Besides, the English people did not do it, but only their government. As for those who were guilty, the grass has grown on their graves." On the whole, these our Scandinavian kindred seem to regard us with a sort of brotherly or cousinly pride, as relations who have made a figure in the world, and done honour to the family.

The situation of Copenhagen, on the animated Sound, is really beautiful, but the advantage of this is in a great measure lost to the inhabitants by its being entirely enclosed within a circle of the strongest fortification. It is, we believe, the only city in which not even a suburb is found extending beyond these imprisoning moats and ramparts, by which, more or less, so many foreign cities are disfigured; but which, happily for them, are almost unknown to the inhabitants of English towns.

THE PRINCE'S TOWER;

OR, LA HOGUE BIE.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

BY J. M. W.

MANY years ago,—so many, that we care not to count them,—there dwelt in Neustria, (Normandy,) in a strong castle, near the coast, a powerful and wealthy young baron, called the Sieur, or Lord, of Coutances.

In all Normandy there was not a handsomer, a gentler, or a braver knight. It was a notorious fact that all the women strove to please, and few of the men cared to offend the young Baron de Coutances. In all Normandy there was not a layman so learned as this young knight. He astonished many of the Monks themselves, for he could write a *billet*, and read it when it was written, which was more than some of their reverences could do.

In all Normandy there was not a better bard. He could make verses and sing them to his own music on the harp; his style was altogether matchless; at least, so said the Jongleurs who dined in his Hall as frequently as they wished.

Beau Garçon!—Preux Chevalier!—Savant!—Trouveur!—What marvel that the Baron de Coutances was successful in love! The *gentille damoiselle*, to whom his vows and his verses were addressed, was Marguerite, only child of the Conte de Granville, his neighbour. Loudly did De Coutances proclaim his lady love to be the pearl of pearls, the very day's eye, for brilliancy of beauty; and often did he make her name pre-eminent at feast and tournament. He pronounced her to be *oltre le più belle bella*, and fiercely did he defy to mortal combat any ill advised person who should venture to dispute the fact.

As was the mode in those days, the fair Marguerite passed her life for the most part shut up in what was called her "bower;" that is to say, in a small room with very thick walls and two narrow slits therein instead of windows, which served to let in a strong draft and very little light. Thus caged up, except on some rare occasion, when she was allowed to be present at a tournament, few persons, saving the members of her father's household, had an opportunity of admiring her loveliness. So that when the Baron de Coutances brought home his bride, the multitude of his vassals and retainers, who had assembled at the castle gate to see their new mistress, were surprised and delighted by her wonderful beauty. They shouted for joy, crying, "Long live the Baroness! Long live the beautiful Lady de Coutances!"

She returned their greeting with a smile so sweet and a bearing so gracious and modest, that even the stern Bertrand de St. Ouens, the baron's seneschal and confidential counsellor, was moved as he gazed on her;—a thing which those who did not see could not believe, on account of the proverbial hardness of the man. Those who remarked him on this occasion said that his large eye shot forth flame—that the red blood mantled in his swarthy cheek—that his arm trembled visibly as he lifted the lady from her palfrey to the

floor of the vast and gloomy hall of which he gravely hailed her mistress. St. Ouens had been averse to the marriage, and might be angry that it had taken place; at all events he expressed no admiration of the bride, not even to the happy Baron.

Months and years passed on. The Baron de Coutances was the father of two fair boys, and his lady loved him ever more and more, while his affection for her was so great, that during all that time he left not his estates for a single day; which was no doubt much to the advantage of the estates themselves, and all those who lived on them. The sight of rust on his good sword—the tales of warlike deeds done in the south—St. Ouens's urgings that he should away to the wars, and not pass his days thus in ignoble peace and obscurity, all prevailed not against his love for the fair and noble-minded Marguerite.

It chanced one day that a large boat approached the coast near the Castle of Coutances; it was filled with men, women, and children, who seemed to be full of grief and alarm. They landed beneath the Castle and went up to the gate-way, praying for food and shelter. The hospitable Baron ordered his servants to supply their wants immediately; and to bring one of their number before him, that he might learn from whence they came and why they had left their homes.

A silver-haired man appeared before the Baron and Baroness, and with pale lips and a troubled countenance told his tale. He and his companions were natives of an island across the sea, which was visible from the turret-tops of the Castle of Coutances—the island of Augia, (Jersey,)—they had always lived peaceably and happily there until lately. About a month before, a huge dragon had suddenly issued from a thick wood, near the centre of the island, and having devoured many of the people and caused as many more to die with fright, had retired again within the wood. Nothing more had been seen of this terrible monster until this very day, when he had come forth again and repeated his work of devastation. The old man concluded by saying that he and his companions, fearing for their lives, had come to Neustria for security, and to obtain assistance for those who remained behind. He was in hopes that some of those doughty knights of Neustria, whose fame had reached even to the ears of the peaceful Augians, would venture over to the island and attack this formidable dragon.

The old man retired, and the Baron began to pace the apartment in deep thought, for his heart was roused by the strange recital. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I will fight against this dragon!"—and turning to the Baroness, he added,—“and thou, Marguerite,—even thou, who hatest war, wilt arm me for such a combat.”

“Surely will I, my lord; for, it is the cause of the defenceless!” she replied, looking at her husband with proud satisfaction.

And soon there was busy motion and eager talk throughout the castle; for the Baron had issued orders to embark on the morrow for Augia. He judged a

large force needless for his purpose. He said, "Doubtless these poor peasants have much magnified the terrors of the monster; I, with my good St. Ouens and two men-at-arms, will easily slay him."

On the morrow the Baron de Coutances bade farewell to his wife and children. The Baroness did not attempt to dissuade him from the undertaking, though many strange and sad forebodings had taken possession of her soul. She strove to say farewell with a cheerful aspect; but it was in vain she strove. She could not account to herself for this change in her feelings; but, now, she would have sacrificed much that she valued to detain her lord from this enterprise. Her lips were white and trembling, as she pressed his cheek with yet another lingering kiss, while her brow was crimson with the life-blood from the heart, which had suspended its calm pulsation.

"Why dost thou tremble, my pearl of pearls?" said the Baron, looking tenderly into her sad eyes. "Thou, who art wont to be as brave as thou art gentle and loving!"

"If I should never see thee more!—If thou shouldst perish!" and the noble lady dropped her head on his mailed breast and wept.

"Nay, nay, my own sweet wife! this must not be," said de Coutances. "Thou must be a brave woman; at least, till we return. I must leave thee to command the Castle and to protect our children. Thou knowest that I have enemies abroad in this country who are eager for my ruin. I cannot endure the thought that any of my possessions should pass away from the inheritance of our children; for their sakes I would keep good watch and ward over our noble lands. I may have to tarry long ere I find this dragon; but, from time to time, I will send over Bertrand de St. Ouens, with tidings of me, and with instructions for thy conduct here. But, my Marguerite! in these days there is much treachery abroad. We cannot be too cautious, therefore credit no messenger from me but Bertrand; and promise me that whatsoever commands he shall bring thee from me thou wilt obey to the letter."

"By the Holy Virgin, I promise, and by my love to thee," replied his wife. "But send thou always a letter, however short, and thy signet ring."

"It shall be so, my dear wife; once more farewell!—In truth, I like not this parting better than thou. One more embrace!—now for my bark and the bright green sea."

The baron departed, and the fair Marguerite watched his bark till it became a dim speck on the horizon and then she wept. But the daily duties pressed on her from without, and the melancholy sighs within were stifled; and, from time to time, came Bertrand de St. Ouens from her husband, with cheering news. But the dreaded dragon had not yet been seen again; and de Coutances began to be anxious and troubled about his return, for there were warlike doings in Normandy, and he feared that his enemies might attack the castle

during his absence, when only his wife was there to command. Meanwhile she obeyed implicitly all his injunctions.

Her lord had been absent four weeks, when Marguerite sat alone one evening in the chamber of her sleeping children. Suddenly, she heard the sound of footsteps,—the tapestry was withdrawn from the entrance, and St. Ouens stood before her,—pale, blood-stained, and with downcast eyes. In a low, hoarse whisper, the lady spoke.

"Speak, Bertrand!—Quickly—Speak the truth, in God's name!—What hath chanced to my dear lord?"

He moved not—he spoke not,—and without raising his eyes to her face he presented the accustomed ring and letter. The Baroness walked with an unsteady step to a lamp in the apartment;—read the letter, and fell senseless to the ground.

This was the letter, written in an uncertain hand,—

"I am dying, my beloved Marguerite! That fearful monster is slain, at last; but he has cost me my life, and those of the two men-at-arms. And now, my soul is racked with fears for thee and our children. There is but one sure way to protect you all. Remember thy solemn promise to obey all my commands. This, then, is my last. When I shall have been dead twelve months, marry Bertrand de St. Ouens. He is my best friend. He will guard well my children's heritage. God bless thee, my wife, my beloved Marguerite!—We shall meet in heaven. Adieu! Adieu!—On earth we can meet no more.

Thy loving

COUTANCES."

On the morrow Bertrand de St. Ouens called together the vassals of Coutances, and told them the story of their lord's death. The dragon had been destroyed; but, alas! in the desperate combat the two men-at-arms had been killed, and the noble Baron de Coutances himself was mortally wounded!—he had but time to write a few words to his lady, containing his last will, which she, in due time, would make known to them. At present, she was plunged in deep affliction and could not attend to her worldly-affairs; therefore, she had appointed him governor of the castle until her recovery.

The vassals mourned their master's death sincerely, for they loved him. They could not forget his noble bearing—his kindly word and eye. He was their liege lord; and they mourned him, not as servants mourn a master, but as children mourn their parents. Bertrand de St. Ouens they loved not in their hearts, and they marvelled greatly at the event which took place at the end of twelve months from the baron's death. The Lady Marguerite caused her lord's dying will to be read aloud to his vassals by her chaplain, and after a few weeks delay she married St. Ouens. The retainers and the neighbouring nobles made strange comments on the matter. There was no joy or feasting at the marriage, for the lady was sad and sorely indisposed.

Time passed on. The baroness still lived; but she

lived for her sons alone, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness and all a father's pride. To her new husband she showed herself cold, silent, and sternly proud; for she hated him in her heart.

It was now the third anniversary of the Baron de Coutances' death. At midnight the wretched lady lay awake, when deep groans from Bertrand de St. Ouens struck her ear. She heard him mutter words of fearful import, and her heart stood still. Again those words! Oh! what is there in a little word to rouse such horror? Could *that* indeed be truth? She moved gently from his side, and, bringing a lamp, held it over the sleeping man. The working of his features was dreadful to look upon. She shut her eyes, and with trembling limbs stood to listen while the dreamer's incoherent words revealed, but too clearly, the dark deed he had wrought three years before. His sword lay at her feet. By a sudden impulse she stooped to lift it in vengeance. But her strength failed her; and she sank on her knees, in prayer to the Blessed Virgin for counsel and for aid in this terrible strait.

On the morrow the Lady Marguerite sent a messenger to Augia, secretly. He stayed several days; at length he returned, but not alone. He brought with him one of those men-at-arms who had accompanied the baron to the island, and whom Bertrand had declared to have been slain. This man was conducted by a private way to the Lady's apartment, and remained alone with her. She found that her suspicions were truth. St. Ouens had stabbed his patron and friend after they had slain the dragon. One of the men-at-arms had shared his lord's fate, and he who remained to tell the bloody tale had fled, and afterwards, fearing St. Ouens' power, had kept the guilt secret, and remained concealed from the perpetrator. Alas, for the Lady Marguerite! She clasped her children to her bosom and wept;—but not long. She had another duty to perform.

Before a tribunal of Norman nobles stood Bertrand de St. Ouens, charged by his wife with the crime of murder. He stood silent while the horrible tale was told. The proofs of his guilt were too clear to be much discussed in that august assembly; he was soon pronounced guilty, and worthy of death.

When he heard his sentence, Bertrand de St. Ouens replied nothing to his judges; but he turned him face to face with the accuser—the stern, wan, grief-worn Marguerite,—and said, in a broken voice of deep emotion,—"Yes! *guilty!* And *thou* the cause. Woman! I have stained my immortal soul with the blood of my dearest friend, for the love of thy beauty. Thou hast repaid my love with hate—so have I been accursed beyond the punishment of murderers. Thou hast tormented me on earth—thou hast cast me out of heaven. Yet art thou dear to me, and neither justice nor heaven itself, can tear thy loved image from this accursed soul."

And Bertrand de St. Ouens was borne away to his death. And Marguerite—the wretched, hopeless Marguerite—alas, for her! She crossed the sea to Augia, she sought the place where the remains of her beloved lay, and she would fain have stretched herself there to die; but she remembered that she was a mother. Her children—*his* children—needed her care; and, kneeling on the grave, she strengthened her soul by prayer, to bear the heavy burden of life.

She sent for the most skilful masons in her country, and caused them to build a high tower, over the grave of her murdered lord,—a tower so high that she might see it plainly from her castle at Coutances; that the spot where he lay might be ever in her sight as it was in her thoughts. The fair Marguerite faded away year by year, and when her eldest son attained the age of eighteen, Marguerite died, and was buried by her children beside their father's remains, under the high tower in Augia, called La Hogue Bie.

On the spot where this ancient town once stood there is now a small tower called "Prince's Tower," or "La Hogue Bie." It is very nearly the central point of the island of Jersey, and is now used by the lovers of the picturesque, as from its summit the best view of the lovely island and the adjacent coast of Normandy may be obtained. The legend, which I have related above, has long been current in Jersey, and, until the last dozen years or so, had not travelled beyond it.

ITALY.

A CONVENT FESTA.

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

THE celebration of Saints' days in Italy is frequently attended by peculiar and interesting ceremonies. In the cities, the churches are then magnificently adorned, the altar is covered with gold and silver, or gilded ornaments, vases of flowers, crucifixes, and lamps; and numerous wax candles are lighted up, not only at the principal but at all the minor altars. Festoons of cloth, fringed with tinsel, cover the columns, and sometimes the walls, so that the appearance of the interior of the churches is quite changed; all bears the air of a festive occasion, and, in addition to the usual masses, the services have a peculiar reference to the saint to be celebrated, and in whose honour the treasures of the church, in the shape of relics, are produced for veneration. Even the outside portals are festooned with ornaments and garlanded with flowers.

In many country places still greater attractions are offered; the festa, or feast day, becomes an era in the year, and its recurrence a scene not only of devotion, but of high recreation. Religion and amusement go hand in hand. Whilst at Nice the returning festa day of the patron saint was to be celebrated at the convent of Cimies, and I availed myself of the occasion to visit the convent and attend the services.

We are accustomed to consider convents as places for the ladies; in Italy it is just the reverse;

the convents are occupied by monks, the monasteries by nuns. An hour's mule ride through a picturesque road brought me, on the festal day, to the summit of one of the range of mountains which forms the picturesque background of Nice. There stands the Convent of Cimies, built on the site where once stood a Roman prætorial palace. In the neighbourhood are the remains of an amphitheatre, a temple, and of public baths, which are all that now tell of a once flourishing city which the invasions of barbarians, the pestilence, and the lapse of time have succeeded in destroying. The situations for monastic institutions have generally been well chosen for commanding the finest points of view, and obtaining the greatest amount of natural advantages; and Cimies is pre-eminent for both.

The convent establishment of Cimies is on a large scale. There are extensive buildings for the habitations of the monks, cloisters for meditation, gardens for recreation, a church adjoining for worship, and a cemetery for their burial. Some fine old trees shade the front of the buildings, and an elegant cross of white marble, on a twisted column, stands before the church. On the cross is an image of the Saviour, with wings covering the fore part of the body, and also with wings at the feet, to symbolize, as I was informed, that, although suffering crucifixion, he was soon again to arise. Above the crucifixion is a sculptured representation of a pelican feeding her young with her own blood.

Under the portico entrance to the convent are various frescoes covering the walls. Amongst them are the heraldic demonstrations of the order of the Franciscans; a curious emblazonment, on which, instead of the usual adornments of arms, two angels are the supporters; the crown of thorns forms the crest, and the reed, the cross, the ropes, and the bleeding wounds of the Saviour, are all introduced on the shield. Some paintings on the walls represent the history and sufferings of many martyrs of the Franciscan order, who were put to death by the Turks; whole rows of these sufferers are represented as suspended on crosses, whilst the turbaned infidels are looking quietly on.

A tablet near the door of the church of the convent, which is dedicated to the Holy Virgin, announces various extraordinary advantages with which the church has been enriched; and extraordinary indeed they are—if true. One pope has declared that the establishment at Cimies shall participate in some of the indulgences annexed to the favoured church of St. John of Lateran, at Rome,—which, no doubt, are very special. Another promises forgiveness of half the amount of sins, and another the remission of the whole, on the performance of worship at a particular time at Cimies, under certain conditions, including, however, confession and communion. Another indulgence offers the reduction of some of the punishment of purgatory.

By the side of the church is the entry to the *clausura*, or cloisters; the walls are covered with various fresco paintings of scriptural subjects. From

thence I passed into the garden and enjoyed a splendid view of the surrounding country and the expanse of the Mediterranean. Some of the monks were walking about, and I soon received from one of them, whom I knew from eleemosynary visits he had paid me, a courteous welcome. He soon presented me to others of the fraternity, and I heard from them some of the rules of their order. Amongst them, they were forbidden to have possessions of any kind; they have nothing but their clothes; and they state that they live entirely on the charities offered to them, receiving gifts of bread, wine, and other necessities, which they seek from house to house; the lay brethren of the order bearing over their shoulders a sack to collect the contributions in their weekly visits.

The dress of the Franciscans consists of one garment only, of the coarsest brown stuff cloth, with a hood or cowl at the back; a rope of cord is tied round the body at the waist; no linen is permitted to be worn, and the feet are either bare, or only protected by a leathern sandal, and, according to their own accounts, they sleep in their unchanged dress. The vows of the fraternity are those of chastity, poverty, and obedience to their superiors. The monks with whom I conversed told me they had been many years in the convent; they were happy enough, and found a life of abstraction from the world conducive to their spiritual good; that the habitual fastings had ceased to become painful to the body, and that their scanty regimen tended to keep them in health. They admitted that great difficulty was experienced in the seasoning for such a life, and that many sunk under it, whose constitutions were not vigorous enough to combat its early discipline.

After passing through the gardens, we entered an enclosure, where appeared many massy pieces of ruined walls. "There," said my companion, "are the remains of the Roman proconsul's palace—our convent grounds now occupy its former site." What a contrast do the present occupants offer to the former! The Roman governor and the cowed monk may be taken as the types of the different epochs as they affect this kingdom.

The cemetery of the convent closely adjoins the establishment; the passage from one to the other is but a step, and the monks, as if carrying out their principle of abstraction from the world, leave no remembrance of themselves after they have passed away—there are no stones of memorial to record the names, or any particulars of the departed brethren of the order.

My monkish companions had now to take their part in the services of the day, and I left them to take a survey of the specialties of the place. The church doors had been thrown open at an early hour, and the population, from all quarters, were thronging to the neighbourhood of the Convent. Outside the church were hung printed notices of advantages to be obtained by attention to the services going forwards. "Indulgentia plenaria," (plenary indulgence,) appeared

in large characters over the principal entrance, amongst other invitations to the faithful to come and avail themselves of the liberal offers of the Church. Within the church crowds of peasants were on their knees before the altars and shrines, whilst a numerous auditory surrounded the pulpit, and were listening to the animated discourse of a monk of the convent, who was urging the importance of confession and penance.

I took the opportunity of looking around me to inspect some of the cases of relics which, on these feast days, are exposed to the public gaze. There were skeletons, said to be those of martyred saints; bones and relics of various kinds, neatly labelled. In one part of the church, under an altar, from which the curtain had been drawn aside, was a wax figure, lighted up by lamps, representing the Saviour as laying in the tomb. In the sacristy, amongst the pictures, was one of St. Francis, the founder of the order, receiving, as the legend of the saint reports, the *stigmata*, or marks, in his own hands, feet, and side, the same as those of the Saviour, whom he is represented as steadfastly regarding, and from whose wounds streams of communication are flowing, and fixing themselves in the same parts of the saint's body, and which are alleged ever afterwards to have remained there.

The scenes on the outside of the church presented a strange contrast to those of the interior, for, on leaving the congregation, who were apparently very attentive to the service and devotion going on, no sooner had I passed the curtain of cloth which hung before the principal entrance, than "*Indulgentia plenaria*" for very different than church purposes seemed to be in full operation. The large space before the church was quite a fair, and the peasantry of the whole neighbouring country, in their gay and picturesque attire, seemed to be fully enjoying themselves—in honour, of course, of the saint. Booths and tents were fixed all around, and the tables and counters in them were covered with eatables and drinkables, pictures of the saint and medals in his honour, rosaries blessed by the priest, and crosses to be worn round the neck, both for men, women, and children. Mendicants appeared in every variety of wretchedness, and with the most incongruous distortions of body, imploring charity for the saint's sake. The beggars who assemble during the season at Nice, are an amusing set of fellows, and many of them make a regular vocation of exhibiting infirmities either real or apparent. The mendicant Lazzaroni present all varieties of wretchedness. Many of their dresses seem held together by the attraction of cohesion only; and as for their sufferings, it would seem as if the malformations of a whole country were there congregated together. To speak of men without legs or arms, would be but common casualties; there are some fellows without noses, others without ears, some without eyes, or whose eyes, noses, and mouths seem in wrong places. One or two would wish to convey to you that they had no faces at all, so carefully are they bandaged up,

to be opened only to display eyes dreadfully red, a place where a nose ought to be, or a distorted mouth; and I should not be surprised to see some beggars making the experiment of walking about with their heads under their arms.

In the midst of the motley group, assembled outside the convent of Cimici, several men, women, and children, instead of begging, were at least making the show of employment by holding up small relic-boxes, cases containing figures of the Virgin, or the saints, and then requesting you to prove your respect for them by a small donation to the exhibition. In the meanwhile the monks are associating with the visitors, giving, possibly, useful and ghostly advice to their children, as they are pleased to call the people, who, in return, constantly salute them with the pleasing appellation of Papa, "*Mio padre*," which is the common form of salutation. But monks may hide a gallant as well as a religious heart under the cowl and the rough vest; and it is not always safe to trust ladies, at least if they be fair and young, to the whisperings of monks even *outside* a convent. It must be the fault of the ladies themselves if they will be caught *within* forbidden domains, as we shall soon see. I should have mentioned that, whilst I was viewing the interior, I was obliged to leave a fair lady, who had accompanied me on my visit to Cimici, on the outside of the convent door. She sat beneath a wide-spreading tree—for the rules of the order did not permit any female form to pass the threshold—the daughters of Eve are no fit beings for monastic walls when there are monks to be tempted within them; but when I rejoined my fair friend, and gave a tempting account of the scenes within the garden, of the monks, and of the ruins, I was met by a storm of indignation that women should be excluded from any place they wished to explore; which ended in a determination, on the lady's part, in defiance of popes and priests, to see all that was to be seen. At this critical juncture several of the brethren appeared, and my monkish friend amongst them. I heartily begged permission for the lady to enter; they told us their regard for us was very great, but they were not willing to incur the risk of an anathema to gratify such secular desires. Even a dispensation from the pope would be necessary. But who ever heard of female curiosity being disappointed, when fairly set on the *qui vive*? Our friends left us to ourselves, and the lady to her disappointment. Now, there was a side gate, leading into the garden, which was left temptingly open as the monks retreated, and the prohibitory word, "*Clausura*," fairly written up as a warning, stared us in the face; the lady said there was no harm in at least peeping in, and certainly no lady is expected to understand Latin; and if English ladies are to be kept out, then notices in proper English should be posted about. She did peep in; not a monk was in the place. Now, who ever peeped into forbidden ground without either wishing to go, or actually going, further? "Surely I may go in," my young friend thought, "only to pick that pretty

flower against the wall!" To the wall she went, and then from wall to wall—and further and further was led on not only into the midst of the garden, but all around and about the convent. Fear was gone, and prohibitions and anathemas were laughed at! but out came the monks, and there was a pretty scene—the lady ran, and the monks ran, too; but, once outside the gate, there was nothing more to be done. The monks said they would all be excommunicated, and the lady laughed, and then the monks laughed also, and then went away, carefully locking the door after them, to sprinkle the garden, no doubt, with purifying waters from the contamination of the visit.

My friend of the convent soon rejoined us again on the outside, and, of course, was very severe on the enormity committed, and he gave a due lecture on the subject. As the lady was reseated on her mule, I left her in charge of the monk, whilst I returned for a few minutes again within the convent. On my return I found a most animated conversation going forward in that very musical language which adds so much grace to the expression of feeling and sentiment, and I ceased to wonder why monkish institutions prohibit the entrance of ladies.

"*You are an angel!*" were the first expressions that fell on my ear as I drew near. Whether ladies are really angels, or merely like them, may be left to the varying opinions of those who are best acquainted with the sex; but certainly a monk retired from the world might as well have kept his particular opinions to himself—the lady in question was not an angel, but a human creature, whom it would be as difficult, as unnecessary to describe; one of those fair forms happily realized by most of us in a land where they abound:—

"The loveliness at times we see
In momentary glidings—the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree
In many a nameless being we retraced."

"Although we think the sex angelic," I remarked to the rather astonished monk, "we are not in the habit of telling them so, at least on so short an acquaintance."

"May she always continue the angel she is," was the reply given to me, with the gravity of a bishop. It appeared almost as if it had been the utterance of a benediction, instead of a compliment.

My young friend saw no reason at all why, if gentlemen thought ladies were angels, they should not tell them so, and highly commended the gallantry as well as the sincerity of the monk, and wished certain other persons had a little more of the same spirit. How far the complimentary language of convents on Festa days is associated with similar observances in every-day life, of course, I know not. I presume it is quite of a different character, for the monk hoped that his conversation might be attended with benefit. He had, it is true, told the lady that she was an angel; and, if it had been possible, he would have compared her to something better; but he had endeavoured also to convince her that, being a Protestant one, if she con-

tinued in such a communion, and did not put on a pair of catholic wings, she would certainly go to a very improper place for such a lovely form and such beauty as hers.

And, therefore, when pretty ladies visit festas and convents, and will peep into forbidden gardens, they may possibly meet, not only attacks on their hearts, but on their orthodoxy also! And it may be questioned whether they will not, under such self-sought circumstances, make some excuses for the latter, and not be very angry with the other. At least I was obliged to observe in after days that the mules we rode were unaccountably often turning up the little stony road that leads to the convent at Cimies.

But the day of the ceremony passes on. The morning part has been crowded by the poor and the peasants; the afternoon portion is reserved for the visits of the rich and the gay, who now throng to the scene, first to perform some devotion, and then to put an offering in the begging-boxes, or on the altars, which performance, in the estimation of the monks, is not the least important portion of the services; and then, both old and young, rich and poor, gentle and simple, with good humour and hilarity, return homewards, all appearing highly pleased, if they have not been much edified, by the festa of the day. The monks themselves, after their pious labours, retire, as we may charitably suppose, to a frugal repast; not forgetting to rejoice in the additional resources which the festa day has brought to the convent; and some of the brethren, it may be feared, will have their rest disturbed by visions of angels, coming in the shape of English ladies, to interfere with the tranquillity of monastic life.

THE FORTUNATE MAN.

BY F. H. K.

CHAPTER IV.

SICKNESS, even in its least revolting forms, has much to harrow the human heart. Feeling within us, as we perpetually do, the yearnings and instigations of the deathless and immutable spirit, we are prone to forgetfulness of the fact that the clay in which it is caged is ill able to second its energies; and when the conviction is forced upon us that, with all our proud aspirations and boastings, we are the mere creatures of the things we most despise,—that a breath will agitate us,—that a straw will weigh us down,—that sickness will make the strong man more powerless than the insect, and death leave him the banquet of the worm,—it is a sore trial to that pride which would fain deem itself as invulnerable as immortal. But while there is much that is humbling to the pride of intellect, there is also much that subserves some of the highest purposes of Providence; and amongst the foremost we may rank the power which sickness possesses of softening the heart. The feelings that are so dominant in the season of health—the over-weening delicacy—the fear of incurring the charge of

affectation or parade—the dread of pressing too rudely on oversensitive feelings, and thereby incurring the risk that the plant of friendship, which has been years in attaining its growth, may be nipped by the frost-breath of a night—these thoughts rarely approach the sick-bed. The tide of natural feeling, like the flooded river, bursts its ordinary barriers, and sweeps down all that attempt to oppose it, in the resistless force of its torrent. And while nature thus asserts her rights with those who surround the sick-bed, she is not less busy, and not less omnipotent with its occupant. If he has entertained any hard thoughts of those around him, he wonders how he could have done so; if he has always loved them, he now loves them tenfold. Every kind act, every comforting word, every sympathising look, sinks deeply into the soul, and so arouses and expands its best and purest affections, that the invalid often feels more than recompensed for his sufferings by their having knit his heart so closely to those whose worth and affection he never fully knew before, and now feels that he can never sufficiently return.

Edward, in the long and dangerous illness with which he was now afflicted, had a fitting object for the exercise of such feelings, in the person of Dacre. That faithful friend rarely left his bedside; administered his medicines himself, read to him or conversed with him as he saw him able to bear it, and watched the turns of his disorder with an anxiety ill concealed by his affected cheerfulness. And while the physician exerted his art on the diseased body, the friend gradually began to probe the wounds of the spirit. He was as surprised as delighted not to find the amount of difficulty which the past had led him to apprehend. We have already observed that sickness is a great softener of the human heart. Even to those whose step has been but in the sunbeam,—when that sunbeam and all the bright things that danced in it are withdrawn—when the things of earth recede into dim distance, and, standing at the portal of the invisible world, the spirit seems already pluming its wings for flight into a dark and fathomless unknown, harder than triple adamant must be that soul which can look down into the gulph without awe, and without some anxious thoughts as to what it may find beyond. Few are the men to whom, in such circumstances, outward things wear not another form, and speak not in another tone than they were wont to do—to whom the fairest human objects look not faint—the highest human enjoyments poor—the strongest human associations fragile. Easily may it be conceived then, that Edward, who had so lately been compelled to write *Ichabod* on the doors of the temple wherein he had shrined all his sublunary happiness, should feel the influence of this softening spirit—this blessed manna of the soul—to its fullest extent. What for him had been the world he had worshipped? What had it given him in return for the devotion of years, for the dedication of his best energies, for the sacrifice of those higher feelings and nobler principles, which had lost him much pure and rich enjoyment in time, and

well-nigh shipwrecked his hopes of eternity? What but treachery, callousness, and ingratitude—a bankrupt home, a wasted body, and a bruised spirit? Well might he turn from it with loathing and disgust; and as he heard of One who, though he had been outraged, was still willing to forgive—who, though he had been forgotten in pride, yet remembered in mercy—who, though he had been forsaken for the potsherds of earth, was yet waiting to bestow on the penitent prodigal the glorious treasures of heaven,—there was a spirit that burned within him as he listened. It seemed as if he had but then begun to live. Every thing took a new form; everything appeared under a different aspect; for the heart of him who looked upon them was changed.

Now it was that Dacre reaped the rich reward of all his toils and anxieties. If there is in the human heart one feeling more nearly allied than any other to those which actuate superior natures, it is the mingled joy and gratitude which swells it when it beholds the success of its efforts to turn a soul from darkness to light: when it sees the being it has “allured to brighter worlds” treading the path which leads to them with gladness and alacrity; when the ice which had bound the spirit melts before the genial beams of the Sun of righteousness, and gives indications that the winter of the soul is past, and that the bud and blossom are at hand which will ripen into that fruit which is the food of eternity. This feeling, so pure, so removed from the taint of mortality, and at the same time so exquisite, Dacre experienced in its full luxury; and the bedside of him whom he now felt a pride in calling his friend, seemed hallowed to him by the associations which he would now connect with it. Nor were these associations less vivid or less delightful to the invalid himself; though he was at first surprised and bewildered at the change. He could not comprehend how it was that with his worldly substance lost, his rank in society vanished, his frame weak and enfeebled, and all which he had been accustomed to take pride in become “the baseless fabric of a vision,” he felt an inward peace, a positive contentment, which he had never experienced when in the full possession of his former enjoyments. He had not yet discovered the solution of his own riddle; he had ceased to put his trust in these things: he had found nobler riches, higher rank, spiritual health, and purer sources of enjoyment; and as his heart became more and more fixed on these, his former objects had naturally less and less interest, until he began to wonder that the loss of what had so little intrinsic value could ever have pained him so deeply. And when his malady had done its allotted work, and departed—when the tide of health began again to flow through his veins, and he once more felt the balmy breath of spring upon his cheek, it seemed to be laden with more than its natural sweetness: it seemed the breathing of myriads of unseen angels swarming round him on every side, and all engaged in offices of goodness and mercy—waking up the plant from its winter’s sleep—painting the blossom of the young flower, and the plumage of the unfledged

bird—forming the germ of the future fruit—bringing the essences of life, of growth, of colour, and of fragrance from their far off storehouses in the spirit land, and teaching them how to fill the visible creation with redolence and beauty. Every bud, every leaf, every grass blade seemed so full of the goodness which had placed them in their various spheres to contribute in a thousand ways to the pleasures or necessities of man, that he was amazed at his not having been struck with it before. He remembered not that the sweet melodies of nature make no music for the deaf, and that her forms of loveliness have no beauty for the blind.

Edward was scarcely sufficiently recovered to be capable of exertion, when he began to recollect that all his property had been absorbed by the late events, and that he was now a burthen on the generosity of his friend. He felt that he had already taxed that generosity too deeply, and became urgent for some means of being, in a pecuniary sense, independent of it. Dacre, who felt the wish to be at once natural and right, did not oppose it, and by the exertion of his influence, Edward saw himself clerk in a mercantile establishment, on the principals of which he would have looked down with ineffable contempt a few short months before.

These few short months, however, had done the work of years within him. The film had been removed from his eyes, and he no longer saw things through the deceptive medium of former days; he had learned to consider himself merely as a traveller on his road homeward, who regards but little the quality of the inns where he may have to rest awhile by the way. Accordingly he entered on his new duties as if he had never had a thought above the stool he occupied, and behaved to his new superiors with the same respectful deference that they would formerly have shown to him. Dacre had not been wholly without apprehensions of the effect which so great a change might have on his neophyte's principles, and was delighted to find him not merely resigned, but cheerful and contented. Having arrived at a thorough conviction of the fact that—

“Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies;”

and feeling conscious that he acted *his* part much better under the new *regime* than he had done under the old,—having now, moreover, attained a consolation far beyond the reach of earthly things to change or weaken,—the little acerbities of his new station were no more to him than a few occasional inequalities in the road of the mountain traveller, which may disturb his equanimity for a moment, but are literally mere dust in the balance when weighed against the objects of his journey.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD was returning one evening from his usual avocations, when he was roused from a reverie by a low voice soliciting his charity. The last time we saw his name in connexion with that word, he was rolling in affluence, but could not afford to give. Now the cry

came to his heart with a force of appeal not to be resisted. He had known adversity himself.

On turning to look at the party who had thus arrested his attention, he saw at his side a boy of about ten years of age. His whole appearance bespoke poverty, but there was no attempt to make a parade of it. His little jacket was old and threadbare, but it was not ragged; his face and hands were thin and pale, but they were clean; his hair was neatly combed and parted, and there was a slight inclination to a wave in it, which gave additional interest to his intelligent, though sharp and emaciated features: there was, moreover, an unmistakeable sincerity in the expression of his eye and the tone of his voice, as he renewed his petition,—

“Do, sir, please to give me something for poor little Tommy.”

“And who is poor little Tommy?” inquired Edward.

“My little brother, please, sir,” replied the child, coming up to him in confidence at the kind sound of his voice, and looking full up in his face as he spoke; “he has not had a morsel of food since yesterday, and he is crying as if his heart would break. And it will soon, I am sure, if he has not something to eat. But you will give him something, won’t you, sir, please?”

“I will, indeed, if he requires it,” said Edward; “but you must tell me what the nature of your distress is, and how it happened.”

His young companion evidently desired nothing better than to relieve his overcharged heart by such a recital. His tale was a common one, but told in an uncommon manner. He said his name was Henry Warner. His father, who was a respectable mechanic, had brought up his family in credit and respectability, till a severe illness had deprived him of the ability to labour, and at once cut off their means of subsistence. They had supported themselves for some time by the sale of what small articles of value they possessed, but this scanty source was soon exhausted, and now, when the violence of the disease had abated, and the invalid required a double portion of nourishment to recruit his exhausted strength, the means of obtaining it had utterly failed.

“I could not bear to look into his poor thin face, sir,” said the child, “nor to hear poor little Tommy crying for something to eat, so I just ran out to see if God would not put me in the way of getting some for them, for father teaches us to pray to Him every night and morning, and tells us that He will always take care of us if we are good. And though I know I am not good, because I slapped one of my sisters yesterday, father said God would not be angry about that, as I was sorry for it. So I ran out to see if I could not get some, and I tried to ask several of the people as I came along, but I could not do it. Whenever I tried to speak, there was a big something of I don’t know what, that came into my throat as if it was choking me. So at last I looked in your face, sir, and I found I could speak to you; though I could not get courage at first, but I thought of poor little Tommy, and so I tried again, and the choking

did not come a bit. And you will give me something for him and my poor father, won't you, sir, please?"

His little heart was evidently full, but he turned hastily aside with a manner beyond his years, and brushed off the falling tear with the cuff of his jacket, as if ashamed that it should be seen. Edward spoke kindly to him, and asked if he could show him where his father lived.

"Oh, yes, sir, that I will. And will you come and see him? Oh, I am so glad!" and the little fellow began to trot along so briskly, that Edward was obliged to call to him to slacken his pace.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, doing as he was desired; "I did not think of it, sir. I was thinking how glad father and mother would be, and my sisters, and poor little Tommy, when they know I have brought a good, kind gentlemen to see them; and I didn't know I was going fast, sir; I am very sorry, sir, indeed."

"Never mind, my little fellow," said Edward; "only if I do not keep you in sight, you know, I am not likely to see your father at all."

The child had evidently not thought of this either, but no sooner was it suggested, than it became quite the prominent idea in his mind, so much so, indeed, that if his eagerness now and then led him a yard or two in advance of his companion, or he was separated from his side by any of the passers-by, he was sure to turn with an anxious look, to satisfy himself that so dreadful a calamity had not actually occurred. Nor did he even venture to take one of the numerous turnings which they had now to make, (for their road began to lie through a number of narrow lanes and alleys,) without carefully stopping at the corner, to look up in Edward's face, and say, "This way, sir, please."

They proceeded for some time in this manner, through an obscure quarter of the town, in which everything seemed to indicate wretchedness and poverty. The streets, or rather lanes, were paved only with rough pitching, except here and there where a few flag-stones had been laid down before a house of more decent appearance than the rest; and even these unwonted pieces of fluery were in most instances either broken in the centre, and running off into curves and angles that would have sorely puzzled a mathematician to classify, or else loosened from their beds, and squirting portions of dirty water over every passenger that set his foot on them, as if in revenge for the indignity inflicted. The houses were all built with the overhanging fronts, and low, small paned windows of former days, and many of these were in the last stage of dilapidation—some actually propped up from the outside to prevent their falling—and all looking as if a generation had passed away since they had been conscious of the presence of paint or colouring. The dirty state of the windows would have sometimes left it doubtful whether they were glazed or not, if the doubt had not been removed by the frequent appearance of a bundle of rags thrust through a hole, as a temporary expedient till the aperture could be more permanently filled up with a sheet of paper pasted to the frame,—the general mode

of remedying breakages in the neighbourhood, as the number of panes thus filled up in white, blue, green, or brown, as caprice or necessity might dictate, bore ample testimony. The mean and squalid appearance of the inhabitants themselves was in melancholy keeping with that of their dwellings. Misery seemed to look out from every door, and even the free and beautiful air of heaven felt sickly and impure as it wound its way through the narrow and choked-up channels, or sped with seeming haste over the masses of filth which appeared to accumulate wherever they could find room, like the lawful denizens of the soil. And within a trifling distance of these miserable hovels, in one or other of which dwelt every kind and every degree of wretchedness, and perhaps every kind and every degree of vice—hovels which regularly furnished their melancholy quota for the poor-house, the mad-house, and the prison—rose the splendid palaces of rank and opulence, within whose gorgeous walls dwelt those whose lightest wishes were supplied with a rapidity and magnificence which almost seemed to realize the magic talisman of Aladdin; within whose precincts not merely earthly wants to the occupants themselves, but the sound of such a thing as affecting others, had never dared to penetrate, and where the sickly pinings of pampered luxury dissipated sums which would have snatched many of their wretched neighbours from disease and famine, and the unhallowed grave of the suicide and the felon.

Pausing at last at a low door, which opened with some difficulty on its one hinge—the other had been long since rusted and broken off—Edward's conductor led the way along a dark and narrow passage, with as dark and narrow a flight of stairs at the end, up which the new comer with some difficulty groped his way. Almost every stair creaked as he set foot on it, as if scarcely able to bear his weight, and the banisters by which he assisted his ascent were loose and broken. Four pair of these had been slowly surmounted in succession, when his guide suddenly flung open a door, which the obscurity had before rendered invisible, and his long pent up emotions found vent in a shout, "Father! mother! here is a good gentleman come to give us some victuals, and do us all good; and we shall never have to cry any more;" and he began capering round the room like a young kitten.

By the time Edward had reached the door in his turn, the father had quieted the boy with a sign, and stood up to greet his unexpected visitor. He was a man who would have been called in the prime of life, if the operations of time on the human frame were not to be measured less by the lapse of years than by the nature of the events which have filled them. Thus, in this instance, sickness and want, and that dreadful anxiety which to the disabled father of a poor family is worse than either, had written threescore on a brow whose numerical years had scarcely reached forty. He had risen, but could not stand without the support of a stick; his voice was weak and tremulous, and want spoke so eloquently in every line of his haggard face, that without another word, Edward beckoned his

late companion to his side, and placing half-a-crown in his hand, gave him a few hasty directions as to what he was immediately to purchase with it.

The little fellow's eyes grew twice their former size as he gazed upon a coin of such magnitude, and scarcely waiting to understand what he was to do with it, he gave a crow of delight.

"We shall have some breakfast at last. Jump about, Tommy—no don't: it will make father's head bad. Come along with me, and see what nice things I am going to get."

And catching up in his arms an infant of about three years old, whose long golden ringlets and pale and unnaturally transparent features scarcely seemed to belong to a being of this world, he danced out of the room.

Edward now heard a confirmation of the poor family's story, and discovering, in the course of the narration, that Warner was in a similar line of business to that in which he was now employed himself, at once perceived that by interesting his principals in his behalf, he might be of much more permanent benefit to him than as a mere casual donor. The difficulty was to supply the family's wants till the father should have acquired sufficient health to avail himself of this, or any similar opportunity that might offer. Edward's resources, and, by consequence, his enjoyments, were now on a very limited scale, but the change in his views and feelings was not merely nominal, and he was not slow to remember that his establishment, moderate as it was, included some things which were not absolute necessaries. These he unhesitatingly determined to sacrifice for the time, and in devoting the amount of them to this more praiseworthy object, already felt that he should be securing to himself a far higher and nobler gratification than they were now procuring him. Having, therefore, left something further to relieve the immediate wants of the morrow, he hastily escaped from the thanks of those whose sorrow he had turned into joy; and though a humbler supper was one of the privations which he had resolved upon, it was eaten that night with a sweeter relish than had formerly attended his most sumptuous repasts, and his sleep was peopled with visions of joy and gladness, though somewhat grotesquely made up of smiling angels, gentle music, smoking joints, family feasting, a respectable healthy-looking man sitting by a cheerful fire, with his arm thrown round his wife; fairies, with tiny shovels and pickaxes, knocking down a temple of despair, and one bright-eyed, golden-haired, cherub-faced child singing, and laughing, and dancing through it all.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE years had rolled away since the occurrences detailed in the last chapter, and Dacre, who had watched all Edward's movements with close and anxious scrutiny, had the gratification of observing nothing to indicate that the views and sentiments which he had imbibed upon his sick-bed had been at all altered or swerved from. The once proud and

vain man was now humble and diffident; excess had given place to abstemiousness; haughtiness to gentleness; profanity to reverence; selfishness to philanthropy; gaming to charity. He had succeeded in obtaining Warner a permanent engagement with his own employers, and while he thus saw himself the means of restoring a destitute family to comfort and happiness, he had the further gratification of receiving the thanks of his principals for having procured them a workman of such skill and steady industry. His own feelings at witnessing the change abundantly repaid him for the sacrifices which he had made to effect it, but the gratitude of the family was continually evincing itself in such little memorials as lay within their power. In the winter Mrs. Warner could knit for their benefactor a comforter or a pair of woollen wristbands, of superior fabric to what he could buy, and in the summer, the choicest fruit in their little garden was scrupulously set aside for the use of "the good gentleman," and his table rarely lacked a bouquet of fresh flowers, simple in themselves, but valuable as the sincere yet delicate offering of honest gratitude. Edward, too, on his part, was continually dropping in to see how they were, and would as soon have thought of walking to their cottage without his hat, as without having his pockets filled with cakes and comfits for the girls, with a book for his friend Henry, and a toy or a piece of gingerbread for little Tom.

Matters were in this state, when Dacre one evening invited himself to his tea-table.

"I cannot tell you how gratified I have been," he said, "at witnessing the undeviating steadiness of your late conduct, and it is the more praiseworthy, as it must sometimes have been a sore trial to you."

"Do not give me more credit than I deserve. It certainly gave me some trouble at the outset to conquer the force of habit; but I have long been so much happier—or I should rather say, for the first time in my life so really happy—that I every day see fresh cause to bless the providence that wrought the change in my worldly circumstances. I believe nothing else would have awoken me from my guilty sleep. I was not fit to be trusted with riches."

"You were not, and the providence was a merciful one, as all our dispensations are, though few are so ready to acknowledge it. But you are awakened now, and if your former path lay before you, have been taught, by past experience, how you ought to walk in it."

"A few years since I should have readily agreed with you, but the same experience has taught me to distrust myself. I have looked into my own heart, and seen its weakness, and with the recollection of the precipice to the brink of which that weakness led me, I am so far from wishing to stand upon the dizzy height again, that I am thankful that my path will henceforward be a safe one in the valley below."

"None of us know what is in the womb of the future, nor is it fitting that we should."

"Of course I only spoke of probabilities; but you will agree with me that mine are so small, that it would require Lord Ross's telescope to find them out."

"Perhaps not."

"What do you mean, Dacre?" cried Edward, the smile that had gathered on his lip at the last remark leaving it as if touched by an enchanter's wand.

"My meaning is very simple," replied Dacre; "you lost your property through the perfidy of a villain: ever since his flight I have been endeavouring to trace him, though I said nothing of it, as I did not wish to disturb your mind from that wise and victorious train of feeling into which I saw it settling. My agents have been successful at last; the cormorant has been forced to disgorge, and you are now once more a rich man."

As the speaker uttered these words, Edward's countenance blanched to the paleness of marble, while every muscle of his frame seemed frozen to statue-like rigidity. It was some moments before he spoke, and when he did, his voice was husky and nearly inarticulate with emotion.

"I know I ought to thank you, Dacre, but I cannot. You have been instigated by the same noble feelings which have marked the whole of your conduct towards me since we have known each other; but I cannot rejoice at what you tell me. I have been so happy in my humble station, and felt so thankful that I was no longer exposed to my former temptations, and now this is dragging me back again. Do not speak of it, Dacre. Let me stay as I am, and do with the money as you will."

"I neither can nor will do any thing with it, but restore it to its proper owner," said Dacre. "Listen to me, Stanley. Riches are one of the choicest gifts of Providence, for they enable us, in humble imitation of it, to scatter blessings round our path wherever we move. To this use of them—their only true use—you were dead: you abused the precious gift, and it was taken from you. Since then you have become a wiser and a better man, and the Disposer of all things is willing to give you another trial in the situation where you were once so unfaithful. Should you shrink from the trust? Should you not rather rejoice that He has so far approved your penitence and recent conduct, as to count you worthy of an opportunity of recovering the high standing you have lost?"

"But I am so weak," urged Edward.

"I know it," replied Dacre; "so are we all. But is it necessary to remind you where strength is to be obtained?"

Edward's eye mechanically followed the upward direction of his companion's finger, and then he buried his face in his hands without a word. Dacre turned noiselessly away, and it was some minutes before either disturbed the meditations of the other.

When Edward at last looked up, his face was still pale, but there was a calm expression on his countenance, which showed that much had passed within him during that brief interval of silence.

"Dacre," he said, in his usual composed and quiet tone, "I accept the omen as you read it; and will hope that the fact of the trust being again confided

to my charge, is a proof that my former unfaithfulness is pardoned. May I be strengthened to acquit myself henceforth more worthily!"

"Doubt it not, my friend," replied Dacre: "the strength that is asked in sincerity is never withheld."

"Let me hasten to speak of one thing," continued Edward, "a thing which has been often in my thoughts, and has pained me more than I cared to speak of. You remember I promised you fifty pounds towards an almshouse—a promise which I was too worldly-minded to redeem. You must let me give you five hundred pounds out of the recovered property as a thankoffering."

"Willingly," said Dacre; "it is a pleasing duty to assist the aged and infirm, and we have many claims on us which we lack means to satisfy. That sum will smooth the dying-pillow of many grey-headed Christians, and their blessings will be remembered when time shall be no more. And I take the fact of its being the first thought of your heart under its altered circumstances, as a token that riches in your hands will henceforth be applied to their legitimate use. The lesson you have received on that point has been severe, but the severity was necessary. Prosperity is a dangerous trial; its perpetual temptations to enjoy the present, and be forgetful of everything beyond, have wrecked many that gave fair promise for eternity; and many more might have been added to the gloomy catalogue, but that the poisoned cup was dashed in mercy from their lips, and after being purified by the sweet uses of adversity, they have been enabled to say, '*Before I was troubled, I went wrong; but now have I kept Thy word.*'"

DEBORAH'S DIARY.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Spitalfields,
1880.

A GENEROUS mind finds even its just resentments languish and die away when their object becomes the unresisting prey of death. Such is my experience with regard to Betty Fisher, whose ill life hath now terminated, and from whom, confronted at the bar of their great Judge, father will, one day, hear the truth. As to my step-mother, time and distance have had their soothing effect on me even regarding her. She is flourishing like a green bay-tree down in Cheshire, among her own people; is a hale, hearty woman yet, and will very likely outlive me. If she looked in on me this moment, and saw me in this homely but decent suit, sitting by my clear coal-fire, in this little oak-panelled room, with a clean, though coarse cloth neatly laid on the supper table, with covers for two, could she sneer at the spouse of the Spitalfields weaver? Belike she might, for spite never wanted food; but I would have her into the nursery, shew her the two sleeping faces, and ask her, Did I need her pity then?

(1) Concluded from p. 132.

Betty's death, calling up memories of old times, hath made me somewhat cynical, I think. I cannot but call to mind her many ill turns. 'Twas shortly after the rupture of Anne's match with John Herring. Poor Nan had over-reckoned on her own strength of mind, when she promised father to speak of him no more; and, after the first fervour of self-denial, became so captious, that father said he heard John Herring in every tone. This set them at variance, to commence with; and then, Mary detecting Betty in certain malpractices, mother could no longer keep her, for decency's sake; and Betty, in revenge, came up to father before she left, and told him a tissue of lies concerning us,—how that Mary had wished him dead, and I had made away with his books and kitchen-stuff. I, being at Hackney at the time, on a visit to Rosamond Woodcock, was not by to refute the infamous charge, which had time to rankle in father's mind before I returned; and Mary having lost his opinion by previous squabbles with mother and the maids, I came back only to find the house turned upside down. 'Twas under these misfortunate circumstances that poor father commenced his "Sampson Agonistes;" and, though his object was, primarily, to divert his mind, it too often ran upon things around him, and made his poem the shadow and mirror of himself. When he got to Dalilah, I could not forbear saying, "How hard you are upon women, father!"

"Hard?" repeated he; "I think I am anything but that. Do you call me hard on Eve, and the Lady in 'Comus'?"

"No, indeed," I returned. "The Lady, like Una, makes sunshine in a shady place; and, in fact, how should it be otherwise? For truth and purity, like diamonds, shine in the dark."

He smiled, and, passing his hand across his brow to re-collect himself, went on in a freer, less biting spirit, to the encounter with Harapha of Gath, in which he evidently revelled,—even to making me laugh, when the big, cowardly giant excused himself from coming within the blind man's reach, by saying of him, that he had need of much washing to be willingly touched. He went on flowingly to

"But take good heed my hand survey not thee;
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free,"

and then broke into a merry laugh himself; adding, a line or two after,

"His giantship is gone, somewhat crest-fallen;

... there, girl, that will do for to-day."

Meantime, his greater poem had come out, for which he got an immediate payment of five pounds, with a conditional expectance of fifteen pounds more on the three following editions, should the public ever call for 'em. And truly, when one considers how much meat and drink one may buy for twenty pounds, and how capricious is the taste of the critical world, 'tis no mean venture of a bookseller on a manuscript of which he knows the actual value as little as a salvage of the gold-dust he parts with for a handful

of old nails. At all events, the sale of the work gave father no reason to suppose he had made an ill bargain; but, indeed, he gave himself very little concern about it; and was quite satisfied when, now and then, Mr. Marvell, Mr. Skinner, or some other old crony, having waded through it, looked in on him to talk it over. Money, indeed, a little more of it, would have been often acceptable. Mother now began to pinch us pretty short, and lament the unsaleable quality of father's productions; also to call us a set of lazy drones, and wonder what would come of us some future day; insomuch that father, turning the matter sedately in his mind, did seriously conclude 'twould be well for us to go forth for a while, to learn some method of self-support. And this was accelerated by an unpleasant collision 'twixt mother and me, which, in a hasty moment, sent me, with swelling heart, to take counsel of Mrs. Lefroy, my sometime playfellow Rosamond Woodcock, then on the point of embarking for Ireland; who volunteered to take me with her, and be at my charges; so I took leave of father with bursting heart, not troubling him with an inkling of my ill-usage, which has been a comfort to me ever since, though he went to the grave believing I had only sought my own well-doing.

We never met again. Had I foreseen it, I could not have left him. The next stroke was to get away Mary and Anne, and take back Betty Fisher. Then the nuncupative will was hatched up; for I never will believe it authentick—no, never; and Sir Leoline Jenkins, that upright and able judge, set it aside, albeit Betty Fisher would swear through thick and thin.

Sure, things must have come to a pretty pass, when father was brought to take his meals in the kitchen! a thing he had never been accustomed to in his life, save at Chalfont, by reason of the parlour being so small. And the words, both as to sense and choice, which Betty put into his mouth, betrayed the counterfeit, by savouring overmuch of the scullion. "God have mercy, Betty! I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest that I have left thee all!" Phansy father talking like that! Were I not so provoked, I could laugh. And he to sell his children's birthright for a mess of pottage, who, instead of loving savoury meat, like blind Isaac, was, in fact, the most temperate of men! who cared not what he ate, so 'twas sweet and clean; who might have said, with godly Mr. Ball of Whitmore, that he had two dishes of meat to his sabbath-dinner,—a dish of hot milk, and a dish of cold milk; and that was enough and enough. Whose drink was from the well;—often have I drawn it for him at Chalfont!—and who called bread-and-butter a lordly dish;—often have I cut him thick slices, and brought him cressets from the spring! Well placed he his own principle and practice in the chorus's mouth, where they say,

"Oh, madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health!"

So that story carries its confutation on the face of it: Ned Phillips says so, too. As to what passed, that July forenoon, between him and uncle Kit, before the latter left town in the Ipswich coach, and with Betty Fisher fidgetting in and out of the chamber all the time . . . he may or may not have called us his unkind children; for we can never tell what reasons had been given him to make him think us so. That must stand over. How many human misapprehensions must do the same! Enough that one Eye sees all, that one Spirit knows all . . . even all our misdoings; or else, how could we bear to tell Him even the least of them? But it requires great faith in the greatly wronged, to obtain that calm of mind, all passion spent, which some have arrived at. When we can stand firm on that pinnacle, Satan falls prone. He sets us on that dizzy height, as he did our Master; saying, in his taunting fashion,—

"There stand, if thou canst stand; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill;"

but the moment he sees we can, down he goes himself!—falls whence he stood to see his victor fall! This is what man has done, and man may do,—and woman too; the strength, for asking, being promised and given.

ALBUM VERSES.

BY A QUONDAM FOLLOWER OF THE MUSES.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. K.

LINES for an Album! Is that what you ask?
Write verses for an Album! Dreadful task!
Alas! no tropes come thronging, good or bad,
No thoughts, sublime or tender, blithe or sad.
My brain is parch'd, my Hippocrene is dry;
The will remains, but not the power to fly.
Dull as an epicure who has largely dined,
I cannot think, however much inclined.
Thought is the great corroder of the mind,
And, like high feeding, 'tis beyond all question,
Promotes the gout, and causes indigestion.
My Pegasus, once famed for strength and speed,
A courser of the true Parnassian breed,
In short a "veray parfit gentil" steed,
Now, like some jaded hack, is hardly able,
Tired with last long flight, to leave his stable.
But as the first of duties is to please,
And few can do so with more perfect ease,
Perhaps you'll not reject such rhymes as these.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

BY M. J. J.

It is surely a very pardonable pride, that which is aken by the Englishman in his home. We may even forgive him the air of pitying disdain with which he looks down on his Gallic neighbours, and taunts them with their lack, not only of the word, but of what it signifies. "Homes are indigenous only in England," says he, complacently; "elsewhere they are exotic. They don't take kindly to a foreign soil. You've plenty of fine houses—palaces, even; but no homes—no homes!" And he puts on his most John-Bullish air of uncompromising adherence to his opinion; and his eyebrows,

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knitting together in stern defiance, say plainly, "I'm right: and *nothing* shall convince me that I'm wrong." And yet,—in spite of his triumphant exultation, in spite of the many examples we see daily of the justice of his argument,—even in happy England, if we could penetrate into every house in a street, every cottage in a village, what a multitude of men's dwellings should we find, into which the Spirit of Home has never entered, or from whence it has departed!

It is such a subtle thing—the invisible essence which converts a *house* into a *home*, and the mysterious atmosphere which ever pervades it. There are abodes that never succeed in catching it, strive as they may. There are many mansions, handsome and spacious enough, that are always mere mansions and nothing else, notwithstanding the comforts and luxuries strewed about the rooms. But the peculiar nest-like look of home cannot be imparted by the upholsterer, though he ransack his ware-rooms in the endeavour; neither can the house decorator aid him, though he have orders to proceed "regardless of expense." We have all experienced sometimes in our lives, the sudden chill of stiff propriety that overcomes us on entering the stately reception-room of a house of this kind, (they abound in London, particularly in the vicinity of — Square,) with its costly furniture, its unexceptionable appointments, its soft carpet into which the feet sink noiselessly as if they trod on snow, its heavily curtained windows, and its atmosphere of musky mustiness. The stalking "man servant" (a being peculiar to this order of house) makes his exit, and leaves the visitor to look wonderingly on the splendour (— Square splendour, be it understood,) which surrounds him. No pictures,—for it is supposed to be unfashionable to decorate drawing-room walls with anything save gilding and satin-paper hangings, and — Square people *will* be fashionable if they die for it. No books, except a gorgeously-bound album, full of butterflies and sonnets; and two or three of the most approved annuals. But then the table is very handsome, of inlaid woods, and exactly in the centre there is a card-basket of filigreed silver, with the visiting tickets of all Mrs. —'s acquaintance, the titled ones put uppermost. There is a grand piano-forte, called by the family "a hundred-and-sixty-guinea instrument," but it is jealously locked, and if opened will probably be much out of tune, as, like the British crown and other magnificent things in the world, it is only used on state occasions. On a marble slab there is a large vase of Sevres porcelain, filled with flowers; but let not the rash visitor draw nigh, thinking to inhale their fragrance, for they are but artful combinations of rag and wire—they are *artificial*. Well, they are more costly than real blossoms; any one, with a few pence, can obtain a nosegay culled from a garden; but the best French flowers, gathered from the shelves of Madame B—, in Regent-street, can only be possessed by the wealthy few.

In such a room as this, is it possible to imagine a laughing group drawn round the winter fire, talking the lively sense and pleasant nonsense that constitute

the conversation of a friendly circle? Or can we imagine such an apartment forming the scene of a joyous family party: the father and mother seated in their arm-chairs, and watching their children, wights of various ages, from the demure lassie of sixteen who is netting a purse for her papa, down to the wee toddling elf whose legs are not yet quite equal to the dignity of supporting his body, and who rolls about the room much after the fashion of an almost spent tee-to-tum?

No! As soon could Mrs. — be conceived attired in anything but gorgeous silks and velvets; or talking of anything but her dinner parties, her house, and her daughters: as soon could those daughters—upright, proper, and uncomfortable to behold as they are—be imagined talking and laughing like young girls; having, and confessing, girlish tastes for long rambles in the country, nutting parties, and looking in at the shop windows in Regent-street.

There is another class of residences that are not Homes,—lodging houses! Oh, the dreary desolation of a London “furnished apartment!” The worn Kidderminster carpet, too small for the floor, and eked out with druggit; the straight, hard chairs, ranged round the room, with their uncompromising look, an air of holding their arms down to their sides, as saying, “You shan’t be comfortable in *me*, at any rate;” the creaking table, with a wedge under one leg to keep it steady, and the card-table at the side, very old and very dirty, with an immense tea-caddy standing thereupon, that being opened always diffuses a mingled odour of mice, mould, and dust. The mantelpiece is probably painted to imitate marble, and on it are placed two “spill-holders” of perforated card, with bouquets worked in silk on each, the colours of which are long since faded. Besides these, there are two little white china dogs, with baskets in their mouths; a coloured glass jar of particularly awkward shape, and perhaps a pair of spotted shells. Sometimes there are pictures on the walls, a family portrait or two, of the landlady and various of her connexions. A very ambitious one represents Mrs. Robinson beautifully dressed, seated in an arm-chair so as to display her wedding-ring and guard and one foot; Mr. Robinson leans over her with a pensive air; and two young Robinsons, small children of four and five years old, are standing amicably together, with arms wound about each other’s necks, staring at the beholder with all their might. More frequently, however, these family portraits consist of two or three profiles in black and bronze, which, as they all bear an indefinite resemblance to everybody, are not so interesting to examine.

Marvels are wrought sometimes, though; and it is possible to make a home even in a furnished lodging. There are some beings, human doves, who always bring peace and serenity under their wings; home beams from their eyes, and springs up beneath the tread of their gentle feet. Women, of course! Men, with all their glorious gifts, are never so gifted; and it is rare, even among women, to find one who possesses the spell of Home-making.

But one of these was Alice Horton. Charles Horton, a briefless barrister, fell in love with the only child of a poor schoolmistress in the country; and when the mother died, and Alice was left friendless and almost penniless, Charles hastened to her, persuaded her, almost against her better judgment, to marry him directly, and brought her up to London to his lodgings, his cross landlady scarcely being notified of the fact that he was no longer the “single gentleman,” to whom she had originally let her apartments.

It was a pleasant thing to note the vast change which took place in the dreary sitting-room, soon after Alice’s arrival. There was her pet bird in its little cage, hanging at the window; there were her favourite books strewed about in that happy disorder which is yet not untidiness; there were some flowers, which in their china vase made the mantelshef look sumptuous; and there was a little work-basket on the table. Better than all, there was Alice seated beside it, working busily, ever and anon looking up at her husband, and answering his half-misgiving gaze, with a bright smile, as who should say, “Don’t fear for me; you see I am at home already!”

The young couple had to experience many troubles, doubtless; it was inevitable, considering the scanty and uncertain nature of their resources; but eventually the abilities of Charles Horton met with their reward. There is no saying how much his sweet wife unconsciously influenced his destiny, or how large was her share in bringing about the prosperity that was at length theirs. Nevertheless, his was a dangerous experiment; and we are far from advising any one to follow his example. There are many excellent, true-hearted women in the world, who are yet not Alice Hortons.

Empty houses are melancholy objects. In London they are dreary, dirty, desolate beyond all telling;—one wonders by what possible miracle they can ever again become *homes*. The windows seem to defy all human efforts to clean them; the doors creak harshly on their hinges, as though grumbling at the unaccustomed intrusion of living beings across their thresholds; dust lies thick on the floors, and the walls and ceilings are black with cobwebs and dirt; it seems almost desecration to imagine the chambers tenanted with bright faces, and the walls echoing the sounds of pleasant voices, laughter, and music, again!

“Life and thought have gone away
Side by side.”

An uninhabited house in the country, on the other hand, is less dreary, but infinitely more melancholy. More particularly do we feel provoked, if there is a large garden attached to the residence,—a garden gay with flowers in all their summer luxuriance, budding, blossoming and withering, unseen and uncared for. It is painful to behold so much loveliness wasted; and we are apt to feel a most immoral sympathy with the little boys who climb over the entrance gate, and gather huge nose-gays for themselves; albeit *they* possibly take pleasure, not so much in their beautiful spoil, as in the excitement of the theft. It is aggravating, too, to see how from neglect of pruning,

training, and weeding, the parterres are crowded with a conglomerated mass of self-sown flowers and weeds. Beauty is absolutely choking itself with its own excess! The shrubs intertwine their overgrown branches as if wrestling fiercely with each other for space to grow in: while roses, mignonette, lupins, fuchsias, poppies, geraniums, larkspurs, and a hundred other varieties of flowers, are all involved together in an inextricable confusion, in which all grades of horticultural vegetation, patrician and plebeian, even to the *canaille* of groundsel and chickweed, seem engaged in a floral civil war for the possession of the soil. The grass has been uncut so long, that it has become lank and coarse, and a plentiful crop of dandelions has sprung up amongst it: the gravel paths are green with weeds; while, to add to the neglected look of the place, the dead leaves of last year are scattered in every direction, giving to the whole domain something of the appearance of a slovenly beauty, with her hair in papers.

Glancing into the house itself, how forlorn everything is; the more so, that we instinctively picture to ourselves what it might be, what it *has* been, perhaps, and ought to be again. The rooms are airy and cheerful, the walls tastefully papered, and the windows all commanding delicious prospects. That apartment, especially, with the window opening to the ground, it is easy to imagine furnished, not only with chairs and tables, but with that pleasant litter of books and work, and all kinds of graceful knick-knacks, which constitute the real appurtenances of a *home*. Pictures deck the walls, birds in cages hang in the windows, flowers in vases and glasses and jars are placed in all parts of the room; a spaniel is stretched lazily in the sun; the papa luxuriates in his easy-chair, and reads the newspaper; the mother and daughters are seated, one by the window, at work, another at her drawing table, and a third in her favourite shady corner, reading and thinking over her own especial poet, her head leaning on her hand, and her dark tresses falling on the page—a pretty picture of a student!

Alas! we awake from our reverie,—the scene vanishes, and only the desolation of the empty house remains,—doubly desolate now, for the transitory delights with which our imagination invested it. Truly, a house such as this, charming, yet lacking the crowning charm of *tenants*, is a forlorn and aggravating object to look at, or think about. We almost pity it for its neglected and deserted condition, and we gaze sadly on it, as we might on a nest forsaken by the birds, or a shrine bereft of all that is holy and beautiful.

Nevertheless, a despoiled shrine is less pitiable than a profaned one; and even the dreary vacancy of bare walls is infinitely preferable to the dismal and hopeless misery of a house, which, though occupied and furnished, and replete with comforts and conveniences, is yet no home to one of the human beings who dwell therein.

We have all, some time in our lives, beheld specimens of various kinds of these abodes. One house is always untidy and dirty; the disorder is in fact so complete, that only to behold it plunges

people's brains into a temporary chaos. On the other hand, there is another mansion which is kept by its notable mistress so scrupulously clean, so mathematically neat and well arranged, that the unhappy inmates dare scarcely stand, or sit, or move, for fear of doing mischief; in dirty weather, a keen *espionage* is kept on the boots of all visitors, and mats are significantly placed at short intervals along the lobbies and staircases. It appears necessary, in fact, before entering into the glories of the drawing-room with its Wilton carpet and satin damask hangings, to go through the same ceremony practised by true believers previous to passing the threshold of their mosques. This is the house which, except on gala days, is kept in a *deshabille*, ugly and unbecoming as the loose wrapping gown worn by its mistress when she is dusting her china ornaments. The chairs and sofas wear brown holland pinafores; the looking-glasses and picture-frames are closely veiled in yellow leno, the roses and lilies of the carpet are smothered under green balse, and sheets of muslin envelope the silken curtains. Woe betide the little children if they dare venture within this charmed apartment; luckless wights are they if their mamma should behold them poking about the furniture with their tiny fingers, rolling on the sofas, touching the ornaments, or dancing to their images in the pier glasses! The children, and even the husband, sometimes, are secondary considerations to the furniture. The master of the house, when he comes home from business, finds no "refuge, still and bright," from the cares and annoyances of the day, in his wife's smiles, and his children's merry prattle. The latter are confined to the nursery, because they always make "such a mess" in the parlour, pull about the chairs and the little tables, and create a disturbance. The lady herself can find no subject for conversation with her wearied husband, except the fruitless one of her house and servants.—She tells him how the rosewood sofa-table has three scratches upon it, and the left-hand window-curtain in the back drawing-room has evidently had a glass of wine spilt over it; she confides to him her suspicions of the culprit, she entreats him to puzzle himself as to whether it could be any one else. Then follows a chapter of grievances about her servants. Sarah was half inclined to be insolent, when desired to remove the print of the baker's dog's paws from the door-step; and Jane had broken one of her handsomest dessert-plates. He is requested to sympathise, and if he wishes for peace and quietness he *must*, although his mind is already bewildered with business vexations, and he would fain be left to his book and his arm-chair,—his only companionship—his nearest approach to *home*!

We might multiply these disagreeable instances of miserable households, to infinity, save that we have other matters to discourse of, before finally leaving the subject, and already our paper extends apace. But its writer may be pardoned if he was garrulous. *Home* is always an engrossing theme to an Englishman,—how much more so when he is old, and all his life's bliss is concentrated in that one word!

Truly, one of earth's most gladdening and exhilarating spectacles is that of a happy home, *sunshined*, so to say, by bright faces with kind hearts looking forth from the eyes, and made musical with cheerful voices and silver laughter. After leaving such a dwelling, we feel our inmost souls pervaded with the serene contentment that seems to hang about its very walls;—we think better of human nature, and are at peace with the world! But alas! there is another side to the picture, as melancholy as this is joyous. There are many hearths, happy as these once, which are desolate now: hearths where misfortune has been and scattered the members of the flock, sending them to wander in various parts of the universe, separate, estranged, and homeless, till they shall all be reunited in another—an eternal home! Saddest of all to think of, are the ruined homes into which death has come and borne away those who blessed and beautified them. These are, indeed, the most hopelessly dreary of all. While our loved ones *live*, there can be no complete desolation for us:—the world which contains them must always be beautiful. Not till they leave us does the earth become utterly dark. It is when *all* our life's sunshine has departed that the night comes!

A short time ago, while wandering about one of the pleasantest London suburbs, we bethought ourselves of an old acquaintance who lived thereabouts, of whom we had lost sight for some time; but of whose pleasant cottage home, with its books and birds inside, and its flowery domain without, we retained a very vivid recollection. But it was in vain that we sought for the pretty cottage and its well-tended garden. All had vanished, and it was with a keen pang of regret that we at length discovered the site where it had once stood, all built over by that innovating giant, the railway. The poor little dwelling and its garden! their fate was dismal enough; and for the inmates of the cottage, the cultivators of the garden—where were they? But the story must be told from the commencement.

It was years ago when we first became acquainted with Lieutenant Heathcote, an old half-pay officer who resided with his young granddaughter in the aforesaid tiny cottage. It was a very humble place, for they were poor; but it was extremely pretty, and there were many comforts, even elegancies, to be found in the small rooms. The old gentleman delighted in cultivating the garden; the window of the sitting-room opened on it, and beneath this window, grew the choicest roses and pinks, so that the atmosphere of the apartment was in summer laden with their fragrance. The furniture was poor enough. Mrs. — of — Square would have said with a genteel sneer, that "all the room contained was not worth five sovereigns." To her—no! but to the simple hearted inmates of the cottage, every chair and table was dear from long association, and they would not have exchanged them for all the grandeur of Mrs. —'s drawing-room suite, albeit her chairs were of inlaid rosewood, and cost six guineas a-piece.

If you went into that little humbly-furnished parlour about four o'clock on a summer's afternoon, you would find Lieutenant Heathcote seated in his easy-chair, (wheeled by careful hands to the precise angle of the window that he liked,) his spectacles on, and the broad sheet of the newspaper spread before him. Occasionally he puts down the newspaper for awhile, and then his eyes rove restlessly about the room, till at length they light on the figure of his unconscious granddaughter. Once there, they stay a good while, and when they turn to the newspaper again, there is a serene light in them, as though what they had seen had blessed them.

Yet an ordinary gazer would have found little or nothing attractive in the appearance of Rose Heathcote, for she was but a homely, innocent-looking girl, such as we meet with every day of our lives. Her eyes were neither "darkly blue," nor "densely black,"—her tresses neither golden, nor redundant. She had, to be sure, a sufficient quantity of dark brown hair, which was very soft and pleasant to touch, her grandfather thought, when he placed his hand caressingly on her head, as he loved to do: and this hair was always prettily arranged—braided over her forehead in front, and twisted into a thick knot behind,—a fashion which certainly showed to advantage the graceful form of her head, the solitary beauty, speaking critically, which the young girl possessed. However, Lieutenant Heathcote thought his little Rose the prettiest girl in the world. Eyes that look with love, lend beauty to what they gaze on. And no one who knew Rose as she was in her *home*, could fail to love her.

She was always up with the lark, and busied in various employments till her grandfather came down to breakfast. Then she poured out the tea, cut the bread-and-butter, or made the toast, talking and laughing the while, in the spontaneous gaiety of her heart. To eke out their little income, she had pupils, who came to her every morning, and whom she taught all she knew, with a patient earnest zeal that amply compensated for her deficiency in the showy accomplishments of the day. So, after breakfast, the room was put in order, the flowers were watered, the birds were tended, grandpapa was made comfortable in his little study, and then the school-books, the slates, and copy-books were placed in readiness for the little girls:—and then they came, and the weary business began, of English history, geography, arithmetic, and French verbs. The children were not very clever—sometimes, indeed, they were absolutely stupid, and obstinate, moreover: they must have tried her patience very often; but a harsh rebuke never issued from her lips: it was a species of selfishness in her not to chide them, for if she did so, though ever so mildly, the remembrance of it pained her gentle heart all day, and she was not quite happy until the little one was kissed and forgiven again.

The children loved her very much, and her pupils gradually increased in number. Dazzling visions danced before her eyes, visions of wealth resulting

from her labours;—yes, wealth! for, poor innocent, the four or five golden sovereigns she had already put by, *her first earnings*, multiplied themselves wonderfully in her sanguine dreams. She had magnificent schemes floating in her little brain of luxuries to be obtained with this money,—luxuries for her grandfather; a new easy-chair, cushioned sumptuously, and a new pair of spectacles, gold mounted, and placed in a case of her own embroidery. Thoughts of possible purchases for her own peculiar enjoyment sometimes intruded. There was a beautiful geranium she would like, and a new cage for her bird,—a new bonnet, even, for herself; for Rose was not free from a little spice of womanly vanity,—which is excusable, nay, loveable, because it is so womanly,—and she was quite susceptible of the pleasure most young girls feel in seeing themselves prettily dressed.

That these dreams might be realized, Rose worked hard. She sat up late at night, arranging the exercises and lessons of her pupils, and rose early in the morning, in order that none of her household duties should be neglected. And in the course of time, this unceasing exertion began to injure her health, for she was not strong, although, hitherto, she had been but little prone to ailments. One morning she arose languid, feverish, and weak; she was compelled to give herself a holiday, and all day she lay on the sofa in the sitting-room, in a kind of dreamy yet restless languor she had never felt before. Her grandfather sat beside her, watching and tending her with all the care of a mother, reading aloud from her favourite books, ransacking his memory for anecdotes to amuse her, and smiling cheerfully when she raised her heavy eyes to his. But when she fell into a fitful doze, the old man's countenance changed; an indefinable look of agony and doubt came over his features; and involuntarily, as it seemed, he clasped his hands, while his lips moved as if in prayer. He was terrified by this strange illness; for the first time, the idea occurred to him that his darling might be taken away from him. The young sometimes left the world before the old, unnatural as it seemed; what if she should die? We always magnify peril when it comes near our beloved, and the old man gradually worked himself into a frenzy of anxiety respecting his child. The next day she was not better—a doctor was sent for, who prescribed rest and change of air if possible, assuring Lieutenant Heathcote that it was no serious disorder—she had overworked herself, that was all.

It was the summer time, and some of Rose's pupils were about to proceed to the sea-side. Hearing of their dear Miss Heathcote's illness, they came to invite her to go with them, and the grandfather eagerly and joyfully accepted the offer for her, although she demurred a little. She did not like to leave him alone; she could not be happy, she said, knowing he would be dull and lonely without her; but her objections were overruled, and she went with her friends, the Wilsons.

It was pleasant to see the old man when he received her daily epistles. How daintily he broke the

envelope, so as not to injure the little seal, and how fondly he regarded the delicate handwriting. The letters brought happier tidings every day; she was better, she was much better, she was well, she was stronger and rosier than ever, and enjoying herself much. Those letters—long, beautiful letters they were—afforded the old man his chief pleasure now. His home was very desolate while she was away; the house looked changed, the birds sang less joyously, and the flowers were not so fragrant. Every morning he attended to her pets, himself, and then he wandered about the rooms, taking up her books, her papers, and her various little possessions, and examining the contents of her work-basket with childish curiosity. In the twilight he would lean back in his chair, and try to fancy she was in the room with him. Among the shadows, it was easy to imagine her figure, sitting as she used to sit, with drooped head and clasped hands, thinking. At these times, her letter received that morning, was taken from his bosom and kissed, and then the simple, loving old man would go to bed and dream of his grandchild.

At length she came home. She rushed into her grandfather's arms with a strange eagerness: it was as if she sought there a refuge from peril; as if she fled to him for succour and comfort in some deep trouble. Poor Rose! she wept so long and so passionately; it could scarce have been all for joy.

"Darling! you are not sorry to come home, are you?"

"Oh no! so glad, so very, very glad!" and then she sobbed again, so convulsively, that the old man grew alarmed, and as he tried to soothe her into calmness, he gazed distrustfully in her face. Alas! there was a look of deep suffering on her pale features that he had never seen there before; there was an expression of hopeless woe in her eyes, which it wrung his loving heart to behold.

"Rose!" he cried, in anguish, "what has happened? you are changed!"

She kissed him tenderly, and strove to satisfy him by saying, that it was only the excitement of her return home that made her weep; she would be better the next morning, she said. But she was not better then. From the day of her return she faded away visibly. It was evident, and he soon saw it, that some grief had come to her, which her already weakened frame was unable to bear. He remembered, only too well, that her mother had died of consumption, and when he saw her gradually grow weaker day by day, the hectic on her cheek deepen, and her hands become thin till they were almost transparent, all hope died in his heart, and he could only pray that heaven would teach him resignation, or take him too, when she went.

For a little while, Rose attempted to resume her teaching, but she was soon compelled to give up. Only, till the last she fitted about the cottage, performing her household duties as she had ever done, and being as she had ever been, the presiding spirit of the home that was so dear to her grandfather. In the

winter evenings, too, they sat together, she in her olden seat at his feet, looking into the fire, and listening to the howling wind without, neither speaking, except at rare intervals, and then in a low and dreamy tone that harmonized with the time. One evening they had sat thus for a long time, the old man clasping her hands, while her head rested on his knee. The fire burnt low and gave scarcely any light; the night was stormy, and the wind blew a hurricane. At every blast he felt her tremble.

"God help those at sea," he cried, with a sudden impulse.

"Amen, Amen!" said Rose, solemnly, and though she started and shivered when he spoke, she kissed his hands afterwards, almost as if in gratitude.

There was a long pause; then she lifted her head, and said in a very low voice:—"Remember, dear grandpapa, if at any time, by-and-by, you should feel inclined to be angry, vexed, with—any one—because of me; you are to forgive them, for my sake: for my sake, my own grandpapa.—Promise!"

He did so, and she wound her arms lovingly round his neck, and kissed his brows, as of old she had done every night before retiring to rest. And then her head sunk on his shoulder, and she wept.—In those tears how much was expressed that could find no other utterance!—the lingering regret to die that the young must ever feel, even when life is most desolate; the tender gratitude for the deep love her grandfather had ever borne her; sorrow for him, and for herself! And he, silent and tearless as he sat, understood it all, and blessed her in his heart.

The next day she died quietly, lying on her little bed, with her pale hands meekly folded on her breast; for her last breath exhaled in prayer for her grandfather—and one other. It happened that the Wilsons and some other acquaintances came in the evening to inquire how she was. For sole reply, Lieutenant Heathcote, whose tearless eyes and rigid lips half frightened them, led them where she lay. They retired, weeping, subdued and sad, and as they were leaving the cottage, he heard Mrs. Wilson say to her friend, while she dried her eyes:—"Poor girl, poor girl! She was very amiable; we all liked her exceedingly. I am afraid though, on one occasion, I was rather harsh to her, and, poor child, she seemed to take it a good deal to heart. But the fact was, that our Edward, I half fancied,"—there followed a whispering, and then, in a louder tone—"but his father, thinking with me, sent him off to sea, and there was an end of the matter."

An end of the matter! Alas! think of the bereaved old man, wandering about his desolate abode, *home* to him no longer; with the sad wistful look on his face of one who continually seeks something that is not there. The cottage, too, was very different now to what it had been; the *home* that was so beautiful was gone with her. He set her little bird at liberty the day she died; he could not bear to hear it singing, joyously as when *she* had been there to listen. But for this, the parlour always remained in the same state it was in on that last evening. The empty cage

in the window, a bunch of withered flowers on a chair where they had fallen from her bosom, and the book she had been reading, open at the very page she had left off. Every morning the old man stole into the room to gaze around on these mute memorials of his lost darling. This was the only solace of his life now, and we may imagine what it cost him to leave it. But when they came and told him he must give up possession of his cottage, that it was to be razed to the ground shortly, he only remonstrated feebly, and finally submitted. He was old, and he hoped to die soon, but death does not always come to those longing for it. He may be living yet, for aught we know; but he has never been heard of in his old neighbourhood for years, and we may hope that he is happier, that he has at length gone home to *her*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN BRITTON.

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And, questionless, here, in this open court,
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather,) some men lie interred,
Who loved the church so well, and gave so largely
to it,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday. But all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death which we have."

WEBSTER. *Duchess of Malfy.*

We are pleased to meet with this noble tribute, paid by the old dramatist to departed greatness, in any work dedicated to topography or archæology; and having to make a few remarks on the subject of topographical science, and on the career of one who has devoted a long and laborious life to the illustration of English antiquities, our readers will not think it ill-chosen, as a motto for our paper.

The study of English topography and antiquities has so many interesting bearings, that we cannot be surprised at its having found some zealous and able devotees. Regarded merely in its connexion with historical investigation, the science of archæology is entitled to hold a high place in our esteem. To the student of British history, there is assuredly no occupation more delightful than that of visiting the scenes of remarkable events, and examining the mouldering relics of ancient days,—battle-fields, cathedrals, castles, and monastic ruins; comparing the architectural remains of different ages, and, by the aid of previously-acquired knowledge, and the habit of investigation and research, forming or endeavouring to form a judgment on the degree of artistic skill, or social refinement, to which a particular period may have attained. The study of topography, or archæology, has also this advantage, that it makes every county, nay, almost every market town in old England, an object of interest; affords a plea for excellent excursions, by rail or road, and induces a healthy habit of taking periodical journeys for change of air

and scene, which, having the merit of being undertaken for a purpose, in an earnest spirit, and with congenial companions, are free from the insipidity of some so-called pleasure trips; whilst they minister to the health of the mind and body, by leading to long walks and vigorous rambles, enlivened by entertaining disquisitions, and the constant flow of friendly discussion.

Among those who have done much—more, in fact, than is generally believed or admitted—towards the diffusion of a general taste for the study and investigation of English antiquities, (and for their careful preservation also,) we may unhesitatingly distinguish the literary veteran, John Britton, a portion of whose autobiography is now before us,¹ and whose life and labours will form the subject of the present paper. At a period when only a few individuals, and those laborious and plodding antiquarians, with a sufficiency of learning, but with little taste, were engaged in such pursuits, the class of topographical works written or projected by Mr. Britton, being rendered as attractive as possible in character and appearance, and addressed to a wide range of readers, had a material influence in forming the public taste, and in popularising antiquarian science. The impetus which has since been given to these studies, and the powerful combinations which have been formed for their advancement, have thrown the efforts of the zealous topographers whom John Britton may be said to represent somewhat in the shade; but we ought not to forget that in their generation they were most useful men, and, according to their means and opportunities, laboured most successfully.

It will now be necessary for us to state some of the circumstances connected with the publication of Mr. Britton's autobiography. It appears that a few years since a number of friends who had long appreciated his usefulness and admired his character determined to present him with some testimonial of their esteem. A subscription was set on foot, and a considerable sum of money raised. Mr. Britton was consulted as to the application of the fund; and he then intimated that the most agreeable testimonial which could be presented to him, would be the publication of a narrative of his own life, which he himself engaged to write. To quote the words of his prospectus: "Instead of applying the money thus collected to purchase a piece of plate, or any fanciful but comparatively useless article, he considered that it would be more consonant to his pursuits in life, and to that occupation whereby he has attained his present respectability and competency, to produce a volume which would at once tell its own story, and explain the extent and characteristics of the numerous literary works he had projected and executed, whilst it might likewise serve as an incentive and exemplar to future aspirants for similar distinction." The work is as yet incomplete; though for the last four years, Mr. Britton, (who has now passed his seventy-

ninth year,) has laboured upon it incessantly, and made all the efforts of which his declining strength was capable to bring it to a completion. Having been unable to accomplish his wish within the time he had intended, and finding infirmities stealing over him which required a respite and relaxation from literary toil, he has been induced to publish a portion of the work, that he might be left more at leisure to complete the remainder.

Our readers may not be displeased with a brief sketch of the disposition and habits of the literary veteran; and in the opening pages of the autobiography he thus introduces himself: "On the 31st day of December, 1846, with the thermometer at 22°, and in the 76th year of my age, I commence writing a work which is intended to embrace a faithful and circumstantial memoir of my own public life and literary works. As that life has been protracted beyond the period scripturally ascribed to man,—much longer, in fact, than that of any other member of my family,—and certainly exceeding the reasonable calculation which a Life Assurance Company would have assigned to it at any given time within the last fifty years, it may afford amusement to the student of longevity to be made acquainted with the constitutional peculiarities, as well as the vicissitudes of sickness and health, which I have encountered from infancy to old age. These will be narrated in the course of the present narrative. . . . It may be necessary, however, to premise that I am not, and never was, of a gloomy, morbid temperament; but, on the contrary, when in a fair state of health, I am, and always have been, sanguine, cheerful, hopeful, and confident. I have never sunk under *ennui* or despair; but, on the contrary, have looked forward and around for relief from present ailments and difficulties, as well as for the means of guarding against others." This happy temperament has carried Mr. Britton triumphantly through many troubles, and enabled him to surmount difficulties and obstacles of a most formidable character. But we will not anticipate his narrative.

He was born at Kington, a small village in Wiltshire, on the 7th of July, 1771; "being the first son, and fourth child, of parents who had been settled in their own copyhold premises about eight years." His father's occupations were those of baker, maltster, shop-keeper, and small farmer; and up to a certain period he was prosperous and successful in these various pursuits. But it was to his wife that he was mainly indebted for his success. Her active mind and lively disposition formed a strong contrast to his dulness and want of animation: she was "warm-hearted, animated, sanguine, anxious, and passionate," whilst he was "cold, saturnine, reserved, and phlegmatic." When, at length, the mother's time and attention became entirely occupied by an increasing family, the management of the business devolved on her husband; and "the consequences," observes the son, "were natural and inevitable. Customers contracted debts, and never paid them; the miller sent in bad flour, which

(1) The Autobiography of John Britton. Portion of Part I. with Appendix.

made bad bread; rivals in trade secured the customers who were in debt; and ruin—complete and distressing ruin—was the result. My dear mother died broken-hearted; my sister Mary, at the age of about sixteen, was left to hold possession of the house, with a little furniture, and to take charge of two young brothers, aged about six, and eight."

The picture of Kington, during Mr. Britton's boyhood, may serve to amuse the reader, and is not without its value as a faithful sketch of the rural life and manners of the period. "In part of my boyish days," he writes, "Kington had no resident 'squire, clergyman, or person above the rank of farmer, or village tradesman. There were ten agriculturists who kept horses, cows, and sheep, and about the same number of tradesmen, or 'dealers and chapmen;' but I do not think there was a newspaper or magazine purchased by one of the inhabitants before the year 1780, when the London riots were talked about, and wondered at. Five or six years afterwards, 'The Lady's Magazine' was taken in by one of the farmer's daughters, and lent by her to my sister Elizabeth, who was fond of reading. One of the Bath papers was afterwards introduced to the village, and created an epoch,—food for the gossip of the whole village. Farmer Robbins, our opposite neighbour, and Thomas, *alias* Tommy Collard, an old bachelor, both of whom seemed to live upon tittle-tattle, were the bearers and special messengers of all such news as they could comprehend and talk about through the whole extent of Kington; retailing it by pieces and scraps at the carpenter's, the tailor's, and the blacksmith's shops. At each of these houses they would devote about an hour to social converse, or rather, to colloquy; for the tradesmen, if employed on work, continued their occupation, and rarely interrupted the talkers with anything beyond,—'Well, well!'—'Indeed!'—'Is it true?'—'Strange!'—'What! in foreign parts?'—'That Lunnon is a mortal queer place.'—'Well, I shall never see it, nor any of the papishes.' Roman Catholics, papists, and devils, were synonymous at Kington, and in many other country villages. I often accompanied my old news-friends in their daily rounds, and consequently listened with intense curiosity to their narratives. Mr. Robbins was aged, occupied a small dairy farm, which required but a very small portion of his time; and Mr. Collard lived upon a small annuity of about 30*l.*, and was called Gentleman."

In his childhood and youth Mr. Britton tells us, that he was "ever active, inquisitive, emulous, ambitious, and sensitive, whether in play, at school, or at work;" but it was his misfortune that he found no one to direct those natural tendencies "in a right and laudable course." "It is true," he says, "I was placed under one schoolmistress, and, with some intervals, under four successive masters, all of whom were wholly unfitted for the arduous and important task of instructing their youthful pupils in the principles, or elements, of scholastic, and what may be called more useful knowledge. The masters were completely ignorant of science, of literature, and of

manners; and, consequently, could not impart either to their pupils." The first of these pedagogues was named Moseley—a Baptist minister, whose spiritual performances, which took place in a sort of shed, dignified by the name of a chapel, were regularly attended by his scholars; but the worldly instruction received from this man was very trifling, and the only personal trait of which his pupil retained any recollection, was his powdered head, "with large formal curls over his ears, and mane-like, close-cropt hair around the neck." His next instructor was a Mr. Sparrow, who was "very unlike the Baptist; for he could write a good hand, knew the common rules of arithmetic, and could measure and calculate the acreage of a piece of land. He could also engrave cyphers and crests on silver spoons, and he even painted a White Horse, and a White Swan, for certain sign-boards." With a schoolmaster possessed of these extraordinary qualifications, he made rapid progress; but having remained with him as a boarder two years, he was summoned home, and was kept in idleness for the next twelvemonth.

He was then placed with a Mr. Stratton, "a dull, plodding, illiterate man," whose wife, however, was a clergyman's daughter, "and of manners and attainments superior to the station in which marriage had placed her." He remained here a year, and he does not omit to inform us that his constant playmate was his schoolmaster's daughter, for whom he was afterwards destined to entertain a tender passion, which appears to have been suddenly kindled, and easily extinguished. The octogenarian⁽¹⁾ thus describes this early love passage, and the young lady's subsequent career. "The Strattons," he says, "removed to Bath, where they established a school, and where the daughter displayed some qualifications for writing verses. After I had served an apprenticeship in London, I visited Bath, where I renewed my acquaintance with them, became fascinated with the writings, conversation, and person of the young poetess, and, after some months' correspondence, offered to make her my wife. Prudently and candidly she declined the overture, but we continued friends and correspondents till her decease, (unmarried) but a short time since. For many years she belonged to the Salisbury dramatic corps, and enacted successfully most of the heroines of tragedy and comedy. Her letters from several towns, describing the adventures of herself and her 'vagabond' companions, as players are often uncharitably termed, are very curious and interesting."

The last school to which he was sent, was that of his old tutor, Mr. Sparrow, who had removed to the neighbouring town of Chippenham, and opened a day-school there. Although he had possessed but few advantages, and had been generally consigned to the care of illiterate men, his school-time was a happy period. In spite of the ignorance and perverseness of the pedagogues, to whose care he had been generally committed, "School," he says, "was always delightful to me, and its succession of tasks and

(1) We feel justified in applying this term to Mr. Britton, as he is now just entering his 80th year.

duties was easily and rapidly performed. The smell of new paper, a new copy-book, and any other novelties, were always exhilarating. I do not remember to have seen a dictionary before I visited London, in my seventeenth year. Geography, history, and books of instructive amusement, were unknown in that part of the country; nor did I ever hear of such periodicals as newspapers or magazines before I was fourteen."

At the age of thirteen he left school, and was required by his mother to assist in making bread, and in attending to the farm. He was now compelled to rise early—on baking mornings at about four o'clock—"and materially contribute towards converting a bag of flour into good and unadulterated bread; some of which he afterwards carried, on horseback, to villages and farm-houses."

We pass over all the other reminiscences of his village life, and proceed to detail the circumstances which led to his leaving Kington. His mother had a brother in London, named Samuel Hillier, moving in rather a genteel sphere of life, and holding a responsible and "respectable situation in the Chancery Office." This gentleman was in the habit of passing his Long Vacation in Wiltshire or Gloucestershire, and his rustic nephew was often invited to "make one of his party," during his stay in the country. The boy was naturally struck with the superiority of London manners; he contrasted the clownish deportment of his village associates with the refinement of his London relatives, and eagerly panted for an introduction to the great metropolis. Until he reached the age of sixteen, he visited his relatives as an equal; but after that period he was expected to serve them in a menial capacity, and he found his uncle (who, like all his mother's relations, was very passionate) a harsh and strict task-master. At length, at the close of one Long Vacation, it was decided that he should accompany Mr. Hillier to London; and on the 25th October, 1787, he took leave of his native village, "receiving, on his departure, two small tokens of remembrance from his mother,—a crown piece, and a pair of silver knee-buckles."

On his arrival in London, his uncle immediately apprenticed him for six years to Mr. Mendham, of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell-green. He now entered on the most dreary and cheerless portion of his life. Engaged in a melancholy and monotonous routine, with nothing to interest him, or to call forth any powers of thought, his position was truly deplorable. He laboured all day in a dark cellar—a damp, gloomy, London cavern—constantly occupied in bottling and corking wine. Accustomed to the fresh air of the country, his health soon became impaired, and, as may be readily imagined, he was very wretched indeed. One solitary half-hour in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock, he daily stole out of his prison-house, to look at the sky, breathe a little fresh air, and to visit two bookstalls in the neighbourhood. In this way, and by reading at occasional intervals, "not of leisure, but of time abstracted from systematic duties" (and which he was compelled to

make up for by extra toil), he was enabled, during his "term of legal English slavery," to pick up some miscellaneous information, and to run through a variety of books on science, theology, and general literature.

Towards the end of his apprenticeship, Mr. Britton became acquainted with a person named Essex, who "obtained a very respectable livelihood by painting the figures on watch-faces," and who was fond of reading and rational conversation. Through Mr. Essex, he was introduced to two gentlemen then engaged in the profession of literature—the Rev. Dr. Trusler, and the Rev. Dr. Towers—and he at the same time formed an intimacy with Mr. Brayley, with whom he was afterwards closely associated in many of his literary undertakings. The two learned doctors were naturally regarded by the young tyro (as yet uninitiated in literary pursuits) with the deepest reverence; though it must be admitted they were not very exalted members of the craft. Trusler is best known as the author of "Hogarth moralized." At that time he lived in Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell. "He had studied and practised physic," says Mr. Britton, "for some time; then took orders, and occasionally officiated as a curate." This divine adopted the notable expedient of printing sermons in type resembling manuscript. The speculation was highly successful; but it is said that the Bishop of London remonstrated with him on the impropriety of the scheme, as affording encouragement to clerical indolence; whereupon the doctor prudently replied "that he gained 150*l.* a-year by his publication, but, if his lordship would give him a living of that value, his *script types* should no longer be put in requisition." Dr. Joseph Towers was a voluminous compiler of the same class, and at one time kept a bookseller's shop in Fore-street.

At length Mr. Britton was released from his galling servitude in the wine-cellar, and, to adopt the motto at the head of one of the chapters in his autobiography,—

"Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage."

But the period between his emancipation and his adoption of literature as a profession, involved, he tells us, seven years of vicissitudes, privations, and hardships. "In very poor and obscure lodgings," to quote his own words, "at eighteen-pence per week, I indulged in study, and often read in bed during the winter evenings, because I could not afford a fire. When my finances allowed, I frequented free-and-easy, odd fellows', and spouting clubs; but my expenses never exceeded sixpence a-night at any of these associations of smokers, drinkers, and convivialists." One all-absorbing subject, however, engaged his attention on the expiration of his apprenticeship. In defiance of prudence, and following the dictates of a warm imagination, which pictured a fairy future, he had fallen head over ears in love. The object of his passion was a young lady's-maid from Devonshire, who had been in attendance on the wife of his late

master, Mr. Mendham, junior. During the last two years of his apprenticeship, he had made love very earnestly and sincerely to this young woman; but poor Mr. Britton soon found, and acutely felt, that the course of his passion was not destined to run smooth. The Mendhams interfered, and, considering the attachment a species of infatuation, gave it a sudden check by sending the fair lady's-maid back to Devonshire. Mr. Britton informs us that he was "too deeply smitten, and too intensely enthralled, to listen to or heed the influence of reason." He urged his suit, and "explained the misery he endured;" in frequent letters to the absent fair one, to which she rather coldly responded by entreating him "to forego all hopes of marriage." However, as soon as he could obtain his liberty, he formed the project of walking into Wiltshire, remaining a few months with his relatives there, and thence proceeding on foot to Plympton, a distance of 216 miles from London, where "his Betsy" lived. Sustained by the warmth of his passion, he bravely accomplished this design, but was doomed, alas! to a bitter disappointment. He found "his fair, but faithless Dulcinea, sought an interview, and was soon convinced that he was wrong and foolish in making such a tour." The lady altogether failed to appreciate his romantic passion; the Devonshire walk did not soften her heart; and poor Mr. Britton was plunged into the extremity of despair. He returned to his inn, he tells us, "disconsolate and almost deranged;" his hopes were literally blighted; "there was no cheering gleam in the future;" and he thought of consumption and early death. "In this state of hopeless despair," he directed his infirm steps towards London. Sometimes he attempted to read by the wayside; but he found no consolation in the pocket companions, which, under other circumstances, might have cheered and amused him. Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," Lord Chesterfield's "Principles of Politeness," and Goldsmith's Poems, afforded no balm or relief to the wounded lover. Dreadful to relate, he more than once meditated self-murder; and, what was a more sensible thing, he "*drank mummy glasses of rum and milk*, his only favourite beverage, in the hope that it would banish care, and exhilarate the spirits." Believing that there may be many, even among the readers of this magazine, who, like Mr. Britton, have "loved not wisely, but too well," we have condensed for general edification these touching reminiscences of his hopeless passion; and we would more particularly draw attention to the last-mentioned mode of alleviating sorrow and soothing the pangs of blighted affection!

The love-stricken swain returned to London in a piteous plight; he was well-nigh penniless, shoeless, and shirtless, and his abject poverty had compelled him, in spite of the struggles of filial affection, to change the crown piece, and sell the silver knee-buckles, which his poor mother had given him at parting. At length he obtained employment as cellar-man at the London Tavern,—an irksome and slavish situation, and full of grievous discomforts. He was

afterwards engaged as "clerk and cellar-man to a widow in Smithfield, whose cajoling and bland language flattered his youthful vanity." She called him "sir," and treated him as a confidential clerk, but kept him in a disagreeable state of suspense by making him responsible, out of his miserable wages, for every light shilling and bad guinea taken in her establishment. "During this engagement," he informs us that he "lodged with a tinman in Smithfield Bars, having a bed-room, about nine feet by seven, for which he paid 1s. 6d. per week." This tinman was a devout Huntingdonian, or follower of the strange fanatic, William Huntington, S.S.;¹ but his young lodger was anything but edified by his devotions.

Mr. Britton's next engagement was "with Mr. Simpson, an attorney, in Holborn Court, (now called South Square,) Gray's Inn; where and with whom he continued three years, at the humble wages (dignified with the name of salary) of fifteen shillings a-week." But though the remuneration was small, the employment was more congenial to his disposition than his previous occupations; and as Mr. Simpson had not much business, he found ample time for reading; although he confesses that the books which then engaged his attention were of rather a frivolous nature. "During nearly the whole of these three years," he tells us that it was his "custom to dine at an eating-house in Great Turnstile, Holborn, on very cheap and moderate fare; the cost of the meal, with beer, seldom exceeding ninepence." The parlour of this humble establishment was occasionally frequented by some remarkable characters; amongst others, by the *Chevalier d'Eon*, whose story is well-known, and who had then assumed female attire, after having been distinguished in the male character as a soldier and diplomatist; and *Sir Charles Dinely, Bart.*, one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, famous for his harmless eccentricities and matrimonial mania. Whilst residing with Mr. Simpson, he also paid some professional visits to Mr. Joseph Ritson, who then practised as a special pleader, and was occasionally employed by Mr. Simpson. Mr. Britton thus describes the appearance of this learned and estimable man: "He was small in person, thin, consumptive in appearance, reserved in manners, and, at the time I knew him, had but little professional practice. Attorneys in general, though there are many laudable exceptions, have not much respect for poetry or poets, and consider that the man who devotes his time and thoughts to polite literature, can have little partiality for the dull verbiage of the Statutes at Large, or the sophisticated and delusive language too often employed in special pleading." If Mr. Ritson was no favourite of the attorneys, he amply revenged himself on them for not properly appreciating his merits by wholesale and indiscriminate vituperation. "His opinion of the attorneys," adds Mr. Britton, "*is too strongly*

(1) We need scarcely remind our readers that Huntington adopted these letters to signify that he was a "saved sinner;" though, in lieu of this title, blasphemously conferred upon himself, Mathews, the comedian, suggested, as Mr. Britton informs us, that the letters should be interpreted, "sad scoundrel."

expressed: 'I have found them (thus speaks Mr. Ritson, the special-pleader) not only the most ignorant and capricious, but the most insincere, unprincipled, and, in every respect, the most worthless of men.'

The death of Mr. Simpson, in 1798, threw Mr. Britton out of employment; but, "after some weeks of inquiry and suspense," he obtained an engagement with Messrs. Parker & Wix, Solicitors, of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, at a salary of 20s. a-week. In this establishment he formed the acquaintance of a young gentleman, who was professedly reading for the Bar, under the guidance of Mr. Parker; but "whose volatility of temperament and poetical mind," (though he was repeatedly advised and admonished,) "could not be induced to take an interest, or find amusement, in the dull technicalities and prolix verbiage of law-books." Like many young men of ardent imagination, similarly situated, he neglected his Blackstone and Coke upon Littleton, for private theatres and debating societies. Mr. Britton's partiality for the theatre, and the interest which he took in literature, raised him in the estimation of the warm-hearted student, and they quickly became close friends. They visited together the principal debating societies in the metropolis, where the rising spirits of the age tried their powers of oratory, and where Mr. Hughes (for that was the student's name) was a fluent and successful speaker. These pursuits might not be considered altogether useless to the future barrister; but, unfortunately, Mr. Hughes also plunged deep into private theatricals, and his time and attention were often occupied in inditing farces, and in preparing for their representation. Mr. Parker was greatly displeased, and reproved both his pupil and his associate in suitable terms; but, in the end, the former forsook the law, was appointed to an official post in the West Indies, and married a rich widow.

Although unable to take a very prominent part in their proceedings, Mr. Britton informs us that he continued to attend the various spouting clubs and debating societies with which the metropolis was then rife. His recitations were generally in the comic style, "and were often received," according to his own statement, "with vociferous and clamorous applause." He was a regular member of the "School of Eloquence," in Old Change, Cheapside, where a number of young men, "who aspired to the honours of Demosthenes and Cicero," assembled once a-week. "My old friend, *Mr. R. A. Davenport*," adds Mr. Britton, "who has, since that time, written a vast number of volumes on poetry, history, and biography, threatened the members of the 'School of Eloquence' with a satirical exposé of their oratorical proceedings, and gave the following lines as the motto of his Philippic:—

"*Shade of Demosthenes!* couldst thou but view
This ranting, blundering, language-murdering crew,
Much should I wonder if, in furious ire,
Thou didst not kick them to their sooty sire."

(1) The speakers were in the frequent habit of invoking the "Shade of Demosthenes."

Many political societies, where the characters of public men and measures were freely discussed, were also at this period in active operation, and were often frequented by Mr. Britton. Most of them had been called into existence by the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the principles of democracy were warmly and strenuously advocated by the leading members.

We must now pause. Mr. Britton has not yet carried the narrative of his life beyond this point; but having derived much amusement from the slight portion with which he has favoured his friends, we heartily wish him health and strength to complete it. He informs us, in his explanatory address, that little more than one-third of his autobiography is now presented. "That portion," he says, "reviews the period of boyhood and adolescence, and describes a desultory mode of life, with reference to debating societies, private theatres, and some public events and persons, before my final devotion to literature, in my thirtieth year. Henceforward, to the present time, all my energies have been devoted, most anxiously and industriously, to reading, writing, and the technical management of book-publishing. An extensive intercourse has thereby been created with artists, stationers, printers, booksellers, and publishers; with professional and amateur critics; with the ordinary purchasers and readers of books; and with the class, now almost extinct, of bibliomaniacs. My intercourse with these, and other public persons, will furnish abundant materials for the continuation of the First Part of the Autobiography."

Our readers will be able to judge from the foregoing extract of the course the narrative is likely to take, if Mr. Britton is able to complete it. Perhaps the most interesting portion will prove to be the relation of early struggles, trials, and difficulties which we have attempted to follow in this paper, and which now breaks off abruptly at a critical period of Mr. Britton's life. In the next section he promises to narrate his first crude attempts in literature, and the remainder will be devoted to a general account of his professional career.

Mr. Britton's works, of which a list is given in the Second Part of the Autobiography, consist almost entirely (as we need perhaps scarcely remind our readers) of industrious compilations on topographical subjects, which have the paramount merit of clearness and accuracy. Mr. T. E. Jones, who has edited this portion of the work, has thus eulogized, and we cannot say altogether extravagantly, his friend's productions. "In every page of every work," he says, "from 'the Beauties of Wiltshire,' in 1801, to 'Junius Elucidated,' in 1843, candour and explicitness prevail. An earnest desire to record 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' an enthusiastic ardour in investigation, a liberality of sentiment, an honesty in acknowledging obligations to others, and the strictest accuracy of reference,—these are qualities of which any author might be proud, and in these it may be confidently asserted, that *John Britton* is not surpassed by any writer."

In referring to the enumeration of Mr. Britton's topographical works, we find a large portion devoted to the history and antiquities of his native county; and it may be here remarked that the parish of Kington St. Michael, in which Mr. Britton was born, was also the birth-place of the renowned antiquary, John Aubrey. Mr. Britton's career, as a topographical writer, commenced with the *Beauties of Wiltshire*, of which the first volume was published in 1801. When first urged to undertake this work, he confesses that he "was but little qualified for the duties of a topographer," and that he was "hardy enough to put to sea, without either rudder, compass, or chart." Having made a pedestrian tour with Mr. Brayley, in the summer and autumn of 1800, and acquired considerable experience and information, he proceeded with more confidence to fulfil his engagement; and subsequently, in conjunction with Mr. Brayley, he wrote an account of Bedfordshire for the "Beauties of England and Wales," a work of some magnitude and popularity, commenced in 1801, and completed in 1816; and upon which it is said the publishers expended upwards of 50,000*l*. To this publication Mr. Britton afterwards contributed the history of Wiltshire, and also materially assisted in the compilation of other portions. Mr. Britton's labours in the illustration of English cathedral antiquities are worthy of especial notice, and will confer upon him a lasting reputation. Commencing with the "History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury," in 1814, he proceeded to describe in succession most of the other cathedral churches of England, and the series was brought to a conclusion in 1835. Many works on biography, antiquity, and the fine arts have also proceeded from Mr. Britton's pen, which bear witness to his industry, extensive information, and facility of composition.

We must not omit to state that an appendix of gossiping essays is annexed to the second part of the Autobiography; in which, we are informed that "it has been the writer's wish and earnest endeavour to show to the young author, and to other emulous readers, what may be effected by zeal and industry, with very humble talents, and without academic learning." First in order, we have some "Essays on the Characteristics of Shakspeare: with Lines on the Stratford Bust, by Henry Neele," (whose early death was a calamity to literature;) and as the latter were addressed to Mr. Britton, and are full of beauty, we will quote the commencement.

"His was the master-spirit; at his spells
The heart gave up his secrets: like the mount
Of Horeb, smitten by the prophet's rod,
Its hidden springs gush'd forth. Time, that grey rock
On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards
Is dash'd to ruin, was the pedestal
On which his genius rose; and, rooted there,
Stands like a mighty statue, reared so high
Above the clouds and changes of the world,
That Heaven's unshorn and unimpeded beams
Have round its awful brows a glory shed,
Immortal as their own."

In conclusion, we congratulate the subscribers to

the *Britton Testimonial* on the mode which has been adopted to do honour to their old friend; and we trust, moreover, that before long the completion of the Autobiography will impose upon us the agreeable task of recounting the remaining incidents of Mr. Britton's useful and laborious life.

A NEW PAGE FOR THE GUIDE BOOKS:

A SUNDAY AT TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND.

BY Q.

"Then faint not, Church of Scotland!
Thy beauty and thy worth
Shall make a new uprising
In fair and sightly Perth;
When shines in wild GLENALMOND
The dew of thy new day,
Again thy noon of glory
Shall glitter o'er the Tay."

COX'S BALLADS. *Scotland.*

WHEN I last appeared before the readers of *SHARPE*, it was as a fireside traveller. It is, indeed, in that capacity that I chiefly make my excursions; nor is such travelling unpleasurable. Crazy boilers, careless drivers, unattended rails, affect it not. If it wants the stir, it at least escapes the pains,

"Of moving accidents by flood and field."

There are also no uncomfortable yearnings about home,—no wondering about the non-arrival of letters,—no uneasiness attending their arrival when they convey not all we wish, or intimate something we wish not,—no danger of being placed beyond the reach of domestic intelligence of any kind. The fireside traveller at least travels easily; nor is his journey so dull as the corporal tourist may suppose. His very tranquillity fits him to observe and enjoy the objects which present themselves to his view, and so absorbed in these he sometimes becomes, as often to be unaware that he is ceasing to become a *fireside* traveller, till the sensible reduction of his temperature turns his eye mechanically on his almost empty grate. Then again, after all, an inn is a poor conclusion to a tourist's day, compared with what his fireside rival may command. *He* must, indeed, be rarely desolate, I would hope, who

"May sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

At any rate, the sedentary wanderer, whose reveries are brought to a stand by the announcement of the evening meal, and who rests from his journeyings amid frank and loving hearts, may afford to reflect without envy on his solitary brother, discussing his supper with no more genial smiles to season it, than those of the waiter, or even of the host himself.

Yet, agreeable as is this mental locomotion, the corporeal, too, is very far from despicable, and, on occasion, I am not backward to indulge in this also. An opportunity was afforded me of so doing this summer, which I readily embraced, though the



occasion was melancholy. One whom I had known with deepest intimacy from the earliest dawn of memory, whose every secret thought and feeling was open to me, had experienced a grievous bereavement. To recruit his health and spirits after this dark dispensation, he resolved to ramble for a short time among localities with which he was unfamiliar, which could not possibly associate themselves with the scene or occasion of his troubles, and which, by the power of their own beauty, might disengage his contemplations from the more distressing features of what he had witnessed and endured. The spot chosen for the purpose was the Scottish Highlands, and his companion was myself, who had, indeed, never been separated from him in joy or sorrow.

Poets and fireside travellers may exclaim against locomotives and steamers amid scenes whose charms are loneliness and wildness, and the associations arising from historical, poetical, or romantic incident. Wordsworth's muse was nervous at the sight of a steamer on Windermere. I am not sure I should not sympathise with her, as indeed once I did, had I not received practical convictions which I may not gainsay. Place a poetical grumbler in the noise and smoke of Glasgow, and show him that, thanks to modern prosaic vehicles, he may rise in the fresh infancy of morning, and be lauded in the lusty maturity of day amid the hermit beauties and splendours of the Trosachs, having previously admired, and at leisure too, the waters, islands, banks, and mountains, that make up the glories of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine: with leisure, moreover, to inspect "lovely" Loch Achray, (as Scott calls it by no poetical or other fiction,) and Loch Vennachar, and go on to Ben Ledi and Callander, or linger, if he prefer, in the haunted glades of Glenfinlas. Such a compensation may surely reconcile the most splenetic child of romance to the substitution of the paddle for the shallop-oar, or the engine-wheel for the palfrey. Neither, if I may venture to broach the paradox, do I hold steam conveyances to be anti-poetical or even unpoetical; nay, I will take courage to assert the contrary. The powers and results of science are nearer to the enchantment of fable than any thing that the world has witnessed; and if great powers and great results elevate the mind by contemplation, these contain the elements of true poetry. They want, it is true, the mellowing hues of antiquity, and as yet, so far as I know, "carent vate sacro." But those hues are extraneous and ornamental, not essential to poetry. Besides, they are imperceptibly gathering day by day. I will be bold enough to affirm that, had steamboats existed in the days of the Stuarts, they would have been a frequent and favourite image with the poets of our time. Be this as it may, by their aid we were enabled in one day to traverse the poetical region I have mentioned, to track the clear bounding Teith, overleaping rocks and crags in endless succession and variety, and freshening with its soft silvery music our path, overhung with birch and hazel, and brightened by heather, broom, and eglantine; and to

repose ourselves under the shadow of Ben Ledi, in the fair town of Callander.

It was our intent, from the first, to spend our coming Sunday at Trinity College, Glenalmond; an institution with which we were well acquainted by reputation, and which has even been celebrated by an American bard; the locality of which we consequently expected to find notorious all over Scotland. Nevertheless, Black, the most recent and popular of Scotch Guide-book writers, takes no manner of notice of it; nor did we fall in with any person who could give us a notion of its "whereabout," till we were within four miles of it; few indeed had ever heard of the place. Whether the external circumstances, or the nature and extent of its destination be regarded, this is equally unaccountable. A noble building, after the style of English university colleges, and actually surpassing in extent and display many colleges at the English universities, pitched down in a lonely glen, would, it might be thought, be an object sufficiently remarkable to excite curiosity and conversation; and its purpose, the education of the clergy and laity of an influential communion in Scotland, might, we surmised, very generally have attracted attention. Indeed, we almost expected the way to Glenalmond, from the Trosachs Inn, or from Callander at the very least, to be as well ascertained as that from an English town to Oxford or Cambridge. Glenalmond itself is nothing but the valley of the river Almond; we could only therefore discover by our map the limit within which we might expect to find the College,—and this might be about twenty miles. Uncertain, therefore, what pedestrian route to choose, as not knowing how our time and distance would agree, we resolved on visiting Stirling, where we knew we could find a friend who would give us the requisite information, and whence Perth, which would certainly be within a day's walk of the College, is accessible by rail. I am particular on these matters, for the advantage of those who may be anxious to combine a visit to Glenalmond (which will amply repay one) with a tour in the Highlands. I may be pardoned here for writing a page for the guide-books, as it is a page which none will be found to contain. Let then the tourist go from Edinburgh to Stirling, visiting Linlithgow by the way. Hence let him proceed to Perth, from which the College is only ten miles, though there is no public conveyance to it. From the College he may proceed by Crieff, Comrie, St. Fillan's, Lochearn Head, to the Trosachs Inn, or from Comrie at once to Callander. The advantage of these routes over that which we took, is, that the scenery *before* the traveller is superior, and indeed improves with every step, while we were frequently delayed in our progress by retrospective glances, without which we should have lost more of the beauty of the scenery than we did, which, we fear, was not a little.

With a short sojourn therefore at Doune, Dunblane and Stirling, and with only a glance at the fair city of Perth, the old romantic walls of Huntingtower or Ruthven, famed in "raid" and conspiracy annals, and Methven, the bower-place of "Bessie Bell and Mary

Gray," we held on our way towards our destination.

At Methven, the track to Glenalmond College leaves the high-road from Perth to Crieff. It is bold and picturesque, and the foreground altogether highland. Four miles easy walking brought us to the outskirts of the College. The course of the Almond might be traced in that of the deep and woody glen which receives its name. The bowery braes, the shelving hills, the rude and rocky eminences beyond, stood out in that clear bright softness of northern twilight, which is so inexpressible by description,—but nought beside was visible.

" 'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,
Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,
'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,
Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer."

We could comprehend somewhat of Sir Roland de Vaux's surprise, when, in that solitary region, we heard sounds reminding us of the evening summons sent forth from the towers of St. Mary's or Christ Church. We pressed forward, and were soon in sight of the College. Two sides of a quadrangle, 190 feet square, and the walls of a noble chapel, are complete; and the effect of this spectacle amid the surrounding scenery was yet more striking than the sound which had betokened it. We seemed like pilgrims of old, who had reached some stately but lonely monastery. The description of Wordsworth¹ occurred to us:

" A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this dell;
It is not quiet, is not ease,
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead."

The spot, therefore, was in unison with our mood. We presented our introductions, and were forthwith conducted into an ample apartment, where the boys, aided by a piano, were holding the farewell concert with which they are indulged at the end of their Term. "The stormy winds do blow" was sung with no less harmony than energy, reminding us, alike by its melody and expressive power, of

" Unâ Euræque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis,
Africus—"

This was the last song but one, and that, of course, was "God save the Queen," which was heartily sung, and as heartily cheered. The boys left the room—the day, with its labours and fatigues, was over—and we resigned ourselves to our repose, and to such thoughts as the present scene wrought upon our retrospections.

The early matin chant of innumerable birds aroused us to consciousness that the Christian Sabbath had begun, and warned us to prepare for the early matin bell, which would soon summon us to the first service of the College.

But, ere I describe the order and discipline of the

College day, it may be as well to give some account of the nature of the institution itself.

Trinity College, then, was begun to be erected about six years ago, and opened about three, for the education of boys, according to the doctrine and discipline of the ancient Episcopal Church in Scotland, and for training students for Holy Orders. One reason, perhaps, why the College is so little known, may be found in the ignorance prevalent, both in Scotland and England, of that communion to which it belongs. Episcopacy was formerly the established religion of Scotland, though the Presbyterians, from the time of Knox, had been a numerous and powerful body. At the Revolution, the majority of the Scotch clergy refused to break the fealty they had sworn to King James II., while the Presbyterian party were favourable to the new dynasty. William had been educated a Presbyterian; and policy, no less than prepossession, dictated the transfer of the Scottish Establishment, with its revenues, from the Episcopalian to the Presbyterian communion. The ejected bishops and clergy, after the primitive example, "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," and many other severe enactments, which their attachment to the Stuarts provoked from the House of Hanover. Having nothing to depend on but the offerings of their own people, they were, and still are, no less primitive in their poverty than their patience. An English curacy, though not a splendid preferment, is often more lucrative than a Scotch bishopric; while many of the clergy are much worse remunerated than the generality of English mechanics. Nevertheless, the little flock has maintained vitality, and challenged respect. They have never intrigued for power, nor the restitution of honours or possessions; they have raised no faction against the Establishment; they have cast no impediments in its way; they have fomented none of its internal dissensions; but trod the quiet paths of peace, and charity, and piety. In consequence, they are regarded with the most unsuspicious and confiding good-will by their Presbyterian neighbours generally. Members of the same family often belong to the two communions, and sometimes even to their ministries, without any discomposure of domestic harmony. The wisdom and moderation of the Episcopalians have done much to soften the prejudices of their countrymen against prelacy; and, had that form of government been presented to them in Knox's time as they now behold it, his exhortations might have fallen on the popular ear with different effect.

One of the most serious evils resulting from the poverty of the Episcopalians, is, the difficulty of procuring a sufficient education for their clergy. In the larger towns, they are often supplied from England; but in the Highland districts, where the congregations themselves are miserably poor, (and such, for the most part, must the young candidate for Holy Orders expect,) the pittance of the minister is wretched indeed. Such prospects will not supply the means of education at the most economical of the English theological colleges; and, until the erection of Glenalmond College, there

(1) "Glen Almain," in the title of his poem, is a misnomer of *Glen Almond*.

was nothing in Scotland suitable for the purpose; the Scotch universities affording no instruction in divinity, as received by the Episcopalians; while the purchase of a library wherewith to prosecute his studies, was to the country clergyman a thing impossible. The Scottish Episcopal Fund, set on foot in 1806, and the Scottish Episcopal Church Society, founded in 1838, aim to make the condition of the bishops and clergy better suited to their office; and to these bodies all sums intended for that purpose will be most effectively paid; but it was not till the year 1841 that education for the clergy, especially on a scale worthy the object, was projected by the Episcopalians of Scotland.

The scheme was warmly supported by their English brethren. About 36,000*l.* were raised by subscription. The Warden (the Rev. Charles Wordsworth) contributed 5,000*l.*, and, besides, has since undertaken to advance, on loan, the sum necessary for the erection of the chapel, which is to cost upwards of 5,000*l.*; and 6,000*l.* have also been lent by members of the council and other friends. Two sides of the quadrangle are completed, comprehending the lodgings of the Warden, Sub-warden, and assistant masters, complete accommodation for 130 boys, and rooms for 13 Divinity Students. The other sides are incomplete: the east side is to comprehend the large school-room, with servants' rooms above, and the hall; and the south is to be a cloister, connecting the Warden's house with the chapel. About 20,000*l.* additional will be required to pay off the loans, and complete the buildings; and, of course, a still larger sum, to secure the desirable endowments for professorships, scholarships, &c. The grounds comprise twenty acres. It will be seen, therefore, that the education contemplated is intended to be conducted on a liberal scale; and in these days, when the benefits of education are so generally recognised, it is to be hoped that an institution like this will not be suffered to languish for want of funds. One great hope of the College must rest on the Scotch nobility and gentry, who have hitherto sent their children to the English public schools, because, as yet, there has been no precisely kindred institution in Scotland. The cost of a boy's education is 70*l.* per annum, which includes *washing, medical attendance,* and every necessary expense,—a sum far less than that which is requisite to support him at any similar place of education in England; and forty boys, at this cost, it is calculated, will enable the institution to support itself. All the clear income of the college, when the buildings are completed, will be applied in the shape of exhibitions, and in affording increased facilities to sons of clergymen (who, at present, are generally relieved of *nearly one-half of the ordinary charge*), and students for Holy Orders, who are received at the very inconsiderable cost of 30*l.* per annum, for which they enjoy every educational advantage which it is possible to possess.

"It may be fairly said," most truly says the advertisement issued by the Council, in 1847, "that the accommodations of Trinity College will challenge comparison with those of any similar establishment in

England; that the situation of the College . . . at the foot of the Grampians, and upon the banks of the river Almond, cannot be surpassed for healthiness, nor for the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery."

I am one of those who regard knowledge, valuable and important as it is, as very far indeed from constituting the whole of education. An integral portion, an essential element, of a liberal education, it must undoubtedly be; but the mind which receives no more is *informed*, not *educated*. Education implies the training and development of all the human faculties,—of the whole spiritual, intellectual, and even corporeal, nature. Religious guidance and habits are so necessary to the first, that, without them, religious knowledge may become worse than useless—positively injurious—as giving "the knowledge of sin," and higher responsibilities, without commensurate spiritual attainments. In regard to the intellect, educational philosophers are surely too much in the habit of ignoring the imagination, as though it were a weed injurious to the growth of the reasoning powers, requiring to be subdued, or even eradicated; instead of an inherent quality of the intellect itself, needing only due restraint and direction, to aid and refresh the demonstrative faculties. I cannot lightly regard the influence of noble forms and fair proportions, whether in art or nature, on the youthful mind. I cannot believe that the same studies, pursued, on the one hand, in close alleys and squalid attics, and, on the other, beneath turret and spire, groined arch and shafted window, can leave the mind in the same condition. Nor can I believe that the love of the grand and tender in nature will unfit the understanding for severe pursuits; but rather would I hold that, under proper limitations, it would rescue the student from the danger of a cold and hollow scepticism. Hence, the union of the beautiful and solemn which this spot exhibits, perhaps beyond any other in Britain, deserves, I must think, to be taken into the account, as a very valuable constituent indeed of the education imparted in Glenalmond College. The students, whether young men or boys, cannot fail to be impressed by the majestic character of the natural and artificial objects by which they are surrounded; and if impressed at all, it must surely be for good.

But the early matin bell is calling us to prayer. We enter the temporary chapel—one of the school-rooms, neatly and appropriately fitted up till the beautiful building destined for the purpose is completed. The visitors and domestics take their places, the clock strikes eight, and immediately the boys, under the direction of the several masters, enter; then the Warden and Sub-warden. All are attired in surplices; all take their places in perfect quiet, and with every mark of deepest reverence. At this service nothing is used but the Morning Service of the English Church, which is equally that of the Scottish Episcopalians, without the Litany. The College has no organ, but the service is choral throughout, and performed with no less precision and melody

than in an English cathedral. Music is a regular portion of the instruction, and every boy is taught to sing from notes, which very many of them perform very expertly and effectively. Nothing could be more orderly and reverent, and certainly the impression was most distinct that religion was the business of the place.

This service over, we proceeded to breakfast in the ample apartment which does duty as a hall till the noble design for that portion of the building is completed. On our way along the cloisters to this spacious room, we were much gratified by witnessing a pleasing custom of the College. Several boys came hastily, yet respectfully, forward, and, "with shining morning faces," (any thing, however, but "unwillingly,") bright with unaffected pleasure, presented the authorities of the College, as they passed, with choice nosegays and garlands. The custom, as we afterwards learned, originated entirely with the boys themselves, who take great delight in the observance. Each boy has a piece of garden-ground allowed him, and those who are fond of this amusement take pride in presenting to their masters the fairest produce of their little territory; while others find in native heath, harebell, broom, cglantine, and "each plant and flower—the mountain's child," materials for their tribute of respect and affection. How the custom arose is not known. Probably some boy of kind and elegant disposition originated the practice, and, as example is contagious for good as well as evil, the goodly observance seems now pretty well established at Glenalmond. The caps and hands of the masters overflowed with flowers as they entered the temporary hall. Here we found a dais and a high table, at which the Warden, officers, and guests, took their places. On ordinary days, we were informed, the Sub-warden and other assistants preside at the dinner-tables occupied by the boys, helping them to their meal, and all partaking of the same fare, the high-table on such days being only used for breakfast and tea. Grace is at every meal intoned by the Warden, or principal officer present, and a musical *Amen* is chanted by the boys. A like ceremony concludes the meal. All the arrangements were excellent, and the utmost order and propriety were observed.

We rambled about the College walks, admiring the verdure of the turf and the gaiety of the flowers, till the bell called us to Litany and Communion, at a quarter past eleven. The service was intoned and chanted as before. The Warden preached from Phil. iv. 4. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." The Theological Students having left for the vacation, the discourse was addressed to the boys, who were to leave on the following Tuesday.

The preacher commenced by observing that many devout Christians had taken an almost opposite view to that which the text inculcated. The evil of sin in itself, the consciousness of each individual of his own transgressions, the awfulness of having offended such

a being as God, the very covenant of pardon, sealed with the sufferings and blood of the Eternal Son, seemed to them to forbid rejoicing. And no doubt there were passages of Holy Scripture which did appear to countenance this view. The preacher then adduced numerous instances, especially the whole Book of Ecclesiastes, (which had furnished the *first* Lessons of the Daily Service during the previous week,) and in particular those parts which set forth the benefits of "the house of mourning," and our Lord's commemoration of the blessedness of them that mourn. Yet these texts were capable of reconciliation with that which was the subject of the discourse, by reference to the nature of the joy inculcated. It was to be joy "*in the Lord*;" joy in his love and forgiveness, and in the blessings which he had in store hereafter for his faithful people. This joy was quite consistent with the deepest sense of unworthiness and the truest contrition for sin; indeed, it entirely arose from those dispositions. Joy in the Lord was the lot of those only who abode in the Lord by faith and obedience. The preacher then brought forward many texts, especially from the Psalms, to show that the righteous, and they alone, were both permitted and commanded to rejoice; and then proceeded to apply the text more immediately to his pupils. A time of rejoicing had once more arrived to them; they were about to return to their friends and their homes, and to enjoy relaxation from severe duties; but it would wholly depend on themselves whether their rejoicing should be safe and Christian, and, indeed, such as should be genuine and blessed. They must "rejoice in the Lord;" they must remember that vacation was not idleness; even study must be, to a certain extent, pursued; but the religious dedication of each day, love and obedience to parents, kindness to brethren, sisters, and friends, unselfishness, consideration of others, must be daily cultivated, if they would have a title to the joy of the text. The following verse said, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." That word (*τὸ ἐνέμεν*) implied not merely "moderation," in the ordinary sense, but gentleness, kindness, courtesy, and concession. Those elegant symbols of such a disposition which the boys were so laudably accustomed to offer, (the Warden alluded to the flowers,) would be a mockery where the disposition itself was absent. The preacher then affectionately commended his scholars to the Divine blessing, and bade them farewell in terms of great pathos and earnestness. Nothing could exceed the stillness of the youthful congregation, and the attention which seemed to prevail; and, if we might judge from appearances at an age when they seldom deceive, vacation joys were not unmingled with affectionate regrets, and the return to Glenalmond would not be unaccompanied with pleasure.

The unconfirmed now left the chapel, and the service of the Holy Communion, which is solemnized here every Sunday, began. Two services for this purpose are in use in the church; the so-called "Scottish Office,"

(borrowed, for the most part, from the *first English Liturgy of 1549*), and the present "English." These offices are used at Glenalmond on alternate Sundays. This is no place to discuss their respective merits; it will be enough to observe that the Warden has herein exercised a sound discretion. He has given neither triumph nor offence to any parties, and acted in full compliance with the regulations of the Church. He has accustomed his pupils to use and reverence both services, and, whether among clergy or laity, they will feel no repugnance to share in that office which circumstances may oblige them to celebrate or participate. It was the "English Sunday" when we were present.

After the service, we inspected the chapel. The walls and roof alone at present are completed. The exterior fabric very much resembles the chapel of Merton College, Oxford, except in the omission of the half transept, and in the very high pitch of the dark, open roof, the effect of which is particularly striking, the eye completely losing itself in the height and darkness of the timbers. In the chancel, the roof is what the Germans would term a "Himmel." It is painted blue, and sprinkled with stars in gold. The interior, when complete, will doubtless be a very noble and collegiate place of Christian worship, and well worthy to form a part of that cultivation of the taste and fancy which I have ventured to pronounce essential to a liberal education.

In the heat of the day we wandered, or rather scrambled, down to the umbrageous banks of the Almond. Indescribably beautiful they are! Branching, tangling, intertwining foliage, of every kind and hue, crossed and shadowed our precipitous path. Midway between the summit of the bank and the bed of the river, is flung across the current—a suspension-bridge! But, Reader, bethink thee not of Hungerford, nor even of Menai. The structure is quite in harmony with the scene. The iron chains which support it only exhibit themselves to close inspection; a rude, but graceful curve is all that marks the transit to the general glance, and the pathway is apparently as frail as it is really secure. Proceeding below this point to the water's edge, and winding beside the stream, we came upon fantastic grottoes and caverns, with the water jetting and spouting amid rocks and boulders. The river itself rolls over a bed of irregular stones, chiming, tumbling, and leaping, as the obstacle it meets diverts or breaks its course. I was pleased to hail a token that the beauty of the scenery had not been lost upon the boys. A rude track led us to an equally rude but well-defined seat and resting-place, evidently the work of some of them, and, perhaps, on the most picturesque point which could have been selected.

Dinner was served in the hall. There was the same goodly order, the same repetition of graces as at breakfast, and even a greater rivalry in presenting flowers. The meal over, the lads formed groups, and wandered, as their fancy led, each with his favourite mates, to the garden, or the river bank, which the heat, no less than its beauty, rendered popular. We were enter-

tained with wine and dessert by the Warden in the dining-room of his house, no unworthy common or combination-room. Afterwards the Sub-warden kindly conducted us over the building. The appointments are certainly most admirable. Each of the Theological Students, of whom there are now ten, has an apartment of his own. Of the forty-eight boys now resident, thirty-four have separate sleeping-rooms; the remaining fourteen sleep in a dormitory, but in separate "stalls," as they are not inappropriately called. These are divided from each other by a high wooden partition, and from the line of the dormitory by a lower, so that each boy is quite private at night. The dormitories and sleeping apartments are so situated and constructed, as to be capable of being all brought in an instant under the eye of the particular master to whose charge they severally belong. Every boy is provided with a looking-glass, framed in dark carved oak, and an ample chest of drawers, garnished with bronze plates and handles. In the schoolroom the boys' accommodations are more like studies than desks; they are divided by high partitions, as in the sleeping stalls, and against each partition bookshelves are erected, reaching from the top to the desk, so that each boy can take the book he wants without delay or confusion, while there is no opportunity for interrupting each other, and the open side of the study places every boy under the eye of the master. Some of the arrangements are quite peculiar and admirable. Hot air is conveyed to every part of the building in winter, while there are special contrivances for ample and free ventilation. The danger of fire in a spot so distant from extraneous aid is met by provisions for flooding in an instant every floor of the building with water.

By this time the bell was calling to Evening Prayer. At half-past four we again assembled in the temporary chapel, where the service of the Church of England was solemnized as in English cathedrals. On this occasion there was no sermon, nor public catechising, which latter, we were informed, is the general practice of the place, but the course having been lately suspended for a time, in consequence of the frequent absence of the Warden, in order to preach on behalf of the College in different congregations throughout the Church, he did not think it necessary to resume it on this, the last Sunday of the half-year. It was gratifying to learn that these appeals for the increase of the College funds, which are now being made in compliance with a Pastoral Letter, signed by all the bishops, and recommending that an offertory be appropriated to this purpose in every congregation, have been so successful that nearly 1,000*l.* have been already raised from less than sixty churches, out of one hundred and eighteen, of which the whole episcopal communion in the country consists. One incident, related in connexion with these collections, struck us as not a little characteristic of the "bonnie Scotch." In one place, instead of the usual practice of making the collection after the sermon, the "guid folks" were allowed to think over the matter during the week,

and the Warden had the gratification of hearing, in the week after, that the offertory on the following Sunday, which was the produce of his Appeal, contained no less a sum than 138*l*. Perhaps our friends in the south may take advantage of this hint.

Tea, with the same observances as the other meals, was then served in the hall. Afterwards we wandered in the exquisite serenity and beauty of northern twilight till we felt repose needful. We bade a regretful good night to our new friends, grateful for what we had seen and learned; and sought a blessing on Glensalmond College. And as, with the early morn, we followed the course of the glen onward to Crieff, while the young and lusty sun, though not long on his way, was already dazzling to the eye of the pedestrian, and fatiguing us by his heat, we hoped we beheld an augury of the College, which in so early infancy had done so much to diffuse the light of truth and the warmth of charity; and took cheer in the belief that Christendom would never deny the requisite facilities for affording Glensalmond meridian development, and making it "a praise in the earth;" while my companion observed, "No secularity in nature can bring more balm to a wounded heart than the contemplation of immortal spirits in training for immortal blessedness."

PUNCH AT NAPLES.

SUNNY Italy was the birth-place of the famous little gentleman with the hook-nose, who seems to have taken a new lease of his life in the colder climate of England. Originally intended as a mere buffoon for the populace, he was soon made the medium of sly satire against abuses which there was no press to castigate and no legal power to redress. Many a pungent observation thus thrown out produced no small effect upon the public mind. Punch is a favourite of all classes, and all ages, and in all countries, for all are alike lovers of merriment and scandal. Sec! that venerable white-bearded monk—whose thoughts we might imagine to be exclusively fixed on heaven—has paused to witness his mad pranks, and to listen to his racy gossip. That oily black-bearded friar is shaking his sides at the fun, while the countenances of the crowd express the variety of their emotions, from the lively curiosity of the youngster to the gaping fatuity of the octogenarian. Blessed be the amusement which can thus withdraw all classes for a moment from the hard realities of daily drudgery into a little bye-world where care can find no entrance, and make them shake their sides with medicinal peals of laughter. And so long as he does not confound libels against the harmless with satire against the guilty—so long as he advocates the cause of the poor and oppressed—so long as he touches the humours of the time with a racy but not malicious satire—so long, in short, as he does not abuse his power, may the old gentleman prosper in his new vocation of hebdomadal censor, and flourish in the midst of us in a vigorous old age.

A MEMORIAL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

WHATEVER may have been the political mistakes of the late ex-King of the French, there is a large body in France who will cherish his memory with something more than respect. He displayed, even by the admission of his enemies, those domestic and social virtues, by which kings—and French kings in particular—are not often distinguished. His patronage of men of letters and artists will long be missed under the new *régime*. It was under his government that the French capital, distinguished before for its strange contrasts of magnificence and meanness—of splendour and filth—began to assume an air of completeness and *comfort*. Many a building left unfinished by Napoleon was brought to an end by Louis Philippe—many a national monument which had fallen into decay munificently restored by his care. The streets were paved; the Seine, no longer allowed to inundate the city, was confined within a range of massive quays. In short, to this ill-fated monarch was owing that spirit of improvement that has rendered the Paris of to-day so superior to that of twenty years ago. His last and recent bequest to his country, was his splendid private collection of Spanish pictures in the Louvre; and we may thus conceive the bitterness of his exile from the city which he loved so well.

Nor was his care exclusively bestowed on Paris—the provinces also shared in it, and memorials of his patriotism and love of art are to be found even at a distance where one would hardly expect to meet with them. Such are some with which we happened to fall in on a recent voyage along the shores of the Mediterranean, and of which, as they are little known, a brief notice may not be uninteresting at the present moment.

During a stay at Malta, we visited the famous church of St. John, in which are sepulchral chapels for the various branches of the now extinct Order of the knights, among which, that of France ever held a most distinguished place. In the French chapel is a very beautiful monument erected by Louis Philippe, to the memory of his son the Duke de Beaujolais, who here died of a consumption. It is a truly admirable piece of sculpture. The young prince is represented in a reclining posture, and the sculptor has thrown over his figure and countenance an expression of languor and debility which it is impossible to look upon without admiration for so exquisite a production of art, and sympathy for the sorrow which prompted its execution.

On the evening of March 25th we crossed the harbour of Marsa Muscet to the quarantine station at Fort Manoel, where lay the screw steamer Bosphorus, Captain Vinc Hall, on board of which our passage was taken to Gibraltar. This vessel then hoisted a yellow flag, the livery of the plague; and at sight of that detested ensign, I could not but congratulate myself at having lived to see the period of quarantine reduced from three mortal *weeks*, which I had myself accomplished in that very Lazaretto, to a period of



as many days. This term was to expire at midnight, when the captain, on receiving a clean bill of health, would instantly proceed towards his destination.

As soon as we had got on board, he called me aside to communicate an unexpected piece of information. The ship's course was to Gibraltar direct, but a large party of Tunisians, who had fled from their city on account of the cholera, and had been spending some months at Malta, sick of the delays of sailing vessels, had earnestly besought him to go a few hours out of his course in order to convey them to their homes. This trifling delay, he averred, would be more than compensated by the opportunity—so rarely occurring—of paying a few hours' visit to the site of Carthage. "The very thing," I replied, "that I have long particularly desired;" and I absolutely hugged myself at so unusual a piece of good fortune.

My satisfaction, however, was somewhat damped, as the parties to be conveyed began to present themselves alongside. The vessel was most comfortable, but of moderate size, and the best of the berths, our own of course among them, had been already secured. But now a long string of boats successively appeared, laden almost to sinking with men, women, and children, and infants with their nurses, and piles of carpets and bedding, huge boxes, baskets, bags, mats, and paraphernalia of all descriptions—a mass of live and dead stock, which, huddled in a heap on deck, entirely blocked up the gangway, and made the gallant captain stare aghast at the dilemma in which he had involved himself. Perhaps a more curious company, too, were never seen. They consisted of French, Italians, and Germans, who had long settled as doctors and merchants at Tunis, and had become so *acclimatés* that they could hardly be distinguished from the natives themselves, whose dress and habits they had partly assumed, while their children were attended by African servants. So odd was the jumble of costumes, that we were really puzzled at first as to the sex of more than one of the party. Besides these mongrel Africans, we had on board, as deck passengers, a collection of genuine *Hadjis*, returning to Barbary from a pilgrimage to the tomb of their Prophet, (a distance of more than 2,000 miles from their homes, many hundreds of which must be performed at the toilsome foot-pace of the camel,) and whose ashy countenances and meagre frames, enveloped in large loose drapery, eloquently told of long months of fatigue and privation on the burning desert. These men crouched together in a circle upon the fore-castle of the ship, and avoided all intercourse with the new-comers and the rest of the passengers.

How all these people found room, is a mystery, but by close packing and the exertions of the captain they at length settled down,—shortly after midnight we left the harbour, and by daybreak Malta had diminished to a faint speck upon the verge of the horizon. The day was fortunately calm, but a slight breeze sprung up at night, and the treble of the mammas and infants in the agonies of the *mal de mer*,

with the deep basso of their male companions, the monotonous thumping of the screw, and the pathetic quavering of a flute, with which the captain was endeavouring to drown the surrounding discords, formed a combination of sounds which effectually scared away sleep from our eyelids. Happily it was but for a night, for next morning the magnificent promontory of Cape Bon loomed in sight, and we ran along the coast in the direction of Tunis. The sea being calm, the woe-begone sufferers now crept successively on deck. Nothing could equal their delight at the thoughts of returning *home*, a word which awakens the same associations on the torrid shores of Africa, as among the green fields of England. We could not but sympathise with their joy; the children, their miseries forgotten, frolicked joyously about the deck, and as we opened the Bay of Tunis, and the white fort of the Goletta, the distant city, and the chapel of St. Louis, became visible,—objects as familiar to them as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were to ourselves,—their glee at the prospect of getting on shore was only to be equalled by that of the captain at getting so speedily rid of them.

How strange seemed all these common-places on a spot which sounds to us at home so remote, so surrounded with a halo of antiquity, as Carthage—and how difficult at the place itself to look out of them, and realize that the seat of a dead empire lay out stretched before our eyes! Yet so indeed it was. From the promontory still called Cape Carthage, which forms the western termination of the deep and noble bay, to the fort of the Goletta in its centre, we could trace with difficulty, all along the sea line, the shapeless ruins of what was formerly the great emporium of the Mediterranean, and so long the rival of imperial Rome. Could this be, we asked, the scene of our school-boy memories of Regulus, of Scipio and Hannibal, of Marius and Cato, of Dido and Æneas? The site of the city is an undulating plain, now green with corn, swept clean of the magnificent piles which once covered it so thickly; the thousand keels which thronged the harbour are also gone, and the daughter of Tyre sits as lonely upon her rock by the sea-shore, as does the progenitor of her commercial greatness. Two buildings alone stand up conspicuously on the site—the Chapel of St. Louis, and the fort of the Goletta, memorable for the siege it sustained against the Turks. Tunis is faintly seen at a distance of five miles inland, a mass of white buildings on the side of a hill; and a lofty range of mountains forms a fine termination to the magnificent, but solitary gulf.

While engaged in making out the different points of the view with the assistance of our friends the Tunisians, some boats came off from the Goletta, near which we had cast anchor among a few war-ships and merchantmen; whereupon, taking leave of our fellow-voyagers, we jumped into one of these, and in a few moments stepped upon the shores of Africa. We advanced along a ruinous quay into an equally ruinous collection of buildings, crouching at the foot of the dilapidated fort of the Goletta, sentinelled by some

miserable native soldiers clad in a half-European uniform. Certain shabby cabriolets stood ready for the conveyance of passengers to Tunis; but being a party of four, and having abundance of time before us, we preferred to set forth on foot. Half an hour's walking brought us to the base of the mount upon which the Chapel of St. Louis is erected. As we slowly ascended it, the plains of Carthage gradually expanded before us; we passed between dangerous excavations and pitfalls, and saw on every side foundations and heaps of rubbish half overgrown with wild flowers; but with not a single building erect of the thousands that once crowded the space below. Never was the destruction of a great city more complete than that of Carthage. That a city twenty-three miles in circumference, numbering 700,000 people, surrounded with a triple wall, with barracks for 20,000 men, and stables for 4,000 horses and 300 elephants, could ever have stood upon the spot, seemed to us like a dream. And then the fleet of 220 war-ships, and countless merchantmen—where were they? Truly the counsel of the old Roman, "*Delenda est Carthago*," has been fearfully acted out. This destruction by Scipio took place 2,000 years ago; yet other splendid cities have risen again upon the site only to be obliterated. Here also Christianity took root and long flourished, to be at last extinguished by that terrible sweep of Mahomedanism which, crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, founded a Moslem kingdom in Spain, and only ceased its onward career when checked by Charles Martel on the banks of the Loire.

In undertaking the seventh and last of the crusades, Saint Louis, instead of directing his armament against the shores of Palestine, misled by a wild expectation of converting the King of Tunis, landed in July, 1270, upon the desolate shores of Carthage. His pious illusion was speedily dissipated by a message from the Tunisian monarch, "that he would come to seek him at the head of a hundred thousand men, and demand his baptism upon the field of battle." Neither the knights who had accompanied Louis, nor even the ecclesiastics, were sufficiently read in ancient history to be aware that they stood upon the grave of a mighty people—all that they knew was that they had landed at a town that was called Carthage! Encamped upon this arid and miserable spot, the fierce heats of an African midsummer, and the want of fresh provisions, soon bred among them a variety of fatal maladies which struck down the most illustrious as well as the meanest of the army. The king lost his darling son, the Duke of Nevers, who had been born during his captivity in Egypt, and while thus stricken with grief was himself shortly after seized with a dysentery which rapidly reduced him to the brink of the grave. Calling his eldest son, Philip, to receive his last instructions, he enjoined him to show himself in all things a pattern of justice, to be charitable and merciful to the poor and suffering, and to redress the wrongs of the widow and the orphan. In the same spirit he added various other counsels, all calculated to heal the divisions with which his kingdom

was then distracted. As he grew hourly weaker he occupied himself in continual prayer, beseeching God, with the Psalmist, that he "might be enabled to despise the prosperity and to brave the adversities of this present evil world." Sometimes, in the wandering of delirium, he was heard to exclaim, "*Jerusalem, Jerusalem!—we will go to Jerusalem.*"

On the 25th of August he became speechless, but still regarded those around him with his accustomed kindness. His countenance was serene, and it was evident that his departing spirit was divided between the purest earthly affections and the idea of an opening eternity. Feeling his end approach, he made signs that he should be placed, covered with a sackcloth, upon a bed of ashes; he lay thus, as if asleep, for some hours, until, suddenly opening his eyes and raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Lord, I will enter into thy house, and adore thee in thy holy tabernacle." In the evening he expired. Scarcely had he breathed his last, when his brother, Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, whose counsels had led to this fatal enterprise, arrived at the mourning camp with a powerful reinforcement. But, broken as they were by disease, and discouraged at the loss of their leader, the crusaders were glad shortly after to conclude a peace and to return to Europe. A few days after the conclusion of the treaty, Prince Edward arrived with the Scotch and English knights; he was received with great honours, but, on hearing the conclusion of the treaty, he shut himself up in his tent, and refused to take part in any of the consultations. Shortly after, the crusading army left the fatal shores of Carthage.

No monarch was ever more tenderly beloved by his subjects than St. Louis. His love for the poor, his profound respect for the claims of misfortune, his spirit of conciliation, were virtues almost unknown in the stirring ages during which he lived. If his ardent piety was tinged with the superstition of the times, no one was more actuated by the genuine tenderness of Christian charity. The words uttered by the Pope were long in the mouths of all Europe:—"House of France, rejoice in having given to the world so great a prince. Rejoice, people of France, in having enjoyed so good a king."

We had now arrived at the gate of the octangular enclosure; on knocking at which, it was opened by an old native of France, who is maintained here for the purpose by the consul of his nation at Tunis. In the centre of the space stood the little chapel, surrounded by a garden, intersected by walks, in which wall-flowers and other familiar favourites mingled with those which flourish on the African soil. At the extremity of the avenues appeared several statues, more or less mutilated, which had been dug up from the surrounding plain; but the most surprising relic of ancient Carthage was contained in an upright box, standing against the chapel wall. This was a colossal female head—probably that of the goddess of the Carthaginians—beautifully executed, and of such dimensions that the entire figure must have been

forty feet in height. Besides these interesting relics, all of them the property of France, others of minor value were contained in some small adjacent chambers. The chapel is a neat and tasteful Gothic edifice, having an altar within, at which mass is sometimes celebrated by a Catholic priest from Tunis. A tablet bears a simple and unpretending inscription, nearly in the following words :—

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH,
ERECTED THIS CHAPEL
ON THE SPOT WHERE DIED HIS ANCESTOR,
SAINT LOUIS.

It was invidiously said at the time, that policy, as much as piety, had a hand in this good work. "It is the first footing of the French at Tunis, and may be the rallying point of conquerors. The poor priests who now sing masses for the soul of the crusader, may turn out monks militant, and, under their cowls, 'hide harness on their backs.'" That there might be an *arrière pensée* of the kind, we will not venture to deny; but, at any rate, we could not stand on such a spot, and look upon the monument which commemorates its history, without a certain feeling of sympathy. With a natural veneration for an ancient line that has mingled its annals with those of Europe, we could not look with indifference upon its downfall; nor remember, without a painful sense of the vicissitude of human things, that the last monarch, perhaps—and not the worst—of this illustrious house, was at that moment an exile upon our own shores, because he had not known the day of his visitation.

Truly these are strange and eventful days in which we live. It seems but yesterday that we were in the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, on the commemoration of the "glorious three days," which had hurled Charles the Tenth from the French throne to elevate Louis Philippe in his place. It was a balmy July evening, and by the light of the setting sun, Paris never looked more beautiful. The long and magnificent façade of the palace—that palace which had already witnessed the hurried and fearful flight of two Bourbon monarchs, to which that of a *third* is now added—looked out upon those gorgeous gardens, every corner of which was crowded with the inhabitants of the capital, through which ran an eager murmur of expectation. A window in the centre pavilion was suddenly thrown open, and a group appeared upon the balcony—the cry, "Le Roi," "La Reine," "Les Princes," burst forth from the assembled multitude. It was a most exciting moment. To have heard the reiterated shouts—to have seen the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, who could have imagined what a reverse was in store for the objects of the popular adoration? For a moment all was hushed, when—as by a spontaneous impulse—arose from a thousand voices at once the solemn and thrilling strains of the "Marseillaise Hymn;" the vast crowd was carried away by enthusiasm; the king himself joined in the chorus; and all present—even the stranger that was within the gates—bound by the

electric touch of sympathy, felt themselves as one man. And then—pass over a few brief years—and contrast with this scene the approach of the infuriated populace fresh from the slaughter of the guards—the terrible confusion in the palace—the bewildered king amidst his vacillating counsellors—the hurried and perilous flight—the lasting banishment from the soil of France, and the death upon a foreign soil!

Louis Philippe has at least peacefully closed a career of unusual vicissitudes. Although a repeated mark for the assassin, he has died at last quietly in his bed. Now that he is gone, his political errors—if such they were—may well be forgotten; his good and generous qualities will be long remembered. His memoirs will be looked for with unusual interest, as throwing light upon the difficulties of his position, and, perhaps, excusing those arbitrary and unfortunate measures which led to his dethronement and expatriation.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRBORN."

CHAPTER XLV.

CONTAINS A "MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE," GARNISHED WITH A DUE AMOUNT OF BLOODSHED, AND OTHER NECESSARY HORRORS.

LEWIS, having overheard the conversation detailed in the preceding chapter, perceived himself to be placed in a position alike dangerous and difficult. In the spokesman and leader of the party he had recognised (as the reader has probably also done) his old antagonist, Hardy the poacher. The matter, then, stood thus—four ruffians (one of whom, burning with the desire of revenge for wrongs real and supposed, possessed strength and resolution equal to his animosity,) were already in possession of the lower part of the house, their avowed objects being robbery, murder, and abduction; the butler, faithless to his trust, was clearly an accomplice; Hardy, fighting as it were with a halter round his neck, was not likely to stick at trifles, and Lewis foresaw, that the conflict, once begun, would be for life or death, and on its successful issue depended Annie's rescue from a fate worse than death. His only ally was the footman; and whether this lad's courage would desert him when he discovered the odds against which he had to contend, was a point more than doubtful. However, there was no time to deliberate; Lewis felt that he must act, and summoning all the energies of his nature to meet so fearful an emergency, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. On attempting to unlock his pistol-case, the key turned with difficulty, and it was not without some trouble and delay that he was enabled to open it. As he did so, it occurred to him that his pistols, which he kept loaded, might

(1) Continued from p. 177.

have been tampered with. It was fortunate that no thought of ascertaining this, for on inserting the ramrod, he found the bullets had been withdrawn from both barrels. Carefully reloading them, he placed the pistols in a breast-pocket ready for use, and taking down from a nail on which it hung, a cavalry sabre which had belonged to Captain Arundel, he unsheathed it, and grasping it firmly with his right hand, he turned to leave the room, with the design of arousing the footman. As he did so, a faint tap was heard, and on opening the door, the figure of Annie Grant, pale and trembling, wrapped in a dressing-gown and shawl, appeared before him, while her French *soubrette*, in an agony of fear, was leaning against the wall, listening (with eyes that appeared ready to start out of her head with fright) for every sound from below. As Lewis advanced, Annie perceived the sabre, and pointing towards it, she exclaimed, in an agitated whisper,

"Oh! you have heard them then! what will become of us?"

Lewis took her trembling hand in his.

"Calm yourself," he said, in the same low tone; "I will defend you, and, if needs be, die for you."

His words, spoken slowly and earnestly, appeared to act like a charm upon her. She became at once composed, and looking up in his face with an expression of child-like trust, inquired,

"And what shall I do?"

"Go back to your apartment, and pray for my success; God is merciful, and will not turn a deaf ear to such angel pleadings," was the solemn reply.

Annie again gazed earnestly at him, and reading in the stern resolution of his features the imminence of their danger, was turning away with a sickening feeling of despair at her heart, when Lewis again addressed her.

"I am going to awaken the man-servant," he said; "the butler is an accomplice of these scoundrels, and has admitted them. They cannot, however, molest you without ascending the stairs; and as they do that, I shall encounter them; the result is in the hands of God."

He was about to leave her, but there was a speechless misery in her face as she gazed upon him, which he could not resist. In an instant he was by her side.

"Dear Annie," he said, and his deep tones faltered from the intensity of his emotion,—*it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name*,—"Dear Annie, do not look at me thus sorrowfully; it is true we are in peril, but I have ere now braved greater danger than this successfully, and—should I fall, life has few charms for me—to die for you——!"

At this moment the sound of a man's voice in anger was heard from the lower part of the house, and starting forward with a scarcely suppressed cry of terror the French girl seized Lewis's arm; while, pointing in the direction of the footman's room she exclaimed,

"*Allez, allez, cherchez vite du secours, nous allons être assassinés tous.*"

Lewis placed his finger on his lips in token of silence, and listened a moment as the voices below were again audible and then died away.

"They are quarrelling over their booty," he said, "and are too well occupied to think of us at present."

He then led Annie to the door of her room, urged her to fasten it on the inside, and pressing her hand warmly, left her. After one or two futile attempts, he discovered the man-servant's apartment; the door was unfastened, and he pushed it open, when the loud regular breathing which met his ear, proved that the person of whom he was in search was as yet undisturbed. Approaching the bed, Lewis paused for a moment, and shading the light with his hand, gazed upon the face of the sleeper. He was scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, and his features presented more delicacy of form than is usually to be met with in the class to which he belonged. He was sleeping as quietly as a child; while Lewis watched him, he murmured some inarticulate sounds, and a smile played about his mouth. As Lewis stooped to wake him, he could not but mentally contrast the calm sleep from which he was arousing him, with the probable scene of violence and danger in which he would so soon be engaged. It was no time for such reflections, however, and laying his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said,

"Robert, you are wanted, rouse up!"

Startled by the apparition of a figure bending over him, the young man sprang up, exclaiming,

"What's the matter? who is it?" then recognising Lewis, he continued, "Mr. Arundel! is anybody ill, sir?"

"Hush!" was the reply; "get up and put on some clothes as quickly as possible; there are thieves in the house. I will wait at the top of the stairs till you join me; but make no noise, or you may bring them upon us before we are prepared for them."

So saying, he quitted the room. In less time than he had imagined it possible, the young servant joined him.

"Have you roused Mr. Simmonds?" was his first query.

"The butler has proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him," returned Lewis; "he has admitted these men into the house, and they are now in his pantry, preparing to carry off the plate."

As he spoke, his companion's colour rose, and with flashing eyes he exclaimed, "Let us go down and prevent them; there's plate worth 500*l.* under his care."

Lewis held the lamp so that it shed its light upon the young man's face and figure. He was a tall well-grown youth, and his broad shoulders and muscular arms gave promise of strength; his eye was keen and bright, and an expression of honest indignation imparted firmness to his mouth. Lewis felt that he might be relied on, and determined to trust him accordingly.

"They have worse designs than merely stealing the plate," he said; "they intend to carry off Miss

Grant, and murder me. Chance enabled me to overhear their plan; I mean, therefore, to wait at the top of the stairs, and use *any* means to prevent their ascending them; will you stand by me?"

"Ay, that I will; a man can but die once," was the spirited reply.

Lewis grasped his hand, and shook it warmly.

"You are a brave fellow," he said, "and if we succeed in beating off these scoundrels, it shall not be my fault if your fortune is not made. There is a carbine hanging in the General's bed-room, is there not?"

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, Lewis continued, "Fetch it, then, and the sword with it, if you think you can use it."

As Robert departed on this mission, Lewis, surprised at the delay on the part of Hardy and his associates, glided lightly down the staircase to reconnoitre their proceedings. The lower part of the house was, of course, in total darkness; but as he approached the butler's pantry, a bright stream of light issued from a crack in the door, while the tramp of nailed shoes on the stone flooring inside, together with an occasional muttered word, or oath, from one of the party, proved that they were busily engaged in some toilsome occupation, which Lewis rightly conjectured to be conveying the plate to a cart outside. Returning as cautiously as he had advanced, Lewis rejoined his companion, whom he found waiting for him at the top of the stairs, carbine in hand. Having ascertained that the charge had been removed from this also, he reloaded it with some of the slugs intended for his pistols, and placing the lamp so that it cast its light down the staircase leaving the spot where they stood in shade, he handed one pistol to Robert, reserving the other for his own use in any emergency which might occur; and thus prepared, they awaited the approach of the robbers. Their patience was not in this instance destined to be severely taxed, for scarcely had they taken their stations, when the creaking of a door cautiously opened, and the tread of muffled footsteps, announced that the crisis was at hand; and in another moment Hardy and his associates were seen stealthily advancing towards the foot of the stairs. As they perceived the light of Lewis's lamp, they paused, and a whispered consultation took place. At this moment the rays fell strongly upon the upper part of the poacher's figure, and Lewis, levelling his carbine, could have shot him through the heart. It was a strong temptation. Hardy once dead, Lewis had little fear of being able to overcome or intimidate the others. He knew that it was life for life, and that by all laws, human and divine, the act would be a justifiable one; but he could not bring himself to slay a fellow-creature in cold blood. Besides, although, since his unmanly attack on Annie, Lewis had felt in the highest degree irritated against the poacher, he compassionated him for the loss of his daughter, and could not entirely divest himself of a species of admiration for his strength and daring: so, though he

still held the carbine directed towards the group, he did not pull the trigger; and thus, by a strange turn of fate, Lewis spared Hardy's life, as Hardy had on a former occasion spared his, when the motion of a finger would have sent him to his long account. At this moment the butler joined the party, and Lewis caught the words, "They have fire-arms!"

"Never fear," was the reply in the tones of Simmonds' voice, "they may bark, but they won't bite; I've taken care of that."

"Come on, then," exclaimed Hardy impetuously; "rush at them all together and overpower them!" and grasping a bludgeon with one hand, while in the other he held a cocked pistol, he dashed up-stairs followed by the rest. Lewis waited till they had passed a turn in the staircase, and then aiming low, in order if possible to stop their advance without destroying life, he fired. Simmonds, who was one of the foremost, immediately fell, and losing his balance, rolled down several steps; one of the others paused in his career, and from his limping gait was evidently wounded; but Hardy and two more continued their course uninjured. The smoke of the discharge for a moment concealed Lewis's figure; as it cleared away, Hardy levelled his pistol at him, and fired. The bullet whistled by Lewis's ear, and, passing within an inch of his right temple, lodged in the wall behind him; while, following up his ineffectual shot, the robber rushed upon him. Lewis, however, had too keen a recollection of his antagonist's matchless strength, to risk the chance of allowing him to close with him, and springing back, he struck him, quick as lightning, two blows with the sabre,—the first on his arm, which he raised to protect his head, the second and most severe one, on the shoulder near the neck: this last blow staggered him, and reeling dizzily, he grasped the banister for support, the blood trickling from the wound in his shoulder. In the mean time the two others, one of them having felled the young footman to the ground by a back-handed stroke with a bludgeon, attacked Lewis simultaneously. Having parried one or two blows with his sabre, Lewis made a desperate cut at the head of the man with the bludgeon. The fellow raised his staff to ward off the stroke, and the blow fell upon the oak sapling, which it severed like a reed; but unfortunately the shock was too great, and the sword snapped near the hilt. Seeing that he was thus left defenceless, and might probably be overpowered, as both his assailants were strong, square-built fellows, Lewis had no resource but to draw his pistol; and as before, endeavouring to aim so as to disable without destroying life, he fired, and the man nearest to him fell. His comrade immediately threw himself upon the young tutor, and a fierce struggle ensued. In point of strength the combatants were very equally matched; but, fortunately for the result, Lewis was the most active, and by a sudden wrench disengaging himself from his antagonist's grasp, he struck him a tremendous blow with his clenched fist on the side of the head, which sent him down with the force of a battering-ram. As he

did so, a giant arm was thrown round his waist, a knife gleamed at his throat, and in a hoarse broken voice, the savage ferocity of which had something appalling in its tones, Hardy exclaimed—

"I've owed you something a long time, young feller; and now I've got a chance, I'm going to pay you."

Both his hands being occupied, he, with the fury of some beast of prey, seized Lewis's hair with his teeth, and endeavoured to draw his head back in order to cut his throat; but, by dint of struggling, Lewis had contrived to get his right arm free, and, grasping the wrist of the hand which held the weapon, he was enabled, as long as his strength might hold out, to prevent the ruffian from executing his murderous purpose. Hardy made one or two efforts to shake off the grasp which thus fettered him, but his muscular power was so much impaired by the sabre cut on the arm, that he was unable to accomplish his design. Accordingly, trusting to his great strength, and thinking that Lewis would become exhausted by his attempts to free himself, Hardy determined to wait, rather than run the risk of affording his victim a chance of escape by removing the arm which encircled him. While affairs were in this position, Robert, having recovered the stunning effects of the blow which had felled him, regained his feet, and was advancing to Lewis's assistance, when the robber who had been slightly wounded in the leg as he was ascending the stairs, and had since remained a passive spectator of the struggle, interposed, and rousing, through the medium of a kick in the ribs, the fellow whom Lewis had knocked down, closed with the young servant, and attempted to wrench the pistol (which went off in the scuffle without injuring any one) from his grasp, while his accomplice, gathering himself slowly from the floor, prepared to assist him. In the meantime the struggle between Lewis and Hardy appeared likely to terminate in favour of the young tutor, for the exertions made by the poacher to retain his captive, caused the blood to flow rapidly from his wounds, and a sensation of faintness stole over him, which threatened momentarily to incapacitate him. As he became aware of this fact, his fury and disappointment knew no bounds; and collecting his powers for one final effort, he released Lewis's waist, and transferring his grasp to his coat collar, suddenly flung his whole weight upon him, and bore him heavily to the ground; then raising himself, and planting his knee on Lewis's chest, he stretched out his hand to pick up the knife which he had dropped in this last attack. Had he made the attempt one minute sooner, it would have been successful, and Lewis would, indeed, have laid down his life for her he loved; but his time was not yet come: as the poacher leant over to reach the knife, a dizzy faintness overpowered him, his brain reeled; a slight effort on Lewis's part was sufficient to dislodge him, and, uttering a hollow groan, he rolled over on his back and lay motionless, his deep laboured breathing alone testifying that he was still alive. Hastily springing from the ground, Lewis, on regaining his feet, turned to assist his companion, who was still manfully battling

with his two assailants: as he did so, the sound of feet became audible, and the gardener and three of the other out-door servants, aroused by the report of fire-arms, rushed in, having effected their entrance by the open window of the pantry. Their arrival ended the affair. The burglar who was uninjured, finding the door of Lewis's bedroom open, took refuge there, leaped from the window, alighted on some shrubs, which broke his fall, and, the darkness favouring him, effected his escape. The other four, who were all wounded more or less seriously, were secured.

A surgeon was immediately sent for: he examined Hardy (who remained in a state of unconsciousness) first. He pronounced the cut in the arm of little consequence, but the wound in the neck had divided several important vessels, and he considered it highly dangerous. The burglar at whom Lewis had discharged his pistol, was severely wounded in the hip, but the surgeon did not apprehend any serious consequences. Simmonds, the butler, proved to have been hit in the knee by a slug from the carabine, an injury which would probably lame him for life. The remaining member of the gang had come off more easily, a shot having passed through the fleshy part of the leg; Robert, the servant, displayed a broken head, and Lewis, besides being severely bruised, had in the last struggle with Hardy received a wound in the left wrist, from the point of the ruffian's knife. As soon as, by the application of proper restoratives, Hardy became sufficiently recovered to bear removal, a carriage was sent for, and the captured burglars were conveyed to the nearest town; the two most severely injured were taken to the hospital, and the other pair securely lodged in the county gaol.

On Annie's expressions of gratitude to her preservers, or on the feelings with which Lewis heard her lips pronounce his praises, we will not dwell; neither will we expatiate on the view Miss Livingstone (who appeared in a tremendous nightcap of cast-iron white-washed, and a dressing-gown of Portland stone,) was pleased to take of the affair, in which she recognised a vindication of the reality of the individual who was always under the beds, *and* behind the curtains; who, for the future, she declared to have been Hardy, professing herself able to swear to the expression of his boots, in any court of justice throughout the United Kingdom.

Poor Lewis, bruised and wearied, flung himself on a sofa in his dressing-room, to try if he could obtain a few hours' sleep, ere fresh cares and duties should devolve upon him;—but sleep demands a calm frame of mind, and in his spirit there was no peace. One thought haunted him,—in his brief and agitating interview with Annie, had he betrayed himself? Sometimes, as he recalled the words he had spoken, and the feelings which had, as it were, forced them from him, he felt that he must have done so; and then he regretted that Hardy's bullet had flown wide of its mark, and wished that he were lying there a senseless corpse, rather than a living man endowed with power to feel, and therefore to suffer. Then he bethought

him how alarmed and confused Annie had appeared, and he conceived that she might have been too thoroughly preoccupied and self-engrossed to have marked his words, or to have attributed to them any meaning, save friendly interest. One thing was only too clear,—of whatever nature might be Annie's feelings towards him, his affection for her was love—deep, fervent, earnest love—a passion that he could neither banish nor control. How then should he act? flight had now become the idea that most readily occurred to him: again, the possibility of leaving Walter presented itself to his mind, and this time not as a mere remote contingency, but as a step which he might at any moment be called upon to take, if he could not recover his self-control so entirely as to endure Annie's presence; nay, to receive marks of her gratitude and esteem, or even, on occasion, to share her confidence, without betraying his feelings. Then in his self-tormenting, he caught at the expression which he had half thought, half uttered, to “endure” her presence—to endure that which he idolized, the presence of one for whom he would sacrifice friends, family, the love of adventure, his ambitious hopes, nay, as he had but now proved, life itself. A wild idea crossed his mind;—if love were thus all-powerful with him, a strong-minded, determined man, might it not be equally so with her, a young impulsive girl, whose very nature was an embodiment of tenderness; might she not secretly pine to sacrifice rank, station, riches, for the sake of love and him? Sacrifice—ay, rather rejoice to cast off such trammels! Should he strive to ascertain this? Should he tell her how he loved her with a passion that was undermining the secret springs of his very existence, and implore her to fly with him to some fair western land, where the false distinctions of society were undreamed of, and the brave true-hearted man was lord, not of his servile fellows, but of the creation which God had destined him to rule? The picture, seen by the false glare of his heated imagination, appeared a bright one, the lights stood out boldly, and the shadows remained unheeded, till the first gleam of returning reason brought them prominently forward, and he shuddered to think that he could have entertained for a moment a project so completely at variance with every principle of honour and of duty. Thus feverish alike in mind and body, he tossed restlessly on his couch, till at length, thoroughly exhausted, he fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed bright dreams of happy love, to make the stern reality appear yet darker and more drear on waking.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN WHICH THE READER DIVERGES INTO A NEW BRANCH OF “THE RAILROAD OF LIFE,” IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.

ON his return to Broadhurst, General Grant expressed his most unqualified admiration at the gallant defence of his house, property and daughter, (we quote his own “table of precedence,”) by Lewis and the man-servant; on the former he bestowed a sword

(presented to him in by-gone days by some Indian potentate), to replace the weapon broken in the struggle, together with a handsomely-bound copy of the Wellington Despatches,—the latter he rewarded by promotion to the post of butler, *vice* Simmonds, (in a fair way to be) transported, together with a douceur of twenty pounds; which piece of good fortune so elated the youthful Robert, that he publicly declared he should like to have his head broken overy night, and wished the house might be robbed regularly twice a-week till further orders. The wounded men recovered rapidly, with the exception of Hardy, whose case assumed a very alarming character;—owing to the state of his constitution, impaired by a course of intemperance, to which, since his escape from prison, he had given himself over, erysipelas supervened, and in a few days his life was despaired of. On receiving this intelligence, Lewis rode over to H—, and calling at the hospital, requested to be allowed to see the man whose life he had been the involuntary instrument of shortening. The permission was readily accorded, and he was conducted along several passages to the room, or rather cell, for it was little else, in which, for the purpose of security as well as to separate him from the other inmates of the establishment, the burglar had been placed. As soon as Lewis had entered, the door was closed and fastened on the outside. Noiselessly approaching the truckle bed on which Hardy lay, the young tutor paused, as his glance fell upon the prostrate figure of his former antagonist. Stretched at full length upon the couch, his arm and shoulder swathed in bandages, and his muscular throat and broad hairy chest partially uncovered, he looked even more gigantic than when in an erect posture: his face was pale as death, and an unnatural darkness beneath the skin, betokened, to any one accustomed to such appearances, the speedy approach of the destroyer; while a small hectic spot of colour on the centre of each cheek gave evidence of the inward fever which was consuming him. When Lewis approached the bed, his eyes were closed, and his deep breathing at first led to the belief that he was asleep; that this was not the case, however, soon became apparent. Opening his eyes, he accidentally encountered those of Lewis fixed upon him with an expression of mingled pity and remorse: as their glances met, Hardy gave a start of surprise, and gazed at him with a scowl which proved that his feelings of animosity against Lewis were still unabated; while a puzzled look evinced that his mental powers were so much weakened, that he doubted whether the figure he beheld were real, or a creation of his morbid fancy. Advancing to the bed-side, Lewis broke the silence by inquiring whether he suffered much pain. As he began to speak, the confused look disappeared from the sick man's countenance, and glaring at him with an expression of impotent rage, he exclaimed in a low hoarse voice,

“So, you're come to look upon your handy-work, are you? I hope you like it!”

“I am come to tell you that I am sorry the blows

I struck you in self-defence, should have produced such disastrous consequences, and to ask your forgiveness, in case the means employed for your restoration to health should prove ineffectual," replied Lewis.

"Restore my health!" repeated Hardy, bitterly: "do you mean that you expect these doctors can cure me? Do you think these wounds, that burn like hell-fire, can be healed by their plasters and bandages? I tell you, no! You have done your work effectually this time, and I am a dying man. You want me to forgive you, do you? If my curse could wither you where you stand, I would, and do curse you! If priests' tales be true, and there be a heaven and a hell, and by forgiving you I could reach heaven, I still would curse you, in the hope that, by so doing, I might drag you down to hell with me."

The vehemence with which he uttered this malediction completely exhausted him; and falling back on the pillow, he lay with closed eyes, his laboured breathing affording the only proof that he was still alive. Throwing himself upon a chair by the bed-side, Lewis sat wrapped in painful thought. The reflection that hatred to him for acts which circumstances had forced him to commit, might cause the unhappy being before him to die impenitent, and that he might thus be instrumental to the destruction both of his body and soul, was distressing to him in the extreme; and yet, how to bring him to a better frame of mind was not easy to decide. At length, following out his own train of thought, he asked abruptly:—

"Hardy, why do you hate me so bitterly?"

Thus accosted, the poacher unclosed his eyes, and fixed them with a piercing glance upon the face of his questioner, as though he would read his very soul. Apparently disappointed in his object,—for Lewis met his gaze with the calm self-possession of conscious rectitude,—he answered surlily,

"Why do you come here to torment me with foolish questions? It is enough that I hate you with just cause; and you know that it is so. I hate you now; I shall hate you dying; and I shall hate you after death, if there is an hereafter. Now go. If by staying here you think to persuade or entrap me into saying I forgive you, you only waste your time."

"Listen to me, Hardy," returned Lewis, speaking calmly and impressively; "you are, as you truly say, a dying man. In this life we shall probably never meet again: the reality of a future life you appear to doubt: I believe in it; and I believe that your condition there may be affected by your dying with such feelings in your heart as you have now expressed. It is therefore worth while to discuss this matter, and see whether you have such just cause to hate me as you imagine."

As Hardy made no reply, Lewis continued: "It is true that, on a former occasion, I secured your capture when, perhaps, I was stepping beyond my regular path of duty to do so; but, in this last affair, I merely acted in self-defence, as I overheard from my open window your scheme for my destruction. You discharged a pistol at me, ere I attacked you: had the ball gone half an inch more to the right, I

should have been a dead man. Whatever may be your faults, you are brave; and that quality alone should prevent your bearing malice against one who met you in fair open fight. It was a game for life and death, and it is unjust to hate me for winning it."

"Boy, you will madden me," exclaimed Hardy, passionately, raising himself on his elbow as he spoke, though the pain the action caused him, forced a groan from his compressed lips. "Do you suppose I care for your paltry blows? If they had not finished me, brandy, or my own hand, would soon have done so; for life has long been a curse to me, and had become unbearable since—may the torments I shall soon endure, if there be a hell, fall upon you for it!—since you and the titled scoundrel, your friend, stole my daughter from me."

"I!" exclaimed Lewis, in astonishment; "do you imagine me to have had any share in that wickedness? Why, man, I never saw your daughter save on two occasions; and on the second of these, I warned her—unfortunately without effect—against the designs of the villain who betrayed her."

As he spoke, Hardy gazed eagerly at him, and when he ceased, exclaimed:

"Tell me, when and where was it that you did this?"

"It was on the morning after the electioneering ball at Broadhurst. I was shooting with the game-keeper, met your daughter by accident in the grass field by the larch plantation, and witnessing her parting with Lord Bellefield, I took the opportunity of telling her his true name and character, and warning her against his probable designs. But, unluckily, she had witnessed a disagreement between us on the previous evening, and, supposing me to be actuated by malicious motives, discredited my assertion."

"You are not deceiving me?" questioned Hardy, eagerly. "You could not, dare not, do so now!"

"You do not know me, or you would not doubt my word. I have spoken the simple truth," returned Lewis, coldly.

"Here!" continued Hardy, producing a small Bible from beneath the pillow: "you tell me you believe in this book, which the chaplain left with me. Will you swear upon it that you are not trying to deceive me?"

Lewis raised the book reverently to his lips, and kissing it, took the required oath. Hardy watched him with a scrutinizing gaze, and when he had concluded, held out his hand, saying,—

"I have wronged you deeply, Mr. Arundel, and must ask—what I never thought again to ask at the hand of man—your forgiveness. I have sought your life, sir, as the wild beast seeks his prey; and chance, on one occasion, and your own courage and address on others, have alone preserved it."

He then went on to relate how, his suspicions having been excited by hints from the neighbours, he had learned that his daughter was in the habit of meeting some gentleman by stealth. How he watched for him constantly, without success, till the day after the great party at Broadhurst, when, lying concealed in

the larch plantation, he had been attracted by the sound of voices, and, creeping beneath the underwood, had witnessed, though not near enough to overhear what passed, the interview between Lewis and his daughter, when he naturally concluded the young tutor to be the individual against whom he had been cautioned. He then went on to relate that the opportune arrival of the gamekeeper had alone prevented him from shooting the supposed libertine; but that he had determined on his destruction, and that his capture by Lewis and the General had alone hindered him from executing his design. It was not till after his escape from H—— gaol that he first heard Lord Bellefield's name coupled with that of his daughter, which information complicated the affair; but still feeling convinced that Lewis was guilty, either as principal or accessory, he joined in the scheme for robbing Broadhurst, in order to be revenged on the young tutor, as well as on General Grant, against whom he had long nourished feelings of animosity, on account of his poaching persecutions.

His penitence for the wrong he had done him by his unjust suspicions was so sincere and spontaneous, that Lewis imagined he recognised, amid the ruin, traces of a naturally generous disposition, that "seed of the soul" which remains in almost every nature, however the rank growth of evil passions, uncontrolled, may have checked its development. Taking advantage of an expression of which Hardy made use, that "he thanked God he had not added to his other sins the murder of one who had sought to befriend his child," his companion observed:

"You say you thank God for preserving you from an additional crime: now, does not the fact of your involuntarily making use of that form of speech, tend to convince you that the belief in a God and a future state is natural to the mind of man?"

Hardy seemed struck by the force of the remark; and Lewis, pursuing the subject, had the satisfaction of perceiving that he had excited the wounded man's interest, and, ere he quitted him, he obtained his promise to listen to the exhortations of the chaplain, whose advances he had before angrily repulsed. Pleased with the result of his visit, Lewis, in his way home, called upon the clergyman who fulfilled the duties of chaplain to the hospital, and mentioning to him Hardy's improved frame of mind, begged him to see him again as soon as possible, to which request the chaplain willingly acceded.

Three days after this interview, Lewis received a note from the chaplain, thanking him for his hint, and informing him that the results of it had been as satisfactory as in such a case was possible. Hardy appeared sincerely penitent, and willing to embrace, and anxious to profit by, the truths of religion, as far as his weakened faculties enabled him to apprehend them. He added that he was sinking fast, and had expressed the greatest desire to see Lewis again before he died, as he had some request to make to him. On the receipt of this information, Lewis immediately set out for H——.

A great change had taken place in Hardy's appearance in those three days. His cheeks had become still more hollow, the unnatural brightness of his eyes was replaced by a dull leaden look, and the hectic colour had faded to the pale, ashy hue of approaching dissolution, whilst the hoarse, deep tones of his voice were reduced almost to a whisper through weakness. But the most remarkable change was in the expression of his features; the sullen scowl, which betokened a spirit at war alike with itself and others, had given place to a look of calm resignation; there were indeed traces of bodily pain, and mental anguish about the mouth, but the upper part of the face was in complete repose. Lewis gazed upon him with deep interest, and the idea suggested itself that thus might have appeared the demoniac, when the words of power had gone forth, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him." Nor was the comparison inapt, for if ever the mind of man was possessed by an evil spirit, that of Hardy had been so by the demon of revenge. As the dying man perceived his approach, his features lighted up.

"I knew you would come, Mr. Arundel," he said; "I felt that I should not die without seeing you again."

"Do you suffer much pain now, Hardy?" inquired Lewis, kindly.

"Scarcely any since six o'clock this morning, sir," was the reply; "but I know what that means— that's mortification coming on. I've seen men die from sabre wounds before now. I was a soldier once; at least, I was farrier to a troop of cavalry, which is much the same thing; but this was not what I wanted to say—" he paused from exhaustion, and pointed to a glass containing some strengthening cordial. Lewis held it to his parched lips; having drunk a portion of it, he appeared considerably revived.

"I am going fast," he resumed, "and must not waste the minutes that remain. You have treated me with kindness, sir,—one of the few who have ever done so; you are a bold foe and a warm-hearted friend, and that is a character I understand and can trust. Moreover, you tell me you showed poor Jane" (as he mentioned his daughter's name, tears stood in his eyes, and his breath came short and fast,) "her danger, and strove to warn her against the villain who has wronged her; and this shows you are a good man; therefore, I am going to ask you to do me a favour. When I'm dead, I want you to find out Jane, and tell her whatever you may think best to induce her to leave this man; and when she hears that I'm dead, if she seems to feel it very deep, and take on about it,—which likely enough she will, for she did care for me once,—you may tell her that I forgave her before I died. I never thought to do so, for she has finished what her mother began; between them, they've first made me the devil I have been, and then—broken my heart." He paused, and when he had sufficiently recovered breath, continued, "When I married her mother, five-and-twenty years ago, I was a different man from whatever you've known me. I'd been brought up to my father's trade

of a blacksmith, and worked steadily at it till I was able to lay by a fair sum of money, besides keeping the old man as long as he was alive. However, in the village where we lived was a farmer, well to do in the world, and his daughter was far the prettiest girl in those parts: she'd had a good education, and gave herself airs like a lady, and looked down upon a rough young fellow like me; but I bore it patiently, for I loved her, and determined I'd marry her. For a long time she would not look at me, but I persevered; any man that come a-courting her, I picked a quarrel with and thrashed; I found many ways of making myself useful to the old man her father, and somehow she got used to me like, and grew less scornful; and just then a sister of my father's, who had been house-keeper at Broadhurst, died and left me 300*l.*, and I'd saved about two more, and the old man wanted help to manage his farm,—and the long and short of the matter was, I married Harriet Wylde, took a farm next her father's, and gave up blacksmithing.

"For four years I was as happy as man could be; everything seemed to prosper with me, my wife had one child, a girl; a proud man was I when she was first placed in my arms, but had I known what was to be her fate, I would have smothered her in her cradle! There was a young gentleman lived near us—his father was a rich baronet—I had been accustomed to break in horses for the son, and when I took the farm we used to shoot together. He was a frank, generous-hearted man, and treated me like a friend and equal. On our shooting expeditions, he would often come and lunch at my house; on one occasion he brought his younger brother with him. This young man had just returned from Italy, and brought foreign manners and foreign vices with him. My wife was still very good-looking, like poor Jane but handsomer; and this young villain coveted her beauty. I know not what arts he used; I suspected nothing, saw nothing, but one evening on my return, my home was desolate. I obtained traces of the fugitives—he had taken her to a sea-port town in the South of England, meaning to embark for France—I followed them, and in the open street I met him; the bystanders interfered between us, or I should have slain him where he stood. He was taken to an inn, where he kept his bed for some weeks from the effect of the punishment I had administered to him. I was dragged off to prison; the law which suffered him to rob me of her whom I prized more dearly than house and goods, punished me for chastising the scoundrel, with six months' imprisonment. I consorted with thieves, poachers, and other refuse of society; and in my madness to obtain revenge upon the class which had injured me, I listened to their specious arguments till I became the curse to myself and others which you, sir, have known me. Well! society sent me to school, and society has had the benefit of the lessons that were taught me. I came out of gaol a bad, and well nigh a desperate man, to learn that my wife had returned to her father's house and died, giving birth to a boy. In my anger I refused to acknowledge the child, but the old man took care

of it. Time passed on, the elder of the two brothers quarrelled with his father and died abroad, the younger one married; but God visited him for his sin: his wife saw by accident in an old newspaper an account of my trial for the assault; the shock brought on a premature confinement; she also died in child-birth, and the child remained an idiot. Yes! you start, but you have guessed rightly—the boy to whom you are tutor is the son of the man who wronged me. The ways of God are very wonderful; had the boy possessed his proper senses, you might never have come here, and I might not now be lying on my death-bed."

Again Hardy broke off from weakness; and again Lewis administered the cordial to him, and wiped the cold dews from his brow.

"Little more remains to tell," he added, after a few minutes' pause; "and 'tis well that it is so, for death comes on apace. I do not fear to die; I have long wished myself dead, life was such deep misery; yet now I should be glad to live, that I might undo some of the evil I have caused. Since I saw you last, I have felt more like my former self than I have ever done from the time my wife left me. Poor Harriet! Do you think we shall meet in the world of spirits, Mr. Arundel?"

"These are things God alone knows," replied Lewis gravely; "He has not seen fit to reveal to living man the secrets of the grave!"

After a short silence, in which Hardy appeared to be collecting strength to finish his relation, he continued,—

"After my release from the prison, I took to drinking to banish reflection. Drinking is a vice which brings all others in its train. I soon fell into bad company,—became involved in debt; and at last, in a drunken fit, enlisted in the —th dragoons,—my height attracting the notice of a recruiting party from that regiment. I served ten years; at the end of which time my wife's father died, and left his little property between the two children, with the exception of a sum to purchase my discharge, if I chose to come and take care of them. The confinement and regularity of a soldier's life did not suit me, and I availed myself of the opportunity thus offered, returned home, and lived on a certain income set apart for the maintenance and education of the children. This was a fresh chance for me, and had I conducted myself properly, I might have yet known some peaceful years; but a craving for excitement haunted me. I sought out some of my old companions, joined a Chartist association, took to habits of poaching: and this has been the end of it."

"What became of the boy who was left to your care?" inquired Lewis. Hardy uttered a low groan.

"That is another sin I have to answer for," he said. "I never liked the child—I doubted whether it was mine, and the sight of it recalled the memory of my wrongs; accordingly, I treated the boy harshly, and he repaid me by sullen disobedience;—and yet there should have been sympathy between us. He was brave even to rashness, and copied my vices with an aptitude



which proved his power of acquiring better things. By the time he was thirteen, he could set a snare, hit a bird on the wing, thrash any boy of his own weight, and alas! drink, game, and swear, as well as I could myself. One night I had been drinking, he angered me, and in my rage I struck him. For a moment he looked as if he would return the blow; but the folly of such an attempt seemed to occur to him, and he glanced towards a knife which lay on the table; then his sister threw her arms round him, and he refrained. He waited till she had gone to bed, sitting sulkily without speaking. When we were alone, he looked up, and asked me abruptly, 'Father, are you sorry that you struck me that blow?' There was something in the boy's manner that appealed to my better feelings, and I was half inclined to own myself wrong, but a false shame prevented me, and I angrily replied, 'that I would repeat the blow if he gave me any more of his impertinence.' He looked sternly at me, and muttering, 'That you shall never do,' quitted the room. From that day to this I have never seen him. My poor Jane, who was doatingly fond of him, was broken-hearted at his loss. She told me he often threatened to run away, when I had treated him harshly, and that his intention was to go to sea. I have no doubt he contrived to put it into execution. Perhaps if her brother had remained with her, the poor girl might not have left her home so readily. God help me, my sins have brought their own punishment!"

An attack of faintness here overpowered him, of so severe a character that Lewis thought it advisable to summon assistance. When Hardy had in some degree recovered, on consulting his watch, Lewis found that he must return without further delay; he therefore prepared to depart, bidding Hardy farewell, and promising to see him again on the following day. The dying man shook his head.

"There will be no to-morrow for me in this world," he said; then pressing Lewis's hand, he added, "God bless you, Mr. Arundel; you have done me more good by your kind words, than your sword has done me evil; nay, even for my death I thank you; for had I lived on as I was, I should only have added crime to crime. You will remember your promise about poor Jane?"

Lewis repeated his willingness to do all in his power to carry out the dying man's wishes; and Hardy added, "It may be that the poor boy I told you of is still alive; if he should ever return, I should like him to know that I have often grieved for my bad conduct to him. I have left a letter for you with the clergyman, in case I had not seen you," he continued; "it only contains the request I have now made, and one or two other particulars of less consequence; he will give it to you when I am gone." He again pressed Lewis's hand feebly, and closing his eyes, lay more dead than alive.

As Lewis quitted the room, the surgeon met him, and informed him that it was not probable Hardy would survive through the night, but promised that

every attention should be bestowed upon him. Lewis's thoughts, as he rode back to Broadhurst, naturally ran upon the history of sin, and shame, and sorrow, to which he had just listened, and he could not but wonder for what purpose a frank, generous nature, such as Hardy had originally possessed, should have been so severely tried. A like question may have occurred to many of us, and we may have felt that the safest course is to look upon such things as mysteries to be regarded by the twilight of a patient faith, which waits trustfully, till all that now seems dark shall be made clear, in the glorious brightness of the perfect day.

(To be continued.)

FAIRIES DANCING ON THE SANDS.

A POETICAL creation by one of the most poetical of our painters, Danby, upon which we may gaze until we lose ourselves in the ideal world he has conjured up before us,—a band of fairies dancing upon the argent beach amidst the grandest combinations of coast scenery, such as may be dreamed of, but rarely witnessed, unless perhaps in some island of the fair Pacific. In such a scene we might fancy the beautiful invocation of Ariel,—

"Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands:
Courtesied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves whist),
Foot it feathery here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear."

Danby has a daring imagination, and ventures to represent what an ordinary painter would shrink from. Witness his "Passage of the Red Sea;" a "Sunset after a Storm;" and other extraordinary combinations of effect in remarkable contrast to the loveliness he has here depicted.

THE CHARITIES OF LONDON.

It is an assertion obvious to all, that in the constitution of society, those who are lowest in the scale must be the most exposed to suffering and calamity. Unpossessed by any of those luxuries which lighten the burdens of the upper and wealthier classes, sorrow and distress press upon them with double force. When deprived of anything, therefore, upon which they have set their earthly affections, they cannot turn to the pursuit of pleasure to stem their grief, or make them forget their loss. Poverty aggravates their sufferings, and renders them insensible to the dictates of hope. It is impossible to project our imagination forward to the time when all traces of indigence shall be swept from the land; but it may be arrested in its progress, and it is our duty to see that this be done. The humbler classes have strong claims upon us—claims which must be recognised; and though we are

(1) "The Charities of London, comprehending the Benevolent, Educational, and Religious Institutions, their Origin, Design, and Progress." By Sampson Low, Jun. London. 1850.

quite willing to render due praise to those who step forward with their benevolence, we cannot but at the same time acknowledge that there would be some justice in a demand for assistance, if made by the poor.

All labour is performed by them. It is their hands must form, and mould, and create, and give life to the mere abstract idea of anything for which our country has been remarkable. Those vast ships which sail along the ocean, and carry the blessings of our civilization and the results of our energy to distant lands, and traverse thousands of miles, have all been joined and cemented, and put piece by piece together by our workmen. Every noble structure, whose design has been conceived by some master mind, has been reared by our labourers, and will bear to all futurity the relics of their toil. In all the productions of the loom, in the most delicate fabrics which adorn the form of royalty itself, and deck the proudest lady of the realm, we must acknowledge the skill and labour of the artizan. There is nothing which constitutes one of our material luxuries in which he has not had a share. Thousands there are, doubtless, who are unemployed, and who, steeped to the lips in poverty, misery, and often crime, are a burden at once to themselves and to the state. But they are not in all cases to blame for belonging to this class. It is not they who have created the dearth of employment, or who are called upon to provide a remedy. The causes of this state of things lie deeper, and are not to be explained in limits so imperfect as ours necessarily must be. For the poor, and the labouring classes as well, have the charities of London, in part, been instituted, and as many as it is possible to accommodate may partake indiscriminately of their comforts and assistance.

There is something in the mind of an Englishman, unselfish in the highest degree. No man is so ready to taste of the enjoyments of life, no man so fond of surrounding himself by its luxuries, and none so indefatigable in the pursuit and acquisition of wealth. He rejoices in a complete domesticity, never found in any other country. He has the gift of constantly creating new means of enjoyment, and seems from the aids of his home to defy the power of all elements of annoyance. But in the midst of his proneness for self-indulgence and his ease, there is no man so accessible to the consciousness, that there are classes below him in the fabric of society who labour in the creation of social comfort for others from morning till night, but who never know the meaning of the word, never taste of the sweets of life. The feeling prompts him to set aside from his income certain sums to be distributed among the poor through the means of benevolent institutions, which, if they do not extend these benefits to all, have greatly lessened the amount of actual suffering. The efforts made are on a sufficiently grand scale to attract the attention of foreigners to the fact, that England more than any other country can boast of benevolent and charitable minds, who have originated institutions

calculated to relieve the destitute, feed the hungry, reclaim the erring, and promote the general good of the whole community.

The work from the pen of Mr. Low, which places before us a list and account of all the existing charities in London, must prove of immeasurable service. Considerable interest in the institutions themselves will be awakened, and a better acquaintance with their purpose and object afforded to all. It is, in fact, more than probable that a large class of persons are totally ignorant of the existence of many of these valuable charities, who would now be delighted to contribute to the enlargement of their funds, especially when they reflect upon the beneficial effects destined to be produced upon society at large. Few indeed, at a mere cursory glance, can comprehend the vast purposes to be achieved, or the reactionary effect upon society produced by the improvement of morals, the advancement of religion, and the suppression of vice. How many are brought back to the path of virtue, how many young children are redeemed, how many grey hairs are protected, those alone who really study the subject can ever know. No one can peruse the account of the various institutions, without an inward feeling of pride that England can boast of them. Only in progress of time, however, can we hope to derive immense benefit from their existence, and though we are far from tracing all the improvement manifested by this generation to this fact, we are induced to believe that much more effect is produced than is generally supposed.

At one time, considerable prejudice attached to the idea of going into an hospital. The mind of an Englishman revolts from the idea of receiving charity, and entering any asylum, where he would be indebted to the public for all the benefits and comforts he received. When, however, the hospitals increased in number, this feeling by degrees wore away, and thousands availed themselves of the privilege thus afforded. Every one has had some experience of the constant attendance required by a sick person, and of the confusion created in a family even of moderate competency by such an event. But if we transport ourselves to the cottage where, for instance, the father is sick, we can ill imagine the misery it produces by throwing an insuperable barrier to all active exertion on the part, not only of the invalid, but of the wife or child. If they have employment, either they must throw it up, or a nurse must be hired, a proceeding of too expensive a nature to be often risked. Every little saving perhaps of years must be withdrawn, and even then all that is required in extreme sickness can rarely be procured. Such cases seem, however, to awaken all the purest feelings of which the poor are possessed; they seem to bound their hopes to the present, and with affectionate recklessness, risk anything to afford advice and relief to their relative. The prolonged sickness very often causes them to part little by little with every little possession; then, their clothes are sacrificed, and perhaps the family are

reduced through this one accident to extreme poverty. It is to guard against such trials as these, that buildings have been erected throughout the metropolis, where the poor man when he feels the approach of sickness, may resort and find the highest skill, the greatest solicitude and attention, with the kindness of a nurse, if not the tenderness of a wife or child.

There are in London twelve general medical hospitals: St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Westminster, Guy's, St. George's, London, Middlesex, Charing Cross, Royal Free, King's College, University, and Marylebone, and these, with two exceptions, have been erected almost within the last century; proving that the disposition to afford assistance to the poor has by no means diminished, but rather, rapidly increased, in spite of the assertion of a late eminent statesman, that we had greatly degenerated from the piety of our forefathers. If reference, however, is made to the past statistics of the hospitals, and the condition in which we find them at present, it will be discovered that it is during the last forty or fifty years that their funds have increased, and the buildings themselves extended. In their early career these institutions encountered many struggles. They had to combat both against prejudice and poverty. It was with extreme difficulty that accommodation could be provided for the sick brought to the door, and common necessities afforded them, much less the vigilance, the comfort, and attention afterwards supplied. People looked at first with some suspicion upon these establishments. All organized charities and methods of bestowing benevolence require to be investigated before they can be properly appreciated. Faith, however, in their purpose and intentions was by degrees established, and an active spirit of interest in their progress awakened. Some placed by chance in circumstances of wealth, with princely munificence contributed large sums, which raised the hospitals from their poverty, extricated them from their difficulties, and enabled them to carry out their design of proportioning their accommodation more to the exigencies and number of the sick.

One of the most interesting of the medical hospitals is St. Bartholomew's, founded seven centuries ago by Rahere, the minstrel of King Henry the First, connected with a priory. Only a hundred "sore and diseased" were then enabled to find accommodation within its walls. So it endured until 1537, when, monasteries and priories being suppressed, it fell into the hands of Henry the Eighth, who had the grace to refound it by royal charter. It now began to be extended, subscriptions and donations rapidly increased its power; some left legacies for the improvement of the diet, others for the purchase of linen. The size of the hospital spread, until gradually it has attained to more than five times its original extent. Everything calculated to render its arrangements complete has been performed; a spacious surgery has been erected for persons requiring medical or surgical assistance, and there exists besides, a theatre for operations.

Into this hospital the patient may enter without the annoyance of fees, to servants already well paid by the establishment, and 580 persons may be at the same time inmates within its walls. During one year alone, more than seventy thousand patients experienced its benefits, either within its walls or without.

Into the minute arrangement of every separate institution, we may not in our limits enter. We shall merely, therefore, portray a few of the leading charities. In St. Thomas's hospital, Southwark, a custom prevails, which we could wish to see at some future time in more active operation, viz. furnishing those who have arisen weak and dejected from the sick bed, with money to satisfy their present necessities, and carry them upon their way home. Few who contemplate the scenes in the homes of the poor from a distance, and who have not personally entered, as it were, into their social economy, witnessed their sacrifices, their privations and sufferings, know how grateful is the most trifling assistance in the hour of sickness. How much more then the consciousness that their friend or relative is cared for, and provided with every necessary. They are not debarred from intercourse with their friends. They may visit them at stated times, and carry them any additional luxury they may fancy. The sick-ward of an hospital has revealed more of the tenderness of the human heart than many would suppose to exist. The anxious visits, the whispered words, the wondering looks of the visitants, the unmistakable delight at beholding the purity and cleanliness of everything, are pleasant to contemplate. There is much more, however, of a painful nature. Scenes infinitely harrowing to the feelings occur, and much pain is necessarily inflicted upon the sufferers, by the consciousness that on the next couch, separated only by a foot of space, a fellow being is passing into eternity. They see him borne away to his last resting place with concern, for, besides the warning his death conveys, it leaves a gap in the circle, even of the sick-ward. It must not be supposed, either, that over the life of the nurses any halo of romance is thrown. They have to contend with all the irritability of sickness, the ignorance of the lower orders, and the peevish disinclination to comply with the rules and regulations of the establishment. At one time, however, the nurses were very ill chosen, and were frequently guilty of great harshness towards the patients. In some few instances they are scarcely, even now, sufficiently patient and gentle, although in general they are remarkable for their tenderness and attention to the sick.

We earnestly trust that the volume with which Mr. Low has furnished us, may be the means of awakening deep interest in the grand subject of which it treats. It is a matter of considerable regret to discover how many of the institutions are labouring under a depression of funds, which necessarily cramps their labours, and diminishes the field of their exertions. Instead, therefore, of pointing our attention to the erection of new hospitals, let us hope that those already existing will be furnished with ample means, and that every

endeavour will be made to extend their power. Numbers of large wards in several of the oldest and longest established hospitals are now lying perfectly empty, not because patients are scarce, but because the means of preparing them for the reception of the sick and poor do not exist. Quitting those institutions which have been erected for medical purposes generally, let us hasten on to others which have more special purposes in view. Of these there exist fifty, all devoted to the cure of various diseases. The following will briefly detail their objects and condition:—

! "SUMMARY OF THE ESPECIAL MEDICAL CHARITIES.

"1 Seamen—2 Foreigners and Jews—1 Fever—4 Consumption, etc.—1 Madeira—1 Sea-bathing—9 Lying-in—3 Women and children—3 Small-pox and vaccination—5 Ophthalmic—3 Ear and voice—3 Deformities—3 Internal disease—3 Skin and Glandular—4 Maniac and Idiots—4 Convalescent and Invalid. Total 50.

"Twenty-two institutions receiving in-patients, and making up beds to the number of 1,105.

"Four lunatic asylums, ditto 1,670.

"In all, fifty charities granting medical relief for special objects annually to 105,997.

"(Exclusive of the Madeira Sanatorium and another only just formed, and two from which there are no returns.) Of these, one was founded in the sixteenth century; eleven in the eighteenth, and thirty-eight in the present century.

"The aggregate amount of annual receipts averages at the present time 96,664*l.* of which amount, contributed by voluntary contributions is 27,974*l.*"—P. 20.

These, besides some dispensaries and minor institutions, constitute all the strictly medical charities. Upon their importance it is almost needless to enlarge. Through their existence thousands and tens of thousands have been relieved from sufferings, which formerly they were compelled to endure in silence. Medical science has attained to a state of perfection beyond which it is difficult to imagine it capable of progressing, and inestimable advantages have been derived by society. Scarcely, however, less important than those which tend to the preservation and prolongation of life, are those institutions which are destined to improve the morals of the people, diminish crime, and check the progress of disease, in other ways besides the application of medical science. Health and morality are to a certain extent bound up together, as we cannot fail to acknowledge the more we become acquainted with the secret machinery which operates through the country, and contributes to the ill or well-being of the various divisions which compose the humbler classes. The wide dissemination of these institutions, and the principles they inculcate, will do more for the prevention of sickness than all the private advice of the most able medical men. Every investigation which has of late taken place tends to moral and social improvement—the great care bestowed upon the building and formation of dwellings hereafter to be tenanted by the poor, the destruction of pest-holes and corners in which dirt and disease have long been hoarded up, which have breathed an atmosphere of sickness, the prevention of burials in town—will all tend to the amelioration of every condition of society, but more especially of the lower orders.

The first class of these, as they may be termed preventive institutions, tend to the preservation of human life. Every one has heard of the Royal Humane Society, and knows something of its operations. All classes of society can bear witness to the good they have achieved, and many doubtless retain recollections of a personally grateful nature connected with it. Many a death from imprudence, poverty, or desperation, has been prevented by their vigilance. Indeed, we may regard this society as one of the most beneficial in its effects of any that are scattered through the metropolis. What check besides should we have upon those numerous accidents, which are the results of rashness, or even sometimes upon those attempts at self-destruction, which result from a long train of evils, poverty, sickness, crime, neglect and despair? Had not this society not only existed, but been in active operation, we must have trusted to accident, or individual instances of bravery. Not that the operation of the Humane Society can be universal; far from it, it would require a machinery of considerable vastness to effect this; but if the public will be at the pains, they will recollect innumerable instances of their active assistance in cases of emergency. People will be rash, children will not profit by the experience of past generations, they are unfortunately all born with the same propensities, the same rashness, and will be so to all succeeding generations. Societies of this nature will always be necessary.

A very peculiar interest is attached to this institution from its earliest commencement up to the present period. In the year 1774, Dr. Fothergill was enabled to carry out a plan, doubtless previously long contemplated, for establishing some agency which should quietly and indirectly operate, to cause some check upon the then constantly occurring accidents through drowning, and without much risk to endeavour to preserve human life. He therefore founded the present society, which has gone on increasing in size and importance up to the present period; its plans improved, and greater stability given to its operations. Rewards are established for those who have assisted in the saving of life, no matter whether belonging to the society or not, no matter in what part of the world the act may be performed. Since its erection many hundreds have been rescued from the water. Some have been restored to anxious friends and relatives, some have been re-introduced into the community from which they had hoped to have escaped for ever. Many, after taking a plunge which they had intended to carry them into eternity, have been re-awakened to a sense at once of their despair and crime. This sudden return to life, as it were, has frequently produced very beneficial effects. The existence of the Humane Society has awakened an intense spur to investigation, and has wonderfully advanced the interests of science. Suspended animation was, once, too often mistaken for death, and remedies were not applied in consequence of this injurious supposition, which might have been successful in recalling the sufferer to life. Many perished,

doubtless, through the absence of those discoveries which, at a later time, have caused so many to be restored to life. The summary of operations during the past year, will show the extreme utility of the society:—

"Since the establishment of this society, many hundreds of individuals have been rescued by its direct agency in the neighbourhood of the metropolis alone, from premature death. The following summary of operations during the past year, may be considered as a fair average of what is effected by the direct exertions of its own officers: fourteen persons were prevented from effecting suicide; twenty rescued, whilst in danger of drowning, from cramp or getting beyond their depth while swimming; and, during the ice season, thirty-four rescued from various degrees of danger whilst skating. The number of rewards voted in cases of meritorious exertions, or prompt remedial measures, extending over the world: one gold, sixteen silver, and twenty-one bronze medallions; and pecuniary amounts to 125 individuals. The principal receiving-house of the society is on the north bank of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. The methods of treatment under emergent circumstances, published by this society, are very excellent, and may be obtained gratuitously on application. The annual amount spent for rewards, salaries, wages, advertisements, etc., is 1,620*l.* and for receiving-house and marquees 200*l.* This is defrayed by an income of 1,800*l.* arising from voluntary contributions and dividends."—P. 83.

Next we have the Society for Protection of Life from Fire, which is no less valuable, and no less deserving of encouragement. In a fire, the need of such assistance is felt more than in any other emergency. Persons retire in peace, awake in the night, find themselves enveloped in smoke—a confused consciousness that they are in danger takes possession of them—the father or the mother remembers that above them children are sleeping in the unconsciousness of infancy; unable to avert their fate, an agony of despair, which few can comprehend, takes possession of them, they know not how to rescue them, flames burst around, and a sort of temporary madness paralyses their exertions. The fireman, more cool, with nothing in his heart to warp his energies, urged on by the discharge of duty, and often by the intense desire to save a human being from such destruction, now makes his appearance, protected by the resources of art; he fearlessly mounts the flaming stairs, creeping on his hands quickly up through smoke and flame and yielding timbers. He seizes the sleeping infant in his arms, to the admiration of all the spectators, who experience a thrill of inexpressible delight upon the occasion. The institution ought to be spiritedly supported.

	Stations.	Fires attended.	Lives saved.
In 15 Months, ending March, 1845...	8	11	13
In 12 Months, ending March, 1846...	11	15	7
" " 1847...	15	21	11
" " 1848...	21	25	17
" " 1849...	25	26	31
		771	79

The Labourers' Friend Society, having for its object to build model houses for the poor, in order that cleanliness, health, and comfort may be promoted, is intimately connected with the Baths and Washhouses, which have, altogether, performed immense good for the working-classes. No one would believe the actual effect of the desire for cleanliness which has been awakened in arresting the progress of disease and death. Upon these we shall not dwell, but pass on to those which address themselves to another class of the population.

The consequences of crime are too often fatal to those who, whether through ignorance or example, have been led to its commission. Society visits upon the head of the offender obloquy and disgrace. The man who has once by his own act placed himself beyond its pale, can never return. He is branded; and neither repentance nor reformation can wash out the stain. His children come into the world with the mark of infamy upon them. They can procure no employment; the publicity afforded to the actions of their parents or relatives has robbed them of all chance of obtaining an honest livelihood. No one will trust them. The seed of evil was so firmly rooted in their character that it seemed as though it must burst forth. The child, early rendered cunning and callous, and long before its time forced to speculate upon the chances of a livelihood—not endowed with sufficient moral courage to face society—sees no resource but to plunge into the same career that its father did before him; and theft, larceny, burglary, murder, form his means of subsistence. If interrogated upon the causes which have operated to produce these results, he would throw back the blame upon society, which had coldly shut its doors upon him, and refused to admit him within its boundaries.

We are accustomed to look with too much harshness upon the vices of our fellow-creatures; satisfied to accept results, without investigating the causes which have been at work. We are all too fearful of trusting to repentance, too averse to be the first to receive within our circle one that has been tainted by the atmosphere of sin: the contact is looked upon with horror. That our children should mingle with their children—no! it cannot be. Many, however, may take the question home to their hearts, How much of this evil might there not have been averted, if private benevolence and charity had been more active in withdrawing little children from the circle of vice,—in assisting the orphans of those who have suffered the penalty of the law for their crimes, to ways of virtue? How much more beautiful to withdraw these poor and much-to-be-pitied children from the path of vice, than to punish their after offences, for which society is more responsible than they are themselves. The greatest vindictiveness and animosity are shown, too, to young women who have, in some moment of forgetfulness,—or who have been tempted, the world never knows how, who have been deceived by false tales,—been induced to fall from their high estate. Their sins are visited heavily upon them, and, strange to say, oftenest most heavily by women themselves, who ought to pity and

forgive such errors. Those who have never been tempted know not the force of temptation. All allowance is of course to be made for the infringement of social laws they have committed. Of course we are ready to say that they have outraged those delicate laws which stand immutably round a woman, and which, when once she has infringed in the smallest degree, she can never replace herself in the social scale, in the same position she previously occupied. But while virulence, and malice, and scorn are showered upon the victim, those who have caused the evil, who have been the origin of the sin, go unpunished; society has no terrors for them. Woman is especially hard upon the fallen sisterhood—at least, in outward show, and in words; but urged by a forgiving spirit, which their pride induces them to conceal, they secretly assist numerous establishments open for the reception of the erring. Crime no longer constitutes the destruction of all earthly hope; the sins of youth, the failings and frailties of a riper age, may be wiped away entirely. The moment the mind turns away, disgusted with its position—at the time when accumulated wrongs, sufferings, crimes, and remorse press heavily upon them—when self-destruction seems the only hope, they are welcomed within the walls of an institution adapted to their condition, in which they meet, from the hands of women, the greatest tenderness, sympathy, kindness, and attention. No voice is raised against them in reproach; no finger of scorn is pointed at them, no retributive sneer, no threat of vengeance. They are received freely; and they often find there the shielding from scorn and ignominy which they have, perhaps, sometimes sought in vain beneath a mother's roof. There, at peace, surrounded by order, propriety, gentleness, and firmness, they are taught to become reconciled to themselves, and to the God they have disobeyed. The sin which the sinning world will not forgive, is forgiven by One who never sinned; and they are enabled to go forth again into the world, cleansed, as Christ cleansed the leper.

It has seldom if ever happened that those who have been once rescued from the power of evil, have ever returned to the pursuit of crime. They have been placed out in the world in good situations, and they have outlived the reputation of their youth.

- 1* Foundling Hospital.
- 2 Lock Hospital and Asylum.
- 3 Magdalen Hospital.
- 4 London Female Penitentiary.
- 5 British Penitent Female Refuge.
- 6 London Society for the Protection of Young Females.
- 7 Female Aid Society.
- 8 Home for Friendless Young Females.
- 9 Home for Penitent Females.
- 10 Westminster and North-Weat London Female Asylum.
- 11 St. Marylebone Female Penitentiary.
- 12 Associate Insitute.
- 13 Bridewell.
- 14 Philanthropic Society.
- 15 The British Ladies' Society.
- 16 Refuge for the Destitute.
- 17 Royal Female Philanthropic Society.
- 18 Sheriff's Fund.

We arrive now at those institutions which address themselves more directly to the poor. That term—"the poor," signifies not a mere handful of individuals, as in the comprehension of some it seems to mean, to whom a casual assistance will afford immediate relief; but is a large mass of our population, scattered over every country district, town or village in the kingdom. Threading the metropolis in and out, driving through its broad open streets, gazing upon the wealth and magnificence we meet at every turn, the splendid equipages, the luxurious dresses of a large class, we can scarcely transport ourselves in imagination to the degrading contrast shown in low dark alleys, where the houses nearly meet overhead, where every noisome odour, every fætid effluvia rises, where disease and sickness are continually generating, where the pure breath of heaven never enters, where small, dark, ill aired, ill ventilated rooms and cellars are found densely inhabited by human beings, wallowing, not living, in the midst of dirt and rags, who roll on in the daily round assigned to mortality, whose food is wrung from the heart of the passer-by, whose prayers are only a curse upon society, whose hope ventures no further than the morrow, and who are perfectly reckless as to what the future may bring forth.

Imagine, in the bitterest and most nipping frost, when the intense cold seems to freeze the very breath which God gave them for enjoyment, as it comes from the body, a whole family huddled, numbed with cold, despair written upon every countenance, from the pinched little features of the babe, nestling on the mother's emaciated breast, to the stern unbending face of the father, who, suffering from the keenest agony which man in health can know, hunger, feels a still keener pang in the consciousness that he has called into existence a host of human beings, who like himself in the time to come are destined to suffer the same cold, hunger, despair, and misery. What shall send relief to these suffering creatures, what imposture shall they or need they practise, to obtain a mouthful of bread? Come, let them leave their dark and cheerless cellars, and go forth into the streets; let them sit down upon the cold stone and look, not speak to the passers-by. The pompous owner of thousands, enveloped in furs and comfort from head to foot, with yet greater heat derived from indulgence in artificial stimulants, marches by and mutters between his teeth, "Gross imposture!" Yes, another and another pass by, and turn in scorn from the appeals of children's eyes, who in silent suffering cannot suffer tears to trickle down their cheeks. Yet all is imposture! there is no poverty in the land, and unless some charitable person possessed of fewer means but larger capacities chance to near the spot, there is no resource but death or crime to terminate sufferings beyond the power of mortality to endure much longer. Then again, hundreds exist in this wealthy metropolis, who have not the luxury of a shelter from the elements. Their dreary couch is an empty sewer pipe, the bare ground, the arches of bridges, the unfinished dwelling, or the cold

stones. Early travellers through London would be surprised at the holes and corners, the pestiferous crevices from which, wrapped in rags and pinched by starvation, human beings roll forth into the light of day to commence another circle of wretchedness and crime. Poor women glide with forms so frail, that the wonder is how they can sustain themselves, much more the little one who nestles in her bosom, and who seems to constitute the only link which binds her to her fellow-men. She glides past dark corners, seeking a resting-place out of sight of the passer-by and those members of constituted authority who urge her on from step to step, from doorway to doorway, until exhausted nature sinks beneath the trial. Let those who sleep upon beds of down, and sink to peaceful slumbers upon a pillow never, perhaps, moistened by a tear, think upon the broken-hearted mother and sorrowing little children, who crouch in rain, and wind, and snow, under the shelter of a doorway, or lay their shivering forms upon the cold stones of a damp alley; let them think of these, and inquire if nothing can be done to avoid this.

To obviate at least a portion of those deplorable results arising from this dreadful position, those buildings called Refuges for the Homeless have been formed, and though inadequate to supply the wants of all the vast body of destitute which exist in the metropolis, their effect has been extremely beneficial in palliating those sufferings which, if reflected upon, harrow up our feelings beyond description. Here they may at least reckon upon shelter for the night, and a warm comfortable meal in the morning, which, at all events, makes them go forth to their employment, whether at begging or aught else, with vigour.

We will conclude our brief outline of Mr. Low's work, by the following table. There are in the metropolis numerous savings banks and loan societies, besides Chelsea and Greenwich hospitals, not included in the following table, which will convey some idea of the stupendous machinery at work for the relief of the poor, the advice of the sick, and the protection of the homeless.

		Income from Voluntary Contributions.	Income derived from Funded Property, or otherwise secured.
		£	£
General Medical Hospitals	12	31,265	111,641
Special Medical Charities	60	27,974	68,690
General Dispensaries	35	11,470	2,954
Preservation of Life, &c.	12	8,730	2,773
Reclaiming the Fallen	18	16,209	18,737
Relief of General Distress	14	20,046	13,234
Relief of Specified Distress	12	19,473	10,408
Aiding the Industrious	14	4,677	2,560
For the Blind, Deaf and Dumb ...	11	11,965	22,797
Asylums for the Aged, &c.	103	6,857	77,190
Charitable Pension Societies	16	15,790	3,199
Orphan Asylums, &c.	74	19,905	83,322
Orphan Asylums, &c.	81	55,468	25,549
Educational Foundations	10	15,000	78,112
Charitable Modern ditto	4	4,000	9,300
Church Aiding School Societies ...	40	159,853	158,336
Bible and Missionary	35	494,494	63,058
TOTAL.....	491	1,022,864	741,860

CHARLES THE GREAT.

CHARLES THE GREAT, or Charlemagne, was born in the year 742; some say at the castle of Ingelheim, on the Rhine, a few miles below Mayence, in the grand-duchy of Hesse, in Germany; others, at Salzburg, in Bavaria. He was a son of Pepin the Short, and of Bertha, the daughter of a French count, Chaubert, of Lan. By this lady Pepin had several other children. Pepin himself was the son of Charles Martel, so called from the word *martel*, a hammer, a *nom de guerre* given to him in consequence of his immense strength, and the extraordinary valour which he displayed in a battle fought near Poitiers against the Saracens. This Charles Martel was the son of Pepin the Fat, who was descended paternally from St. Arnaud, Bishop of Metz, in Lorraine, and, maternally, from Pepin the Aged, or, as he is often called, Pepin of Landen, a town in the Netherlands, in the duchy of Brabant. Such is the descent of the illustrious Charlemagne, whose brilliant career forms a distinct epoch in the annals of history, standing as a mighty monument between the dark ages which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, and the tardy restoration of civilization. Pepin the Short had, besides Charlemagne, three other sons—Carloman, Pepin, and Gilles. The latter became a monk; Pepin died in infancy; and Carloman divided the government of the French dominions with Charlemagne. Pepin had in his will bequeathed that part of his dominions called Austrasia to Charles, his eldest son, leaving the kingdoms of Neustria, Burgundy and Aquitaine to Carloman; but, after the death of the old king, a different division of the kingdom took place, and Carloman was crowned King of Austrasia at Soissons, while Charles, at the same time, was crowned at Noyon as sovereign of the other kingdoms. The amicable feeling that, to all appearance, existed between the brothers when they first assumed the reins of government was, however, of very short duration. Charles was no sooner established in the possession of his father's dominions than he made incursions into Austrasia, and obtained a part of that province for himself; Carloman prepared to resent this injury, but was diverted from his plans of retaliation by the alarming movements of Hundale, the old duke of Aquitaine, who had for some years past been confined in a convent, but, having now regained his liberty, he had assumed his old title of King of Aquitaine; and, as his former subjects received him with open arms, he promised to be rather a formidable enemy to the young princes. Charles, with that promptitude and decision which marked his character through life, instantly marched against his dangerous foe (769), and, though he was deserted by the indolent Carloman in the moment of need, yet he proved victorious, and Hundale was consigned to a prison for life.

Shortly after this event Carloman died at Samancey, near Lan, leaving a widow and two sons, who, upon his death, (771,) fled into Lombardy. Charles was now proclaimed King of Austrasia, and, consequently, the youthful sons of Carloman were cut off, at least

for a time, from the succession. Didier, the successor of Astolphus, in the kingdom of Lombardy, thinking to ensure the friendship of the Franks, offered Charlemagne, immediately on his accession, his daughter Desiré in marriage, a beautiful and virtuous princess. The King of the Franks accepted the offer and espoused Desiré, repudiating his first legitimate wife, notwithstanding the opposition of the Pope to this unlawful connexion. However, being a short time afterwards convinced by the arguments of Pope Stephen III. that it was unbecoming in the head of the church to live in adultery, and to take to wife one who had been brought up by the enemies of the holy church, Charles sent the princess back to her father, thereby giving him the most deadly offence. Didier now willingly afforded refuge to the fugitives from Charlemagne's court; and most of the enemies of the French monarch at this period flocked to the court of Lombardy, among whom was the liberated Hundale, the old duke of Aquitaine. Charles was well aware of the mischief that might accrue from such an assemblage of his enemies, and only waited to quell some insurrection of the Saxons which demanded his attention, when, with a numerous army, he crossed the Alps, and, descending into Lombardy, besieged both Pavia and Verona, the only places of strength in that kingdom. In the former of these Didier, with the old duke of Aquitaine, had taken shelter, while Verona was defended by Didier's son Adalgis, under whose protection the widow and children of Carloman had placed themselves. Didier displayed great courage and valour in the contest which ensued, but the arms of Charles proved victorious, and both towns were obliged to surrender, (773). The conqueror very speedily became master of the whole kingdom of Lombardy, and was crowned with the iron crown of the Lombard kings at Milan by the bishop of that place. Adalgis made his escape to Constantinople, but Didier with his wife and daughter fell into the victor's hands, and was sent into France, where, it is supposed, he ended his days as a monk. The widow and children of Carloman, it is also believed, were conveyed to France, but of their ultimate fate history does not speak, although some authors affirm that these hapless children excited the jealous fears of Charles, and came to an untimely end; their doubtful fate must ever reflect disgrace on the otherwise splendid character of the mighty hero. A new monarchy was formed by Charles on the ruins of the old kingdom of Lombardy, under the title of the kingdom of Italy, and indeed, such was the power of the conqueror's arms, that, in a short time, he became master of the whole of Italy, with the exception of a portion in the South, belonging chiefly to the duke of Beneventum. After this conquest, Charles was again obliged to turn his arms against the Saxons, who, throughout his reign, troubled him with continual revolts. Under the guidance of their chief Witikind, they repeatedly invaded those provinces of France which bordered the Rhine, and, although Charlemagne gained repeated victories over this warlike people, he was not enabled to reduce them to entire submission, or

to banish Paganism from their country, until a period of thirty years had elapsed, during which time, he was constantly called upon to repress the tumultuous spirits of this people. On one occasion, (783,) Charles was so much enraged by the want of good faith and allegiance among the Saxons, that he closed his heart to mercy, and pursuing the wretched people beyond the Rhine with a numerous army, he caused 4,500 of the flower of the Saxon nobles and people to be beheaded; an act which only exasperated the nation to fresh insurrections, and which leaves an indelible stain on the character of Charlemagne. At last, however, Witikind himself consented to be made a Christian, and, repairing to Aix-la-chapelle, was there baptized in the presence of Charlemagne, who stood godfather to him. The Saxons, however, could not be prevailed upon to follow the example of their chief, and it was not until after many more long years of war, which lasted until nearly the end of this great prince's reign, that his dominion was firmly established over all Saxony, as far as the banks of the Elbe, which, from that time, made part of the Frankish empire. The same good fortune which had smiled on the son of Pepin in his expeditions against the Saxons, continued to favour him, when fighting against the other people of Germany. Thuringians, Frisons, and Bavarians, all originally of Frankish origin, were subdued by him, and governed by officers imposed on them, with the title of dukes. Tasillon, duke of Bavaria, and nearly all the princes of these different people, were put to death, or condemned to end their days in monasteries, like the unfortunate Didier.

The Slavonian nations who attempted to invade Italy, and one of the successors of that insolent Avarian chief who had threatened Constantinople, were obliged by Charlemagne to bow to the Frankish power, and to receive Christianity.—Charlemagne having now attained a good age, together with the summit of power and glory, reigning at once over Germany to the Elbe, all Gaul, Spain to the Ebro, and even over many islands of the Mediterranean, was become sovereign over all European Christendom except the Britannie Islands, and the subjects of the Greek emperors of Constantinople. One title, that of Emperor, was alone wanting,—a title then thought the greatest in the world, as recalling the remembrance of the Roman Cæsars, even to those nations which had assisted in destroying their empire. One day when the monarch (who had returned to Rome, at the earnest entreaties of Pope Leo III.) was present at the mass on Christmas day, the Pontiff suddenly placed on his head the imperial crown, formerly the sign of the Cæsars' power. At this sight the Frank and Roman nobles, the priests and the people who filled the church, saluted him, amidst loud acclamations, with the title of Emperor; and his vast possessions took the name of Empire of the West, a name which had been lost since the taking of Rome by the Goths, in the time of Augustulus. This solemn ceremonial took place on Christmas day, (800). From that time the name of Charlemagne became formidable to the most dis-

tant countries of the earth, and obtained respect even from the Greeks who had hitherto regarded all Europeans as barbarians. The Empress of the East, Irene, sought his alliance, and the most celebrated of the Abasside Caliphs, Haroun Al-raschid, sent him all sorts of magnificent presents, the most valuable of which, in the emperor's estimation, was the Keys of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which the caliph sent him as the highest mark of his respect for the Christian faith. Thus surrounded by magnificence and success did Charlemagne reach the term of the most glorious life ever passed by man, but it is said that he had many misgivings as to the future fate of the country he had founded. At his death, which took place in 814, his son Louis le Debonair succeeded him. Charlemagne was canonized by Pope Pascal III, and is the patron saint of the University of Paris.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

BY ANNABEL C—.

"Did you ever hear," said a friend once to me, "a real true ghost story, one you might depend upon?"

"There are not many such to be heard," I replied, "and I am afraid it has never been my good fortune to meet with those who were really able to give me a genuine well authenticated story."

"Well, you shall never have cause to say so again; and as it was an adventure that happened to myself, you can scarcely think it other than well authenticated. I know you to be no coward, or I might hesitate before I told it to you. You need not stir the fire; there is plenty of light by which you can hear it. And now to begin. I had been riding hard one day in the autumn for nearly five or six hours, through some of the most tempestuous weather to which it had ever been my ill luck to be exposed. It was just about the time of the Equinox, and perfect hurricanes swept over the hills, as if every wind in heaven had broken loose, and had gone mad, and on every hill the rain and driving sleet poured down in one unbroken shower.

"When I reached the head of Wentford valley—you know the place, a narrow ravine with rocks on one side, and those rich full woods (not that they were very full then, for the winds had shaken them till there was scarcely a leaf on their bare rustling branches) on the other, with a clear little stream winding through the hollow dell—when I came to the entrance of this valley, weather-beaten veteran as I was, I scarcely knew how to hold on my way; the wind, as it were held in between the two high banks, rushed like a river just broken loose into a new course, carrying with it a perfect sheet of rain, against which my poor horse and I struggled with considerable difficulty: still I went on, for the village lay at the other end, and I had a patient to see there, who had sent a very urgent message, intreating me to come to him as soon as possible. We are slaves to a message, we poor medical men, and I urged on my

poor jaded brute with a keen relish for the warm fire and good dinner that awaited me as soon as I could see my unfortunate patient, and get back to a home doubly valued on such a day as that in which I was then out. It was indeed dreary riding in such weather; and the scene altogether, through which I passed, was certainly not the most conducive towards raising a man's spirits; but I positively half wished myself out in it all again, rather than sit the hour I was obliged to spend by the sick-bed of the wretched man I had been summoned to visit. He had met with an accident the day before, and as he had been drinking up to the time, and the people had delayed sending for me, I found him in a frightful state of fever; and it was really an awful thing either to look at or to hear him. He was delirious, and perfectly furious; and his face, swelled with passion, and crimson with the fever that was burning him up, was a sight to frighten children, and not one calculated to add to the tranquillity even of full-grown men. I dare say you think me very weak, and that I ought to have been inured to such things, minding his ravings no more than the dash of the rain against the window; but, during the whole of my practice, I had never seen man or woman, in health or in fever, in so frightful a state of furious frenzy, with the impress of every bad passion stamped so broadly and fearfully upon the face; and, in the miserable hovel that then held me with his old witch-like mother standing by, the babel of the wind and rain outside added to the ravings of the wretched creature within. I began to feel neither in a happy nor an enviable frame of mind. There is nothing so frightful as where the reasonable spirit seems to abandon man's body, and leave it to a fiend instead.

"After an hour or more waiting patiently by his bedside, not liking to leave the helpless old woman alone with so dangerous a companion, (for I could not answer for anything he might do in his frenzy,) I thought that the remedies by which I hoped in some measure to subdue the fever seemed beginning to take effect, and that I might leave him, promising to send all that was necessary, though fearing much that he had gone beyond all my power to restore him; and desiring that I might immediately be called back again, should he get worse instead of better, which I felt almost certain would be the case, I hastened homewards, glad enough to be leaving wretched huts and raving men, driving rain and windy hills, for a comfortable house, dry clothes, a warm fire, and a good dinner. I think I never saw such a fire in my life as the one that blazed up my chimney; it looked so wonderfully warm and bright, and there seemed an indescribable air of comfort about the room which I never had noticed before. One would have thought I should have enjoyed it all intensely after my wet ride, but throughout the whole evening the scenes of the day would keep recurring to my mind with most uncomfortable distinctness, and it was in vain that I endeavoured to forget it all in a book, one of my old favourites too; so at last I fairly gave up

the attempt, as the hideous face would come continually between my eyes and an especially good passage; and I went off to bed heartily tired, and expecting sleep very readily to visit me. Nor was I disappointed: I was soon deep asleep, though my last thought was on the little valley I had left. How long this heavy and dreamless sleep continued, I cannot tell, but gradually I felt consciousness returning in the shape of the very thoughts with which I fell asleep, and at last I opened my eyes, thoroughly roused by a heavy blow at my window. I cannot describe my horror, when, by the light of a moon struggling among the heavy surge-like clouds, I saw the very face, the face of *that* man looking in at me through the casement, the eyes distended, and the face pressed close to the glass. I started up in bed, to convince myself that I really was awake, and not suffering from some frightful dream; there it stayed perfectly moveless, its wide ghastly eyes fixed unwaveringly on mine, which, by a kind of fascination, became equally fixed and rigid, gazing upon the dreadful face, which alone without a body was visible at the window, unless an indefinable black shadow, that seemed to float beyond it, might be fancied into one. I can scarcely tell how long I so sat looking at it, but I remember something of a rushing sound, a feeling of relief, a falling exhausted back upon my pillow, and then I awoke in the morning ill and unrefreshed. I was ill at ease, and the first question I asked on coming down stairs, was, whether any messenger had come to summon me to Wentford. A messenger had come, they told me, but it was to say I need trouble myself no further, as the man was already beyond all aid, having died about the middle of the night. I never felt so strangely in my life as when they told me this, and my brain almost reeled as the events of the previous day and night passed through my mind in rapid succession. That I had seen something supernatural in the darkness of the night, I had never doubted, but when the sun shone brightly into my room in the morning, through the same window where I had seen so frightful and strange a sight by the spectral light of the moon, I began to believe more it was a dream, and endeavoured to ridicule myself out of all uncomfortable feelings, which, nevertheless, I could not quite shake off. Haunted by what I considered a painful dream, I left my room, and the first thing I heard was a confirmation of what I had been for the last hour endeavouring to reason and ridicule myself out of believing. It was some hours before I could recover my ordinary tranquillity; and then it came back, not slowly as you might have expected, as the impression gradually wore off, and time wrought his usual changes in mind as in body, but suddenly,—by the discovery that our large white owl had escaped during the night, and had honoured my window with a visit before he became quite accustomed to his liberty.”

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.¹

AMONG the various arts dear to those possessors of the three good things, wealth, leisure, and taste, whom we call *virtuosi* and *Dilettanti*, the Ceramic art holds deservedly a respectable place. We do not pretend that the best special pleader in its behalf can say as much in favour of the intrinsic value of a collection of old china, as may be said by any one of common education in favour of a collection of books, pictures, or statues; but we are disposed to rank a Ceramic Museum above a collection of coins or swords, tulips or beetles. We should do this on the sole ground of the superior utility of the objects collected; for, almost every conceivable thing seems to have been made, at some time or other, in pottery, from the tomb of a chieftain to an infant's rattle; from the rouge-pot of a fine lady to the dwelling of a philosopher; for the tub of Diogenes has been fairly conjectured to be nothing more nor less than a very large *crook*.

But Pottery and Porcelain claim consideration on another and a higher ground than that of utility, viz. that of beauty. Besides, they have a great historical value; from them much has been gathered concerning the manners and customs and the amount of artistic and mechanical skill and knowledge among the various nations that have practised the art of pottery in ancient and modern times; and there is no nation, excepting, perhaps, in the very lowest stage of savage life, that has not fashioned for itself vessels of clay. This branch of the plastic art was, undoubtedly, one of the first, if not the first cultivated by every people; and the trade of a potter was always esteemed honourable.

“Successful cultivators of the art,” Mr. Marryat tells us in his Preface, “were honoured with statues and medals, decreed to them by the state, and their names were transmitted to posterity by poets and historians. A college for its members was established by Numa, and a family of potters who worked for the king, is mentioned in the genealogy of the tribe of Judah.”

Mr. Marryat observes further:—

“The existence of pottery has proved of the highest value as an aid to historical research. From the pottery of the tombs, we learn the domestic manners of nations long since passed away, and may trace the geographical limits of the various great empires of the world. The extent of ancient Greece, of its colonies, and its conquests, is clearly to be traced through each division of the Old World by the Greek funeral pottery, which, distinct in its character from that of any other, long survived the political existence of the Grecian empire. The limits of the Roman empire are, in like manner, deduced from the remains of the Roman pottery. Beyond the spot where Arminius repulsed the Roman legions no trace of Roman pottery has been found, and the frontier line of the Roman dominion in Britain is marked out in a similar manner. The extent of the Mohammedan empire, in the Old World, and the Aztec dominion in the New, would alike be clearly pointed out by their pottery if no other record of their conquests had been transmitted to us.

“The Ceramic art has always been an object for

(1) “Collections towards a History of Pottery and Porcelain.” By Joseph Marryat. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

royal patronage. The Chinese emperors obtained, by high premiums, the unrivalled manufacture of the egg-shell porcelain, and they enrolled the potter martyr in the catalogue of their deities. The dukes of Urbino, by their liberal patronage, introduced the beautiful majolica; from Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers, an unrivalled *Fayence* derives its name, and that prince and his consort, Catharine de' Medici, developed the genius of Palissy; Augustus the Strong, Maria Theresa, Frederic the Great, and other reigning princes of Germany, both founded and brought to perfection at their own expense, the porcelain manufactures of their respective countries; Russia owes the establishment of hers to Elizabeth and Catharine II.; Charles III. founded those of Capo di Monte and the Buen Retiro; Madame Pompadour, by her influence over Louis XV., brought the porcelain of Sèvres to its unrivalled perfection, while Dubarry gave her name to the most lovely colour it has produced; and William, Duke of Cumberland, supported that of Chelsea, which unfortunately was abandoned for want of encouragement at the death of its royal patron. Even Wedgwood, who, in general, courted no extraneous aid, was fain to secure a certain number of subscribers to enable him to take the copy of the Barberini; while his newly invented earthenware was introduced under the patronage of Queen Charlotte and bore her name."

Had we lived a hundred and fifty years ago, it would have been scarcely possible for us to have written soberly on the subject of porcelain. It was an exciting theme then. Porcelain, or, as it was commonly called, *colaspin*, was, perhaps, more emphatically *fashionable* then, than any thing that has ever carried away the wits and the money of the fashionable world, before or since. The reign of *china* was a very long one, in this country—we mean the universal, despotic reign, when every man, woman and child who had any pretension to taste, was under the sway of a consuming passion for tea-cups and porcelain monsters; when the chief work of ladies of quality was visiting the "Indian shops" at "Matteuse's or the Change," and arranging the useless articles they bought there in their own with-drawing rooms, which must have had very much the appearance of old china shops. "Shakspeare and the musical glasses" were as nothing in point of general interest compared with porcelain. It was the *mode*,—the rage,—a perfect *furor* that possessed the town; not the female portion of it only, for the men went mad on the subject too, and spent half their incomes, industriously enough, in forming collections of grotesque teapots, or chimerical animals. The love of such things became a species of adoration which just escaped being a profane worship from the fact that the objects of idolatry represented no things that are in heaven above or in the earth beneath. A hundred-and-fifty years ago it would have been a dangerous thing for any one to write calmly and reasonably about a passion for porcelain. Fifty fair dames, with powder and patches, brocade and hooped petticoats, would rise in tumultuous ire, and brain us with their fans. And these, not the maddest or most frivolous of the sex. By no means! We should have for our deadly enemies great women who "have been among us;"—those pattern women of whom the satirist says, as their highest praise, that they are—

"Mistress of themselves though china fall."

For did not Mrs. Elizabeth Carter make a collection of teapots as well as a translation of Epictetus? Not to mention a dozen other remarkable English women before and since her day, and a starry host of French female *philosophes* who all ran mad, more or less, about "Gombrome ware," "Palissy ware," "Old Dresden," "Old Sèvres," "Capo di Monte," "Chelsea," &c. The very word *China* suggests tea,—and both these together, with the words "a hundred and fifty years ago," call up to our fancy strange visions of bygone people.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in her brilliant youth, at Twickenham, entertaining "Lord Fanny," and the nightingale of the neighbourhood, not yet converted by her cruel levity into "a wicked wasp." Let us add Mr. Fielding, her ladyship's far-off cousin, and we have a pretty little *partie quarrée* for the discussion of an infinite variety of subjects—politics, literature, philosophy, the town, and the characters of all their acquaintance. Her ladyship's wit cuts like a two-edged sword, and Pope's, like a well-aimed arrow, whizzes through the air, and pierces the object with unerring accuracy;—some of his arrows, too, are poisoned, as her ladyship in after times can prove. My Lord Hervey is no fool, though he may occasionally spin a thousand bad verses a-day; and the great novelist must have been worth listening to, in such company, and inspired by the gentle intoxication of the Chinese leaf. Reader! I wish I could hand you a cup of their tea, and give you a taste of their manners and conversation, even though it were only about some of the strange "Gombrome vases and monsters" which my lady brought recently out of Turkey.

Or let us look at Horace Walpole entertaining a few choice spirits, wits and virtuosi, at Strawberry Hill. They are examining, with intense interest, a recent purchase of porcelain, made that day by their host; and, thereupon, he tells them a story, at which Mr. Gray, the poet, is mightily amused. Turner, the dealer in china-ware, from whom he bought that same valuable Palissy dish, had a rare vase cracked the other day, by the shock of an earthquake, which frightened all the town into piety, or the contrary. Turner was a quick-witted tradesman, and turned even misfortunes to account. His vase was worth ten guineas before; now he asks twenty for it, "because it is the only vase in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake." My Lord Chesterfield openly commends his host's taste, and secretly amuses himself with his vanity.

Or, what think you of a formal party, drinking tea out of the finest old oriental porcelain—all point device, correct, and intolerably dull? Fancy, for instance, the Harlowe family entertaining one or two worthy persons;—the persecuted Miss Clarissa and her dear friend Miss Howe looking very pretty, in powder and point-lace, brocaded silk gown and hooped petticoat. Miss Clarissa gazes on her tea-cup, and wonders whether the tiny-footed maiden at the bottom

of it who seems walking in an impossible garden of bamboos and parroquets, has any more liberty of action than a young English gentlewoman of the year 17—.

Or, what do you say to joining Mr. Richardson's own proper and particular tea-party; at his house, North End, Hammersmith? Here we have the great printer and novelist in his "flower-garden of women." Surely no author, before or since, ever wrote books in such delightful circumstances. The composition of "Grandison" or "Clarissa" was taken deeply to heart by half-a-dozen charming young women, who looked upon the old gentleman as the best, the greatest genius that had ever deigned to illumine this dull earth. Like all men, Richardson loved to be admired—and like all authors, he loved to have his works admired and listened to;—and he had admirers and listeners, and laudatory commentators to his heart's content. Then, let us look at the *salons* of Paris at that time. There, display of porcelain and all kinds of pottery is astonishing! So *récherché*—so costly—so absurdly useless, for the most part. There is little like this to be seen as yet in London; Paris being as usual our forerunner and teacher in matters of fashion and luxurious taste. Let us look into the *salon*, the *boudoir*, the *chambre à coucher* of the "*sublime Emilie*" of M. de Voltaire, Madame du Châtelet. Even she, with her masculine intellect far gone in the seventh heaven of science;—she, the tenth Muse,—to whom astronomy and pure mathematics were as the last new polka or novel to fashionable ladies in these days,—Madame du Châtelet cherished in her heart a love of vases and cups, and nondescript creatures *en pâte tendre* and *en pâte dure*. That chateau of hers to which she led captive her train of admiring *savans* and *hommes de lettres* had a goodly show of pottery and porcelain, which with books, maps, globes, telescopes, and mathematical instruments formed appropriate ornaments for the private apartments of so learned and so fine a lady. Let us peep into the salon of Julie, Comtesse d'Houdetot—Who is the passionate-eyed man examining that beautiful specimen of a Majolica vase which the lady has recently fallen in love with? It is—

"The self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau."

But we must pause in our digression—leaving the reader to continue it or not as he feels inclined. A whole volume might be written on the thoughts and fancies suggested by the word *China*; but it is not our business to write it now; but rather to give some account of the very beautiful volume on "Pottery and Porcelain," now before us. Its author, Mr. Marryat, is a gentleman who has devoted much time to studying the history of the Ceramic art; and having collected a great deal of information on the subject, he has been induced to put it together in the present form for the benefit of persons who are making collections of pottery or porcelain, or who may be interested in those subjects. It is illustrated with wood-cuts and coloured plates of great merit—the

latter are as uncommon in style as they are beautifully executed. These engravings and the handsome type make the work very attractive to the eye.

Mr. Marryat seems to be thoroughly master of his subject, and spares no pains to elucidate it for the general reader. He writes in a grave style, rather too grave, perhaps, for his subject; which would be the better for a little liveliness and occasional elegant and playful chit-chat; if his volume be intended for something more than a learned and conscientiously written hand-book of Pottery and Porcelain, from the fifteenth to the close of the eighteenth century, to which period he has confined his labours. This absence of lightness and sparkle—of appropriate anecdote and witty illustration, is the only fault we have to find with the work; which is really full of useful and interesting information, well arranged and easily referred to. To the collectors and connoisseurs we are quite sure this book will be highly valuable. We will now give a brief account of its contents, and some extracts for the benefit of our readers. In the first place, it may not be unnecessary to give Mr. Marryat's definitions of the two words *Pottery* and *Porcelain*. "*Pottery, Fayence*. This term is applied to all ware which is distinguished from porcelain by being opaque and not translucent. The word is derived from *potum*, Latin, a drinking vessel."—"Porcelain, a semi-vitrified compound, in which one portion (kaolin) remains infusible at the greatest heat to which it can be exposed, while the other part (petuntse) vitrifies at that heat, and enveloping the infusible part produces that smooth, compact and shining texture, as well as transparency, that are distinctive of true porcelain." But pottery and porcelain approach each other so nearly in some kinds that it is not an easy matter to decide at once whether the article in question is in fact one or the other. Ordinary earthenware is composed of various kinds of clay, and has many technical names. It is always either what is called hard or soft paste. Of porcelain Mr. Marryat says:—

"Porcelain, like pottery, consists of two kinds, distinguished by the technical terms of 'hard and soft paste.' A reference to the Table of Analysis will show that the hard paste is composed of a greater proportion of clay, or aluminum, and less of flint, or silica; to fuse it requires, consequently, a greater degree of furnace heat, which also gives it a greater density of substance than the soft paste. The soft paste, from the larger proportion of silice and the addition of alkaline fluxes, requires a less degree of furnace heat, and consequently acquires less density. It is soft in two senses; first, as being less able to resist a high temperature; and, secondly, as being easily scratched by the knife.

"It therefore appears that the comparative proportion of silica determines the softness of porcelain. Some specimens, as those of early Chelsea, are little better than semi-opaque glass. Reaumur endeavoured to produce porcelain by means of hardening and giving opacity to glass. Böttcher succeeded in making hard porcelain by softening pottery, and rendering it translucent. As porcelain may be considered as an intermediate substance between pottery and glass, both these *savans* were correct in the principle upon which they proceeded, though their modes of operation were reversed. The most practical test by which to distinguish

these descriptions of porcelain is, that the soft paste can be scratched by the knife, which is not the case with the hard paste (*rayable ou non rayable par le fer*). On one occasion, M. Brongniart having been presented with a choice specimen of old Worcester, affirmed it to be oriental porcelain, till he tested the glaze with a steel point, and found that he could scratch it easily.

"M. Brongniart divides porcelain into three classes:—

- "1. Porcelain, Hard Paste.
- "2. Porcelain Naturally Soft ditto (*tendre naturelle*).
- "3. Porcelain Artificially Soft ditto (*tendre artificielle*)."

As the composition of oriental porcelain has always been a matter of mystery and interest to Europeans, we will extract what Mr. Marryat says on the subject of the two minerals known to compose this beautiful substance. He does not here say anything as to the proportions in which they are used; but in a Table of Analysis in the work, the exact chemical combination is set down.

"KAOLIN, *Chinese*.—Decomposed felspar, or porcelain clay, derived from the decomposition of granite rocks. It consists of silica and alumina; and being mixed with Petuntse (a strong clay) forms the composition of the Chinese porcelain. The Dutch, unable to find the materials necessary for imitating the Indian porcelain, imported the white porcelain from China and Japan, and decorated it at home.

"KAOLIN, *Fr. PORCELAINERDE, Ger.*—Porcelain clay. That which is used at Sévres comes from the rock of St. Yrieix, near Limoges; the Dresden, from Aue, in Saxony; the English from St. Stephen's, in Cornwall. We refer to M. Brongniart's work—'*Traité des Arts Céramiques*,' for the history of the Kaolins in use.

"PETUNTSE, *Chinese*. CAÏLOU, *Fr.*—Cornish clay—Pegmatite.—Felspar of a brilliant white, used with Kaolin in the composition of porcelain. Felspar melts at the heat of a porcelain furnace into a milky glass; Kaolin does not melt at the same temperature. It is the Kaolin, therefore, which gives strength and body to the porcelain. It is related that some Europeans, having privately obtained some blocks of Petuntse in China, and conveyed them to their own country, vainly endeavoured to convert them into porcelain; which becoming known to the Chinese manufacturers, they deridingly remarked that, 'Certainly the Europeans must be a wonderful people, to go about to make a body whose flesh was to sustain itself without bones.'

The most beautiful kind of modern pottery (this work does not treat of Greek, Etrurian, or Roman) is that known as Majolica, of which our author says:—

"The Italian pottery generally known under the name of Majolica, Raffaello ware, and sometimes by the term 'Umbrian ware,' though the production of the fifteenth century, owed its origin, about the twelfth century, to the introduction into Italy of the Moorish pottery, obtained as the spoil of conquest by the various Italian republican States, engaged in warfare with the Infidels."

The Pisans, he informs us, were the first to carry over into Italy, from the conquered island of Majorca, "the painted Moorish pottery, an article of great value, and supposed to have been almost unknown at that period in Italy."

The *bacini*, or Moorish tiles (*Azulejo*), are found incrusting in the walls of the most ancient churches of Pisa, as well as in those of many other Italian towns. Passari, however, asserts that the *Azulejo* is of native Italian manufacture, as well as the pottery called Majolica. He "claims the invention on behalf of his

birthplace, Pesaro; in which city he says that the manufacture of pottery existed from the earliest times; that it remained in abeyance during the decline of the Roman empire, and revived about the fourteenth century, at which period arose the custom of decorating the façades of churches with coloured plates of earthenware (*bacini*). He thinks it probable that the art originated with Luca della Robbia, and that it might have been brought by the Sforzi to Pesaro, where it could have been easily adapted to all kinds of pottery, at a period long prior to the introduction into Italy of the '*contrefaite majurichine*.' Luca della Robbia was born in 1388. He was first known as a sculptor, afterwards he turned his attention to terra cotta. "Vasari writes of him, '*Che fuora l'opere di terra quasi eterne*.' His chief productions are Madonnas, Scripture subjects, figures, and architectural ornaments; they are by far the finest works of art ever executed in pottery. He adorned the Italian churches with tiles, as well as with altar-pieces, in terra cotta enamelled; and he is the founder of a school that produced works not much inferior to his own." The term Majolica is derived from the name of the island whence it is supposed to have been first brought into Italy. With regard to that other name of "Raffaello ware;"—many of Raffaello's compositions are found on this kind of pottery, but as the 'Prince of Painters' died in 1520, and the best specimens of Majolica, according to Mr. Marryat, are not of an earlier date than 1540, it is clear that they were not painted by him, or under his direction. But, as his pupils furnished designs for vases, &c. from original drawings by this great man, the name of Raffaello ware was naturally enough given to such articles in Majolica. We have not space to enumerate one half of the articles manufactured in Majolica. They are for the most part of rare beauty of form and colour. From Italy the manufacture of Majolica, and other kinds of pottery, spread into France; where it was called *Fayence*, from the Italian town of Faenza. There is a description of this ware, which takes its name from the inventor, Bernard Palissy, whose life was so remarkable, that we will extract Mr. Marryat's short biographical sketch, for the use of those among our readers to whom its facts may be new. Pottery has had its men of genius, and of a high kind, too, as the following unadorned account will prove:—

"Bernard Palissy, a man of great natural genius, was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the diocese of Agen, of parents so poor that they could not give him any education. He learnt, however, to read and write, and having acquired some knowledge of land-surveying, obtained a livelihood by following that employment. The habit of drawing lines and geometrical figures inspired him with a taste for design, which talent he developed in copying the works of the great Italian masters. He was employed in painting images and pictures upon glass. He visited the principal provinces in France, examined the monuments of antiquity, and made numerous observations upon different mineral productions, which are astonishing, even at the present day. He also studied chemistry, as it was then taught, in order to know the composition and properties of minerals.

"Palissy, having finished his travels before 1539, established himself at Saintes, and there lived upon the produce of his talent for painting. Seeing at this time a beautiful cross of enamelled pottery, the idea struck him, that if he could discover the secret of the composition of the enamel used, it would enable him to bring up his children creditably; and from that time his mind was solely directed to this object. He soon spent all his savings in useless attempts; but having been employed, in 1543, to make a survey and plan of the salt marshes of Saintonge, this work brought him a considerable sum of money, which he did not hesitate to devote to new experiments. These, however, did not succeed better than the first.

"Neither the complaints of his wife, who reproached him with neglecting an employment which would secure his family from want, nor the representations of his friends, could deter him from continuing his experiments. He borrowed money to construct a new furnace, and when wood failed him he actually burned the tables and boards of his house, to finish the operation, which succeeded but imperfectly. He discharged his only workman, and not having money to pay him, he gave him part of his clothes. Palissy now became so wretched that he dared no longer to show himself, and trembled to meet the looks of his wife and children, whose emaciated appearance seemed to accuse him of cruelty. Although devoured by chagrin, he affected a cheerful air, and persisted still in following up his experiments, until his efforts were at length crowned with the glorious result, to the attainment of which they had been so long and so patiently directed.

"It was in 1555, after sixteen years of experiments, more or less unsuccessful, that he discovered the composition of this long-sought enamel; and soon his beautiful patterns, and rustic pottery (*figulines*), obtained him fame and patronage. King Henry II., and, following his example, the grand seigneurs of the court, hastened to order from him vases and figures, to ornament their gardens; and the Constable Montmorenci engaged him to decorate his château, at Écouen. Many beautiful fragments from this place have been preserved from destruction, and transferred to the Musée des Monuments Français, among which are some painted tiles, and also some painted glass, representing the history of Payche, after the engraved designs of Raffaele.

"Palissy had embraced the principles of the Reformation; and, when the Parliament of Bordeaux, in 1562, ordered the execution of the new edict against the Protestants, the Duke of Montpensier gave him a safeguard, and ordered that his establishment should be exempted from the general proscription; but, notwithstanding this special protection, he was arrested, his workshop destroyed, by order of the judges at Saintes, and it was necessary for the King himself to claim him as his own special servant, in order to save his life. He was called to Paris, and lodged in the Tuileries, which favour no doubt secured him from the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He there gave a course of lectures upon natural history and physics, which were attended by all the learned men of the day, and which he carried on with increasing success until the year 1584.

"These services did not, however, give him favour in the eyes of the leaguers, since he was arrested by order of the Sixteen, and shut up in the Bastille. Henry III. went to visit him in the prison, and said to him, 'My good fellow, if you do not renounce your views upon the point of religion, I shall be constrained to leave you in the hands of my enemies.' 'Sire,' replied this intrepid old man, 'those who constrain you can never have power over me, because I know how to die.' Events, happily, did not come to this extremity, for the Duke of Montpensier, aware that he was not able to deliver him, humanely delayed the prosecution; and Palissy terminated in prison, about 1589, at the age of ninety, a life which he had rendered illustrious by great talents and rare virtues. His occupation as a potter arose from

an accidental circumstance; but the courage and perseverance he displayed throughout his eventful and calamitous career would have been equally conspicuous, whatever pursuit he might have followed. France may indeed be as proud of his noble and independent character, as of the credit attached to his name from having brought the art of enamelling on pottery to a perfection till then unknown in that country. His writings, little known in England, are excessively curious, especially the autobiography of his fickle career; however, from want of precise and definite details, they give little information as to the processes he employed; and after his death, and that of his brothers, who succeeded him, the art was lost."

The manufacture of earthenware was carried on very successfully in Germany, Switzerland and Holland. The last-named country produced the well-known Delft ware. At present, earthenware is made in almost every European country; but the English is the best. Russia makes very good pottery. Mr. Marryat has travelled through great part of Europe, in pursuit of his favourite study, and speaks from personal observation of most of the great and famous manufactories on the continent.

The growth of this manufacture in England was slow, as there occur very few remarkable names connected with English pottery from the reign of Elizabeth till that of George III., when Wedgwood produced his unrivalled Queen's ware.

"Much uncertainty exists regarding the period when the manufacture of fine earthenware was first introduced into England. Among the documents in the Foedera, occur various lists of articles ordered to be purchased in England for several foreign potentates, and permitted to be exported for their use, without paying the Custom duties. One of these lists, dated in 1428, enumerates many objects as those shipped for the use of the King of Portugal and the Countess of Holland, among which are 'six silver cups, each of the weight of six marks (or four pounds), a large quantity of woollen stuffs, and 2,000 plates, dishes, saucers, and other vessels of *electrum*.'

"As these articles were, no doubt, the produce of the country, it would appear that utensils for domestic use were then made of metal, and not of pottery; and it was not till some time afterwards that the latter was introduced by the Dutch, whose manufactory at Delft probably existed as early as the fifteenth century, and who sent large quantities of their ware to England. The skill and excellence of the English artisans consisted in the manufacture of silver and other metals. Of this, instances are recorded in the correspondence of La Mothe Fénelon, the French ambassador at the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the travels of Heutznar, who visited England in 1598. Both describe in glowing colours the silver plate which adorned the buffets, as well as the magnificent furniture and decorations of the palaces of that sumptuous queen.

"Still Elizabeth, who so highly prided herself upon the state and splendour of her establishment, and who was in constant intercourse with the court of France and the Low Countries, was not likely to have remained altogether satisfied without possessing, among the manufactures of her own kingdom, something similar to the fine Fayence then in use in every foreign court. Though it is probable that Delft ware, procured from Holland, was first used, it may reasonably be presumed that the ware called by her name, was afterwards manufactured under her immediate patronage, for the use of the court and the nobility; and although there is no record of the fact, it is supposed that Stratford-le-Bow was the site of the manufactory.

"Shakspeare's Jug, which has been carefully pre-

served by the descendants of the immortal bard, since the year 1616, is perhaps the most remarkable example of the Elizabethan pottery now existing. The shape partakes very much of the form of the old German, or Dutch ewer, without, however, the usual top or cover, the one now attached to the jug being a modern addition of silver, with a medallion bust of the poet in the centre, beautifully executed, and inscribed, 'WM. SHAKESPEARE, AT THE AGE OF FORTY.' It is about ten inches high, and sixteen round at the largest part, and is divided lengthwise into eight compartments, having each a mythological subject in high relief. All of these, although executed in the quaint style of the period, possess considerable merit. Some of them, indeed, manifest much masterly grouping of both human figures and animals; and such is the admirable state of preservation of this very interesting old English relic, that as correct a judgment may be formed of its workmanship as in the days of its first possessor; at all events, as regards the degree of perfection which English pottery had obtained in the Elizabethan age, an inspection of this jug will justify the presumption that her court was not less tastefully provided in that respect than those of the Continent, notwithstanding the obscurity in which the precise locality and extent of the manufactory is unfortunately involved."

Mr. Marryat gives a short account of the rise and progress of pottery (hard and soft), in Germany, Prussia, Holland, &c. and then he proceeds to his history of porcelain. He begins with the oriental; but as he has confined himself to the period between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the manufacture of porcelain in China and Japan is of great antiquity, like all other arts and manufactures in those countries, he does not devote so much space to this, the highest branch of the subject, as it would seem to deserve; still what he says is very interesting and agreeable. Beautiful porcelain has been fabricated in imitation of the Chinese in various European countries, but it has always fallen below the finest oriental in one or two points. Almost every German state has had, and still has, its manufacture of porcelain; and curious stories are told concerning the methods used by royal personages to monopolise the profits of this manufacture in their own states. Augustus II. Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was so passionately in love with this manufacture that he was nicknamed by Frederick William of Prussia, "the Porcelain King." He established the celebrated manufactory at Meissen, near Dresden, which has produced so much beautiful porcelain. It was his porcelain majesty who caught and caged the famous Böttcher, a chemist, who had discovered the secret of making oriental porcelain, and compelled him to give up his secret for his benefit, for which he was made director of the works at Meissen. The King of Poland was so bewitched by the charms of forty-eight china vases of an extraordinary size, that he purchased them of the King of Prussia, at a singular price—that of a whole regiment of soldiers. And when Dresden was attacked and taken by the King of Prussia, in 1745, and the porcelain king was obliged to fly, he took good care to carry off from his palace all the china and pictures he could dispose of, although he left the electoral archives behind him. Such was the force of the love of china in a monarch's breast!

We have some interesting details connected with the manufacture of French porcelain. *Sèvres*, as all the world knows, is the finest, as to colour and composition. The beauty of the form in *Sèvres* articles is, we think, often disputable. The following account of a successful counterfeit manufacture is curious.

"The *Sèvres* porcelain, as it is without comparison the most beautiful in colour, and also the most rare and valuable, is consequently the most difficult to procure in a genuine state, the real '*pâte tendre*' having been made only from 1740 to 1769. A great quantity of common ware was made during that period, but not much of the fine *Bleu de Roi*, *turquoise*, and *Rose Dubarry*.

"At the conclusion of the last war, the old stocks in the Royal Manufactory of *Sèvres* were put up to auction, and bought by certain individuals, who also collected all the soft ware they could find in the possession of other persons. The object of this proceeding for a long time remained a mystery; but at length the secret transpired that the parties had discovered a process, which consisted in rubbing off the original pattern and glaze, and then colouring the ground with turquoise or any other colour, and adding paintings or medallions in imitation of the style of the old '*pâte tendre*,' thus enhancing a hundred-fold the value of the pieces. With any other description of porcelain the adoption of this process would have been impracticable without discovery, but the soft paste was found to have absorbed in the first baking such an excess of glaze, that the second application of heat had the effect of bringing out a fresh portion, sufficient to cover the surface where the original glaze had been filed away, and thus giving the appearance of the original process. The turquoise was found to succeed the best, and therefore there exist more revivals of this colour than of any other. A china dealer, lately dead, obtained the immense fortune which he left by this artful process. It is very difficult to detect the fraud, but the want of vividness in the colour, and of evenness on the surface of the glaze, will sometimes afford an indication. Also something may be learnt by comparing the date of the former with the period of the style of painting and colour, (the turquoise and rose being of latest date,) and thus any incongruity in this respect will detect the imposture. This comparison can, however, be only completely made at *Sèvres*, where the model of every piece is preserved."

In conclusion, we need only say that this book is one which the collectors of pottery and porcelain cannot well dispense with; and it is also one which every lady and gentleman possessing a taste for these things will be delighted to lay hands on. It is furnished with a glossary of technical terms, a list of the best collections in England, a list of the marks and monograms of the great manufactories, and of the eminent artists who have designed or executed celebrated pieces of these wares. The coloured plates are beautifully done, and the smaller wood engravings are of great merit. On the whole, it is a book which does great credit to all concerned in its publication, and we have no doubt it will be appreciated by its proper public; part of which, we think, will be found among the readers of "SHARPE."

THE YEAR-BOOK OF THE COUNTRY.¹

"THERE is a time for every thing," and undoubtedly the best time for "babbling of green fields," and finding "sermons in stones, and good in every thing," are these present months, September and October; when every body who can get a holiday, is taking it; in the country, or by the sea-shore. On this account, we hasten to introduce Mr. Howitt's new book to our readers. It is just the sort of book for holiday-makers; just the sort of book that those who know the author's "Book of the Seasons," "Rural Life in England," &c., and love to have them always at hand, will be delighted to add to the number of their favourite volumes, for hours of relaxation.

William Howitt is so well known as an author, that it is unnecessary for us to explain now, what are his peculiar excellences and defects. Those who love his books well, can, of course, see few or no defects in them; and those who do not love them, can see in them very little to admire. To the former it would be of little use to say,—There is nothing *original* in these works; nothing in thought or feeling that seems to come to us at first hand—nothing very lofty in feeling; nothing very wise or deep in thought;—there is nothing exquisitely delicate, or rich and strong in *humour*; nothing touchingly tender, nothing highly imaginative or of a *subtle* intelligence. As a necessary consequence of this, in style, there is much one could desire to see altered; it is often scrambling and unpolished; learning, or scholarly finish and elegance we do not look for, but simplicity, natural fluency and ease, and a freedom from common-place or vulgar taste, would constitute something like the appropriate beauty of style, for such subjects as those in which Mr. Howitt delights to let his pen wander; and such appropriate beauty of style is, undoubtedly, often wanting in the work before us, as in previous works of the same author. Now, those who have read these and thoroughly enjoyed them, would *Pooh! Pooh!* such critical remarks, and say: "That may be all very true; but William Howitt does not set up for extraordinary learning or genius, that I can see. There is nothing very grand or sublime, or profoundly wise about his books; if there were, they would not suit me in holiday time. I like him because he writes like a good, honest, clever man, with a true love for the beauties of Nature, and sympathy for the joys and sorrows of the crowd, whether in town or country. He has walked about in the world with his eyes open, and he is able and willing to tell you what he has seen. In short, I understand and enjoy William Howitt's books; to my mind they are full of taste, full of spirit, and full of true religious feeling, for they make you love both God and man." To those who see nothing to admire in William Howitt's books, it would be as useless to say,—Mark the active intelligence, the pleasant liveliness, the enjoyment of existence evident in the writer. There is nothing of sickness, of the elevation and depression of the

mental thermometer caused by indigestion, in these pages. There is a healthiness about them, which one cannot but find contagious; they are particularly suited to the youthful reader; they are full of the spirit of youth. The reply would be: "Yes, that is all true, but I want something more than an evidence of good digestion and an active intellect in a book; it should not be all full of the spirit of youth; it should have a large leaven of the spirit of mature wisdom."

Between these two parties we take up our position. William Howitt has considerable talent, which he has exercised to some purpose in the "Year-Book of the Country." His descriptions of country occupations and pleasures, of rural sights and sounds, are familiar, we believe, to most readers of modern books. The present work is, of course, chiefly devoted to them; but they are mingled with much agreeable gossip, and many anecdotes and sketches of persons and types of classes which may not be so familiar to our readers. Such for instance, as the following:—

"Those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is but another name for a very tinkery heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm delights of the country,—with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old-fashioned chimney-corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton—of joining him in the pensive pleasures of a pipe and brown jug of October—of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his tenth pig, over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or lapped in the delicious luxuries of custards and whipt-creams—in walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a curtesy and a smile, of most winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite.

"It is the Farmer's daughter! a lively creature of eighteen. Fair as the lily—fresh as May-dew—rosy as the rose itself—graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the windows—sweet as a posy of violets and 'clove-gillivvers'—modest as early morning, and amiable as your own idea of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming.

"You are lost! It's all over with you. I would not give an empty filbert or a frog bitten strawberry for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country, out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm-houses only nice old-fashioned places of old-fashioned contentment.

"Ay, many a one has found to his sorrow what trusting himself among hand-churns and rows of bee-hives has cost him. His resolutions of bachelor independence have been whirled round and round, and resolved themselves into melting butter: he has been stung by the queen-bee in the eye, and has felt all over pangs and twinges, as if the whole swarm had got into his bosom. Then has come a desperate liking to that part of the country; and taking that neat cottage just out of the village, with its honeysuckle porch, and willow arbour by the brook; the sauntering down the footpath that leads past the farm of a summer's evening, with a book of poetry in the hand—the seat on the stile at the bottom of the wood—the sudden looking up. How sweet that farm-house *does* look! What fine old trees those are about it! And that dear little window in the old gable, with its open casement and the diamond panes. And oh! surely! yes—that is Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!

"Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill—the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunken fence at the bottom of the garden—the most heavenly wander-

(1) "The Year-Book of the Country; or, the Field, the Forest, and the Fireside." By William Howitt, Author of the "Book of the Seasons," &c. H. Colburn.

ings along that old quince walk. Such vows!—such poetry of passion!—such hopes and promises of felicity;—and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, ‘Who’s there?’

“There! This is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three bounds, and there she is locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond-window, in the old gable. She has sunk into a chair—it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows—and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

“But where is Captain Jenkinson?—Oh! He’s there! He’s too bold and too true a lover to sneak or fly. There they stand, face to face, in the moon-light—the tall thin Captain Jenkinson and the tall stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand.

“‘What! Is that you, Captain? My eye! What! was that you a-talking to our Anne?’

“‘Yes, friend Field, it is I—it is the Captain that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!’

“How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How those Herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth’s hand, and says—‘Who could have thought it, Captain, eh? Ha! ha! Well, we’re all young and foolish once in our lives; but come! no more on’t—it won’t do, Captain; it won’t do.’

“‘Won’t do! won’t do? Why shouldn’t it do, Farmer; why shouldn’t it do?’

“‘Why, becoss it won’t, and that’s why. A captain and old Farmer Field’s lass! Ah! ah! What will Lady Jenkinson say, eh? The Honourable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What’ll they say, eh? Say, I’m a cunning old codger: say I’ve trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan’t say so, not a man-jack of ’em; not one of the breed, seed, and generation of ’em shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter off on a gentleman for his house and lands. No, Anne’s a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you are married to my Lady Fitzsomebody, and Anne’s got the right man, come down, Captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we’ll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!’

“But all won’t do! The Captain vows he’ll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother she may shoot him, if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the end of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne’s little window with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu!—then flying to read the note—finds the Captain vowing that she ‘may cheer up, all *shall* go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam.’

“Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all through incautiously wandering into the country of a summer’s evening, and getting into one of those old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But as the Captain would be almost certain to drown himself in the mill-dam, he is so desperate, and then there must be a coroner’s inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it, we will for this once let things pass—all *shall* be right. The guardians relent because they

cannot help themselves; Lady Jenkinson becomes a good deal, but, like all bodies of a certain specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket handkerchief, though she has been very near it! and *The Times* announces that the Honourable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th inst to Anne Leslie, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Nycomore Grange, Salop.”

There is something very pretty and natural about this sketch, with the exception of the style of the imaginary conversation between the father and the lover, which is by no means natural, and would scarcely come within the limits of fictional probability in a farce at the Surrey theatre. The next sketch is far better finished, and worthy of the author. We will extract it. Dolly Cowcabbage is a type of another kind of farmer’s daughter. It is true to the life. It is not unlike a Dutch picture, both as to subject and style of treatment. And here he it observed, the *homely* and the *merely* useful are made to serve an æsthetical purpose, and touch the feelings gently, as if the quality of beauty had been elicited from them;—and it has.

“There are some specimens of human nature that not all the fashions or follies of any age can alter or make new-fashioned. They are born old-fashioned. They have an old head on young shoulders, and they can’t help it if they would. You might as soon turn a wheel-barrow into a chariot, or an ass into an Arabian steed. There is Dolly Cowcabbage, now, what can you make of her? Her father farms eighty acres, and milks half a dozen cows. He has nobody but her; and he has saved a pretty lot of money. Dolly knows of it, too. Her mother died when she was only about fourteen; and Dolly, from that day, began to be her father’s little maid;—left her play on the village-green and village play-fellows, and began to look full of care. She began to reap and work, and cook, and milk and make cheese. It is many a year since she has done all those things entirely for the house. Those who know her say she ‘has not thriven an inch in height’ since that day, but she has grown in bulk; she is like a young oak that got a shock from a thunderbolt in its youth, or had its leading branch switched off by some Jerry Diddle or other, as he went past to plough, and has ever since been stunted, and has run all to stem. She is a ‘little runting thing,’ the farmers say;—a little stout-built, plodding woman, with a small, round, rosy face. She is generally to be seen with a linsay-wolsey petticoat, a short, striped bed-gown or kirtle, and a greenish brown kerchief carefully placed on her bosom. She is scouring pails with a wisp of straw and wet sand, and roaring them on a stone bench to dry and sweeten; or she is calling her cows up by blowing on a long horn; or calling her father and the men to their meals, out of the distant fields, by knocking with a pebble on a pail-bottom. She is coming out of the fold-yard with a milk-pail on her head, or she is seated by the clean hearth, busy with her needle, making a pillow-case to hold the feathers she has saved.

“Such is Dolly Cowcabbage. She has had offers; men know what’s what, though it be in a homely guise; but she only gives a quiet smile, and always says—‘No! I shall never marry while father lives.’ Those who don’t like sour grapes begin now to say,—‘Marry! No. Doll ’ull never marry. There always was an *old* look about her; there’s the old maid written all over her—any body may see that with half an eye; why, and she’s thirty now, at least.’

“But Dolly knows what she knows. There is a homely, close, plodding sort of chap, that lives not far

off—Tim Whetstone. He farms his fifty acres of his own. He has nobody in the house with him but an old woman his housekeeper, who is as deaf as a bolt, and has a hundred and thirty-guineas of old gold, wrapped in an old stocking, and put into a dusty bee-hive that stands on her bed's head. Tim knows of that too, though the old woman thinks nobody knows of it. She hath neither kith nor kin, and when the lumbago twinges her, as they sit by the fire, she often says—'Tim, lad, I shall not trouble thee long, and then what two or three old traps I have 'ull be thine.'

"Tim is certain, before long, to find honey in the old hive; and he has been seen, sly as he is, more than once, coming over the fields, in the dusk of the evening, in a very direct line towards old Farmer Cowcabbage's house. He says it was only to seek a lamb which he had missed. But when somebody asked him if it were the same lamb that he was looking after so earnestly in church last Sunday, Tim blushed and said—'All fools think other people like themselves,' and so went away. If the old woman should drop off, I should not be surprised to see those two farms thrown into one, and old Samuel Cowcabbage having a bed set up in the parlour at Tim's. In the meantime, Dolly goes to market with her *maund* (a basket with two lids) of butter on her arm as regularly as Saturday comes. She makes eighteen ounces to the pound, and will have the top-most price. Beautiful cream cheeses too, Dolly manufactures; and if any one attempts to beat her down in her price, Dolly is just as quiet, as firm, as smiling, and as ready with her 'No,' as she was to her sweethearts. If I were to prophesy, it would be that Dolly will marry, and have half a dozen children yet, as sturdy and as plodding as Tim and herself; but there is no knowing. She tells 'Tim they are very well off as they are—she can wait; and the truth of the matter is, that they have kept company these ten years already."

Is not that picture as clever as it is accurate? The Farmer's daughters, as Mr. Howitt seems to be fully aware, are by no means the least important of the womankind of this realm. He gives us a specimen of another kind; which is also very good. Nancy Farley is not so common a character as the other two, for the simple reason that she is above the common, and they are not.

"Nancy's father farms his two hundred acres, and yet there is a slovenly look about his premises; and Nancy has grown up pretty much as she pleased. As a girl, she romped and climbed and played with the lads of the village. She swung on gates and rode on donkeys. When ten or twelve years old, she could ride bare-back and astride with a horse to water, or to the blacksmith's shop. She thrashed the dogs, fetched in the eggs, suckled the calves, and then mounted on the wall of the garden, with her long chestnut hair hanging wild on her shoulders, and a raw carrot in her hand, which she was ready either to devour or to throw at any urchin that came in sight.

"Such was Miss Nancy Farley in those days; but her only appellations then were Nan and Nance. Nance Farley was the true name of the wild and fearless creature. But Nance was sent for by an aunt to a distance; she was away five years; she was at length almost forgotten, and only remembered when it was necessary to call any girl, 'as wild as Nance Farley'; when lo! she made her appearance again; and great was the wonder. Could this be the gipsyish, unkempt, and graceless Nance Farley?—This bright and buxom young lady in the black hat and the blue riding-habit?—This fine young creature with a shape like a queen and eyes like diamonds?—Yes, sure enough it was she—now, Miss Nancy Farley, indeed.

"Miss Nancy's aunt had determined that she should

have what is called a 'bringing up.' She had sent her to a boarding-school; and whatever were Miss Nancy's accomplishments, it was clear enough that she was one of the very handsomest women that had ever set foot in the parish. The store of health and vigour that she had laid up in her tom-boy days might be seen in her elastic step, and cheek fresh as the cheek of morning itself.

"She was something above the middle size, of a beautiful figure, and a liveliness of motion that turned all eyes upon her. Her features were extremely fine, and her face had a mixture of life, archness, freedom, and fun in it, that was especially attractive, and especially dangerous to look upon. Her eyes were of half-a-dozen different colours, if half-a-dozen different people might be believed; but, in truth, they were of some dark colour that was neither black, nor brown, nor grey, nor hazel; but one thing was certain, they were most speaking and laughing and beautiful eyes, and those long, flying locks were now, by some gracious metamorphosis, converted into a head of hair that was of the richest auburn, and was full enough of a sunny light to dazzle a troop of beholders.

"Nancy had enough of the old leaven in her to distinguish her from the general run of ladies, with their staid and quiet demeanour. She was altogether a dashing woman. She rode a beautiful light chestnut mare, with a switch tail; and her brother Ben, who was now grown up, with the ambition of cutting a figure as a gay blade of a farmer, was generally her cavalier. She hunted, and cleared gates and ditches to universal admiration. Every body was asking, 'Who is that handsome girl that rides like an Arab?' Miss Nancy danced and played and sang; she had a wit as ready as her looks were sweet, and all the hearts of the young farmers round were giddy with surprise and delight. Miss Nancy was not of a temper to hide herself in the shade, or to shun admiration. She was at the races, at the fair, at the ball; and every where she had about her a crowd of admirers, that were ready to cat one another with envy and jealousy. The young squire cast his eyes upon her, and lost no time in commencing a warm flirtation; but Nancy knew that she could not catch him as a husband,—he was too much a man of the world for that; and she took care that he should not catch her. Yet she was politic enough to parade his attentions whenever he came in the way, and might be seen at the market inn window, or occasionally on the road from church, laughing and chatting with him in a fashion that stirred the very gall of her humbler wooers. The gay young gentleman-farmer, the rich miller, the smart grazier, the popular lawyer of the country-town, were all ready to fight for her; nay, the old steward, who was nearly as rich as the Squire himself, and was old enough to be her father, offered to make a settlement upon her that filled her father with delight.

"'Take him, Nance, lass, take him,' he cried; 'thy beauty *has* made thy fortune, that it has. Never a woman of our family was ever worth a hundredth part of that money.'

"But Miss Nancy had a younger and a handsomer husband in view; and Miss Nancy is Miss Nancy no longer: she has married the colonel of a marching regiment, and is, at this moment, the most dashing and admired lady of a great military circle, in the garrison town of—"

Mr. Howitt's acquaintance with farms and farmers' daughters appears to be envitably extensive. He seems to be also well acquainted with the country schools and schoolmasters of the last thirty or forty years. He says many sensible things concerning their merits and defects, and points out strongly this truth, that the village schools all over England are much more

in want of masters than of scholars. We are favoured with a genuine love-letter, written by a country schoolmaster of the last generation, which is quite worthy of one of Shakspeare's pedagogues. Every creature makes love after its kind, and this is the kind of love-letter the country schoolmaster makes. It was well worth double postage.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"I embrace the present opportunity of addressing these few lines unto thee, hoping they will find thee in good health, which leaves me the same, thank my God! Respected P., I have often told thee I don't much like illustrating my sentiments by correspondence, but I write with a majestic air of animation and delight when I communicate my thoughts to one that I love beyond description; yes! to one that is virtuous, innocent and unblemishable; which has a comely behaviour, a loving disposition, and a goodly principle. And thou the person! charming fair one, which may justly boast of thy virtue, and laugh at others' aspersion. Dear P., when I reflect on all thy amiable qualities and fond endearments, I am charmingly exalted, and amply satisfied. My senses are more stimulated with love, and every wish gives thee a congratulation. Amiable P., I have meditated on our former accompaniments, and been wonderfully dignified at thine condescending graces. I, in particular, admire thy good-temper, and thine reluctant forgiveness. For when we have parlook of a walk together, some trifling idea has exasperated my disposition and rendered my behaviour ungenerous and disreputable. Thou, like a benevolent friend, soothed the absurd incensement, and instantly resuscitated our respective amorousness, and doubly exaggerated our beloved enamours. While above all others I thee regard, and while love is spontaneously imprinted in our hearts, let it have its unbounded course. Loving friend, I was more than a little gratified that thou wrote to thy mistress, which was thy duty, for she has been thy peculiar friend, and gave thee competent admonition. She is a faithful monitor and a well-wisher to thine everlasting welfare. I was absolutely grieved when I heard of thee not being well, and completely fretted that I was aloof, and could not sympathise with thine inconsonant moments. I candidly hope thy cough is better, and I earnestly desire that our absence may be transformed into lasting presence, that we may enjoy our fond hopes and loving embraces.

"My dear, the last Sunday that I was at Bevington, I parted with thee about four o'clock; and stopped in the market-place looking at the soldiers parading, and harkening the band playing till about six o'clock; then I proceeded on my nightly excursion. I called at the public house, and was spouting a little of my romancing nonsense, and I instantly received a blow from a person in the adjoining company. I never retaliated, which was very surprising; but a wisely omission. I should not have troubled thee with this tedious explanation, hadst thou not been preposterously informed about the subject. Thy ingrateful relations can't help telling thee of my vain actions, which is said purposely to abolish our acquaintance. But we are so accustomed to their insinuating persuasions and ambidextrous tales that renders them unlikely to execute their wilful designs. Our loves are too inflexible than to be separated by a set of contemptuous rafs.

"My dearest dear, at this present time I wish I had thee dandling between my arms. I would give that sweet mouth ten thousand kisses, for I prefer thy well composed structure above all other secular beauties.

"Loving P., I will positively come to fetch thee at the respective period, when we can have a consolable and delightful journey homewards, reanimate our fond and innocent delights, salute at pleasure, and every kiss will sweeten our progressive paths; they will add

delightfully to our warm affections, and invigorate us to perform our journey with the greatest facility. I thank thee for sending thy complimentary love to me, which I conclude with ten thousand times ten thousand respects.

"I remain thine ever faithful and constant lover,
M. G."

As we have given the above letter, we cannot do better than subjoin some remarks of the Author upon country schoolmasters generally, which deserve to be circulated far and wide, among the so-called enlightened people of this generation; people who are apt occasionally to forget the dark days of their fathers, and to whom it was that they themselves owe the first sparks of that light, by which they now see so clearly over the heads of others. Their intellectual touches should be carefully carried, not brandished in the faces of those who are half blind.

"This is only the ludicrous side of the country schoolmaster; he has another and a nobler one. Much as we may now despise him, and lightly as we may derive by one sweeping Act of Parliament to consign him and all his compeers to instant ruin and a union workhouse finale, to him the country owes a large debt of gratitude. Without aid of parliament or parish, from age to age, he has opened his little gymnasium, and tamed and civilized the fauns and satyrs of the rural wilderness. What little light and knowledge have radiated through our villages and fields, it is he that has kindled them. It is he who has enabled the farmer, the miller, the baker, and every little tradesman and mechanic, to conduct his affairs, manage his markets, and add to the capital of the nation. It is he who has taught the tough cub of the hamlet to make his bow and to respect his superiors; in fact, to get a glimmering of morals and manners, and a possible shape of humanity. Nay, many of these humble men have been clergymen, who have won honours at college, and have been full of the fire of genius and the kernel of wisdom, but who, not having the golden wings of this world, have sunk down into obscure Thorpes and Wicks, and in far-off fields and forest regions have gone on their way, like little unnoticed brooks, moaning over their lot, yet scattering plenty and greenness around them. How many are there, at this day, sitting in uncouth garbs, in uncouth places, on dreary moorlands, amongst wild fells and mountains! Such have I seen in various parts of these kingdoms, and wondered at their patience and holy resignation. On the tops of wildest hills, by some little chapel, like that of Firbank, near Sedburgh, in Yorkshire, I have opened the door of a cabin which was filled with a hum as of bees, and found a company of bare-legged boys and girls, round a peat fire on the hearth, and a young man, with the air of a scholar and a gentleman, sitting as their teacher. Yes, in many a bleak and picturesque situation, where the old school bell hangs in the old chestnut-tree, in a little rude church or chapel or ancient school-house, are such men as Wordsworth has described in Robert Walker of Cumberland, still to be found.

"What a picture that of Robert Walker is!—Right hours in each day, during five days in each week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were very urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side.

"This mountain patriarch, who never made any charge for teaching, but took all that came—and such as could afford gave him what they pleased—not only performed service twice every Sunday, but was the scrivener of the neighbourhood, writing out petitions,

deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c.; so that at certain periods of the year he was obliged to sit up the greater part of the night. Besides spinning at all possible hours, he also cultivated his garden and a little farm, and assisted his neighbours in hay-making and shearing their sheep.

"And what was the value of his living? 17l. 10s. a year!"

In a later portion of the work, when he is giving some account of some unfrequented parts of Germany, Mr. Howitt takes the opportunity of dwelling upon the superiority of our continental neighbours to ourselves in the matter of national education; this strikes most English travellers, and to one whose attention is much directed to the morals and manners, pleasures and occupations of the lower classes, it strikes painfully. But, all in good time. England will educate her poor, as soon as ever they themselves are sufficiently anxious for education; which seems to be the case now. Abroad, the poor must be taught, by the command of the government, *willy nilly*. Free and enlightened British citizens might object to be made wiser and better, upon compulsion.

There is a great deal of pleasant reading in this volume, and much useful information. It is divided into twelve sections, each devoted to one of the months of the year. The matter in each section, however, has often nothing whatever to do with the month whose name it bears. We have a very fair budget of fireside stories at the end; consisting of ghost stories, "dreams, warnings, and providences." They are all well told, and have a good air of authenticity about them. One called "The Old Well in Languedoc," taken from the *Courier de l'Europe*, is a very strange true story, as interesting in its way as the Murder of the Red Barn, which attracted so much attention here some twenty years ago. All who love "the Night side of Nature" should read what Mr. Howitt has to say about it, in his present book. His account of a short tour in the Odenwald is very pleasing, as is also the account of another short journey into the Vosges, to see the Castle of Trifels, in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined by Leopold of Austria. Of the castle itself, he says:—

"Trifels was now looking down upon us in our inn, and in the morning we set out to it. The hill is lofty, steep, and clothed with wood; a winding road conducted us to the top, though not in less than a good half-hour's ascent. The castle as you approach it is a very striking object. First, you follow a hollow stony road; near the summit you look up, and over your head see a stupendous rock frowning, pushing out a narrow but lofty point far into the air. Then, as you advance, your eye catches above you amongst the trees a tall massy tower, and from it to another tower springs a narrow, lofty arch, like a rainbow. The effect is pleasantly startling. You observe other walls above you half buried in trees, and as you move round the outer tower, the high, light rainbow arch comes finely into front view, and several flights of steps lead your eye upwards to where, on its elevated foundation of rock, soars aloft the castle itself."

It will not be an agreeable task, to note down the few objections that we are inclined to raise, as we go carefully through this book, and we shall therefore say little about them; the good points are preponderant.

But why does Mr. Howitt go to Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Tower in Epping Forest, for the express purpose as it seems of heaping abuse on her memory. Why add anything to the present popular prejudice against her? Why call her "that wretched old woman," "that ancient hag and Jezobel," "an assassin," "a murderer," a "royal tigress," "that bad old woman," "the heroine of the Armada farce, and the Queen of Scots tragedy?"

The nightingale's song is sweet,—but who can say, if he think for a moment of the import of his words, that, "it pours forth hymns of love and worship, more beautiful than Pindar or even David ever wrote!" It is not doing honour to humanity and the great Creator, to speak thus of those whom he has made to *know* him while they sing his praise. Again, we think Mr. Howitt has quite taken the point and the interest away from the story of Charlemagne's Daughter and the Secretary. It was *the Lady* who carried her lover through the snow, not the lover the lady. That would have been a polite attention on his part, but nothing at all remarkable. In conclusion, let us assure our readers, whether in town or country, that they will find in the "Country Year-Book" amusement and instruction for every day in the year.

There is so strong a love for the beauties of the rural districts of England and Wales in the heart of William Howitt, that it overruns almost every page he writes, and makes all his books more or less alike; but in the one before us there is more of variety than in several of his most popular works, and quite as much of revelling in country things as in any other. This author tells us in simple prose, many times over, the great truth which Wordsworth has embodied in these well-known, but never *too* well-known lines:—

— "Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy. For, she can so inform
The mind that is within us; so impress
With quietness and beauty; and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of common life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."—

SEA BATHING

THIS is a very pretty subject, and one that will come home to most of our subscribers at this season of the year. We need say but little about it, except to remark that it is one of the most pleasing of Collins's marine subjects, in which that master was so deservedly famous. A shrimp catcher—a fisherman with his nets or a child playing upon the beach—touched in by his delicate and feeling pencil, have a magic which is vainly sought for in the works of any other painter of similar subjects.



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.—DUNWICH FAIR.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

"AND so you will not join our party to Dunwich fair to-morrow, Elizabeth?" said Margaret Blackbourne to the pretty daughter of the Vicar of Southwold, with whom she was returning from a long ramble along the broken cliffs towards Eastern Baven, one lovely July evening in the year 1616.

Southwold, be it known to such of my readers as may happen to be unacquainted with its *locale*, is a pretty retired bathing town on the coast of Suffolk, remarkable for its picturesque scenery and salubrious air. At the time when the events on which my tale is founded took place, Southwold, though it boasted none of the pretty marine villas which now grace the Gunhill and centre cliffs, was a place of greater wealth and importance than with all its modern improvements it is at present. It was then one of the most flourishing sea-ports in Suffolk, and occasionally sheltered in its ample bay the stateliest ships in the British navy. And, in addition to the little corn-brigs and colliers, whose light sails alone vary the blue expanse of waters, a mighty fleet of vessels of war might not unfrequently be seen stretching in majestic order along the undulating coast between Eastness and Dunwich, and the more remote promontory of Orford-Ness. Dunwich, too, that Tyne of the East Angles, sat not then so wholly desolate on her crumbling cliff as now overlooking, in dust and ashes, the devouring waves of the German ocean in which her former glory lies buried two centuries ago. Dunwich, however changed and fallen from what she was in olden time, still retained the rank of a city; and, instead of the miserable horde of smugglers' and fishermen's huts we now behold, with the roofless remains of one lonely church, there were busy and populous streets, with shops, and some appearances of maritime enterprise and mercantile prosperity. The annual fair, which still takes place there on St. James's-day, was at that time considered as a most attractive holiday by the denizens of all the scattered towns and villages along that picturesque coast. Many a well-manned yawl and light sailing-vessel would, in those days, put off from Southwold, Lowestoft, or Aldborough, freighted with a pleasure-loving crew, eager to enjoy a summer voyage and a merry day at old Dunwich.

A great revolution has taken place in public opinion since then, with respect to fairs, which so far from being exclusively the saturnalia of the vulgar and dissolute, were then used as marts for the sale of various articles of domestic produce; and regarded by all classes of society as seasons of social glee, where all meet together, from the highest to the lowest, in gala array, with smiles on their faces, and good-will in their hearts, to participate in cheerful sports and harmless mirth, in which good order and decency were observed out of respect for the presence of ladies and gentlemen.

Christopher Younges, Elizabeth's father, was, however,

a man of stern notions; and looking on the dark side of the picture, the abuse of such assemblages, he absolutely condemned them as affording fatal opportunities for the idle, the extravagant, and the dissipated to indulge in sinful excesses, and to seduce the weak and unstable to follow bad example. He had never, on any occasion, permitted his pretty daughter Elizabeth, then in the opening bloom of eighteen, to display her youthful charms and gay attire even at the annual fair held in their own town; and she knew, as she told her gay companion, Margaret, "that it would be in vain to ask his permission to join the festive party on the morrow."

"For my part," rejoined Margaret, "I would as leave be a nun, and live shut up between four stone walls, as be subjected to such restraints! My father is the worshipful bailiff of this town, but he never stands in the way of a little harmless pleasure."

"Very true, Margaret; but my father, being a minister of the Gospel, understands these things better, you know."

"What, better than a magistrate? the chief magistrate of the borough and corporation of Southwold, Bessy Younges? No, no, my dear; you won't persuade me to that. Your father is a very good kind of man, and has a deal of book knowledge; but my father says, 'he knows very little of the world, and is far too stiff in his notions for his congregation,'" exclaimed Margaret.

"It may be so," observed Elizabeth, "but as I am bound to pay double attention to my father's advice, both as my parent and my pastor, I beg to hear no more on the subject."

"As you please, Elizabeth;—but have you seen Arthur yet?"

"Arthur! I thought he was at sea."

"He landed this morning at seven."

"And you not to tell me of it before!"

"I thought you had seen him; but I dare say he has called at the vicarage while we have been out walking."

"How very provoking!"

"Never mind; you will have enough of his company to-morrow, if you go to Dunwich fair with us."

"But I am *not* going to Dunwich fair!" cried Elizabeth, pettishly, "and if Arthur Blackbourne goes without me I will never speak to him again."

"And if *you* do not there are plenty in this town who will be ready to pull caps for him, I can tell you. There is Joan Bates will be only too happy to sit by him in the boat, and she says,—"

"Something vastly impertinent, I dare say; but I don't want to hear any of her cross speeches second-hand: I beg you will save yourself the trouble of repeating them, Margaret. It is getting late, and I must hasten home."

Time had, indeed, stolen a march on the vicar's fair daughter, while she had been discussing this interesting subject with her youthful friend and gossip, the sister of her sailor lover; for the full-orbed moon had already reared her bright face over the swelling

waves, and was pouring a flood of radiance through the bay, and illuminating the high-arched windows of All Saints' church on the distant dark promontory of Dunwich cat-cliff.

Elizabeth turned resolutely about to pursue a homeward path; but, at the little turnstile leading to the vicarage, which then with its neat garden and paddock adjoined the western boundary of the churchyard, she encountered Arthur Blackbourne and her brother Edward.

"Where have you been cruising out of your course, girls, for the last age?" cried Arthur: "here have I been giving chase to you both in all directions, till I have hardly a leg to stand on!"

"We have only been for a walk to Easton Broad," said Elizabeth.

"A walk to Easton Broad, the very evening of my return, and without me!"

"How should I know you were home?"

"There were other girls in the town who contrived to find it out;—aye, and pretty girls too,—but they took the trouble of keeping a look-out for the Jolly Nicholas," rejoined Arthur reproachfully.

"So did Bessy, I am sure!" exclaimed the boy Edward, with great vivacity: "why, she wholly crazed us about the Jolly Nickolas, and sent me a dozen times a-day to ask our old pilots at the station, whether she were in sight, till they were so sick of the Jolly Nicholas and me, that they got as savage as so many sea bears, and give me the name of 'Old Nick' for my pains."

"Joan Bates was on the beach to welcome me on shore when I landed," pursued Arthur.

"Just like her; she is always so forward," retorted Elizabeth.

"It would be well if some people thought as much of me as Joan Bates," continued Arthur.

"And if you have nothing more agreeable to say to me, Arthur Blackbourne, I will wish you good night," said Elizabeth. "Come, Edward."

"You are in a mighty hurry, I think; when you have not seen me for six months, and I have thought of you, sleeping and waking, all that time, and now you won't speak one kind word to a poor fellow!" said the young sailor.

"I have spoken quite as many as you deserve," retorted Elizabeth; "if you want flattery, you may go to Joan Bates."

"And so I will, if you are not more lovingly disposed the next time we meet," said Arthur; "but you will be better tempered, I hope, at Dunwich fair to-morrow."

"I am not going to Dunwich fair."

"Not going to Dunwich fair, Bessy! a pretty joke, I faith, when the Royal Anne is new painted and rigged with her best flags and canvass all ready to take us; and we have the prospect of a glorious day to-morrow."

"No matter; I shall not go."

"How very perverse;—just to vex me, I suppose!"

"You know my father does not approve of fairs."

"Fiddle-de-dee! there will be plenty of people as good as Parson Younges, at Dunwich fair, and some a little wiser, mayhap."

"I am sure there is no harm in going to a fair," said the boy Edward; "and, oh dear! how I should like to go to-morrow."

"So you shall, my hearty, if you can persuade Bessy to go with us."

"Pray, sister, let us go! there will be such fine doings:—a pair of dancing bears, and three jack-an-apes dressed like soldiers, a mountebank with an Andrew and a Master Merriman, and such lots of booths with toys and beads and ribbons; more cakes and sweetmeats than I could eat in a year; besides a merry-go-round and two flying ships. Then, there will be wrestling and cudgel-playing, foot-ball, jumping in sacks, and dancing on the church-green to the pipe and tabor, and you dance so well."

"And we should dance together," whispered the handsome mate of the Jolly Nicholas.

"It is all very fine talking; but my father will never consent."

"Tut, tut; you have not asked him yet."

"It would be useless if I did."

"That is more than I know; for no ship is always in the same tack. Men change their minds as often as girls; and if you coax the old boy handsomely, when you bid him good night, my compass to your distaff, he'll let you both go."

"Oh, do try, dear sister Bessy!" cried Edward, hanging on her arm.

"Well, I suppose I must; and if my father consents I will join you on the beach with Edward at six to-morrow morning."

"We shall wait for you, remember," said the sailor, "so come and let us know at all events; for time and tide tarry for no one," and so they parted.

Elizabeth, when she preferred her suit to her father that evening, met with a positive denial, accompanied with a stern rebuke for her late return from her evening ramble. She retired to her own chamber in tears, and cried herself to sleep. She dreamed of the forbidden pleasure; and that she was seated in the gaily painted Queen Anne, at the helm by the side of her long-absent sailor love, listening to his whispered endearments, as the boat glided rapidly towards the scene of festive enjoyment, to which the merry pealing of bells seemed to invite her. At five she was awakened by a light tap at her chamber door. from her little brother, who whispered, "Oh, sister Bessy, it is such a lovely morning, let us go and see the boats push off for Dunwich fair!"

"To what purpose?" cried the mortified girl, "the sight of them will only increase my vexation."

"Oh, but you promised to let Arthur and Margaret know; and they will take it unkindly if you do not keep your word," said Edward.

Far wiser would it have been for the brother and sister if they had kept out of the way of temptation; but mutually compounding with their consciences, that there could be no harm in going to see the boat

off, since they did not mean to sail with her crew, they left the paternal roof together, and tripped hand-in-hand towards the spot where the Queen Anne, with her new crimson pennon, lay in readiness for the launch, surrounded by a gaily-dressed group of females, young and old, in their holiday attire, jovial seamen, and blithe young bachelors of the town, among whom, but superior to them all, stood Arthur Blackbourne, in his sable fur cap with a bullion cordon and tassels. His nautical dress differed little in fashion from that of the rowers of the yawl, only that his doublet was of a smarter cut and finer material, and surmounted with a full ruff of Flanders lace, a piece of foppery in which the handsome mate of the Jolly Nicholas imitated the fashion of the court of James I., and was enabled, by his trading voyages to Antwerp and Hamburg, to indulge without any great extravagance. He had brought home half a dozen yards of this costly adornment and a damask gown for the vicar's fair daughter, and he communicated the fact to her in a loving whisper, when, after springing halfway up the cliff at three bounds to meet her, he had fondly encircled her waist with his arm, to aid her in the descent to the beach.—“And the damask is white damask,” pursued he, “on purpose for your wedding gown; and I have a pocket full of silver and gold besides, to treat you with anything you may fancy at Dunwich fair, my sweeting.”

“Dear Arthur, it is of no use talking of it; father was very angry with me for asking his leave to go, and so I cannot go. I told you how it would be!” said Elizabeth, with mingled wrath and sorrow in her tones.

The mate of the Jolly Nicholas looked troubled for a moment, and then said, “Never mind, my darling girl, you shall go to Dunwich fair for all that, and so shall little Teddy.”

“Oh, dear Arthur, I am so glad! Hurrah for Dunwich fair!” shouted the boy.

“Be quiet, foolish child, we cannot go without my father's leave,” said Elizabeth.

“Yes, yes, you can; it is but for once, and I will take all the blame upon myself,” cried Arthur Blackbourne.

“Goodness, Arthur! I never disobeyed my father in my life.”

“Then you have been a very good girl, Bessy, and he cannot reasonably rate you for a first fault; and if he does—there is the white damask ready bought for the wedding gown, and I am ready to take you for better or worse to-morrow,” continued Arthur, drawing the half-resisting, but more than half-willing girl nearer and nearer to the boat at every word; while Teddy, hanging on her arm, continued to wheedle and implore her to go.

“It is only for once, sister Bessy; only for once: father can't kill us if we do take this one day's pastime. Oh dear, oh dear; I shall die if I don't go to Dunwich fair!”

“Arthur Blackbourne, we shall lose the tide if you stand palavering there,” shouted half-a-dozen of the crew of the Queen Anne.

“Arthur Blackbourne, you are to take charge of my niece, Joan Bates, if Bessy Younges doesn't go with us,” screamed the shrill voice of the widow Robson, one of the busiest bodies in the busy borough corporate of Southwold two centuries ago.

“Oh gracious, aunt! you must not interfere between sweethearts;” expostulated Joan, with a giggle of affected simplicity. “I am sure I don't wish to take Arthur Blackbourne from Mistress Elizabeth Younges, if he prefers her company to mine, and it is her intention to go to Dunwich fair with us; but I think she does not go to fairs. Parson Younges always preaches against them, does not he, aunt?” said Joan.

“Why, to be sure he does,” cried the widow Robson; “so of course his daughter cannot be seen at such a place.”

Elizabeth turned pale with vexation at these observations, the drift of which she perfectly understood. Margaret Blackbourne stepped back, and whispered in her ear, “All that is said to keep you from going to Dunwich fair with Arthur.”

“I shall not ask their leave if I choose to go,” returned Elizabeth.

“Then pray make up your mind at once,” said the widow Robson, “or we shall none go, I fancy, as Arthur Blackbourne is the steersman of the Queen Anne.”

“I am coming,” cried Arthur, drawing Elizabeth towards the boat. All the female voyagers had now scrambled in, save Joan Bates, who was exercising her coquettish skill in parrying the advances of Bennet Allen, the town-clerk's brother, with the evident design of securing the attentions of the handsome Arthur Blackbourne for the voyage.

Four stout seamen, aided by a bare-foot ragged rout of auxiliaries, such as are always loitering on Southwold beach in readiness to volunteer their services on such occasions, now began to impel the boat through the breakers with the usual chorus of, “Yeo ho—steady—yeo ho!” and Edward, following the example of some of the juvenile passengers, sprang into the boat with the agility of a squirrel, and a wild cry of delight.

“Edward, Edward, you must not go,” exclaimed his sister.

“Hurrah for Dunwich fair!” shouted the wilful urchin, tossing up his cap.

“Arthur, help me!” cried Elizabeth.

“Aye, aye, by all means,” rejoined the mate of the Jolly Nicholas, taking her about the waist and swinging her into the boat. The next moment he was seated by her side, and the Queen Anne was gaily dashing through the waves. Her canvas was hoisted amidst bursts of mirth, and snatches of nautical songs, and it was said that so gallant and fair a company and crew never before left Southwold beach. Elizabeth Younges was perhaps the only one who looked back with boding glances towards the town, and in so doing recognised her father's tall bending figure on the centre cliff, holding up his hand in an authoritative manner, as if to interdict her voyage. It was her first

act of wilful disobedience, and her heart sank within her; and though she had triumphed over her bold rival, by securing the company and attentions of Arthur Blackbourne for the day, she felt more dejected than if she had been left alone on the beach. One black cloud, the only one in the silver and azure sky now floated across the horizon, and appeared to hover darkly and ominously over her forsaken home, as the shores of Southwold receded in the distance.

"Arthur," whispered she to her lover, "I do not like to go to Dunwich fair so entirely against my father's prohibition. Do make the boat tack, and set the boy Edward and me ashore."

"Dear heart! it is folly to think of such a thing; we are opposite Dingle now."

"It will be only a pleasant walk back to Southwold for us."

"Very pleasant for you, perhaps; but recollect, there are twenty people besides yourself in the boat, and I really do not see why they should be put to inconvenience for your whims."

"But, Arthur, you know you put me into the boat against my will."

"The more fool I," retorted the offended lover. Elizabeth made an angry rejoinder, but instead of persisting in her purpose, she sat silent and sullen during the rest of the voyage. The merry pealing of bells from the three churches then remaining in Dunwich, sounded a jocund welcome over the waves—the old city was adorned with flags and green boughs in honour of her chartered fair, and the tall cliffs were lined with gaily-dressed groups, rejoicing in their holiday; but these things gave no pleasure to Elizabeth. The uproarious glee of her brother Edward annoyed her, and finding Arthur appeared in no haste to offer her his arm, to assist her in ascending the lofty cliffs of Dunwich after they had landed, she took that of the reluctant boy and walked proudly on, without deigning to direct a glance towards her lover.

"I wish you would walk with your own man, sister Bess," said Edward. "I want to have some fun with the other boys."

"You are very unkind, Edward, to wish to desert me, when Arthur has treated me so ill. If it had not been for your perversity in jumping into the boat, and refusing to leave it, I should not have disobeyed my father by coming here," said Elizabeth.

"It is of no use thinking of that now," rejoined Edward; "as we are here, we had better enjoy ourselves."

Elizabeth never felt so little in the humour for any thing of the kind called pleasure. The want of sympathy, too, in her little brother, added to the bitterness of her feelings. She directed a furtive glance towards the party behind, and perceived Arthur engaged in what in these days would be called an active flirtation with her rival, Joan Bates: under these circumstances she determined not to relinquish her brother's arm; but the perverse urchin, whom she had so entirely loved and petted from his cradle, with the usual ingratitude of a spoiled child, took the earliest

opportunity of breaking from her, and joining a boisterous company of boys of his own age. Bennet Allen then approached, and offered his arm to Elizabeth, with the mortifying observation, "that as they both appeared to be forsaken and forlorn, the best thing they could do would be to walk together."

The proud heart of Elizabeth was ready to burst at this remark, and had it been anywhere else, she would have rejected the proffered attentions of young Allen with scorn; but she felt the impropriety of walking alone in a fair, and silently accepted the arm of her rival's discarded lover, and at the same time affected a gaiety of manner she was far from feeling, in the hope of piquing Arthur Blackbourne. Nothing is, however, so wearisome to both mind and body as an outward show of mirth when the heart is sorrowful. Elizabeth Younges relapsed into long fits of gloom and silence, and when addressed by her companion, made short and ungracious answers.

"What a disagreeable thing a fair is," said she at last; "I no longer wonder at my father saying it was not a suitable place for me—How I wish I were at home!"

But many weary hours of noise and pleasureless excitement had to be worn away, ere the party with whom Elizabeth came to Dunwich would agree to return. Elizabeth's remonstrances, entreaties, and anger, were alike unheeded by the companions of her voyage. She had haughtily rejected every overture on the part of Arthur towards a reconciliation, and declined to receive fairings or attentions of any kind from him, to manifest her indignant sense of the slight she had experienced from him in the early part of the day; and Arthur had retorted by paying his court very ostentatiously to Joan Bates. Elizabeth, neglected and alone, strayed from her party, and sought a solitary nook among the ivied ruins of a monastic pile, whose rifted arches overhung the verge of the lofty cliff, where she indulged in floods of tears, casting from time to time her wistful glances towards Southwold, whose verdant cliffs looked so calm and peaceful in the mellow lights of a glowing sunset; but it was not till those cliffs were silvered by the rising moon that the tide served for the return of the boats. At length Elizabeth heard her name vociferated by many individuals of her party, and felt sorely mortified at the publicity thus given to the fact of her being at a forbidden place. Ashamed to raise her voice in reply, yet painfully anxious to return to her deserted home, she hastened from her retreat among the ruins, and ran eagerly towards the steep narrow path that led to the beach. On the way she encountered Arthur Blackbourne, evidently the worse for his revels.

"Where have you been wandering about by yourself?" cried he, seizing her roughly by the arm.

"You have used me very ill to-day, Arthur," said she, bursting into tears.

"You are jealous and out of temper," was the reply.

"Where is my brother Edward?" sobbed Eliza-

beth, for she could not trust her voice with a rejoinder to this taunt.

"In the boat, and if you do not make haste, we shall lose the tide."

"I have suffered enough for my disobedience to my father as it is," said Elizabeth; "and oh, what will he say to me on my return from this disgraceful expedition!"

"There is no time to think of that now," rejoined Arthur, as they proceeded to the boat in mutual displeasure with each other. Elizabeth perceived with alarm, that boatmen and passengers alike were in the same state of inebriation which was only too evident in Arthur.

The beach was now a scene of tumultuous bustle; a crowd of boats were putting off for Southwold, Walberswick, and all the other places along the coast for which the wind and tide served.

"Young woman," said an experienced Dunwich mariner who had been regarding Elizabeth with much interest, "which boat are you going in."

"The Queen Anne of Southwold," was the reply.

"Take an old man's counsel and go not in her tonight. She is too full of riotous headstrong people, and those who ought to be the most cool and considerate there are the worst."

"Oh, but I must go; I dare not remain longer, for I came without my father's leave."

"So much the worse, young girl, for you; no good can come of such doings," said the ancient mariner.

"Oh, if I but reach my home in safety, I will never, never so transgress again!" sobbed Elizabeth as she took her seat among the reckless crew of the Queen Anne, and rested her aching head against the dowy canvass which was now unfurled to the gay breeze that came dancing over the summer waves.

It was a night of intense beauty, and the contemplation of the starry heavens above, with that glorious moon shining in such cloudless splendour over the mighty expanse of heaving blue waters, might have drawn the minds of the midnight voyagers to far different themes than those which were so clamorously discussed by them as they glided through the murmuring waves. The Queen Anne had shot ahead of the swarm of sailing boats with which she left Dunwich strand, and her thoughtless crew with wild excitement continued to accelerate her perilous speed by hoisting a press of canvass as they neared the shores of Southwold.

A dispute now occurred among them, whether they should land at the haven or opposite the town. None of the parties were in a state to form a very correct judgment as to which would be the best and safest point to bring the boat to shore. The importunities of Joan Bates and others of the female passengers, who had suffered severely from seasickness during the homeward voyage, prevailed on Arthur Blackbourne and a majority of the party to attempt a landing at the haven, and four of the boat-men scrambling through the surf proceed to fix their rope and grapples, to bring the boat to shore.

They were resisted by such of the men as were for landing opposite the town, and with reason, for the tide was rushing with great force into the river Blythe. Arthur Blackbourne had seized one of the oars to assist in effecting a landing on that perilous spot. Elizabeth Younges, who perceived a cable lying athwart the haven, started up in an agony of terror, caught him by the arm, and entreated him to desist. Arthur, attributing her opposition to angry excitement of temper, rudely shook off her hold and exerted a double portion of energy to accomplish his object, and just at the fatal moment when the men carelessly let go the rope, impelled the boat into immediate contact with the obstacle of which Elizabeth was about to warn him. The next instant all were struggling with the roaring tide. The slumbering village of Walberswick was startled with the death-cries of that devoted company. The anxious watchers on Southwold cliff, the parents, relatives, and friends of the hapless voyagers echoed, back their cries in hopeless despair. Then there was the impulsive rush of men, women, and children towards the spot where they had seen the boat capsized. In less than ten minutes the swift-footed neared it, but ere then, the dread gulph which divides time from eternity had already been passed by each and all, save one, of those who sailed so gaily from the town that morn. Lovers and rivals, passengers and crew, were united in a watery grave. The solitary survivor was Arthur Blackbourne.

The register of Southwold for the year 1616 contains the record of this tragedy of domestic life, penned with mournful minuteness by the faithful hand of the bereaved parent of two of the victims, Christopherus Younges, the Vicar of Southwold; we copy it verbatim from the tear-stained page.

"The names of those who were drowned and found again. They were drowned in the haven coming from *Donwick fayer*, on St. James's day in a *bote*, by reason of one cable lying *overboard* the haven, for by reason the men that brought them down was so negligent, that when they were *redie* to come ashore the *bote* broke *lose*, and so the force of the tide carried the *bote* against the cable and so overwhelmed. The number of them were xxii, but they were not all found. The widow Robson, John Bates, Mary Yewell, Susan Frost, Margaret Blackbourne and the widow Taylor, were all buried on the 26th day of July, being all cast away, coming from *Donwick Fayer*, on St. James's daye.

Widow Foster was buried the 27th day of Julye. Bennett Allen was buried the 30th daie, Goodie Karrison same daie. Edward and Elizabeth Younges, daughter and son to me, C. Younges, vicar and minister, was buried the 31st *Daie of Julie*.

All these were found again in this towne and buried."
—*Southwold Register* A. D. 1616.

THE ANATOMY OF OLD AGE.

BY J. R. W.

WE all talk of OLD AGE. Some feel it, and bear it with repining, it may be; better with patience; and better still, (O happy lot!) with rejoicing. Others

anticipate it with hope or fear ; and too many disregard its approach with reckless indifference, as they do the certain arrival of death ; or, still worse, hurry on its severest effects by their abuse of the gifts of youth and maturity.

With the general appearances and consequences of old age, whether these manifest themselves in the mind or in the body, we are familiar enough ; but with the material causes which produce it many are unacquainted, and indeed never bestow a thought on them, although the subject is one in many respects very interesting to us all. We shall point out the most important of these under the title, "Anatomy of Old Age."

A very ancient eastern writer thus fancifully describes the body of man : "A mansion, with bones for its rafters and beams ; with nerves and tendons for cords ; with muscles and blood for mortar ; with skin for its outward covering ; filled with no sweet perfume."

It is in the first of these parts—in the rafters and beams—the skeleton—the bones, which form a framework, on which the rest of the body may, without any figure of speech, be said to be suspended or built ; it is in the bones that we find the most obvious changes produced by the progress of time ; changes which influence, also, in many instances, the alterations of other structures of the body.

Buffon says, "An oak only perishes because the oldest parts of the wood, which are in the centre, become so hard and compact, that they can receive no further nourishment. The moisture they contain being deprived of circulation, and not replaced by fresh sap, ferments, corrupts, and gradually reduces the fibres of the wood into powder. Thus it is with old men, who are subject to natural infirmities that originate solely from the decay of the different parts of the body. The head shakes, the hands tremble, the legs totter, the sensibility of the nerves decreases, and every sense is blunted. At about the age of seventy years, decrepitude commences, and continues to augment till eighty or ninety, when death commonly puts a period to the existence of those few who have been so fortunate as to wade through such length of life, without being taken off its stage by the innumerable host of diseases and casual accidents to which the human frame is subject, and which openly and secretly prey upon our lives."

In order to give a clear idea of what the changes alluded to, as taking place in bone from youth to age, consist, the composition of that substance requires to be explained. Two principal materials concur in the formation of bone, which are termed animal and earthy matters. Of the existence and general appearance of these any one may satisfy himself, by two very simple experiments. Take a piece of bone, and steep it for some time in diluted muriatic acid ; when the earthy matter will be decomposed—dissolved by the acid, and thus abstracted from the animal matter. This earthy matter consists, chiefly, of those salts termed phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime. The acid has a strong

affinity, as chemists call it, for the bases of these salts, and hence they are decomposed and taken away from the animal matter of the bone. The form of the bone is unchanged, but it becomes soft and flexible ; so that if it be a long bone, such as a rib, a knot might be tied in it. The second experiment gives a result the reverse of the former. If the bone be put into the fire, and allowed to remain a certain time, its animal portions are destroyed by the fire, and the earthy salts alone remain, still keeping the original form of the bone, if the burning is not carried too far. What remains, instead of being tough and flexible, like the result of the former experiment, is quite brittle. When we examine the bones of any animal in the very earliest stages of its existence, they appear to be composed of a substance which is quite soft, like jelly, contained in a thin envelope, or membrane. By degrees the substance acquires more consistence, becomes firmer, and the covering membrane thicker ; until they gradually assume nearly the appearance and properties of cartilage or gristle, which differs from bone in containing a less proportion of the earthy salts. These are so called because they are found in earths and minerals, while what is termed animal matter is found only in animals. This cartilaginous bone, which is at first transparent and colourless, after a time exhibits white opaque spots on its surface ; and to these spots very minute vessels can be discovered conveying blood. These blood-vessels, which are in fact nutrient arteries, deposit particles of the earthy matter, and the parts formerly soft and jelly-like become hard and rigid, so that the blood seems to be scarcely capable of forcing a passage through its vessels, compressed as they are by the dense matter thrown out by themselves, and which at last greatly lessens their capacity. But their office is now performed, in a great degree ; the bone is formed, and the arteries become so minute as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. Their function, however, though less active, is continued all through life, in a greater or less degree, according to circumstances. When a bone is broken, this process seems to be renewed in all its original vigour, in order to repair the injury.

The nature of the change which takes place in this process of ossification, at one time gave rise to considerable dispute. It was by many thought to be a kind of hardening, or coagulation, resembling the coagulation of white of egg by heat, or the congelation of water by cold. This opinion is now abandoned ; it being well ascertained that the change is brought about by means of little vessels, the absorbents, which take up and carry away the gelatinous matter, while at the same time the particles of earthy salts are deposited by the arteries of nutrition. Even when bone is completely formed, this process does not cease ; a continual removal and renewal going on, differing in its rapidity however, there can be no doubt, according to the state of health and other circumstances, during the whole period of life. The old particles are daily being removed by the absorbents, and new particles deposited by the nutrient arteries.

The structure of the bones is harder and more solid in proportion as age comes on. At first, as we have said, they resemble a mere jelly; then a simple tissue of fibres, or plates, interlacing with each other, but containing as yet little or no hard substance. The proportion of earthy matter increases with age, until in many instances the bones become unnaturally brittle, and hence are more easily injured by slight accidents than in youth, when fractures are less easy, and deformities, from the too great flexibility of the bone, more common. In age the bone more resembles the specimen deprived of its animal matter by fire; in youth it is nearer that deprived of its earthy matter by acid.

This is not the place to enter minutely into the composition of bone. We have already said that the earthy salts are chiefly phosphate of lime and carbonate of lime; chemists differ in the quantities they give, probably because they have used different kinds of bone. We shall not far err, if we say that bone contains 50 per cent. of phosphate of lime, 10 per cent. of carbonate of lime, small quantities, sometimes, of other salts, and between 30 and 40 per cent. of animal matter. Phosphate of lime, the chief ingredient, is a salt which does not dissolve in water, bears a high temperature without being decomposed, and thus gives to bone the power of resisting in a remarkable degree most of the external influences to which it can be exposed, and renders it the most durable of all the organised bodies with which we are acquainted. Accordingly, the skeletons of animals are found in a tolerably perfect state, often centuries after they have been exposed to all the vicissitudes to which the surface of the globe is liable. Indeed, from the discoveries of geologists, we have good reason to believe that bones still remain which existed before the earth had received its present form; or at least before any traditions, or historical records, of which we are in possession.

The nature of the process which takes place in the formation of bone is illustrated by instances of disease, and one or two of these it may be interesting to mention:—

A very rare disease of bones is what has been termed *softening*; but it is rather a failure in their formation altogether; the earthy bony matter goes on to be absorbed, but is not again renewed. Madame Supiôt, in 1747, had a fall which occasioned her to keep her bed for some time. Soon afterwards she began to feel her limbs affected with pains, succeeded by bending and softness of the bones, which went on from bad to worse, until, in 1752, the trunk of the body did not exceed twenty-three inches in length; the chest and the extremities were distorted, and the thigh bones so flexible that the feet could easily be laid on each side of her head. The one side was longer in becoming deformed than the other was, and it was surprising to observe the progressive alterations in the forms of the limbs which daily took place from the increasing change in the bones. After death these were found in a great degree dissolved, the outer covering—for all bones

have a kind of outer covering, the membrane formerly mentioned—alone remaining. By the bones being dissolved the narrator of the case would seem to mean that the earthy matter was wanting, and the bones must have been very much like those which have been steeped in muriatic acid. Rickets, a common enough disease of infancy, depends on the deficiency of earthy matter in bones.

As an instance of the opposite, let us take the remarkable history of M. Sinorre. This person, a captain in the French army, was reduced to a dreadful state by ossification taking place in his joints, so that every joint in his body had become completely motionless. The disease appeared to have its beginning in rheumatism, and he is described as being before his death, which took place in 1802, in the following state. He had while suffering illness remained constantly in an arm chair, and this attitude determined that which his body assumed, and ever after retained. His back was bent, his right elbow placed a little below the middle of the body; the legs formed an acute angle with the thighs; the arm an acute angle with the trunk; and the fingers being by this means pointed inwards, exercised a continual pressure upon the body. The jaws became locked and motionless, as if frozen, so that in order to support his life, the front teeth were taken out, and soft food introduced by the opening; and in the same way his drink was given him by means of a tube. When it was necessary to lift him, in order to make his bed, he was raised at once, in one piece, not the slightest bending taking place. This unfortunate man, such is the force of mind over circumstances, however adverse, bore his fate with great cheerfulness, and amused himself with singing ballads, which he himself composed, and sold to assist him in his poverty.

A few years ago, we saw in Warwickshire a gentleman in a state very nearly the same as that of the French captain. Nearly all his joints were fixed and motionless; and he was lifted daily, in helplessness, from his bed to an arm-chair by the fireside. He had some motion of one arm, and his jaws were free. The disease had been going on for several years, and no medical treatment had availed in checking it. He was not suffering much pain.

Such extreme cases illustrate the subject, but, fortunately, the ossification of old age does not proceed so far. Still, its increase is often to a diseased extent. The joints in their natural state are formed of ligaments and cartilage; these become harder, and hence the joints become stiffer and stiffer, as age advances. The very elastic spinal column becomes so stiff as not to change its position without pain and difficulty, and hence the stooping position, hence the tottering step. The elastic coats which line the cavities and entrances of the heart, become loaded with bony particles, from which in their natural state they are free; thus these arteries become brittle instead of elastic, some one of them gives way in the neighbourhood of the heart, and sudden death is the result; or, if it be the arteries in the brain which yield, we may have apoplexy and

palsy. The capacity of the heart and arteries generally being diminished, the blood flows more slowly, and is not so rapidly nor so completely purified by the lungs; and hence a failure of most of the organs and faculties, both of the mind and of the body. Other influences may occur in producing the phenomena of old age, but this we have been describing, the gradual increase of bony matter, is greatly preponderating in producing these effects, and is the most common instrument by which nature works, when undisturbed by violence, in terminating human life.

In the passage already quoted from Buffon he gives from eighty to ninety years as the limit of human life, which corresponds with the scripture rule of "three-score and ten, or if in some, by reason of more strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." Mr. Smith of Southam, in an ingenious little tract printed for private circulation, traces from Bible history the causes of the shortening of life at different periods to the prevalence of particular sins at those periods; and whatever we may think of his theory in this respect, we cannot deny the soundness of the benevolent author's opinion, that the most rational plan for restoring to us the longevity of the patriarchs, is to turn away from those sins to which he attributes the abbreviation of life. The celebrated Haller has given a table of 221 individuals who lived from 100 years to 169; but the most remarkable work upon this subject is a volume by James Easton, published at Salisbury in 1799. In it he records the name, age, place of residence, and year of the decease of 1712 persons who attained a century and upwards, from the year A.D. 66 to 1799, comprising a period of 1733 years, with anecdotes of the most remarkable. Mr. Easton must have used great research; he writes in perfect good faith; and although, doubtless, he may occasionally have given credit to uncertain traditions, we cannot reasonably withhold our confidence from his work as a whole. The following is his classification of the different ages,—

From 100 to 110,	1310
110 to 120,	277
120 to 130,	84
130 to 140,	26
140 to 150,	7
150 to 160,	3
160 to 170,	2
170 to 185,	3

From the historical sketches Easton gives, we cannot form any conclusion as to the kind of life most conducive to this extreme longevity. We have them of all kinds, hard working and indolent, temperate and intemperate, men and women; we must set them all down as exceptional cases, depending upon some peculiarity of constitution unknown to us; but no man of common sense will deny, that, in order to attain a moderate old age, temperance and active exercise, not hard labour, are the most likely means to succeed.

From Easton's book we take the following instances:—

George Kirton, Esq. died in 1764, aged 125; he was a fox-hunter, and hard drinker to the last.

William Farr, carrier from Birmingham to Tamworth, died in 1770, in his 121st year. He had 144 descendants, *all of whom he survived*, and left 10,000*l.* to charitable uses. What an affecting thing, this old man burying 144 children and grandchildren, and left alone in the world at 120 years of age! Yet his heart was softened, not seared, for in his dying hours he thought of the poor.

Thomas Wood died in 1738, aged 106; he was parish clerk of Canfield in Essex seventy-eight years, kept his bed only one day, and could read without spectacles to the last.

Sir Henry Featherstone, Bart., who had property near Bloomsbury, and from whom Featherstone Buildings, in Holborn, are probably named, died in 1746, aged 100.

Margaret Krasinowna died in 1763, aged 108. At ninety-four she married Gaspard Raykett, aged 105; they are said, but it is hardly credible, to have had two boys and a girl, unhealthy and ill-formed.

James Hatfield died in 1770, aged 105. This was the soldier of whom the well-known story is told, that being on guard at Windsor, he was accused of sleeping on his post, when he defended himself by asserting that he had heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the case.

Thomas Parr, the most talked-of of old men since the days of Methusalem, was born at Winnington in Shropshire, and died in 1635, aged 152. He married for the first time at eighty-eight, and had children. At the age of 102 a woman attributed a child to him, and he married a widow at the age of 120. He fed chiefly on bread and cheese, milk, and whey; and had so hearty an appetite as often to rise during the night to take food. Lord Arundel took him to court, and presented him to Charles I. It is supposed that the high feeding he now had, shortened his days. His body was opened by the illustrious Harvey; the heart was found fatter than usual: the account of Harvey is not very particular, which is to be regretted.

John Michaelstone, a grandson of Parr, died in 1763, aged 127. He is said to have been very temperate.

A joiner named Humphries died at Newington, in 1799, aged 100; and was said never to have been more than a mile from his own door.

Henry Jenkins died in 1670, aged 169. He used to mention as an evidence of his age, that he remembered the battle of Flodden; and also the last Abbot of Fountains. He gave evidence in a case in April 1665, when he was 157. He is buried at Belton in Yorkshire, where there is an inscription on his tombstone. He was a fisherman for the last century of his life; and fared hard.

The Rev. Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on Picturesque Scenery," has the following amusing remarks on Jenkins. "Among all the events which, in the course of 169 years, had fastened upon the

memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient state of Fountains Abbey. If he were ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you, 'what a brave place it once had been;' would speak with much feeling of the clamour which its dissolution occasioned in the country. 'About a hundred and thirty years ago,' he would say, 'when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, now deceased and gone, was Lord Abbot, I was often sent by my lord to inquire after the Lord Abbot's health; and the Lord Abbot would always send for me up to his chamber, and would order me a quarter of a yard of roast beef, and wassail, which I remember well was always brought in a black jack.' From this account we see what it was that riveted Fountains Abbey so distinctly in the old man's memory. The *black jack*, I doubt not, was a stronger idea than all the splendour of the house, or all the virtues of the Lord Abbot."

Stephen Rumbold died in 1687, aged 105, and is buried at Brightwell in Oxfordshire, with this epitaph:—

"He lived one hundred and five,
Sanguine and strong;
One hundred to five,
You live not so long."

The Countess of Desmond died in 1612, aged 143. She is said by Bacon to have renewed her teeth twice or thrice. The *or* leads to a doubt.

William Eadie died in 1731, aged 120. He was sexton or grave-digger to the parish of Canongate, Edinburgh, and buried the inhabitants of that extensive district three times over.

Peter Torton in 1724, and St. Mongah in 1781, are both stated to have died at 185 years of age, but no particulars of their history is given.

The writer had occasion, at one period, officially to visit and examine into the histories of about 300 men, all exceeding 60 years of age, pensioners on a charitable society. The majority were between 70 and 80; a good many above 80; a few, perhaps ten, above 90, and one 104. They were mostly mere wrecks of men; few could hear and see at all well. But indeed their infirmities were the causes of their requiring the aid of others. Most men, not broken down by disease or hard labour, are in full vigour of body and mind, (less active than vigorous in body—the ossification in the neighbourhood of the joints is increasing,) between 60 and 70. The man 104 years of age was an Irishman; had been a common labourer all his life. He was quite imbecile both in body and mind; and the evidence of his age was derived from his family.

There is living, or was a few weeks ago, a woman in Christ Church workhouse, Southwark, 108 years of age at least, probably a year more. She is remarkably lively, and, all things considered, intelligent. Her face has a singular expression, not easily described. She is neat and cleanly dressed, and quite contented. When asked if she wanted for any thing, she expressed a wish for some tea, as she could drink more than the

allowance. This modest request was easily complied with.

To the good heart nothing can be more grateful than to bestow attention and kindness on the aged; and there is no duty to which we are more obviously bound. When we came into the world helpless and wailing, having eyes, and ears, and limbs indeed, but these wholly useless, and having no power that availed us but the feeble cry of distress, was not that cry listened to in mercy? The eyes of affection beamed upon us, our ears were charmed with the lullaby, and the arms of others supplied to us the place of limbs; while the mildest food was provided for our imperfect mouths. Now need we, in the vigour of manhood, grudge to lend our hands to support the tottering limbs of those who so often bore us in their arms? need we think it tedious to read the desired volume, or tell the news of the day into the dull ear of the aged, who charmed and trained our infant ears with the merry song or the schoolboy fable? Let our now quick sight, and active hand, aid them in all their little wants, at the fireside or the dinner table, when the eye fails and the hand trembles. Nor is it the individuals alone who may have been our parents and friends, that we ought to honour; we should extend our regard to all the aged. All treat infancy with love. Should death or other cause deprive an infant of its parents, some kind soul is found to take up the task of love; the exceptions are so rare as not for a moment to call for consideration. All great and good men have been affectionate to their aged parents, and those who have been deprived in childhood of father or mother have often shed tears of sadness to their memory.

There is a curious anecdote in the recently published memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, so eminent as a man and a Christian. It is an extract from his private journal, and he seems to reproach himself for not having shown sufficient attention to his aged relatives, although a warmer-hearted man never lived; but his awakened conscience was tender. His father was blind and deaf; his mother and his aunt both deaf. He is on a visit to them and says,—

"I think I am behaving well. I can scarcely force myself to talk when I am inclined to be silent, but I may at least ward off the assaults of anger. Now this I have done; and while the 'Ehs?' and the 'Whats?' reciprocate in full play across the table, and explanations darken rather than clear up the subject, and entanglements of sense thicken and multiply on every side of me, and Aunt Jean tries to help out the matter by the uptakings of her quick and confident discernment, and confusion worse confounded is the upshot of one and all of her interferences; why, even then, I know that it is my duty, and I shall strive to make it my practice, to stand serene amid this war of significations and cross-purposes, and gently to assist the infirmities which I may be soon called to share in."

We conclude with another sentence from the eastern sage whom we referred to in the commencement of this paper—Manu, as translated by Sir William Jones,

by whom he is stated to have written one thousand years before the Christian era. "The body is a mansion, infested by age and by sorrow, the seat of malady, harassed with pains, haunted with the quality of darkness, and incapable of standing long; such a mansion of the vital soul let its occupier always cheerfully quit." We would add to the words of the eastern sage, that while we should be ready to quit the mansion with cheerfulness, we should also, when there, inhabit it with cheerfulness. It is the body God has given us, and He will surely hold us accountable for its use.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL IN MEXICO.

WHEN I was in Mexico, in 183—, I was engaged in a rather troublesome affair; namely, the recovery of a considerable sum of money from a debtor of whose whereabouts not the slightest trace could be found. Speed and energy being, in this matter, of essential importance, I had addressed myself, in consequence, to several gentlemen of the long robe, who possessed reputations for never interfering in difficult cases in vain. All had commenced by promising me their assistance; but as soon as I had named the mysterious debtor,—who rejoiced in the title of Don Dionisio Peralta,—one and all had drawn back, opposing to my entreaties the most absurd and ridiculous excuses. This one assured me that he would never forgive himself for causing the slightest annoyance to so gallant a caballero as Senor Peralta; that one was attached to the gentleman in question by a *compadrazgo*, or companionship of long standing; while a third, with the most pitiful countenance in the world, brought forward as an objection the reminiscences of a boyish friendship. Finally, a fourth, more frank than the rest, hinted broadly that, independent of all these friendly scruples, there was the fear of a stab in the back some dark night; a proceeding which Senor Peralta had, to all appearances, more than once put in practice, in order to relieve himself of a creditor whose attentions had been too pressing. "The only man I know that can assist you," added he, "is the licentiate, Don Tadeo Cristobal; he has a hand of iron, joined to a lion's heart; in short, he is just the man for you." No sooner had I received this piece of intelligence when I hastened to the *Calle de los Batanes*, where dwelt, as they told me, the licentiate Don Tadeo; but there a fresh disappointment awaited me. Don Tadeo had quitted his lodgings, and no one could or would tell me where he had now set up his tabernacle.

Thoroughly wearied and discouraged at the close of a hot summer's day, the whole of which had been spent in fruitless researches, I was promenading sadly enough under the *Portales de los Mercaderes*, or Merchants' Arcades. I had resolved, as a last chance, to seek some information concerning Don Tadeo from the numerous public writers whose stalls, situated under these galleries, may be considered in the light of so many offices of intelligence, open at all hours to

the curious inquirer. But, once fairly under the Arcade, I had completely forgotten the motive which had led me to this species of bazaar, the daily rendezvous of all the idlers in Mexico, and my entire attention was absorbed by the animated picture now spread before my eyes. The reader would, I have no doubt, be less astonished at this distraction of thought, were he to picture to himself the magical aspect of the Plaza Mayor of Mexico an hour before sunset. The *Portales de los Mercaderes* occupy, in fact, one side of this immense square, the three remaining faces of which are taken up by the cathedral, the *Ayuntamiento* and the presidential palace. The two finest streets in Mexico open into the square between these edifices; these are the *Rua de la Primera Monterilla*, with its beautiful shops, and the *Rua de los Plateros*, almost exclusively occupied by silver-smiths and jewellers; then, facing these streets, wherein European commerce displays all its marvels, the petty commerce of Mexico seems to have chosen for the theatre of its operations the sombre arcades of the *Mercaderes*. At the epoch of my sojourn in the country, no innovating hand had as yet changed the picturesque physiognomy of these arcades. The heavy vaulted arches were supported on one side by the large gloomy-looking stores of the dealers, and on the other by massive pillars, around the bases of which were laid out a succession of *alacenas*, or stalls, abundantly provided with prayer-books, rosaries, daggers, and spurs. By the side of these stalls, as if to represent trade reduced to its very lowest denomination, stood a few ragged *leperos*, who trafficked in glass beads, rings, and trinkets, and who, with their stock-in-trade ingeniously suspended from one finger, pursued their customers with most importunate solicitations. From time to time the dealers in cooked wild-fowl, or *tamales*,¹ grouped together under the shadow of the arches, mingled with the general hum of the crowd their well-known cry, "*Aquí hay pato grande, mi alma; señorito vengasted!*"² or the briefer, and no less popular one, of "*Tamales queretanos.*" The passengers and customers were quite as worthy of observation as the dealers. The brilliant colours of the dresses and *tapalos*, the gold of the *mangas*, the medley of tints in the striped *sarapes*, viewed in the dim light which penetrated beneath the pillars, formed altogether a scene worthy of a Venetian carnival masquerade. It was above all in the evening that the throng beneath the arcades of the *Mercaderes* offered a brilliant spectacle. In the evening, shops and stalls are alike closed, and the *Portales* become a political club. Seated upon the threshold of their carefully-secured doors, or gravely pacing this species of cloistered avenue, officers and civilians may be seen conversing together of revolutions past, present, or to come, until the hour arrives when the now almost deserted galleries serve but as a meeting-place for lovers and their fair ones, while their dim and silent vaults echo but to the murmur of the love

(1) Highly seasoned viands, flavoured with pimento, &c., and cooked in a maize leaf.

(2) "I have good ducks, my soul; come, my young señor."

tale whispered by some Mexican youth into the ear of his *inamorata*.

I had wandered for some time under the Portales, when the appearance of a public writer's stall suddenly recalled to my mind the object of my visit. Among the traders of the Portales the public writers form a considerable corporation. It must be recollected that in Mexico, elementary instruction being to this day very generally neglected, the functions of the public writers have, amid this illiterate population, lost nothing of their original importance. The docile pen of the "Evangelist"—for such is the title that he rejoices in—is required for a thousand different purposes, more or less delicate, and some of them, it must be said, equivocal enough, from the emptiest of empty love letters, to the mysterious note despatched by the hired bravo to lure his victim into some fatal ambush. The evangelist whom I had especially singled out from among his numerous fellow-labourers, was a little, thin, wrinkled old man, around whose nearly bald crown straggled a few grizzly locks of hair. What had originally attracted my attention to him was the peculiar expression of sardonic joviality which animated his countenance, in other respects insignificant enough. I was about to accost this man, in order to make some inquiries of him respecting the whereabouts of Don Tadeo, when an incident occurred which constrained me to resume my original part of taciturn observer. A young girl had approached the stall of the evangelist. The long plaited hair which escaped in tresses from beneath her half-open *rebozo*; her sun-burnt complexion; her brown shoulders, which the chemise of fine linen, bordered with lace, left almost bare; her slender waist, which no corset had ever deformed by compression; and, above all, the three petticoats of strongly contrasting colours, which fell in straight folds over her hips, all betrayed in the young client of the evangelist the purest type of the Mexican *china*.¹

"Tio Luquillas!" said the young girl.

"What is it?" replied the evangelist.

"I want you."

"So I should imagine, since you called me," rejoined Tio Luquillas; and, fancying that he had guessed the nature of the message which the maiden was about to dictate to him, he unfolded, with great complaisance, a sheet of highly-glazed rose-coloured parchment, upon which was depicted a pair of fat cupids, apparently going through some extraordinary gymnastic performances; but the young *china* waved her little brown hand with a gesture of impatience.

"What use can a condemned man make of your rose-coloured paper?" said she.

"Ah, diablo!" said the writer, without showing the slightest sign of emotion, whilst the maiden passed one of the long plaited tresses of her hair over her eyes. "So they are adieux, eh?"

A sob was the *china's* only reply; then, leaning over towards the ear of the old scribe, she endeavoured to dictate to him a short letter; not, however, without frequently pausing to take breath, and give free

course to her tears. Never had the contrast of cold-blooded old age and passionate youth appeared to me so moving. Nor was I the only one to remark it, for there was scarce a promenade who passed the stall of Tio Luquillas who did not cast on the pretty *china* a glance of mingled curiosity and commiseration. The evangelist had folded the letter, which now only required the address, when a passer-by, either more bold or more curious than the rest, advancing suddenly to the stall, interrupted the colloquy between Tio and the *china*. The features of the new comer were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and I remembered that, having been placed beside me at a recent bull-fight, he had commented in the most attractive manner possible, and with the air of a true amateur, on the merits and defects of the exhibition of which we were spectators. The present moment not being a very favourable one for me to question in my turn the evangelist, I waited patiently at a short distance from the group, until the new comer should have taken his departure. This individual, with whom I had had but a few hours' conversation in the circus, inspired me with a sort of interest I in vain endeavoured to account for. He was about forty years of age; his features might be called almost noble, despite a cloud of sombre irony which would occasionally flit over them, imparting in its course an expression almost sardonic. Independent of the recollection of our first interview, the strangeness of his costume would have alone been sufficient to recall him to my memory; this consisted in an ample blue mantle, lined with red, and, for a head dress, a vast *sombrero* of drab felt, bound with broad gold lace.

"For whom is this letter, my child?" demanded he of the *china*, with a certain air of authority.

The maiden pointed with her finger towards the presidential palace, and murmured a name which did not reach my ears.

"Ah! it's for Pepito, is it?" exclaimed the stranger aloud.

"Alas! yes; and I know not how to get it sent to him."

"Well, well, don't fret about it; we'll devise some means or other. And, stay; as I live, here is an occasion sent expressly for us."

At this moment there was a general rush of the crowd towards the Plaza Mayor. A circumstance of but too frequent occurrence in Mexico, namely, an assassination, had been committed in the public street. The murderer had been seized, his victim raised from the ground, and the *cortège* was now on its way to the nearest prison. This prison was precisely the one in which the young *china's* lover was incarcerated, and I was accordingly at no loss to discover the sense of the words of hope which had been addressed to her by the stranger.

The procession, which was now defiling along the square, possessed in its half ludicrous, half serious aspect an originality thoroughly local. A *cargador*, or street porter, marched at the head, bearing upon his shoulders, by the aid of a leathern strap passed

(1) The *china* is the *grisette* of Mexico

round the forehead—as is the custom of the Mexican porters—a chair, upon which was fastened a man, or rather a dead body, over which had been hastily thrown a bloody coverlid. The assassin, in the custody of four soldiers, followed close after his victim; a few idlers, and some of the friends of the deceased, brought up the rear. Of all these men, each more or less moved or occupied, the most tranquil, beyond all question, was the murderer, who, with the most marvellous nonchalance, strode quietly on between his guards, a cigarito sticking out of one corner of his mouth, from time to time addressing to his victim certain reproaches, which, to his evident surprise, remained unanswered.

"Come, none of your nonsense, Master Panchito," said he, "you know right well that I have not the means of making your wife an allowance. You think yourself a very cunning fellow to feign death in that sort of way; but for all that I'm not your dupe."

But, despite all the assassin said to the contrary, poor Panchito was really and truly dead; and I could not control a shudder when I gazed on the hideous corpse as it was borne close by me, with the bright sun shining on its eyes, which were wide open and fixed in a horrid unearthly stare. The stranger in the sombrero was doubtless more accustomed to such sights than I was, for, going straight up to the procession, he stopped it, and placed the *china's* letter in the murderer's hands.

"Listen to me," said he. "You are, of course, acquainted with the illustrious Pepito Rechifla?"

"What! he that is to be strangled to-morrow? of course I am; he is my companion."

"Well, as his turn is sure to come first, you will see him by and by in the prison. Give him this letter for me."

"Ah, Senor Caballero!" interrupted the young Mexican girl, who, with heaving bosom and eyes bathed in tears, had flung herself at the murderer's feet and seized, in the antique manner, the hem of his garment, "for the sake of the blessed Virgin, do not forget to give him this letter. I am so unhappy at not being able to see him."

"Yes, *Linda mia*, yes," replied the assassin, placing his hand over his eyes, and endeavouring to impart a pathetic tone to his voice; "I have a very soft heart also; and had it not been for this damned Panchito, who was always vexing and annoying me, I should not be here, I can assure you; however, *preciosita de mi alma!*"

A piece of money, flung by the man in the sombrero to the prisoner, cut short this elegant tirade, and the soldiers resuming their march, the little procession quickly disappeared round an angle of the *ayuntamiento*. A few women of the lower orders, with the delicate sensibility of the Mexicans, now gathered around the young *china*, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade her to return home. Resisting all entreaties, I saw her proceed towards the prison, and seat herself at the foot of the wall, her features veiled in the ample folds of the *rebozo*.

The stranger in the sombrero had disappeared in the crowd, and, as the moment was now favourable for me to consult the evangelist, I tapped lightly on the old man's shoulder.

"Can you inform me," inquired I, "where dwells the licentiate, Don Tadeo Cristobal?"

"Don Tadeo Cristobal, did you say? Why, he was here not two minutes ago."

"Here! Don Tadeo!"

"Did you not see how kindly he undertook to have that letter delivered to the bandit, Pepito Rechifla, which had been dictated to me by one of the prettiest *chinas* in Mexico?"

"What! the man in the sombrero and red-lined mantle was Don Tadeo, the licentiate?"

"Himself."

"And where think you shall I be able to find him now?"

"That is a question, Senor, that I can hardly answer. Properly speaking, he has no dwelling-place; he lives a little everywhere, as one might say. If, however, you have got anything particular to say to him, go this evening, between nine and twelve o'clock, to the *Callejon del Arco*, you will be sure to find him in the last house on the right-hand side, as you enter from the Plaza."

I thanked the writer, and, having left him a few reals in testimony of my gratitude, directed my steps towards the *Callejon del Arco*. Although it was scarcely seven o'clock, I thought it would be well, before night-fall, to reconnoitre the house I purposed visiting a couple of hours later. Experience had taught me that similar precautions were not to be despised in Mexico, and more especially in this instance, as the *Callejon del Arco* had been pointed out to me as one of the most disreputable alleys in the capital.

The appearance of this lane but too well justified the reputation it had acquired. The mass of buildings of which the "Portales de los Mercaderes" forms a portion, and which is known by the name of the *Impedradillo*, does not form a perfect solid square. In front of the cathedral, which faces the south-west, there opens in the *Impedradillo* a narrow lane, the entrance of which bears no ill resemblance to the mouth of one of those caverns formed by the action of the sea in the perpendicular face of a sandy cliff. This is the *Callejon del Arco*. When dazzled by the vivid sun-beams with which the Plaza Mayor is inundated, and which, reflected from the white faces of the buildings and the granite of the foot-way, has an almost blinding effect, you penetrate into this narrow and tortuous alley, the eye, before it has got accustomed to the obscurity, can, after a few moments, but just distinguish another street, which bisects this one at right angles, the junction point forming a small dark space. There, as in the sea-side caverns, you hear scarce a sound from without, save a low, confused murmur, which as much resembles the distant breaking of the agitated waves as it does the far-off tumult of a populous city. A few rope-makers' stores,

some massive and hermetically closed portals, here and there a half-open cellar, alone remind you that you are in the vast metropolis of Mexico, teeming with life and movement. The walls drip with perpetual moisture, and it is only at noon, and that too but for a short period in the middle of summer, that a furtive sunbeam enlivens for a moment the sombre pavement of the *Callejon del Arco*. Then a little fresh life is infused into this dismal lane, until the moment when, the sun regaining the opposite tropic, all sinks once more into darkness and silence.

It was, then, in this spot, and in one of these most disreputable looking houses, that I was to meet the man who, as everybody had assured me, could alone unravel an affair before which all the lawyers in Mexico had recoiled in dismay. I paused for a few moments to contemplate with surprise the spot so singularly chosen for a lawyer's place of business; but then, had not the little episode, of which I was a witness, in itself sufficiently prepared me for the eccentricities of Don Tadeo? How was the tone of easy familiarity with which he addressed the wretch whom he had commissioned before my eyes with the message to Pepito Rechiffa, to be explained? How, also, the acquaintanceship which evidently existed between this last-named bandit and the licentiate? This strange intimacy of a lawyer with thieves and murderers appeared to me, at first sight, of rather bad augury; the prospect, however, of at length obtaining a settlement of my affair finally decided my wavering purpose, and I quitted the *Callejon del Arco* with the full determination of returning two hours later.

The night had now come; it was one of those beautiful nights of May when the moon, the voluptuous splendour of which is unknown to the inhabitants of our cloudy mist-land, imparts to Mexico an aspect truly magical. Its soft beams now fell from a cloudless sky upon the pointed steeples of the churches and the coloured façades of the various public buildings, lighting them up in a thousand different manners. On the Plaza Mayor the crowd was no longer so dense as it had been before sunset; it was also calmer and more contemplative. The promenaders almost whispered their observations, as though fearful of disturbing the serenity of this most lovely night. The gentle sounds of waving fans and rustling silks, and now and then a little burst of feminine laughter, as pure and melodious as the vibrations of a musical glass, joined with the occasional tinkle of a far-off convent bell, alone disturbed the silence of the evening. The women, with their long veils, the men enveloped in the wide folds of their Spanish cloaks, glided along like shadows over the Plaza. Here might be discovered, but ill disguised beneath the ample folds of the national costume, more than one couple whose presence on such a spot, and at such an hour, would have fully confirmed the scandalous gossip of the *salons*. Mingled with this concourse of young and pretty women were also a few of those whom we style on the shady side of thirty, and not a few of the fair, but frail, *doucellas chanfonas* of whom Perez de

Guevara makes honourable mention. I say nothing of the hosts of adventurers with which Mexico literally swarms; delicious fellows these, true types of *Mata-mores*, swaggering along, with their sabres and spurs jingling noisily upon the pavement. Such was the aspect of the Plaza Mayor at the hour when, slowly, and, I must confess, rather irresolutely, I threaded its gay and motley throng on my way to the *Callejon del Arco*.

At the very first step which I took in this dismal lane, a current of cold air, like that which escapes from the ventilator of a cellar, struck me in the face, and chilled me to the bone. For some minutes I stood motionless at the entrance of the lane, seeking to distinguish some traces of light at the windows or grated doors of the houses; but all was as dark as pitch. I accordingly made up my mind for the worst, and advanced, almost feeling my way as I proceeded, in the direction of the house, which I had noted at sunset. I had nearly reached the open space formed by the intersection of the street, of which I have already made mention, when the sound of footsteps advancing rapidly behind me suddenly reached my ears, and, looking back, I could just discern the figure of a man coming, as I had done, from the Plaza. I drew up to the wall to let him pass, but, in so doing, the long rapier worn by this nocturnal Rambler somehow or other got entangled between my legs; I stumbled forward, and, to avoid a fall, which would otherwise have been inevitable, grasped hold of his cloak. The man stepped quickly aside, and the sudden rasping sound of the steel warned me that he had drawn his sword.

"Capo di Dios!" shouted he; "is it my person or my cloak that you want, Senor thief?"

I fancied that I recognised this voice, and so hastened to reply,—

"I am neither a thief nor an assassin, Senor Don—Don—"

I had hoped that the stranger would have come to the assistance of my memory, and have mentioned his name, but in this I was disappointed, for he did nothing of the kind, but, leaning his back against the door of a neighbouring house, demanded roughly who I was and what I wanted with him.

"I seek the dwelling of the licentiate, Don Tadeo Cristobal," replied I; "and, if I am not mistaken, this is the very house before which we are now standing."

"Ah! and who told you of this house, may I ask?"

"Tio Luquillas, the evangelist. I wish to consult Don Tadeo on an affair of importance."

"Well, it is to Don Tadeo himself that you are now speaking."

The costume of this individual, whose features were indistinguishable in the gloom, was, in fact, the same as that worn some few hours previously by my friend in the sombrero, whose real name Tio Luquillas had given me. I hastened to reply to Don Tadeo, flustered myself on this lucky rencontre, and demanding a few moments' conversation with him in private.

"Most willingly," replied he; "I am quite prepared to enter with you upon your business; but, first of all, let us get into this house,—we shall be able to converse more at our ease." And, as he spoke, he knocked with the hilt of his rapier upon the door against which he had been leaning. "My profession," added he, "obliges me to adopt some precautions; you will comprehend by and by wherefore. Do not be astonished at my singular domicile; they must have told you that I was an original, and they are right, too."

As he spoke, a loud noise of bolts and chains undoing informed us that we were about to be admitted, and immediately afterwards the heavy door swung slowly back upon its hinges. The porter, who carried a lantern in his hand, bowed respectfully to the licentiate, who made a sign to me to follow him. Crossing rapidly the *zaguan*, or vestibule, we climbed a steep wooden staircase, and finally stopped before a green baize door surmounted by a transparency, upon which might be read the following words in letters of most gigantic proportions:—SOCIETAD FILARMONICA. A confused medley of discordant shouts and cries reached our ears from the saloon dignified with this ambitious title.

"Are these your clients who are kicking up such a row inside there, Senor Licentiate?" demanded I of Don Tadeo. Without replying, he pushed open the door, and we found ourselves in a vast and dimly-lighted room. A long table, covered with green cloth, and surrounded with players, occupied the centre of the apartment; in addition to lights in sconces fastened round the wall, four wax-candles as tall as those used in the Mexican churches, and contained in tin tubes, completed the illumination of the saloon. A few small tables, ranged at equal distances along the side of the room, served for those who might desire refreshments; such as infusions of tamarinds and rose water, or Barcelona brandy. Finally, at the further end of the room, there arose a species of high dais, ornamented with rough fresco delineations of bassoons, horns, clarionets, &c. &c., doubtless for the purpose of recalling to the minds of the frequenters the original destination of the establishment.

The reader may imagine my feelings of surprise on first putting foot into such a den as this at the moment when I imagined I was going to be introduced into a lawyer's office. With some feelings of distrust I glanced at my companion; it was indeed the man that I had met at the circus, and under the "Portales de los Mercaderes." With his strange costume, his long rapier, and his thick dishevelled hair, Don Tadeo had, it must be confessed, much more the air of a brigand than of a sober jurist. Scarcely had he taken three steps in the room when he was accosted by two individuals, who seemed, by their appearance, the fitting representatives of the cavern they frequented.

"How goes the illustrious Senor Don Tadeo to-night?" exclaimed the first, a species of giant, extending as he spoke, with an air at once ferocious and awkward, a fist of about the size and shape of a leg of mutton.

"Better than those whom you have a grudge against, Master Pearcec," replied the licentiate, fixing upon his interlocutor as he spoke a glance as cold and piercing as the blade of his rapier. "Do you know," he continued, "that your reputation is made now in Mexico as well as in Texas, above all since —"

"Hush!" returned the American quickly, evidently but little desirous of hearing the completion of the licentiate's phrase. "With your permission, I wish to consult you."

"Just now," replied the man of the law, "I must give the preference to this caballero, whom I met before you."

"For mercy sake, hear me first, Senor Licentiate," interrupted a grey-headed individual, who wore the Mexican costume, and who squinted horribly.

"Ah! is that you, Navaja?" replied Don Tadeo, coolly surveying the Mexican, who evidently quailed beneath his eye. "Is it still a question of that bad affair?"

"Hush!" cried the Mexican, in his turn; "since it is your good pleasure, Senor, I will take the third place."

It had merely sufficed for Don Tadeo to make allusion to two episodes, neither of them probably redounding much to the credit of the individual in question, to be quickly rid of their importunities. I could not help admiring the power possessed by my companion; a power evidently acquired at the price of an intimate and perilous commerce with the most lawless heroes of Mexican vagabond life.

"And now, Senor Caballero," said the licentiate, turning to me, "may I have the honour of knowing who you are, and what affair it is that has induced you to consult me? It must be a delicate matter, for none have recourse to my intervention but to resolve difficulties which my fellow-labourers consider insurmountable. It is, I have no doubt, one of these worthy legists who has advised you to address yourself to me."

I named the licentiate who had vaunted the intrepid heart and well-tried sword of Don Tadeo Cristobal.

The latter shook his head with a disdainful smile.

"It is a dangerous affair, I can see," he rejoined.

"The man you have named is my declared enemy, and he never sends me any other jobs but these. I have a strange line of business, it must be confessed; and for that reason I may be excused for my promptness in unsheathing my rapier in the public streets at night. But, what would you have? I am from Seville, and have not passed some years of my life for nothing among the bullies of the suburbs of Triana."

"You are a Spaniard?"

"Undoubtedly I am, and before adopting the legal profession I was what they called an *uracán y calavera*.¹ You see in me, Senor, a student of Salamanca, that beautiful city, in which some years ago some choice spirit composed this rhyme:—

(1) Literally, "hurricane gentleman," a phrase which may be almost rendered by our slang term, "out and outer."

"En Salamanca la tuna
Aduve marzo y abril;
Ninas he visto mas de mil
Pero comotu ninguna."¹

"And I, too, Senor, have made quatrains in this joyous city as well as the rest, ay, and sung them too; and it was in consequence of a serenade, interrupted, unhappily, by a duel, which was followed by the death of a man, that I was compelled to seek my fortune in New Spain. To insure success here, I possessed in an eminent degree two precious qualities which are rarely allied; namely, jurisprudence, and the art of fencing. And you yourself must have seen just now that I have not altogether lost my old *uracan* humour. Upon my life, Senor, it is a most fortunate thing that I did not put my sword through your body; but, to obtain my pardon for the rough greeting I gave you, permit me to offer you an infusion of tamarinds, or a glass of Catalonian *refino*."

And, without giving me time to put in a word, he drew me towards one of the side-tables, at which we seated ourselves. My astonishment increased in measure as I improved my acquaintance with this singular personage. It was not until after we had been served that Don Tadeo would consent to hear an explanation of my affair, which I gave him as briefly and clearly as possible.

"Very good," said he. "It concerns a debtor that you have not been able to find; but you know at least his name?"

"That is the point," said I; "for it is a name which somehow or other affected your colleagues with very lively feelings of sympathy; for, after hearing it, not one has dared to take the matter in hand."

"Let's hear the terrible name. I am curious to learn if it will produce the same effect upon me."

"I will whisper it to you," replied I. "My debtor is named Don Dionisio Peralta."

The countenance of the licentiate did not change.

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Fourteen hundred piastres."

"Stay," said Don Tadeo, after a moment's reflection, "we will ascend just now to the terrace on the top of this house, where we shall be able to talk over this matter more at leisure. But, in the first place, permit me to despatch these two worthies, who are waiting for their turn. The interest of your affair, besides, demands that I should not resume my consultation with you until I have collected some positive information of an indispensable nature from the frequenters of this house. All that I require of you is, that you do not manifest the slightest surprise in case you should hear things you do not exactly comprehend."

I pressed the hand of the licentiate, and we rose and approached the group of players, which had considerably increased in number since our entrance. A double row of anxious spectators surrounded the green cloth, upon which the piastres rolled with a very

enticing sound. The licentiate passed his two clients, the Mexican and the American, making a sign to them to wait for him, and walked up to a young man, who, standing amongst the spectators, kept his eyes ardently fixed upon the play-table. This youth, whose countenance was of a pale and sickly yellow, wore upon his long and sleek hair a little and almost brimless hat, and over his shoulder a threadbare *esclavine*, or short mantle. He looked the very picture of a solicitor's clerk, regretting his inability to risk his employer's entire fortune on the hazard of a card.

"Ortiz," said the licentiate, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, "have you got any writing materials with you?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk, drawing from his pocket a rouleau containing paper, pens, and ink. The licentiate seated himself apart from the throng, wrote hastily a few lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his clerk; who, having replied to the whispered instructions of his master by a low inclination of the head, instantly quitted the room.

This done, the licentiate begged me to have patience for a few moments longer, until he should have given his two clients their promised consultation, and I accordingly mingled with the crowd which pressed eagerly round the magic board. And, certainly, a more curious spectacle it has seldom been my lot to witness than this reunion of adventurers of all species and of every clime; where the strangest types of the old Spanish romances seemed on this occasion to have met together with one consent. One highly characteristic detail above all struck me as remarkable: in front of the banker lay a long Catalan knife, as bright, keen, and sharp as a razor. A charitable warning which he gave to the players soon explained to me the use to which this knife was destined. "I warn all the gentlemen here present," said he, "that if one of them attempts to confound his loose cash with the bank, I'll nail his hand without mercy to the table." As this strange threat appeared neither to astonish nor offend any one, I accordingly concluded that the case foreseen by the banker must have presented itself more than once. Despite, however, the strangeness of the scenes of which I was now a spectator, I had begun to get wearied of the quick and regular exchange of money which was passing before me, the monotonous sounds of which were varied only by the voice of the banker, and an occasional interjection or oath from one of the players, when my meditations in front of the green cloth were put to flight by the return of the licentiate, who led me to a table placed at the further end of the room, at which his two clients—the squinting Mexican and the gigantic Yankee—were most fraternally seated. The American was swigging away at a bottle of Catalonian *refino*, while his companion was engaged in the discussion of a glass of iced tamarind water, which he was imbibing in little sips.

"Well, Senor," said the licentiate to me, with an expressive glance, "here are two caballeros who will remove all your scruples of conscience on the subject

(1) "In Salamanca I have led a joyous life in the months of March and April. Of young maidens I have seen more than a thousand, but not one equal to thee."

of the fourteen hundred piastres you owe me; and who are ready to affirm that you can pay them in all tranquillity of mind by the cession to me of the sum in which Don Dionisio Peralta is your debtor. Senor Peralta will honour his signature with the best grace in the world."

"I didn't say that," exclaimed the Yankee, with a loud horse-laugh; "I don't know if he will pay with a good grace; all I know is, he shall pay, or else——"

"Gently, gently," interrupted Don Tadeo; "from the moment that Peralta becomes my debtor his life is precious to me, and I must insist upon it being respected."

"Senor Peralta will pay with the best grace in the world, I'll answer for it," said the Mexican, sipping his infusion of tamarinds as if it had been fire-water.

"Let him pay, that is all I require," rejoined the licentiate; "but is not that Pepito Rechifla I see yonder with my clerk? Come, Ortiz has well fulfilled his commission."

The name of Pepito recalled to my mind the pretty *china* whom I had seen in such despair under the Portales de los Mercaderes. As for the gentleman who rejoiced in the name, he was one of those dark-complexioned, long haired, free and easy going worthies only to be met with under the tent of the wandering Bohemian, or in the streets of Mexico. As soon as Pepito caught sight of the licentiate, he ran towards him, and pressed his hand with every demonstration of the most profound gratitude. "Ah! Senor Licentiate," said he, "I shall never forget that it is to you I owe my life; I was condemned to be strangled the day after to-morrow, and it is you who have saved me from the claws of the *Juez de Letras*; it is thanks to some reals from your purse that I have been restored to liberty. Yes, Senor Licentiate, do not feign astonishment; I know that it is you who are my saviour; your clerk, Ortiz, told me so."

"Ortiz is a blockhead," replied Don Tadeo, dryly; "but I rejoice no less at your good fortune, for I shall want to speak to you to-morrow morning, and I count upon your punctuality. In the meanwhile here is a piastre for your supper."

"For my supper! That's good, faith," replied the brigand. "I am never hungry but when I have nothing in my pocket. When I have a piastre I play it."

So saying, the illustrious Pepito swaggered off to the gaming table. The Yankee and the Mexican rose at the same time and followed him. Don Tadeo, thus freed from his importunate clients, drew me aside.

"You see those three fellows," said he; "think you that there are many debtors who could long resist such bailiffs; above all, when it touches a debt ceded to the licentiate, Don Tadeo? You doubtless understood me when I dwelt strongly on the cession in your presence; my name is one arm more to employ in this perilous war; but, the war once over, the benefits thereby derived will be for you, less the expenses of the campaign, which you will permit me to deduct therefrom, along with the honours of the victory."

"But how are you to get hold of this Peralta?" inquired I. "Up to the present moment I have never been able to obtain the slightest clue to his whereabouts."

"That will be my business, and the business of those three worthies yonder, to whom I had the honour to introduce you this evening. Don Dionisio Peralta is a bad paymaster, but a first-rate swordsman. However, we shall see."

I now recalled to Don Tadeo's recollection that he had appeared desirous of conversing more at length on the subject of my affair, and I accordingly offered to satisfy his curiosity on this point. In reality, I sought but an occasion of improving my acquaintance with this singular personage. Don Tadeo seemed to divine my secret intention.

"It is now half-past ten," said he, looking at his watch; "I am at your orders, Senor, until midnight. Let us ascend to the *azotea*, which at this hour is deserted. The night is fine, and we can converse there at our ease."

On gaining the terrace, we both of us involuntarily paused for a few moments in silent contemplation of the majestic scene which lay outspread beneath us. At our feet lay the ancient city of the Aztecs, with its innumerable domes, cupolas, and steeples, capriciously but most brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the moon. Near us, the cathedral projected over the immense Plaza Mayor its double and gigantic shadow. Further off, the Parial reared aloft its black mass amid the spaces whitened by the nocturnal lights, like a dusky shoal amid the breaking waves of the ocean. Still further off might be recognised the elegant cupola of Santa Theresa, the fine domes of the convent of San Francisco, the steeples of St. Augustine and of the Bernardines; and behind this majestic accumulation of pinnacles, cupolas, and painted steeples, the distant country might be faintly descried through the white vapours which, ascending from the lakes towards the sky, hung around the city like a luminous curtain of silvery gauze.

Don Tadeo was the first to break silence by addressing to me some questions relative to my legal affair, which he had undertaken to bring to a favourable conclusion. I hastened to reply to his interrogatives, promising myself to lead him on soon to give me some revelations respecting his own previous career, which could not fail of being curious; but the licentiate had fallen into a deep reverie, and I had begun to despair of drawing him from his reserve, when the strangest chance came to my assistance; it was nothing more than the tolling of a far-distant bell, which arose suddenly like a wail amid the profound silence of the night. On hearing the bell, Don Tadeo shook his head, turned deadly pale, and, finally, hid his face in his hands. At length, with a sudden effort, he roused himself, and, grasping my arm, exclaimed, "Do you not hear that bell?"

"To be sure I do," replied I; "and if I am not mistaken, it is the passing-bell which they are ringing at the convent of the Bernardines."

"At the convent of the Bernardines!" repeated the licentiate in a strangely altered tone of voice; "at the convent of the Bernardines, do you say?"

"I should imagine so by the direction," replied I.

"Well, well, let us descend; this sound makes me ill."

"Why return so soon? do you not prefer breathing the air of this beautiful moonlight night to that of the horribly close and smoky den we have just quitted?"

The licentiate did not reply. The bell, whose tollings became more and more distinct, evidently exercised upon my companion a species of influence to me utterly inexplicable. I know not if Don Tadeo at length remarked my undisguised surprise; but perhaps he but gave way to the strength of his feelings when, grasping my hand, and amid stifled sobs, he let these strange words escape:—

"You must listen to me; I never hear the tolling of this passing-bell without beholding, as in a strange and fantastic dream, the saddest episode of my adventurous life flit before my eyes. Nothing in me will more vividly excite your surprise when you shall have learned the horrible event this passing-bell recalls to my memory."

I made a sign to the licentiate that I was ready to listen to him; and I now transcribe the story as nearly as possible as he related it to me, and with a degree of coolness and self-possession, too, that I was scarcely prepared for after his sudden and agitated exordium:—

"In the year 1825 an attempt at assassination was committed in Mexico. This is unhappily a circumstance of but too ordinary occurrence in the capital, and if public attention was fixed for a brief space upon the matter, it was chiefly on account of the circumstances with which it was accompanied. It was on account of this strangeness that the affair of which I now speak, instead of being briefly related in the last columns of the papers, figured among the events of more or less importance which possess the privilege of occupying for a week or two the attention of the frivolous and idle population of Mexico. A singular mystery, in fact, shrouded this attempt at murder.

"Early one morning, when the Paseo of Bucareli¹ was yet empty, a hackney coach had taken up its station in a retired part of the promenade. The coachman had descended from his box, and now held himself discreetly aloof, as if he divined the motives for which he had been hired. Was it a man or a woman that this *providencia* (you know that it is by this name they designate the hackney-coaches of Mexico) had led to a rendezvous? The carefully closed blinds interdicted all conjecture in this respect; but later it was known that there was in this carriage a young female of exquisite beauty, who, giving way to Creole vanity, had decked herself for the occasion in all her diamonds. Creoles, you know, have the weakness of wishing to appear as rich as they are beautiful; and yet, with all that she could do, this young girl was still more beautiful than she was rich. Some minutes had thus elapsed when a man, enveloped in the folds

of a large cloak, advanced towards the carriage; the door flew open at his approach, and as quickly closed upon him.

"A meeting of this kind was too much a thing of daily occurrence to astonish the coachman, who flung himself beneath the shade of the poplar trees, and soon fell fast asleep. When he awoke, the carriage was still in the same place, but the shadow of the poplar trees, instead of stretching towards the west as at the hour when he fell asleep, now pointed towards the east. In other words, the sun had now nearly completed his course, and the evening had succeeded to the morn. It was the hour when the Paseo began to fill. The coachman, astonished at having slept so long, jumped up, ran to the carriage, and called, but, receiving no reply, he opened the door. A horrible spectacle met his eyes. In a half sitting, half recumbent posture, lay the young female in a state of insensibility, the cause being but too clearly explained by the blood with which the vehicle was inundated. The life-blood still flowed from a deep wound in the side, which at first sight appeared mortal, evidently inflicted by the surely-directed poniard of some skilful brigand. Of all the brilliants which had sparkled on the bosom and in the ears of the young Creole not one remained. The unhappy girl had thus found an assassin in place of a lover, and theft had followed murder. The cries of the coachman soon attracted a crowd of persons, among whom was fortunately a physician, who, after a short examination, discovered that the victim still breathed. Nothing now remained but to carry her to the nearest convent, which was accordingly done. This convent was that of the Bernardines. This first duty of humanity fulfilled, the task of justice commenced. But while the physicians endeavoured, and successfully too, to restore the unhappy woman to consciousness, the exertions of the magistrates to arrest the murderer were not crowned with the same success. The coachman was the first individual arrested; but his innocence being speedily recognised, he was set at liberty. They arrested afterwards a young Spaniard, whose marked attentions to the young Creole were known to everyone. The latter learned thus at the same time the infidelity and probable death of her he desired to make his wife. It was a frightful blow"—(here the voice of Don Tadeo trembled visibly)—"and it almost cost him his reason. At the end of a year the Spaniard was released for want of proofs, but he left his prison ruined by law expenses, and with his heart deprived of its sweetest illusion. He learned then that she who had deceived him, and whom he had wept for dead, still lived, but that she had renounced the world, and had taken the veil in the convent to which she had been carried after the event of the Paseo. He made no attempt, however, to see her; but all his efforts, all his thoughts, were now directed to one end, and that end was vengeance. Mexican justice had failed in tracing the assassin; he determined upon continuing the too speedily abandoned researches, and of succeeding even where the culpable indolence

(1) A public promenade in Mexico.

of the authorities had declared success impossible."

Here the licentiate paused; the convent bell still continued its dismal tollings, and I began to comprehend the emotion which these lugubrious sounds aroused in his mind.

"This Spaniard, you must have already guessed, was myself. I had succeeded in abstracting from the papers connected with this sad affair a letter found upon the young girl, appointing the meeting between her and her assassin. This was for me the sole thread by the aid of which I was to wind my way through that sombre labyrinth in which Mexican justice had lost itself. From that moment there commenced in my career a dark and agitated period which death alone can terminate. I made up my mind to live from henceforth amid thieves and murderers, in the hope, with the aid of their revelations, of gaining knowledge of the secret which preoccupied my mind. Under the pretext of practising my profession, I eagerly embraced all lawsuits which offered me an occasion of interrogating these wretches, of penetrating into their haunts and lurking places. From that moment there was not a single crime committed in Mexico the perpetrator of which I could not at need have denounced to justice. The most secret associations of malefactors had no mysteries for me. You have doubtless heard mention made of the celebrated band of the *ensebados*, who, for an entire year, spread terror throughout the whole of the Mexican capital. These *ensebados* were men who, at night, after having imbedded their bodies with grease or oil, would dart suddenly from their lurking-places on the unwary and belated passenger, and either plunder him of his property or stab him with their poniards. One only of these bandits, as unseizable as a snake, was enabled to escape the efforts of a body of vigorous soldiers. Well, Senor, this chief of the *ensebados* is known to me; he has not quitted Mexico, and at any day, or any hour, I can name him if need requires. This is but one of my singular discoveries; I could give you a thousand. Thanks to this life of incessant and perilous research, I acquired a degree of experience which rendered me the dread of these wretches whose disreputable antecedents were all known to me. Very frequently also my life was in danger, and more than one malefactor has attempted to punish in my person an incommensurable overzeal; but the services which my knowledge of the law enables me to render them, has acquired for me, on the other hand, a number of clients sufficiently devoted to my interests to prevent a recurrence of these attempts, which would cost my enemies dear. At the present moment I enjoy almost with impunity the influence which I exercise over the most redoubtable brigands in Mexico; and, as you can yourself perceive, I have at my order a well-disciplined force, ready to lend support to honest men who may stand in need of my assistance."

"This is my case," replied I, "and I cannot help felicitating myself on having been so fortunate as to meet with you; but you do not tell me if your efforts

to discover the assassin of the Paseo were finally crowned with success."

"Completely so. I was fortunate enough to discover the evangelist whose pen, under the dictation of a cowardly assassin, had traced the fatal lines which had lured my betrothed to the Paseo. This individual was known to the writer, and he put me on his track. I discovered him; I had him in my power, and could at any moment deliver him up to justice. By so doing I should thus have attained the end for which I had been so long and painfully striving. But, would you believe it, Senor? I did nothing of the kind. Many years had elapsed since the day on which the attempt had been committed; and, by dint of living with these unfortunates, I had learned to pity rather than to hate them. I had succeeded even in forging for myself, as it were, out of their perversity, a set of weapons by the aid of which I could terminate certain affairs before which Mexican justice avowed itself powerless. The assassin of the Paseo is one of these instruments that I could break at a word; but which I prefer employing under my own eye in the service of my numerous clients."

A fresh silence succeeded to these words; the monotonous tolling of the passing-bell still continued.

"Since that period I have never beheld her who was to have been my bride, but who now wears the veil," resumed Don Tadeo; "but I receive news of her from time to time by a sure channel, and I am aware that for some time back her health has been gradually giving way. You now perceive why the passing-bell of the Bernardines makes me tremble."

I was about to propose to Don Tadeo to descend from the terrace in order to escape the melancholy influence of this funeral-knell, when the entrance door of the *azulea* creaked upon its hinges, and the ill-favoured Mexican, whom the licentiate had named Navaja, glided rather than walked towards us. He was pale with terror, and every now and then would cast an uneasy glance behind him, as if to assure himself that he was not followed.

"It is the demon in person," cried he, leaning against the balustrade to regain breath.

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded the licentiate.

"Of the American; he is now at his third bottle of *refino*, and is roaring out what he calls his war song. It is a wild Indian under the skin of a white man. He has been counting up the scalps he has taken, all the murders he has committed in his lifetime; and—would you believe it?—he aspires to the honour of adding the skin of my skull to the rest of his trophies! I repeat to you, this man is a devil—he literally smells of blood."

"How modest we are become all at once!" replied the licentiate, in the scornful tone of voice he habitually made use of when addressing the Mexican. "And since when, may I ask, has the sight and smell of blood been so terrible to you?"

It was a fearful gaiety that of Don Tadeo. The

question which he had addressed to the Mexican had apparently excited in the breast of the latter that sort of cowardly rage and hatred which a tiger might be supposed to feel for his human custodian. Don Tadeo, however, appeared not to remark the impression he had made; he seemed, on the contrary, to take a peculiar pleasure in irritating the wretch whom he kept almost quivering with suppressed rage under his cutting sarcasms. An allusion to the affair of the Paseo suddenly explained to me the reason of this outbreak of irony. I had before me the man upon whom the licentiate had power at any moment to wreak his vengeance, but whom he permitted to live; he who had attempted the life of the unhappy girl whose passing-bell was perhaps even now tolling. "Does not that bell from the Bernardines yonder remind you of anything?" were the words made use of by Don Tadeo; but this last stroke had exhausted the patience of the Mexican, who, in place of replying, sprang on the licentiate, and endeavoured to wrest his rapier from him; but the latter was on his guard, and, without even making use of his sword, repelled his aggressor with a vigorous arm.

"Come, come," said he, "you forget with whom you have to do. I pardon you this time; but away with you this instant out of my sight."

Utterly stupefied and crest-fallen, the Mexican did not wait to hear the order repeated, but, with downcast eyes and stealthy tread, retired from the *azotea*. I could not resist complimenting Don Tadeo on the courage and coolness of temper he had displayed in this little affair. "What would you have?" replied he, with a melancholy smile; "you know in what university I have taken my degrees. I am sufficiently acquainted with suffering to estimate life at its precise value. But let us descend; you have no further instructions to give me relative to your affair, and in the course of a few days from this I hope I shall have some good news for you."

We descended rapidly from the *azotea*, and were soon upon the vast, and now deserted, Plaza Mayor, at the entrance of the *Callejon del Arco*. Here we separated; the licentiate proceeding towards the Rua de los Batanes, and I to that of the Monterilla.

A month had elapsed without my hearing any tidings of the licentiate, and I was beginning to get seriously alarmed for his safety, fearing lest he had fallen victim to some of those ambushes so frequently laid for him, when one morning a billet which he transmitted to me by the hand of his clerk, Ortiz, explained the reason of his long delay. Two causes had prevented him from occupying himself in my business with his customary activity: "The first cause, and that which you have probably guessed," wrote he, "is this—the bell we heard a month ago was for *her*. When I had partially got over this blow, and began my labours afresh, I was suddenly confined to my bed in consequence of a wound—happily slight—received in one of those ambushes in which I have more than once nearly met my end. I can now, however, inform you that your affair is in the highway

towards a speedy settlement. I have succeeded, but not without difficulty, in discovering the whereabouts of Don Dionisio Peralta, and have set the three worthies whom you know upon his track. Adieu. Make no efforts to see me, and in a few days you will receive, I trust, more satisfactory intelligence."

Eight days, in fact, had nearly elapsed when I received a fresh message from the licentiate; this letter contained a detailed account of the campaign he had been carrying on against Dionisio Peralta, and which had happily terminated in favour of Don Tadeo. The licentiate's three Janissaries, namely, Pepito Rechifla, John Pearce, the fire-eating Yankee, and Navaja, the Mexican, had successively waited on Dionisio Peralta to reclaim payment of a debt which they affirmed had been ceded to them by the licentiate, Don Tadeo. Peralta, who, despite his magnificent airs, was a gentleman of their own stamp, had at first received them with all the arrogance of a stage captain; but the significant threats of the three bandits had speedily brought him to terms. Peralta well knew the reputations of the men with whom he had to do; it was war to the knife that was declared; while the influence of the licentiate, whose arm directed these formidable bullics, rendered the match decidedly unequal. He had accordingly ended by proposing an arrangement which the licentiate had hastened to accept. Peralta possessed, in the little village of Tacuba, at about a league's distance from Mexico, a small country-house, the value of which about equalled, or nearly so, the amount of his debt. He consented to make this over to Don Tadeo, who had at once taken possession of the property in his own name. It only remained for me now to receive over this house from the licentiate, in order to conclude the whole affair. Accordingly, Don Tadeo warned me to expect him at an early hour on the following day. We were to repair together to the ancient domain of my former debtor, where I should be at once installed as legitimate proprietor.

On the following morning the licentiate was punctual to his appointment, bringing with him two saddle-horses. I was anxious to make acquaintance with my new property, and, above all, to witness the ceremonies incidental to a taking possession in Mexico. As we rode along I felicitated the licentiate on the lucky star which, in this recent occurrence, had once again protected his life; expressing at the same time also my regret at having perhaps drawn down upon him the vengeance of Dionisio Peralta; but he replied, that nothing in the affair seemed to justify my suppositions, and that, according to all appearances, the man who had projected this latest attempt on his life, was none other than the assassin of the Paseo. "However that may be," he added, "my suspicions of Master Navaja have not deterred me from employing him in your affair, where his zeal has been very useful to me. With the exception of some hours of intoxication or vertigo, during which they are half mad, these men obey blindly at all times the will of him who makes them feel his superiority. Conse-

quently, in a letter that Peralta wrote to me to announce his submission, I have read with regret certain threats directed against the rascal who attempted my life, and who it appears has been the most active of the three worthies I set upon your debtor. As Peralta is not a man to threaten in vain, I fear I shall be but too soon revenged."

While thus chatting together we had reached the country, if one can call by this name the arid plains near the capital, which we now crossed at full gallop. The heat was almost insufferable, and a mournful silence reigned around us. All at once the sounds of rapidly advancing horse's hoofs reached our ears, and we were soon joined by a caballero, in whose person I had no difficulty in recognising Master Pepito Rechiffa. The bandit was attired with a certain air of dandyism; he wore a blue *manga* lined with Indian yellow, and bestrode a horse equipped in the height of Mexican fashion. He saluted us with an air of mingled courtesy and protection.

"You will pardon me, Senor Licentiate," said he, "if I take the liberty of joining you; but, as you told me that you purposed making a little excursion to-day, I thought you would not be sorry to have one companion more. This road is not over safe, and," added he, casting an expressive glance at the arm on which the licentiate still wore a scarf, "it is not always prudent to risk yourself so far from home. I have, however, reason to believe that we shall not have any occasion to draw steel to-day." And as he pronounced this phrase with solemn slowness, Pepito leaned over and whispered some words into the ear of the licentiate, the import of which I could not catch; I remarked only that he called the attention of Don Tadeo to a group of rocky hills which rose to our left, and over which now hovered a flock of large black vultures. Without replying to Pepito, the licentiate checked his steed for a moment, and turned his eyes towards the hills with an expression of painful surprise. He afterwards made a sign to us to continue our course, spurring his horse vigorously, a proceeding which we hastened to follow, and some minutes later we were galloping through the streets of the little village in which my new property was situated.

The house ceded to me by Don Tadeo was situated at the furthest extremity of the village. Numerous groups of peasantry, who had repaired hither in order to come in for their share of the largesses which invariably accompany every ceremony in Mexico, were stationed before the house, and aided us in recognising it. It was a little building of very deplorable appearance, ornamented in front by a sort of corridor supported by brick pillars. Numerous crevices traversed the walls in all directions, indicating the imperious necessity of a thorough repair. At the back of the house, between four walls crowned with moss and bits of broken glass, lay a little garden overrun with rank weeds. The care-taker who had been placed in the house by Don Tadeo opened the door for us, and we entered. The interior was even more desolate than its outward appearance had promised; the plaster of the walls

and ceilings was crumbling away in large patches; the worm-eaten and rickety stairs creaked sadly under our footsteps, and the garden could show scarcely any produce save an inextricable mass of thistles, nettles, and houseleek, the whole overshadowed by a few fruit-trees of very sickly appearance. Taking it altogether, however, the dilapidated little tenement, with its uncultivated dependency, might be about equal in value to the sum due, and that was all that I required, especially as, with a debtor of Don Dionisio Peralta's kidney, it would not do to be too particular.

After inspecting the lower part of the house and the garden, we ascended to the first-floor. The first apartment which we entered seemed to be the sitting-room, and evidently had not been opened for years, to judge by the musty odour which saluted our olfactories. We hastened to throw open the massive shutters and give admittance to the light and air. A vast quantity of cobwebs, as thick and strong as the dry moss which floats from the cedar-trees of Chapultepec, hung in festoons from the ceiling. The cupboards, which we inspected next, were completely empty with the exception of one; that contained a thick dusty volume, which the licentiate, after a brief examination, placed under his cloak. Our inspection was soon over. "Call the witnesses," said Don Tadeo to Pepito, whom we had promoted on this occasion to the office of master of the ceremonies. The vagabond, majestically draped in his blue *manga*, forthwith advanced to the open window and uttered a short but brilliant harangue to the ragged auditory assembled without. Pepito's eloquence succeeded beyond our expectations, and in a very few moments the entrance court was filled with a far greater number of witnesses than the law requires. Never in my life had I beheld such a collection of cut-throat visages. We descended, preceded by Pepito, into the court-yard, and from thence, followed by the crowd of witnesses, into the garden.

"Senors caballeros," shouted Pepito, in a voice of thunder, "you are all witnesses that the illustrious Senor here present" (here Pepito pointed to me) "takes regular and formal possession of this property in the name of the law—DIOS Y LIBERTAD!"

Don Tadeo and I now advanced in our turns, and on the latter's instructions, I tore up a handful of grass and cast it over my head; then I threw a stone over the garden wall. This was a formal act of taking possession according to Mexican law. A general hurrah escaped from the assembled witnesses. It only remained for me now to fulfil the last formality which custom imposes, namely, to distribute a few piastres among the throng of vagabonds which had flocked from all parts to wish me welcome. This done, my witnesses, under the guidance of Pepito, proceeded to the nearest tavern in order to dispense my bounty as best suited them.

"Well, Senor," said the licentiate to me, "you have at length succeeded in recovering your money, or at least an equivalent for it. What think you of my method of doing business with refractory debtors?"

"I think, Don Tadeo, that you play a very dangerous game, and I have a piece of advice to give you; it is simply this:—namely, to renounce as speedily as possible the trade of redresser of wrongs, in which, unless I am greatly mistaken, the losses must, sooner or later, exceed by a large sum the gains."

"You see, however, that I have hitherto been tolerably fortunate in my enterprises. But, however that may be, in case a chance thrust should some day or other put a premature end to my existence, I am anxious that you should retain a little *souvenir* of our acquaintance. Here is a book which has not been included in the inventory of the household effects; the work is old and is of some value."

"I return you many thanks," said I to the licentiate, taking the dusty volume; "but the recital that I heard from your lips on the *azateca* of the old house of the *Callejon del Arco* will recall you more vividly to my memory than this scarce old tome; it is not every client who is so fortunate as to meet with a romance such as yours when he expected but a legal consultation."

It was now time to return to the capital. Without waiting for Pepito, the remainder of whose day would probably be spent at the tavern, we pushed on at a hand-gallop through the plain. The heat was even more oppressive than it had been at our departure. We soon came in sight of the hills which Pepito had pointed out to the licentiate. The flock of vultures which hovered over the rocks seemed to have increased in numbers, and a fetid odour reached us with the little clouds of dust which were ever and anon wafted by the breeze across the plain.

"If you were curious enough to read on to the last page of the romance you spoke of just now," said the licentiate to me, "I would propose to you to canter up to those hills yonder; but I fear you have rather susceptible nerves."

"And what is there to be seen among those rocks?"

"Merely a dead body, that's all. Don't you see how the vultures are swarming round it? One of the three worthies whom I sent in pursuit of your debtor, has paid in his person for the rest. Well, God is just! The man who has fallen under Peralta's knife is the assassin of the Pazeo de Bucareli. The romance is now complete, is it not?"

"Most assuredly it is; and the sight of a corpse half-devoured by vultures would add nothing to the impression left by your recital on my mind."

"Well, I see we must spare your nerves," said the licentiate, putting spurs to his horse, "let us push on for Mexico."

On the Plaza Mayor we separated with mutual promises of shortly meeting again; but fate disposed it otherwise. A few weeks after my installation into the property given up by Peralta, I quitted Mexico, on a tour through the cities and wilds of that wonderful and, to me, most fascinating country. On my return to the capital, the gaming house of the *Callejon del Arco* was closed, and the evangelist Tio Luquillas, to whom I again applied for information of my friend the

licentiate, informed me that he had returned to Spain. Since that period I have made various efforts to discover his whereabouts, but it is almost needless to say, that my researches have been in vain.

THE LIFE AND MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THE Maxims of La Rochefoucauld have been long regarded as the most famous collection of malicious truths, of pointed, searching, and sarcastic sayings, with which the world has been favoured. Highly characteristic of the man, the nation, and the period, they will always possess a peculiar interest, from the view which they present of human motives and dispositions, and the worldly philosophy which they inculcate. Those who adopt a low estimate of human nature, and who make it a rule to believe the worst of every one, delight to range themselves under the standard of La Rochefoucauld. Men of the world, or rather worldly-minded men of the meaner sort, have at all times referred to his Maxims as the perfection of wisdom; and they do, in fact, display (however much we may be disposed to quarrel with some of their leading principles) a vast amount of shrewd common sense, real intelligence, and subtle insight into the ordinary springs of human action.

It is interesting to observe how much the spirit of these maxims has been adopted by subsequent writers of the same school; how often they have been appropriated,—used and misused,—by authors of a misanthropical or sceptical turn; and how many of them have passed into proverbs, and become stock sayings and recognised truisms. Our readers may not, perhaps, be displeased with a few examples of this; and the publication of a new translation, illustrated with some very entertaining notes, in which many curious coincidences in thought and expression are pointed out from other writers, affords us legitimate pretext for enlarging on the subject.¹

It will be proper, however, to commence with a short biography of the author: for the events of his life give an additional interest to, as they unquestionably coloured, the productions of his pen. We shall endeavour as much as possible to avoid unnecessary details, although from the position which La Rochefoucauld occupied, and the part he played, it will be requisite to refer repeatedly to the historical events of the period.

Francis, Prince of Marsillac, Baron de Verteuil, and Duke de la Rochefoucauld—for these were the titles he derived by descent from a distinguished race—was born on the 15th of December, 1613. The age in which it was his lot to live, was well calculated to develop his singular talents, and was full of striking and stirring events, in which he was destined to be no

(1) "Moral Reflections, Sentences, and Maxims, of Francis, Duke de la Rochefoucauld, newly translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes." London: Longman. 1836. 18mo.

inconsiderable actor. "His youth," observes a French writer, "was passed under the reign of Louis XIII. and Richelieu, his riper years under the regency of Anne of Austria, and his old age under the absolute sovereignty of Louis XIV. Each of these three epochs left its influence on his mind, and gave a different direction to his life. His education had been neglected, but he was one of those spirits who owe more to the world than to the schools, and whose minds are better formed by intercourse with mankind than by books."¹

At the age of sixteen La Rochefoucauld commenced the career of arms in Italy. He was soon afterwards introduced at the French court, and received with due distinction as a cadet of one of the noblest families in France. Cardinal Richelieu was then in the height of his power. Louis XIII. nominally reigned, but the Cardinal governed; though a sharp but unequal contest for supremacy was kept up between Anne of Austria, the queen regnant, and the subtle churchman. The elder La Rochefoucauld had attached himself to the party of Anne of Austria, but on the banishment of the Duchess de Chevreuse, the queen's favourite, he fell into disgrace, and withdrew from court. The author of the "Maxims" was thus early initiated in political intrigues, and the lessons he learned when in opposition to Richelieu were not lost upon his after life.

On the death of the Cardinal in 1642, the Prince de Marsillac (as La Rochefoucauld was then called) made his reappearance at court, in the full expectation of finding a new order of things established, as soon as the powerful minister had ceased to breathe. But here he was disappointed; for to his great surprise he found the court as submissive to the will of the wonderful man who had presided for so many years over the destinies of his country, after his death as during his life. "His relations and dependants continued to enjoy all the advantages they had gained through him; and by a turn of fortune, of which there are few examples, the king, who hated him, and who had desired his fall, was obliged not only to conceal his sentiments, but even to authorize the disposition made by the Cardinal in his will of the principal employments and most important places in the kingdom."² But the life of Louis XIII. hung upon a thread, and it was confidently whispered abroad, and most anxiously expected by disappointed courtiers, that important changes were at hand.

The king died, and Anne of Austria became regent during the minority of Louis XIV. All who had been excluded from favour by their attachment to the cause of the queen during her struggle with Richelieu, had now good cause to expect that their services would meet with acknowledgment and reward. But Mazarin (who had succeeded Richelieu, and who had adopted the policy, and followed, as closely as his narrower capacity permitted, in the footsteps of his predecessor,) had artfully managed, before the king's

demise, to ingratiate himself with the queen, and having gradually won her confidence, and induced her to appreciate his serviceable talents, his influence became paramount under the regency. Thus, to the surprise of all, and the disappointment of many, the aspect of the court remained unchanged. Every day the queen showed more indifference to the friends of her ill-fortune, among whom was La Rochefoucauld, upon whose observant spirit this first lesson on the ingratitude of courts was not thrown away.

Very little appears to be known of the doings of La Rochefoucauld during the "good times of the regency." It is certain, however, that he was engaged in political intrigues, and was constantly plotting against the power of the regent. But the languid interest excited by the disputes of courtiers, and contests for royal favour, was soon to be superseded by the more alarming incidents of civil war. La Rochefoucauld had reached the prime of life, and was well known among the leading spirits of the age, when the corruption of manners, the extravagance of the court, and other concurring circumstances, precipitated a struggle in which he was destined to take an active part, and which, from its many ludicrous as well as serious features, forms a curious and characteristic passage in French history.

The contest to which we allude is the war of the Fronde, the origin of which was the opposition offered to the court and to the policy of Mazarin by the Parliament of Paris. Through the lavish extravagance of royalty, the national finances were in a most disordered state, and the measures taken by the court to recruit an exhausted treasury had occasioned universal discontent. Supported by the Parisian populace, the parliament commenced an organized opposition to the demands of the queen and her minister. The party of the parliament was called the *Frondeurs*, and all who supported it *Frondeurs*. At first there was little thought of fighting; but the court having arrested three popular members of their parliament, the inhabitants of Paris rose in revolt. Then came the Day of the Barricades, and the court was compelled to yield. Barricades in the streets of Paris! The words have a familiar sound, and the reader can scarcely help reflecting before he passes on, how often barricades have been erected and blood has been shed there, during the past half century!

Without entering minutely into the history of the intrigues of the period, it will be sufficient to state that the Frondeurs were not without distinguished partisans. The Prince of Conti, younger brother of the great Condé, and his sister, the Duchess de Longueville, had been gained over by the famous Cardinal de Retz, who regarded these intestine troubles as a fine field for his intrigues and ambition. La Rochefoucauld had long indulged a tender passion for the Duchess de Longueville, and it is not surprising therefore that he warmly espoused the cause of the Fronde, as soon as her adhesion to it was known. Indeed, according to his own account, he was principally instrumental in winning her over to the cause;

(1) "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde." Paris. 1842.

(2) "Mémoires de la Régence d'Anne d'Autriche, par La Rochefoucauld."

for the duchess had a womanly abhorrence of politics, and it may be only tolerated them for the sake of her lover. It was one of the strange features of the period, that gallantry was mixed up with the gravest interests and most important pursuits: and we must not therefore be surprised that the Duchess de Longueville, who cared nothing for the parliament or the quarrel in which it was engaged, should have played a distinguished part in this memorable struggle. Giving La Rochefoucauld credit for possessing some influence with this capricious lady, remembering besides his ancient name and lineage,—that he was a nobleman of uncommon parts, of distinguished courage, and well versed in state intrigues,—it will be readily imagined that he was a most important and distinguished member of the Fronde.

The state of Paris and the frequent recurrence of tumults and disorder alarmed the regent, and she fled from Paris, with the young king. La Rochefoucauld and the Prince of Conti withdrew with the court; but their apparent desertion was only to serve their personal interests. At some risk, they soon afterwards succeeded in returning to the metropolis, and the Duchesses de Bouillon and Longueville successfully appealed to the populace in their favour. Condé had now blockaded the city; and a ludicrous sort of warfare ensued. The citizens turned out to encounter the royal troops, and then ran away in a most disgraceful manner. Fighting became a jest; the people of Paris were amused with songs and epigrams; and the most intolerable licentiousness prevailed. Upon one occasion La Rochefoucauld was commanding a detachment of soldiers who were escorting some provisions into the city. They were attacked, and, with the exception of their leader, instantly fled. La Rochefoucauld, however, maintained his ground for some time, till he had been severely wounded, and a horse killed under him.

At length peace was restored for a season; the court came back to Paris; a reconciliation took place between Condé and his brother, and La Rochefoucauld with the Duke and Duchess de Longueville separated themselves from the Fronde. Open warfare was now succeeded by secret intrigue. By a piece of royal treachery, the Prince of Condé, his brother, and the Duke de Longueville were arrested and imprisoned; and the presence of the Duchess de Longueville was immediately ordered at court. La Rochefoucauld dissuaded her from obeying the mandate; and shortly afterwards repaired with her to Normandy, where they endeavoured to sow the seeds of civil war. The attempt was not successful, but the spirit of revolt spread, and La Rochefoucauld himself soon took the field with a considerable force. Hostilities were now recommenced upon a more extensive scale: but it would be tedious as well as unprofitable to recount all the incidents of a struggle in which it is difficult to discover what particular principle was involved, or what were the definite motives of the leading combatants. We refer to the history of the period for the details of a war, which, to quote a French writer,

"would have been only ridiculous if the great names of Condé and Turenne had not figured in it; where consolation under defeat was found in an epigram, and love formed and destroyed cabals; where a marshal restored a town *à la belle des belles*; where men changed their party as women changed their lovers; a war, in fine, of which the great Condé said that its history could only be properly written in burlesque verses."¹

To the most superficial observer it is obvious that the French nobility and gentry were at this period unprincipled and corrupt to the last degree. The war of the Fronde is a specimen of the reckless ambition and wicked frivolity which were their principal characteristics. A low and sordid selfishness was recognised as the mainspring of every action. A leader was followed, or a party espoused, as interest or the idlest passion prompted; to patriotism or any heroic or exalted motive there was no pretence. In this utter wreck of human virtue we look round in vain for some character rising superior to circumstances, and affording to a degenerate age an example of moral purity and dignified demeanour. As for La Rochefoucauld, without ascribing to him any very exalted qualifications, we think he may be fairly regarded as a favourable specimen of his class; and, judged by its standard of excellence, a most distinguished gentleman. If he was vain, ambitious, selfish, and worldly-minded, it will be remembered that he possessed these qualities in common with all the leading spirits of his age; but it is also beyond question that his reputation for personal courage stood high, that his manners were frank and agreeable, and that his commanding intellect raised him immeasurably above the mass of beings who relied entirely on the prestige of name and lineage for the influence they enjoyed. The openness of demeanour for which he was distinguished procured for him the nickname of *Franchise*, by which it was insinuated that his frankness was assumed for the purpose of misleading others and throwing them off their guard. This imputation was not perhaps altogether unfounded, for it may be borne in mind that he has said in one of his Maxims, that, "The cleverest men affect all their lives to censure all artifice, in order that they may make use of it themselves on some great occasion, and for some great interest;" an idea which Lord Bacon has adopted and admirably illustrated in his Essay on Simulation and Dissimulation: "Certainly the cleverest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn, and at such times when they thought the case required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad of their good faith and clearness of dealing rendered them almost invisible." Whilst we protest against the morality of the axiom, we would draw attention to its subtle

(1) *Biographie Universelle*.

wisdom, which the genius of Bacon so fully appreciated and approved, and at the same time remark, that it curiously illustrates the character of its author, and shows how nicely he calculated the effect of every part of his conduct.

La Rochefoucauld's passion for the Duchess de Longueville was perhaps the principal motive which induced him to take an active part in the war of the Fronde; though he was undoubtedly also actuated by a vague ambition for distinction, which had he lived in other days he might possibly have directed into a nobler channel. Dazzled by the rank and beauty of the duchess—qualifications which, when united in a woman at that period, rendered her all-powerful—he became her devoted admirer and slave, till her inconstancy broke the tie that united them. In the days of his warm attachment, he wrote under her portrait two lines from a then popular tragedy of Du Ruyter, which he applied to his own case:—

"Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois: je l'aurais faite aux dieux."

Towards the close of the war, whilst fighting by the side of Condé, in the suburbs of Paris, against the troops of Turenne, La Rochefoucauld was severely wounded in the eye by an arquebus, near the gate of St. Antoine, and was temporarily deprived of sight. Some time after, when smarting from the inconstancy of the duchess, he introduced this incident in a skilful parody on Du Ruyter's lines:—

"Pour ce cœur inconstant, qu'enfin je connais mieux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois; j'en ai perdu les yeux."

At the close of her life, the Duchess de Longueville withdrew from the gay world, and became distinguished for her piety. To such severe discipline did she subject herself, that it is said her death was caused by a protracted fast.

Although under Condé the cause of the Fronde triumphed for a time, the military skill of Turenne and the gold of Mazarin were ultimately too powerful for it. Before La Rochefoucauld had recovered from his wound, his party experienced a reverse of popular favour; its leaders fell off, and others were only anxiously waiting to make terms for themselves. At length the royal authority was universally acknowledged, and faction was said to be crushed. The bourgeoisie rallied round the throne, and the influence of the nobility declined. La Rochefoucauld beheld the ascendancy of the kingly power, and endeavoured to detach himself from his party, already deserted by most of its leaders. As a professed courtier, there was, however, no place for him at the court of Louis XIV., who had now assumed the functions of sovereignty; for all who had taken part in the rebellion of the Fronde were either suspected or in actual disgrace. His fortune had also severely suffered, and he had no longer the means of playing a distinguished part as a man of fashion. It is supposed that at the conclusion of the war he spent some time on his estate; but afterwards, being much embarrassed, he committed it to the management of his secretary,

Gourville, and thenceforth lived in Paris, on a very moderate allowance;—the ornament of a small intellectual circle, and entirely detached from political intrigue.

At this period of his life his dearest and most intimate friend was Madame de la Fayette, a literary lady of distinguished taste and talent, the pupil of Menage and Rapin, and well known as the authoress of *La Princesse de Clèves*. An attachment of twenty years' duration sprang up between them, cemented by mutual obligations which both were proud to acknowledge. La Rochefoucauld had intellect, and Madame de la Fayette had principle; she was honest and truthful, and he was wise and witty. Their intimacy was thus productive of mutual advantage; as the lady modestly and beautifully observed:—"He gave me *mind*, and I reformed his heart."

Another of his most sincere and attached friends was the famous Madame de Sévigné, whose life presents so many features of interest, and whose admirable letters are still read with pleasure and studied as models. It is worthy of remark that this celebrated woman always speaks of La Rochefoucauld with the utmost respect. She does not scruple to describe him as the first among all the men she ever knew for courage, goodness, tenderness, and sense, reckoning his wit and many agreeable qualities as nothing in comparison to these. For the last ten years of his life La Rochefoucauld was a martyr to the gout, and Madame de Sévigné repeatedly dwells on the severity of his sufferings and the exemplary fortitude with which they were endured. On the other hand, as an instance of the sensibility of his disposition, she has related how he burst into tears when an anecdote was repeated to him respecting the conduct of an officer whose arm was shot off by the same cannon-ball that deprived Turenne of life, and who, entirely regardless of the loss of his own limb, fell weeping on the body of his commander, and clung to it with transports of grief.

Besides these distinguished female associates, La Rochefoucauld lived on terms of intimacy with most of the eminent literati of the age. Boileau and Racine were among his friends, and Molière is said to have submitted his comedies for his approval. His clearness of apprehension and refined wit recommended him to the society of all who had any pretensions to literary distinction. At length, on the 17th March, 1680, after a severe illness of some days, he expired in the arms of the celebrated Bossuet, who had administered to him the last consolations of religion. His friend Madame de la Fayette is represented as having been inconsolable for his loss; and Madame de Sévigné has in her letters minutely and tenderly described every incident of his last illness.

La Rochefoucauld's two works—the "Memoirs of his own Times," and the more celebrated "Maxims and Moral Reflections,"—though written after his retirement from politics, are impregnated with the spirit of his active life. He has been described as the moralist of the Fronde, as Cardinal de Retz was its

historian. Having passed his early years in a thoroughly corrupt and demoralised society, and being endowed with no ordinary faculties of observation, his views of human nature are such as we might have expected him to promulgate. But whatever we may think of their spirit and tendency, the *Maxims* will always rank among the most valuable contributions to literature. Their great merit is of course the amount of thought and observation which the writer has dexterously managed to pack into so small a compass, by a rigid retrenchment of all superfluous matter and unnecessary words. To the great mass of mankind the brevity of the *Maxims* is one of their most acceptable qualities: it has recommended them to the attention of the idlest and least reflecting, and has caused them to be easily retained in the memory, and repeated from mouth to mouth. Voltaire remarked of La Rochefoucauld's literary performances, that "his *Memoirs* were read, and his *Maxims* were known by heart;" and it would be superfluous for us to add the various eulogies which have been pronounced on the latter work by distinguished critics of other countries. According to the new translator, the earliest English translation of the *Maxims* was published in 1689, "under the title of '*Seneca unmasked*,' by the celebrated Mrs. Aphra Behn, who calls the author the Duke of *Rushfucave*!" But it is very evident that many English writers had made use of them before that period, and the views of human character which they inculcated had been widely adopted.

It has been observed by Voltaire, that there is scarcely more than one truth running through this celebrated book; viz.—that "self-love is the motive of everything." The nature of this "one truth" has given rise to considerable controversy, and whilst we shall endeavour as much as possible to avoid being entangled in metaphysical subtleties, it will not be improper for us to make a few observations upon it. In the first place, we submit it must be conceded that there are two descriptions of selfishness, or self-love; that one order or form of selfishness,—narrow and short-sighted in its nature and aim,—leads us to consult our own convenience, comfort, and sensual gratification, without regard to the comfort or well-being of others, and to derive our sole gratification from our *own* sensations of pleasure and avoidance of pain. But there is evidently another kind of self-love, more enlightened and exalted, which regards the performance of charitable actions, and a reasonable deference to the convenience and wishes of others, as absolutely necessary for our own enjoyment of this present existence; and although this species of selfishness is more refined, and is certainly not that which is popularly understood by the term, philosophers are undoubtedly justified in including it under the general term of self-love,—a regard to self, and the pursuit of one's own interest. As Swift has pithily put it: "It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves: but the self-love of some men inclines them to please

others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves." In referring every action, therefore, to the love of self, according to the verbal argument, at any rate, La Rochefoucauld was not in the wrong: but his great error, and the error of most of those who have followed in the same path, appears to consist in forming a low standard of human enjoyments, and of the objects and circumstances capable of conferring gratification; in a manifest devotion to the sensual and material; and in failing to appreciate the purest sources of pleasure and truest principles of happiness.

We will now refer to a few of the *Maxims* which have excited the greatest attention from the subtlety and acuteness they evince, or the peculiar morality they inculcate; presenting our readers, at the same time, with some of the illustrative passages which have been collected by the new translator. In some instances, we have been enabled to add other extracts, which appeared to bear on the topics discussed, or to confirm the views of La Rochefoucauld.

We commence with a *Maxim* which is a type of many more, and which has much of the sneering and sarcastic tone so often assumed by the moralist of the *Fronde*.

"We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others."

A similar reflection has found expression in the writings of two other profound observers—Shakespeare and Swift.

"Every man can master a grief, but he that has it."
—*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 2.

"Men,
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion.

* * * * *
No, no! 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. 1.

"I never knew a man that could not bear the misfortunes of others with the most Christian resignation."
—SWIFT, *Thoughts on various subjects*.

Of a kindred character is the celebrated *maxim* which has been so frequently commented on, and so much condemned:—

"In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."

That well-disposed persons should feel a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of others, seems at first a hard saying; but it is nevertheless, in a qualified sense, a humiliating truth, which those who have most narrowly watched the emotions of the mind have been constrained to accept. In the majority of mankind it is, perhaps, nothing more than a pleasurable feeling arising from a sense of individual security, or freedom from the suffering or ill-fortune which may have overtaken others. This feeling is entirely

distinct from the unamiable sentiment of envious selfishness which rejoices in the affliction of a friend, from pure malevolence, or impatience of another's prosperity. It is, in fact, precisely the sentiment which is expressed in the well-known lines of Lucretius, cited by the present translator in illustration of La Rochefoucauld's maxim :—

"Suave mari magno turbantibus sequora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem;
Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipso malis careas, quia cernere suave est."
Book ii. v. 1.

Of which we venture to add Creech's homely but pithy version :—

"'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land;
Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
Those cares and fears, from which ourselves are free."

La Rochefoucauld's maxim has, however, we submit, a more malicious meaning, and it was in that sense bitterly seized on by Swift, and introduced in the *Verses on his own Death*, written, it will be recollected, in the intervals of physical suffering, and under the influence of the deepest mental gloom :—

"As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true.
They argue no corrupted mind
In him—the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast,—
In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.

* * * * *

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst."

The Maxim has been indeed generally taken, as it was probably intended, in its most ill-natured sense; and such a clamour was raised against it, that La Rochefoucauld was induced to suppress it in the last edition which he published. "Byron," says the present translator, "has despondingly alluded to it, (*Childe Harold*, canto 3,)

"I would believe
That some for other's griefs sincerely grieve."

We cite the following for the sake of its proverbial truth, as well as for the illustration which accompanies it :—

"Those who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of great ones."

"Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought, and not unjustly, incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still."—
LORD CHESTERFIELD.

How deplorable it is that the sound philosophy conveyed in the next axiom we have to quote, is not more laid to heart! Many who, at this day, have felt the intolerable tyranny of custom, or who have worn out a weary life in anxious agitation for the possession of something that popular opinion, not individual taste, may have marked out as desirable, will know how to appreciate its truth.

"Happiness lies in the taste, and not in the thing; and it is from having what we desire that we are happy—not from having what others think desirable."

"All external concessions," says Montaigne, "receive taste and colour from the internal constitution, as clothes warm us not with their heat, but our own, which they are adapted to cover and keep in."

And Burns, it will be recollected, has given expression, in verse, to the same idea :—

"If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

The truth of the following maxim has been generally acknowledged and acted on, and certainly never more than at the present time, when a fair outside show is regarded by all who are skilled in the world's ways as a sure passport to ultimate success :—

"In order to establish themselves in the world, men do all they can to appear established there."

This axiom has been copied by Goldsmith :—

"If a man wishes to become rich, he must appear to be rich."

"It is with true love as with apparitions. Every one talks of it, but few have ever seen it."

"Byron," observes the translator, "was well read in La Rochefoucauld, and this maxim appears to have been the germ of the following fine stanza :—

"O love, Lo habitant of earth thou art,
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never yet hath seen, or e'er shall see,
The naked eye thy form, as it should be,
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given
As haunts the unquench'd soul, parch'd, wearied, wrung,
and riven."

"Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself."

* Shakspeare has given expression to the same idea in the well-known passage, subjoined by the translator from the *Merchant of Venice*.

"O my Antonio, I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing."

We have also rather an amusing illustration of this truth in the following scrap from Coleridge's *Table Talk*, which recurs to our recollection. "Silence," says this great conversationist, "does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the

end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head."

A judicious silence, where there is a consciousness of mental deficiency, is undoubtedly a mark of considerable tact. Dr. Johnson has made the following remarks on the conduct of persons before and after dinner, which may further demonstrate the prudence of this species of self-restraint. "Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority, have the modesty not to talk: when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects."

"How can we expect another to keep our secret if we cannot keep it ourselves?"

"This idea," says the translator, "has been expressed by other writers, but by none more happily than by La Rochefoucauld.

"I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend would hold a secret
Mine own could not contain."

MASSINGER, *Unnatural Combat*, Act v. Sc. 2.

"Toute révélation d'un secret est la faute de celui qui l'a confié."—LA BRUYÈRE, *De la Société*.

"Ham. Do not believe it.

Rosencr. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

"The most subtle of all artifices is the power of cleverly feigning to fall into the snares laid for us; and we are never so easily deceived as when we think we are deceiving others."

"A curious illustration of this maxim," the translator observes, "was lately exhibited in the events which led to the defeat of the King of Sardinia, in Lombardy, in July 1848. He was beguiled by a pretended plot for delivering the town of Mantua into his hands, and with a view of aiding in its execution, was induced to weaken his military position to such a degree, as to enable the Austrian general, Radetzky, to attack him at a disadvantage. The Italian correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, (Aug. 2d, 1848,) remarks upon this:—"I perceive that the whole affair was, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, 'a plant,' to induce the king to impoverish the left of our lines, where Radetzky saw, as events have since proved, that he might strike the surest blow. . . . I have often noticed that cunning men are the most easily deceived, and I fear Charles Albert, who has the reputation of being very *rusé*, has thus been caught."

"The true method of being deceived is to think oneself more cunning than others."

"Here, my sagacious friend," said Louis, "take this purse of gold, and with it the advice, never to be so great a fool as to think yourself wiser than another." *Quentin Durward*.

"Our repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done, as fear of its consequences to us."

"You do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing, we'd not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear."

Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 3.

"When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who quit them."

The same idea has been expressed by Swift in homely and familiar terms: "When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings."

The next maxim we have to quote has passed into a proverbial saying, the paternity of which may not be known to all those who have been in the habit of making use of it.

"Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue."

"Massillon," says the translator, "has adopted this celebrated thought in one of his sermons: 'Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences;' and it probably also suggested to Cowper the following passage in the *Task*, book iii. :—

"Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet,)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause."

The following two maxims on the nature of eloquence, should be laid to heart by all who make any pretension to that much coveted accomplishment; or who have any ambition as public speakers, to please, persuade, or convince an audience.

"There is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the eyes, and in the air of a speaker, as in his choice of words."

"True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing but what is necessary."

Much of the acuteness and subtlety for which La Rochefoucauld was so famous, is exhibited in the next maxim we have to quote:—

"Humility is often only a feigned submission, of which we make use to render others submissive. It is an artifice of pride which abases in order to exalt itself, and though it transforms itself in a thousand different ways, it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility."

In illustration of this truth, the translator has subjoined the well-known stanza from the *Devil's Walk*:—

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility,
And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin
Is the pride that poses humility."

"In all the professions, every one affects a particular look and exterior, in order to appear what he wishes to be thought, so that it may be said the world is made up of appearances."

This maxim, which every one will admit has a

"pretty general application, is followed by another of a kindred character, which has been always enrolled among the most famous sayings of La Rochefoucauld:—

"Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind."

This is the maxim which Yorick, in *Tristram Shandy*, "with great imprudence would say *deserved to be wrote in letters of gold*." The translator has also subjoined the opinions of two great thinkers and observers to the same effect, expressed in a characteristic style:—

" 'I have observed,' says Lord Bolingbroke, 'that in comedies the best actor plays the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the fine gentleman or hero. Thus it is in the farce of life,—wise men spend their time in mirth, 'tis only fools who are serious!' Lord Shaftesbury also observes, that 'Gravity is of the very essence of imposture; it does not only make us mistake other things, but is apt perpetually almost to mistake itself.' "

"We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion."

"That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken."—SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

"A fool has not stuff enough to be good."

In Mr. Taylor's admirable drama of Philip van Artevelde, among other profound remarks, we find the following echo of La Rochefoucauld's maxim:

"And Van Muck, the traitor!
Stupidity is seldom soundly honest;
I should have known him better. Live and learn."

"Old fools are more foolish than young ones."

"This maxim," observes the translator, "seems to have passed into the proverb, 'No fool like an old fool.' "

"*Malvolio*. Infirmity that decays the wise doth ever make the better fool.

"*Clown* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly."

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

"Men often proceed from love to ambition, but they seldom return from ambition to love."

"Les hommes commencent par l'amour, finissent par l'ambition, et ne se trouvent dans une assiette plus tranquille, que lorsqu'ils meurent."—LA BRUYÈRE, *Du Cœur*.

"He who admits ambition to the companionship of love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrade."—SIR E. B. LYTON, *Harold*.

"Those who are incapable of committing great crimes do not easily suspect others of them."

"Montaigne," says the translator, "remarks, that 'Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own;' and he adds, 'God is pleased to favour such confidence.' "

"Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none."—*King Lear*.

In the Dedication of a volume of poems to the Duchess of Sutherland, the Honourable Mrs.

Norton, alluding to some painful circumstances in her own life, has given a beautiful expression to the same idea:—

"For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts that
steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived."

We have selected these passages from La Rochefoucauld's Book of Maxims, to illustrate the character and genius of the author, and the tone and spirit of his philosophy. The extracts we have appended, (and which are in general taken from the notes of the new translator), will prove in some degree the influence he has exercised upon other minds, and the wide acceptance which the principles he promulgated have found in the world.

THE POT OF MIGNONETTE.

BY J. M. W.

"HERE'S your fine mignonette! Sixpence a pot!—only sixpence a pot!" cried Dicky Wood, the lame flower-boy, as he hobbled painfully up Brick Court, in the hope of getting a customer. Brick Court one would hardly conjecture to be an eligible spot for the vending of such wares, seeing that it was narrow, dark, dirty, and but rarely visited by airs from heaven. How could Dicky Wood think of getting a customer for his mignonette there? But Dicky Wood had a faith in "unseen things;" and the unseen thing in which he trusted at that particular moment was a customer. "Here's your fine mignonette!" he cried, in a childish, and not unmusical voice, as he proceeded slowly up the court.

It was eleven o'clock on a June day;—and Brick Court was, in a manner, devoid of life. It was inhabited solely by working people, and they had nearly all gone away, long ago, to work. The sunbeams—few enough of them, I am sorry to say—had crept down from the chimney tops, and were gilding one or two of the upper windows, on one side of a narrow alley, doing their best to make the poverty of the place look a little less poor than ordinary. It was towards one of these temporarily bright windows that Dicky looked up, as he said invitingly, "Only *sixpence* a pot, to-day, Ma'am." It was clear there was a possible customer hidden up there, behind the window blind,—the only blind in the court, by the way. Dicky Wood paused, with his eye fixed on that spot. After a minute, the blind was raised slowly; then the window,—and a pale thin hand beckoned to the child, and a pale thin face looked wistfully out, up to the strip of beautiful azure which was all of Heaven's o'er-arching canopy visible even from the highest rooms in Brick Court. It was a female face, which might once have been beautiful.

The boy understood the beckoning hand: and

advancing to the door of the house which stood open, he entered it with his basket of plants. It was a heavy load for such a child. He set it down eagerly at the foot of the stairs, drew a long breath, and wiped his flushed face with the sleeve of his jacket.

He took out from his basket the best pot of mignonette, and was about to proceed up the stairs with it, when his eye was attracted by the bright coloured blossoms of some geraniums. His basket of flowers was in strange contrast with the gloomy, dirty staircase; and Dicky Wood thought within himself much as follows: "How pretty and fresh they look!—*She* can't get out to see flowers. I dare say she would like to see these. It's worth twopence to look at them, in a place like this." Then he looked up the staircase, and again down at the plants. "It's a goodish pull for one's legs alone, up to the garret; and this basket's no joke to carry, but I think I'll try it. She's so fond of flowers! Come! now for it!" and putting back the pot of mignonette he had selected, into the basket again, he lifted it up manfully, and began to toil slowly, with his burden, up the dark staircase. As he had to ascend to the garret, and the house was two stories high, I shall have time to say a few words about Dicky and his customer expectant before he gets to the top.

Dicky Wood was an orphan, without brother or sister; and lived with his grandmother at Fulham. Old Mrs. Wood was very poor; but she never had been, and, please God, never would be on the parish, —that was her pride and boast. For many years she had excellent health, and managed to support herself and her lame grandchild by taking in washing, going out charring, or doing any of that miscellaneous work which goes by the name of "odd jobs," in various neighbouring households, where she was well known, and so much relied on for her honesty, that they would have trusted her with untold gold—if it had ever been their lot to possess that indefinite amount of wealth. When Dicky was in his twelfth year his grandmother's health began to give way; she could no longer earn enough to support them; and, with the fear of parish assistance before her eyes, she, at length, consented to the lame child's earnest entreaty, that he should try to do something to help her. Dicky was a clever boy, in his way, though he could not run fast; or, indeed, run at all. He had an enterprising, active spirit, and was so good-natured and obliging, that he had a host of friends. One nursery-man to whom the boy applied for advice and work, gave him both; and another, with whom his father had worked for many years, offered to give the child a few pots of common flowers to hawk about, whenever he was not employed elsewhere; and moreover, promised to send him to London with them, in one of his carts, as he would be unable to walk so far, and could not find so good a market near home. By working frequently all day long, in the open air, the boy became much stronger, and was well worth his small wages.

After a time Dicky became more and more im-

pressed with an idea of the dignity of work, and of the pleasures of an industrious life. He could not bear to be idle for an hour. This feeling of satisfaction in the work itself was connected with the highest ambition of his mind,—viz. to be able to earn so much money that he might support his grandmother in comfort during her last years. It was this ambition which fired his youthful soul, and prompted him to turn every moment of his time, every little piece of knowledge he possessed, to account. In short, Dicky was an industrious, affectionate, grateful, intelligent boy, of whom his grandmother was justly proud, and whom most persons liked to help, because he was eager to help himself and others. In the winter time he and his grandmother had a hard struggle to live. There was no work to be had in the nursery grounds, and no pots of flowers to sell; however, one of his masters employed him during the whole winter in sorting, packing and labelling seeds; so that at the end of that season Dicky was a tolerable seedsman, and would be worth double wages next year, his master said, if by that time he had learned to write the names of the seeds in a clear, firm hand. Dicky Wood's heart was set upon learning to write well from that moment. He knew how to write a little, and as he could not afford to pay any money for being taught, he set to work every night with a slate and pencil to improve himself, by copying old flower and seed-labels. Early in the spring, before any flowers were in season, he used to take watercresses and chick-weed into London to sell,—getting a lift in the early morning, by some friendly cart, on its way to Covent Garden.

Now, it happened that a young widow with a sickly little girl lived in Brick Court. The little girl had a linnet,—a dear, favourite bird, whose song cheered her when she was in pain. Mrs. Brown, poor as she was, always managed to feed Mary's linnet well; and when she heard Dicky Wood's voice one morning in the court, crying "Chickweed and groundsel," she opened the window and made a sign to him, that she would buy some, if he would wait till she got down stairs. Dicky waited, of course; but his customer kept him so long before she made her appearance below, that he began to think her custom was not worth much; but when he saw her come down the last few stairs to meet him, his impatience vanished, and he hobbled forwards towards her eagerly, saying, "Don't come any farther, Ma'am!" Poor Mrs. Brown was lame; much lamer than he was! she was obliged to walk with a crutch. He gave her the best half-pennyworth of chickweed in his basket, and promised to bring her some more the next time he came that way. He not only brought it, but he carried it up stairs to her door for her, because, as he told his grandmother, "my legs are the youngest, and I think it hurts her to walk, much more than it does me." Mrs. Brown was a sempstress, and sat still all day, sewing, by the side of her sick little girl. They never had any visitors but the parish doctor and Dicky

Wood, who each came regularly twice a-week; the one to feel the little girl's pulse and leave some medicine and sometimes a little money for her use—the other to bring the linnæa his allowance of fresh green-stuff. After one or two visits Dicky got to feel quite friendly with Mrs. Brown and Mary, and would frequently stop a few minutes to talk with them. Once or twice he brought the poor little girl some spring flowers, crocuses and primroses, which had been given him, and it pleased the good-natured boy to see how the large, hollow eyes of the little girl brightened as she looked at them.

"Mother!" said Mary, one day, when the linnæa was singing cheerily, and she had looked for a long time at a bunch of primroses which Dicky had brought her—"Mother, I think I should get well if I could only be where the flowers grow and the birds sing."

Poor, pale Mrs. Brown looked at the child sadly;—but she was too good a mother to say anything saddening.

"Ah! well, my darling!—We can't tell what may happen. God is very good, you know. I hope we shall get into the country one of these fine days. Shall I tell you about the pleasant country place I used to live in when I was a little girl?" And the fond mother described Springfield, the village in which she was born; and the little girl listened and looked at her primroses till she quite forgot that she was in a garret in Brick Court, Westminster.

The next time that Dicky came, when he had put the groundsel in the cage, little Mary asked him to come and tell her what sort of place he lived in; and Dicky sat down beside her bed, and told her about the large nursery-grounds with their greenhouses and hot-houses,—and the beautiful villas with large gardens, and the neat cottages with small ones, which are to be seen in Fulham and its neighbourhood.

"Oh! it is a most beautiful place, and I only wish you could come and live in it. Why, bless you! you can't think what lots of flowers my master has in his houses. If you stare so at these"—pointing to a few jonquils he had brought for her,—"*your eyes would come quite out of your head, I'm thinking, if you could catch a glimpse of our camellias, and azaleas, and geraniums.*"

"What hard words!" said little Mary. "But I will try and remember them. Give me my book, mother, and a pencil; and if you will tell me how to spell them, I will write down the names."

Mrs. Brown knew how to spell those hard words as well as Dicky; and when Mary had written them, he saw that she wrote much quicker and better than he did. He asked her how she had learned to write so well, and she told him that she used to go to school before she fell ill. Dicky thought he would give a great deal, if he had it to give, to be able to write as well as poor little Mary Brown; and he felt that his liking for her and her mother was much increased since he found they were so well educated.

As the season advanced, Dicky Wood became more constantly employed at Fulham, and did not come

often to London; and when he did, it was to sell plants at a sixpence and a shilling each. He was sorely tempted to give one of these to little Mary every time he came, for he was a generous-hearted little fellow; but he refrained from doing so, because he knew that he could *sell* them, and that it was his duty to be just before he was generous. His grandmother was failing fast, and every penny he could scrape together was required to get necessities and comforts for her. No! much as he desired to do so, he could not *give* away even a single pot of mignonette, because he could sell it for sixpence. Poor Dicky! Good, honest, virtuous Dicky! Honour to your sound principles, and steady practice!—you withstood temptation, and indulged not in the luxury of giving. To a mind like yours there are few luxuries more tempting; for to such it is pleasanter to give than to receive. The last time Dicky had been in Brick Court his mignonette was eightpence and ninepence the pot, and Mrs. Brown could not afford to let Mary have one, at that price, but had said that she would wait till it was sixpence. It was sixpence a pot now, and therefore Dicky felt himself justified in expecting a customer in Brick Court to-day; and, as we have seen, his expectation was on the point of being realized. As he could not conscientiously give away sixpence from his sick grandmother, he was the more anxious to give Mary and her mother the treat of looking at the flowers in his basket—for, to them, he knew it would be a treat. So the boy determined to carry his heavy load up to the attic. At last he reached the top, and saw Mrs. Brown standing at the open door of her room. She wondered why the boy was so long in coming up; and was surprised to see the load he carried. He set it down on the landing-place, and paused to take breath, while his intelligent face, flushed and moist with perspiration, looked at her, smilingly.

"Why did you bring that up, my dear boy?—It's too much for you to carry," said gentle Mrs. Brown.

"Not a bit of it!" said Dick, wiping his hot face. "It does me good. I'm strong enough in the arms, you know, if I'm weak in the legs. I brought it up because I thought you and Mary would like to see those beautiful blossoms; and I knew you couldn't come down to see them. If you'll give me a drink of water I shall be all right. How's Mary this morning?—I've got a bit of groundsel for the bird."

"Is that Dicky Wood, mother?" cried the little girl, in a feeble voice. "Bring him in."

"Yes, my darling; we are coming;" said the mother; and she whispered to Dicky, "She is much weaker than when you saw her; but don't seem to notice *that*, my dear. She has been longing for this mignonette; and I'm sure she'll be much obliged to you for bringing these beautiful flowers for her to look at. Poor darling, she is so fond of flowers! Come in; and I will give you some water to drink, and some to wash your face with. Here, let me help you with the basket, now." And they entered the room together. The door was left open, because the weather

was very warm, and the doctor had ordered that the child should be kept as cool as possible.

When they had disappeared within the room, somebody else appeared on the landing-place, at the top of the stairs. It was a little old man with grey hair, who was very shabbily dressed, but who nevertheless did not look as if he were poor. The shabbiness of his coat was a fancy of the wearer, not a necessity, because on his little finger he wore a ring with a great diamond, and his shirt front was of very fine cambric, and beautifully white. He was an eccentric old man, and passed many hours every day in wandering about London in search of adventures. He had seen Dicky Wood turn into Brick Court with his heavy basket. The pale, intelligent face of the boy, which he had often seen before, had taken his fancy, and he followed him unperceived. When he saw Mrs. Brown give the signal from her window, the little old man felt a double desire to follow the boy. He watched him during the short debate with himself as to whether he should or should not carry his load to the attic; and when he saw him, lame as he was, begin to ascend the dark stair-case with it, the strange old gentleman was determined to ascertain what the motive for such a labour could be. "Surely," he said within himself, "it's not the mere hope of selling another pot of flowers that has lighted up the child's face with such a beautiful expression!" He stepped softly up the dark stairs behind the child, and overheard distinctly the few words that passed between him and Mrs. Brown; and when they had gone into the room, and the door was partially closed so that he could stand near it and listen unperceived, he did so. I have nothing to say in favour of listening at doors; and yet I cannot find it in my heart to say anything against old Mr. Metcalfe's listening on the present occasion. He expected to hear neither good nor ill of himself, for he knew that the speakers were unaware of his very existence; what he expected to hear was something from which he could learn how he could best assist those who seemed to him to be oppressed by the double affliction of poverty and sickness.

Mr. Metcalfe was not silly enough to fancy that poverty is always an affliction; he knew well that healthy, active poverty is often to be desired rather than wealth, with its heavy drawbacks and responsibilities. He was a wise man, and knew that in a civilized country there must always be poor as well as rich; and that if the poor are contented and industrious, they have far more of happiness than mere wealth can give them. They have the dignity of labour, and the enjoyment of repose after it; and they have no time to spend in frivolous searches after a flimsy happiness, which is not worth seeking. Mr. Metcalfe had been a poor man himself, and he knew wherein consisted the real trials of poverty. He knew that when poor people had health and strength, plenty of employment, and enough to bring up their children respectably in the state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them, they were far indeed from being proper objects of pity; he was quite certain

that few classes of people enjoy life more. But when the poor have not physical strength, when sickness lays its hand on them, when they have not enough to educate their children,—then, he knew, that poverty was an evil; and then, he knew, also, that it was his duty, as a rich man, with no near relatives dependent on him, to try if he could do anything towards alleviating the evil. As Mr. Metcalfe was a man who had striven hard all his life to do his duty, the doing it, now that he was old, had acquired a property of easiness. In regard to this one duty of helping the poor, it was his greatest pleasure. I believe he never enjoyed anything in the days of his boyhood and youth more than he, now, enjoyed the discovery of some fitting object for his benevolent sympathy. On the present occasion, as he stood outside Mrs. Brown's door, and listened to the voices within, you might have fancied it was the face of a young man about to commence some service for his lady-love; there was such a deep gladness, such a touching tenderness in the face. He did not hear much. Mrs. Brown was too sad with the fear of losing her only child; Mary was too feeble, and poor Dicky too sympathising, for any of the three to be abundantly eloquent.

"This is a very fine pot of mignonette, for sixpence, Dicky!" said Mrs. Brown: "don't you think you could sell it for more?"

"Perhaps I might. Never mind!" said Dick—"I don't often give myself a treat, and now, if you please, you must keep your sixpence, and let this be a keepsake from me to Mary.—No, I won't be paid for it. I wish to goodness I could afford to leave all these with you since she likes 'em so much. But we're behind-hand with our rent, and the Doctor, he says my grandmother ought to have a nurse, a woman to look after her. I must hire one, of course; and the Lord only knows where the money's to come from."

"Don't be down-hearted, my boy," said Mrs. Brown, giving him a towel and some water; "there, just give your face a good wash—you'll feel all the better after it. There's nothing like a good wash for raising the spirits."

Mr. Metcalfe heard Dick splashing in the cool water, and almost envied him, for it was a very warm day.

"Oh! that's capital!" said Dick, taking a long breath, and then giving his face a short rub.—"Now then, let me see how my namesake goes on."

"He's very well. He sings beautiful," said Mary in a faint cheerful voice, as she sat propped up in bed gazing on the bright blossoms in Dick's basket. "But give him the groundsel—it reminds him of his old home among the trees and fields, I think. See! how he pecks at it!"

"Are you glad I'm come, Mary?"—asked Dicky, sitting down gently on the old box beside her bed, and stretching out his recently washed hand to touch her small blue veined fingers.—"I'm afraid you thought I'd forgotten all about the mignonette. But I had not. It's been very dear this spring."

"I'm very glad to have the nice mignonette; but you should not have waited till it was cheaper before you came to see me. I'm very ill, Dicky. Don't stay away so long again, or you may not see me next time. Now, Mother, darling, don't cry. You know, dearest mother, the Doctor says I cannot get better unless I go into the country and have asses' milk and all sorts of nourishing things, which cost a great deal of money. So now, Dicky, I want you to talk to her, and make her see that it's best not to tease herself any more about me, but just to do the best we can to make each other happy for the short time I have to live. If mother was to work her fingers to the bone, (which she does, pretty nearly,) she could not get money enough to take me into the country, and buy me all the things the Doctor says I want; so it's best to give it up. If God had meant me to get better, he would have sent us these things."

"But, Mary dear, you cannot *want* to die?" said Dicky in a husky voice, for the tears were in his throat, at the thought of her death. The poor mother sat at the foot of the bed, unable to speak to the children.

"No! oh no!" said the little sickly voice—"I do not *want* to die. It is so hard to leave mother, and never to see the beautiful country places she and you talk about. At first, I could not bear it; and it made me cry whenever I thought about it; but now I do not mind it so much."

"Why not?" asked Dicky gently.

"Because," replied the little girl after a pause—"Because,—I have thought and thought about it so often that it does not seem dreadful. I'm used to it; and in the night time angels come to me and tell me that God wishes me to go to him, and they promise to comfort mother when I am gone. Kiss me, mother. Don't cry, Dicky. Listen. You said just now that you would be obliged to hire some one to nurse your grandmother. Now, you could not in all the wide world get a better, kinder nurse than mother. If you could wait a week or two till I am—gone to the angels—and would then come and fetch mother to live with you and take care of your grandmother, I think it would be a good thing for you all. Mother longs to go and live among fields and trees quite as much as I do. She won't want to be paid for nursing your grandmother. She'll be able to earn money enough for herself, by dressmaking, after a time, and will be able to help you; though just at first, Dicky dear, she won't be able to work, for thinking and fretting about me. So I want you to come and see us as often as you can, and let us settle about her living with you that I may die comfortably."

Little Mary's voice seemed to get stronger as she proceeded; and her accent was so affectionate that the listening stranger could scarcely refrain from entering the room. Just then he heard a man's footstep coming briskly up the stairs. Mr. Metcalfe did not like to be caught in the act of listening outside a poor woman's door, so he turned away and began to go down-stairs. On the second landing he met

the person who was coming up. From his appearance he guessed him to be the Doctor. When Mr. Metcalfe had set his mind upon doing anything, he did not hesitate much about the way of beginning his work. He accosted this gentleman at once.

"Is the little girl in the attic, here, a patient of yours, Sir?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "She and her mother are very interesting people. In my profession, Sir, we had need be *made* of money, to relieve half the cases of real necessity that come before us.—There's this poor child. If she could be removed without delay to a healthy country place, where she could have fresh air, novelty to occupy her mind, and delicate nutritious diet, I would engage that she would get better. As it is, poor little thing!"—

"You think she will die?"

"I do; and what better prospect than an early death can I see for her!—Living as she is compelled to do, (for her good mother is lame and very delicate herself, and cannot manage to change her mode of life, or move about much,) it is not possible that she can ever recover enough to be of use in her own support. This weighs on her mind;—and the little thing already begins to look forward to her own death as a relief to her mother. Ah! Sir, there are some very hard and stern realities that come face to face with very young children among the poor. And when one thinks that such realities might come home to one's own children, it makes us begin to look about and see if we cannot help matters a little. I've got a quarter of an hour to spare, and so I've just stepped up to have a talk with Mrs. Brown, and see exactly what means of subsistence and what friends she has, and then I must see if I can raise a subscription, to send her and the child into the country for a time."

Mr. Metcalfe grasped the good man's hand.—"You're a good fellow, Sir. Excuse my familiarity; but a fellow-feeling should make us familiar. I'm intensely interested in these poor people. I'm able to help them. They don't know me; they never saw me. There's a boy with them now, whom I know by sight because he lives in a cottage near me; I've taken a fancy to him, too. If you'll go up and send him to me while you talk to them, I think there need be no delay in carrying out your wishes for the child and her mother."

The Doctor looked gratified, shook hands again with Mr. Metcalfe, exchanged cards with him, and promised to send Dicky Wood down stairs immediately. After a few minutes Dicky was heard descending slowly with his heavy load. Mr. Metcalfe, as the reader guesses, was not too fine a gentleman to help a poor boy with a load. He went to meet him, and said—"Let me give you a hand."

Dicky had no idea that the person who spoke to him was Mr. Metcalfe, of Hertford House, Fulham,—one of the grandest places near his home;—he could only see a man's form indistinctly, in the dim light. He replied, "Thank you, sir," and accepted the offer readily. When they reached the bottom, and emerged

into the court, Dicky Wood thanked his helper again, and this time he looked into his face. Very much astonished was Dicky Wood when he saw who it was, and he took off his hat respectfully; for Mr. Metcalfe's household had been very kind to his grandmother, and Mr. Metcalfe himself was very much beloved among the poor in his neighbourhood.

"You've got some nice plants there," he said, kindly, wishing to relieve the boy's embarrassment. "How much are they all worth?"

"Five shillings, Sir," replied Dick.

"I'll buy them." And the old gentleman put five shillings into his hand. "I've taken a fancy to them, and should like to have them at my house. Leave them here just now, and fetch me a cab to the end of the court."

Dicky soon brought the cab, and he and the man lifted the plants to the top of it.

"Now, Richard Wood, I want to speak to you.—You know who I am? Very well. Is there not another room in your cottage besides those which you and your grandmother use?"

"Yes, sir. We can't let it, because we've got no furniture."

"Well, I want to hire it, and I've got some furniture. How much is it a-week?"

"Four shillings, sir. It's the best room, and very large and airy."

"That's the sort of room I want. I want to hire it, and furnish it to-day for the poor woman and the little girl whom you have just been visiting. I shall go home now, and see your grandmother: she shall not be disturbed more than can be helped. I'll send one of my servants to clean out the room and arrange the furniture, which shall be sent from my house; and to-morrow Mary and her mother shall come down to Fulham, and you shall come and fetch them. You are a good boy; and I shall take great care of these plants, because they remind me of the unselfish exertion you made to please the sick little girl. I shall not give you any money, Richard Wood, I think you are a fine fellow, and I should like to shake hands with you. I do not mean to pay you for the pot of mignonette you gave to little Mary. You said you wished to give yourself a treat by making her a present of it. I will not deprive you of your treat—you deserve it. Now, go and tell the little girl and her mother that a friend of yours, Mr. Metcalfe, is going to send you to fetch them away from Brick Court, to-morrow. Tell the mother, that I hope she will help to nurse your grandmother, as Mary proposed; and tell Mary that she must get well very fast when she comes to Fulham. Above all things, Dick, my boy, don't let her forget her pot of mignonette. If it had not been for that, I never should have known any thing about her. I shall send some one to see the poor woman this evening, and tell her what arrangements are being made for her comfort. In the meantime, I think you had better go back and have some dinner with her. In case she has nothing ready cooked in her cupboard, suppose you take this

to the next eating-house, and buy what you think she would like best,—don't forget a jelly for little Mary, and some wine for both of them."

So saying, the benevolent old man put a sovereign into Dick's hand; and before he could say any words of thanks, the cab, with Mr. Metcalfe in it, was rattling away down the street. Dick looked after it till it was out of sight; then he looked at the sovereign in his hand, then up at Mrs. Brown's attic window. The sunbeams still illuminated it. It was open, the blind was drawn up, and on the window sill, outside, stood a pot of mignonette in full bloom. The sight of that seemed to recall Dick's senses.

"It was *that*—if it hadn't been for that, I never should have been in Brick Court to-day! Oh! that blessed pot of mignonette! What a trifle to bring about so much good! But, as grandmother says, the world is full of good people."

LEWIS ARUNDEL;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONTAINS A PARADOX—LEWIS WHEN LEAST DESIGNED,
DISPLAYS THE VIRTUE OF RESIGNATION.

ON the morning after his second visit to Hardy, Lewis received a packet from the hospital chaplain, enclosing the letter of which the dying man had spoken, together with a note containing the information that Hardy had breathed his last about two hours before daybreak. The chaplain had seen him, and judged him to be in a fitting state of mind to receive the last consolations of religion. After partaking of the Holy Communion he had fallen into a state of unconsciousness, and died without any return of pain. Lewis opened Hardy's letter: it merely contained a repetition of the request in regard to his unfortunate daughter, together with a reference to one of his associates in whose possession was a packet containing his father-in-law's will, and other papers, all of which he begged Lewis to take charge of and examine at his leisure; he also gave a clue by which Miss Grant's watch and trinkets might be recovered, and expressed his deep penitence for that robbery, as well as for his other crimes. As Lewis perused this letter, he for the first time became fully aware of the embarrassing situation in which he had placed himself by his promise to Hardy. How was he to discover Lord Bellefield's victim? how endeavour to reclaim her? After a few minutes' thought his determination was taken. General Grant had announced that morning the fact that Lord Bellefield, having accepted an invitation to Broadhurst, might be expected in the course of the following day; Lewis therefore resolved to address a letter to his lordship, to be given him on his arrival, detailing such portions

(1) Continued from p. 287.

of Hardy's confession as related to his daughter, and the promise which he had been induced to make to the dying poacher; adding that if Lord Bellefield would afford him the information necessary in order to enable him to carry out her father's wishes, and pledge his word of honour to avoid her for the future, he should not attempt to give publicity to the matter, but that in the event of his refusal, he should feel it his duty to make General Grant acquainted with the whole affair.

In pursuance of the system he had laid down for himself, Lewis avoided Annie's society as much as was possible; a line of conduct which she soon appeared to observe, and at first to wonder at. The arrival of Lord Bellefield, however, and her knowledge of Lewis's feelings towards him, afforded her an imaginary clue to the young tutor's altered demeanour; still the change annoyed and pained her, more than she chose to acknowledge even to her own heart. Lord Bellefield was all amiability; he had visited Italy, and brought back innumerable anecdotes of the domestic felicity of his brother Charles, whose wife he reported to be a model to her sex. His accounts of Charles's prodigious business efforts, varied by occasional lapses into the *dolce-far-niente* of dandyism, were amusing in the extreme. Annie was forced to own that her cousin appeared greatly improved, and yet her repugnance to a renewal of the engagement seemed daily to increase. General Grant, however, by no means sympathised with this caprice, as he considered it, and was only restrained from some violent manifestation of domestic despotism, by his confidence in his own authority, and in the certainty of Annie's obedience whenever he might see fit to demand it. Lewis wrote the letter to Lord Bellefield, and having ascertained that it had reached him safely, waited patiently for an answer. Several days elapsed without his receiving one, and he was debating what step he should next take, when, as he was pacing up and down a shrubby walk wrapped in meditation, he suddenly met Lord Bellefield face to face. Determining not to lose the opportunity, he raised his hat, and bowing slightly, began:—

"This meeting is fortunate, as I am anxious to ask your lordship a question. Have you not received a letter from me?"

"I have, sir," was the haughty and concise reply.

"It is customary between gentlemen to acknowledge the receipt of a letter," urged Lewis, "more particularly when, as in this instance, the writer has pledged himself to act according to the tenor of the answer."

"I scarcely see how your observation applies to the present case," was the insolent rejoinder. "In regard to your letter, I have treated it with the silent contempt it merited."

Lewis's brow flushed; controlling the angry impulse, however, he said calmly:—"Your lordship cannot irritate me by such insinuations—you are aware of the alternative when you refuse to answer my letter?"

"I am, sir; you are welcome to take any course you please; I scorn your false accusations, and leave you to do your worst."

"In that case we understand each other," was the stern reply, and again raising his hat, Lewis passed on.

After this brief conversation, he lost no time in obtaining a private interview with General Grant; scarcely, however, had he begun his statement when the General interrupted him, by observing:—

"I need not trouble you to proceed, Mr. Arundel; I am in possession of all the facts you are about to detail—Lord Bellefield has given me a full explanation of the matter, and I can assure you that you are labouring under an erroneous impression. The main facts of the story are, I am sorry to say, true; but the chief actor in the affair was a rascally valet of Lord Bellefield's, who assumed his master's name and apparel in order to accomplish his nefarious designs."

"But I myself witnessed an interview between Lord Bellefield and the poor girl on the morning after the ball," returned Lewis, in surprise; "I should not have brought such a charge on insufficient grounds, believe me."

"Your zeal, sir," replied the General,—"for I am willing to attribute the step you have taken solely to misdirected zeal,—has assuredly led you into error. Lord Bellefield, who seems by some means aware of this idea of yours—"

"I mentioned that I saw him, in a letter which I addressed to him on the subject," interrupted Lewis; "it is only fair when you accuse a man of any fault to explain the grounds on which you believe him to have committed it."

"Quite right, sir, quite right," rejoined the General, with an approving nod; "it is owing to the fair and manly way in which you have stated this matter, that Lord Bellefield has been enabled to clear himself to my entire satisfaction. In regard to the interview to which you refer, he has recalled to me the fact, that he spent the morning in question almost entirely in my company; we were engaged upon matters connected with the approaching election—you must therefore have mistaken the identity of the person you imagined to be him."

"I am not apt to make such mistakes," returned Lewis, dryly, feeling convinced that the story was a clever fabrication from beginning to end, while, at the same time, he was becoming aware that for him to prove it to be so, would be next to impossible.

"Nevertheless, you must have done so in this instance," resumed General Grant; "but the mistake is easily to be accounted for. Lord Bellefield tells me, that in order more safely to carry on his schemes, this rascally valet used to disguise himself so as to resemble his master as much as possible, even wearing false moustachios to increase the likeness; the fact of his having deceived you, proves how successfully the fellow had contrived his disguise."

While the General was speaking, Lewis hastily ran over in his mind all the evidence he possessed to prove Lord Bellefield's guilt; and though he still felt as deeply convinced as he had ever been, that in his first impression he had not erred, yet so skilfully had this story of the valet been adapted to suit the

circumstances of the case, that it appeared impossible to undeceive a man, whose habits of mind were so obstinate as those of General Grant. His first introduction to the girl after the glove affair in the ice-room, although it carried conviction to his own mind, proved nothing, save that having witnessed a quarrel between two gentlemen, she was naturally enough alarmed as to the probable consequences to which it might lead. Again, in his second interview, she might have been herself deceived by the valet's representations into believing him to be Lord Bellefield, or, as she said, Mr. Leicester, his brother; or, again, it was still more probable, that she had been in her lover's confidence, and striving to mystify and deceive Lewis. Hardy might have been aware of other facts, but his mistake in regard to Lewis, proved that his information was not to be relied on. All this Lewis saw at a glance; and seeing, felt more annoyed and embarrassed than he could express.

"Time will prove the truth," he said; "I cannot believe in Lord Bellefield's innocence, but I am unable, at the present moment, to adduce any facts which might not bear the interpretation he has chosen to put upon them, and can only express my sorrow at having annoyed you, sir, by making a charge which I have failed to substantiate."

"You annoy me more, Mr. Arundel, by refusing to be convinced by evidence, which, after having given the matter my fullest attention, has sufficed to satisfy me. I can only imagine that, in this matter, private pique has warped your usually clear judgment; perhaps, after a little cool reflection, you may be induced to take a more charitable view of the affair."

So saying, the General stalked out of the room with a majestic port, as of an offended lion, leaving Lewis in a frame of mind the reverse of seraphic. But his trials for that morning were not yet at an end. Annie Grant had brooded over the young tutor's gloomy looks and altered demeanour, till she had made herself quite unhappy, when the idea occurred to her that she herself might be to blame. Since the last German lesson, to which allusion has been made, she had felt an instinctive dread of sounding the depths of her own feelings, or of allowing any one else, and much more Lewis, to perceive them. But it now struck her that, in avoiding one extreme, she had fallen into the other, and that Lewis might conceive the alteration in her manner to be owing to Lord Bellefield's influence. This notion having once struck her, was so inconceivably painful, that she determined to avail herself of the first opportunity of inquiring to what cause Lewis's estrangement might be attributed; and if she found it had been produced by any supposed coolness on her part, she resolved to explain away such impression, and, as she herself would have termed it, "make friends" again. Pondering these thoughts, she entered the library by a door communicating with the garden; in her hand she carried a bunch of roses, which she had just gathered, and hanging from her arm was her garden bonnet, which she had converted for the occasion into an extempore

basket, also filled with roses; her golden ringlets, scared from their propriety by the wind, hung in picturesque disorder about her face and neck; the alarm she had lately undergone had rendered her somewhat paler than ordinary, and her delicate features were characterised by an unusually pensive expression. She entered so quietly, that Lewis, who, buried in thought, was seated at the table, his head resting on his hands, did not perceive her presence, until, in a soft low voice, she uttered his name. At the moment she spoke, he was thinking of her—striving in vain to banish her image, which haunted his imagination like some restless ghost—trying to *think down* the temptation, which was hourly becoming too strong for him; and when the sound of her voice reached him, and looking up with a start, he saw her standing by him in the power of her dazzling beauty, it seemed as though the phantom of his imagination had suddenly assumed a bodily shape to tempt him beyond all power of resistance. Something of all this must have appeared in the expression of his features, for Annie began, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Arundel, I had no idea of startling you; I fancied you had heard me enter—but you look pale and tremble, surely you are not ill?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, forcing a smile, "it is nothing; a slight giddiness, which will pass away in a moment."

As he spoke, however, he pressed his hand to his brow, which throbbed as though it would burst. Annie became alarmed, and, placing her flowers on the table, she drew nearer to him, saying—

"I am sure there is something the matter; you are either ill or unhappy; you have received some bad news of your mother, or dear Rose, is it not so?"

"Indeed you are mistaken," returned Lewis, making an effort to rouse himself; "I was buried in thought, and your sudden entrance startled me. I am not usually given to such freaks, but since our nocturnal adventure, I must confess to having become practically convinced of the existence of nerves. I must have lost more blood from this cut in the wrist than I was at first aware of."

"Ah! that dreadful night!" exclaimed Annie, clasping her hands, and turning pale at the recollection, "I shall never forget all I went through on that night, if I live to be a hundred. I had been asleep for an hour or more, when I suddenly woke, and saw Lisette standing by my bed-side, pale and trembling; as soon as she could find voice to speak, she told me there were robbers in the house, and that we should all be murdered. My first idea was, that you would be able to save us, and I told her to go and arouse you instantly; I soon found, however, she was too much alarmed to go alone, so I rose and accompanied her. The rest you know; but you can never know the agony of mind I suffered after you had left me; first, the dreadful interval of suspense before the robbers came up stairs, and then the fearful sounds of the conflict. I felt sure they would kill you, and I thought how wickedly selfish I had been, to allow you to stay there and meet them, when, but for me, you

might have escaped. I felt as if I had condemned you to death, and that I could never—never be happy again. Oh! it was too horrible!" and, carried away by the recollections she had called up, Annie sank into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out some painful object.

And Lewis, what had been his feelings, as, hurried on by the interest of her subject, Annie had thus unconsciously afforded him a glimpse into the inmost recesses of her heart? When she mentioned that her impulse on the first alarm of danger had been to rely on his protection, his dark eyes beamed with an inexpressible tenderness; but as she proceeded, and her artless confession proved, that in the moment of peril her fears were not for herself but for him, his emotions became uncontrollable, and the volcano of passion, whose secret fires had already begun to prey upon his very life-springs, threatened to burst forth, and bear down all before it. Already he had half risen from his seat; in another moment his arm would have encircled her, and the words that told of his deep, his overpowering love,—the words that, once said, could never have been recalled, would have been poured forth, when, by one of those dispensations of Providence which men call Chance, his eye fell upon two persons, who were pacing, arm-in-arm, along a terrace walk on the farther side of the lawn,—they were General Grant and Lord Bellefield. The revolution of feeling was instantaneous; duty, honour, pride, all came to the rescue, and the fight was won, but the cost remained yet to reckon. Lewis once excited, was not a person to take half-measures; with the speed of thought, the resolution rushed upon him, that while their mutual relations remained unchanged, he and Annie must never meet again. The purpose was no sooner formed than it was acted upon. Turning to his companion, who, engrossed by her own feelings, had remained wholly unconscious of the struggle that had been proceeding in Lewis's breast, he said, in a calm mournful voice,—“Although I have not exactly received evil tidings, yet circumstances have occurred which require my presence elsewhere, and I am now about to ask your father's permission to leave Broadhurst; this will, therefore, probably be the last time I shall see you.”

“Until you return,” interrupted Annie, eagerly.

A bitter smile flitted across Lewis's mouth as he replied, “Yes, *until I return!* I will therefore bid you good-bye at once.” He paused, and his eye fell upon a rose-bud she was unconsciously playing with, “I have a fancy for that flower,” he said; “will you give it to me?”

“Nay, let me find you a better one,” was the reply; “this is blighted.”

“For which reason I prefer it to any other; you know I have odd fancies sometimes.” He took the bud from her, fixed it in his button-hole, then resumed, “I must now seek the General—good-bye!”

Annie regarded him with a pleading glance, as though she would fain learn more; but reading in the stern resolution of his countenance the inutilty of

further questioning, held out her hand in silence; he took it, clasped it in his own, then, yielding to an irresistible impulse, pressed it hurriedly to his lips, and was gone.

General Grant was naturally by no means of a suspicious disposition; the position in which he was placed, giving him irresponsible authority over nearly every person with whom he came in contact, had rendered him pompous and arbitrary; but although not a man of enlarged mind, or possessing much delicacy of perception, he was actuated by a strong principle of justice. This attribute imparted a degree of frankness and generosity to his character, which, despite occasional displays of obstinacy or prejudice, caused him to be very generally respected, and, in some instances, beloved. To a mind of this nature, there can be nothing more vexatious or annoying, than to have its preconceived opinions of a person shaken by artful insinuations, which will require long and patient investigation to verify or disprove. In such a state of mind as we have described, however, did Lord Bellefield leave General Grant, when, after pacing up and down the memorable terrace walk, which had been the scene of De Grandeville's ill-judged confidence to Charley Leicester, he at length quitted him. The subject of their conversation had been the character of Lewis Arundel; and Lord Bellefield had taken advantage of the General's momentary irritation against the young tutor, to suggest, rather than positively to make, the following accusation:—He first hinted that the General had been deceived by Lewis's fair seeming, to adopt a wrong view of his disposition, and that, instead of the chivalrous, high-spirited, honourable being he imagined him, he was, in fact, an artful and accomplished hypocrite. He then proceeded to state, that he had long seen this, and even suspected the object of his lengthened residence at Broadhurst, nay, possibly of his original entrance into that family; this object he declared to be, a systematic design to ensnare the affections of the General's daughter, probably relying on his good looks and insinuating manner to enable him to inveigle her into a runaway marriage. “Hence,” he observed, “his animosity towards me; hence his unsuccessful attempts to blacken my character, first in regard to the poor fellow who shot himself, and now concerning the poacher's daughter. If he could once have succeeded in producing a quarrel between us, he would have had a clear field to himself. I was unwilling to disturb you by telling you this before, sir,” he continued. “I felt perfect confidence in my cousin Annie's affection; and as to the young fellow himself, he was of course quite beneath my notice; but Annie, after all, is a mere girl, and naturally inexperienced in the ways of the world. Since the hint you threw out, advising me to proceed with gentleness, because she appeared to have some girlish scruples as to the renewal of the engagement, I have felt it was incumbent on me to put you on your guard without delay. The man is handsome,—chance has given him many opportunities of interesting a romantic

girl, and it must be confessed our dear Annie has a spice of romance about her."

"I do not think so, sir," interrupted the General, snappishly; "none of the Grants ever were romantic. I am not romantic myself, and I do not believe a daughter of mine would forget her duty, her position, in fact, her relationship to me, so far as to indulge in romance in regard to a private tutor. Moreover, I believe Mr. Arundel to be a highly honourable young man; he is the son of a soldier and a gentleman, and I cannot but consider that you wrong him by your suspicions; at the same time, I promise you the matter shall be looked into, the engagement between my daughter and yourself formally renewed, and the moment she is of age, it is my wish that the marriage should take place. It is desirable for your sake as well as for hers. I trust when you become a married man to see you give up racing, and take more interest in public business. It is, as you are aware, my intention to settle Broadhurst upon your second son, it will therefore behove you to distinguish yourself as one in whom the families of Leicester and Grant are united."

So saying, the General relapsed into a solemn silence, and Lord Bellefield, indy raging at the tone of authority which his future father-in-law saw fit to assume towards him, quitted him, leaving the poison he had instilled into his mind to work; and it did work, for although he was disinclined in the highest degree to admit the truth of his intended son-in-law's insinuations against Lewis, yet he could not banish them from his mind. A thousand little circumstances came to his recollection, of which at the moment he had thought nothing, but which now appeared to favour Lord Bellefield's view of the case; and for the first time his own imprudence in throwing so constantly together two young people in every way calculated to attract each other, occurred to him, and he paced the terrace walk in a frame of mind by no means customary to that gallant officer, viz. one of self-reproach. While thus pondering, at a sudden turn in the walk, the object of his thoughts appeared before him, looking so tall, dark, and cold, as, with his arms folded across his breast, he stood statue-like beneath the shadow of an old yew-tree, that the General started as though he had seen a ghost. If any such notion occurred to him, however, the illusion was soon dissipated, for Lewis, raising his hat, advanced towards him, and said,—

"I have sought you, General Grant, to thank you for all the generous courtesy I have received at your hands, and to tell you, that it is impossible for me longer to continue a member of your household."

As Lewis spoke these words calmly and respectfully, the General's face assumed an expression of surprise and dismay, most wonderful to behold.

"What!" he exclaimed, "resign your appointment as tutor to my ward! quit Sir Walter, before you have completed his education, when your system has been so surprisingly successful too! Oh, the thing is impossible, I cannot hear of it."

A look of sorrow passed across Lewis's features, as

the General mentioned Walter, but he replied with the same calm, respectful, but determined manner, which, to one who knew him well, would have proved that he was acting in accordance with some resolve that he had formed, and to which he would adhere inflexibly.

"I am grieved to be obliged to relinquish my task unfinished," he said, "more especially since the interest I have long felt in my poor pupil, has rendered duties which others might consider irksome, a labour of love to me. I trust, however, that I have been enabled so far to develop poor Walter's intellects, that any person who will treat him judiciously and kindly (and to no other, I am sure, you would entrust him) may be able to complete all that remains to be done towards his education."

"And pray what is your reason for this sudden determination, Mr. Arundel?" inquired the General, becoming more and more perplexed, as he perceived that it would be no easy matter to shake Lewis's resolve. "I presume some more advantageous prospect has been thrown open to you?"

Lewis shook his head mournfully. "You wrong me by such a supposition, sir," he replied; "my future, as far as I can foresee it, is not a bright one, believe me."

"Has Lord Bellefield in any way annoyed or interfered with you?" inquired the General, as a suspicion crossed his mind that his amiable future son-in-law might have taken some aggressive step against the young tutor; but Lewis again replied in the negative, adding that his reason for resigning his post was entirely of a personal nature, and that he had not come to the conclusion without due consideration.

"Really, sir," returned the General, drawing himself up stiffly, "these enigmas are past my comprehension. You suddenly propose to resign the conduct of my ward's education, thereby materially injuring him, and causing me the greatest inconvenience and annoyance; I think, therefore, you owe it to me as well as to yourself candidly to state your reason for so doing; at all events I must be allowed to say, such concealment is most unlike your usual frank and manly course of proceeding."

As the General uttered this reproach, Lewis coloured, and his compressed lip and knitted brow told how deeply it affected him. When the other had ceased speaking, he answered haughtily,—*"Your reproach may be deserved, General Grant, but it was my wish to save us both pain, which alone induced me to desire the concealment you reprobate; your words, however, oblige me to speak openly, and cost what it may, I will do so. I cannot remain longer beneath your roof, because I love your daughter. Wait,"* he continued sternly, as with a start of horrified surprise the General seemed about to give vent to his indignation, in a torrent of words, *"you have forced me to speak, and must now hear me out. I well know the feelings with which you regard my mad presumption, as you consider it; I know better even than you do, the gulf which lies between your daughter*

and your paid dependant; but nature recognises no such distinctions,—the same God who made her good and beautiful, implanted in my breast the admiration for those qualities, and I could no more exist in her presence without loving her, than I could stand in the glorious sunshine without feeling its genial warmth. My love was from the beginning as hopeless as I know it to be at this moment, when I read in your lowering brow, that if your frown could annihilate me, you would deem the punishment only too mild for my offence against your pride of station; and yet I know, and you know it too, that casting aside the adventitious gifts of rank and fortune, my nature is more akin to your own, than is that of the titled worldling you have selected as your future son-in-law. Before night sets in, I shall have left this house for ever, and from that moment to you and yours I shall be as one dead. I may, therefore, say without fear of misconception, that which I could not speak as long as I remained a member of your household. The tale that I told you regarding the poacher's child was TRUE. In the version Lord Bellefield gave of it, he lied to you. He is a man of evil passions, and of narrow mind, and I warn you, if you entrust your daughter's happiness to him, a time will come, when you will bitterly repent it. I will next tell you why I have remained here thus long, and why I leave you now. My passion for your daughter has been the growth of months; how I have striven against it and endeavoured to crush it out,—aye, though I crushed my heart with it, none will ever know; it is enough that I have failed, that where I fancied myself strong, I have been proved weak. If I have suffered, 'tis through my own folly; if my future appear one fathomless hell of recollection, for myself have I prepared it." He paused, drew his hand across his throbbing brow, and then continued,—

"I remained here for Walter's sake, relying on my own fortitude to conceal the mental torture I endured; I bore Lord Bellefield's sneers, and, harder still, your daughter's gentle kindness, with an unmoved aspect, but at each successive trial the effort became greater, and my strength grew less, until this morning, when in her tender woman's mercy, your daughter, reading in my face traces of the anguish which was consuming me, spoke words of kindness and sympathy, chance alone, or rather the watchful providence of God, prevented my secret from transpiring. A similar trial might recur at any moment—I have lost all confidence in my power of self-control; therefore every principle of honour and of duty bids me leave this place without delay; and this, so help me Heaven, is the whole and simple truth."

As he concluded, General Grant, whose brow had gradually relaxed during Lewis's speech, exclaimed with a degree of warmth most unusual to him—"You have behaved like a man of honour, Mr. Arundel, under what I own to have been a very great trial, and I admire and respect you for so completely justifying the favourable opinion I have formed of you; I wish—that is, I could wish if the thing were not impossible—but it is useless to talk in this way—you must, as

you wisely perceive, leave Broadhurst immediately. I will take upon me to find some reason to account for your abrupt departure, but you will carry with you my esteem and gratitude, and in whatever career you may think fit to adopt, you may rely upon my willingness to assist you to the uttermost. May I inquire your future plans?"

"I have formed no plans," returned Lewis hurriedly, "when I leave your house, my only prospect is to begin life anew, with every hope that renders life endurable shut out from me for ever—I am grateful for your offers, but must decline them. Henceforward I am likely to do little credit to any one's patronage, and must strive with existence, alone and single-handed. And now, ere I leave you, let me again thank you for the courtesy you have uniformly shown me—I expected justice at your hands, you have added kindness also—we shall probably never meet again, but the chances of life are strange, and should it ever be in my power to return your benefits, you will not find me forgetful."

He raised his hat as he spoke, and turned to depart. General Grant advanced as if he would detain him, but checking himself he muttered,—

"You shall hear from me—I will write to you at your banker's;" and Lewis bowed and left him.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SHOWS HOW LEWIS CAME TO A "DOGGED" DETERMINATION, AND WAS MADE THE SHUTTLECOCK OF FATE.

"WALTER, I am going to leave you," observed Lewis, in a quiet, gentle voice.

Walter, who was seated on a low stool playing with Faust, continued his amusement, merely replying carelessly, "Are you?"

Lewis knew from the nature of the answer that the sound but not the sense of his communication had reached his poor pupil's understanding, and yet the apparent indifference of the remark pained him; it seemed as if all he loved were falling away from him. He had determined that it would be better for Walter not to be told at once that he was leaving never to return, but to allow the truth gradually to dawn upon him, after he had practically tested his ability to do without him; still he was anxious in some degree to prepare the poor boy's mind to support the severe grief which he feared his absence would occasion him. Accordingly, he returned to the attack.

"Look at me, Walter," he said. Having caught his eye, he continued—"You did not understand me, dear boy; I am going away—going to leave you for a long time."

"Aye? how long a time? a week?" inquired Walter.

"A great many weeks," returned Lewis gravely, "and you must be very good all the time, and do everything as you know I should wish you to do it if I were here; do you understand me, and will you try?"

Walter nodded assent, paused, and then asked,—
“What will Faust do; may he stay with me?”

Lewis did not answer. Give up Faust, the only thing that he had left to love him! could he make this sacrifice?

“Because, if he may stay, I shall feel sure you will come back some time or other; nobody can leave Faust, and not come and see him again,—at least nobody who knows him and loves him as well as you and I do,” pleaded Walter, throwing his arm round the dog’s neck.

I am inflicting injury enough on the poor boy as it is, reflected Lewis sorrowfully; I must not deny him this thing, which he has set his heart upon. Well, it only makes the sacrifice the more complete. “Walter, will you be happy if I leave Faust with you?” he inquired gently.

“Oh yes!” was the joyful reply, “quite happy till you come again.”

“Then he shall stay,” resumed Lewis; “remember, he is your dog, I give him to you.”

“Yes, he is my dog,” repeated Walter gleefully; “only till you come back again, though, you know,” he added, gazing wistfully at Lewis.

Poor Lewis! his heart was full, he could not trust himself to speak; this little incident had appealed to the affectionate side of his nature, and all but unmanned him. He approached Walter, swept back the soft fair hair from his forehead, and imprinted a kiss on it, patted Faust’s shaggy head, and turning away abruptly, quitted the room. Ere nightfall he had completed the few arrangements which his sudden departure rendered necessary, and taking with him only a small travelling valise which he slung across his shoulders, he waited till the shades of evening had set in, and leaving directions with his ally Robert, now invested with all the dignity and privileges of butlerhood, in regard to his luggage, which he desired might be forwarded to a certain address in London, he quitted Broadhurst alone, and on foot.

The town of H—— was situated about ten miles from the park-gates of Broadhurst, and thither did Lewis direct his steps. He paced along mechanically, with a dull heavy tread, as unlike his usual free elastic bounding step as possible; he kept his eyes fixed on the road before him, neither glancing to the right nor the left, and all his actions appeared like those of one moving in a dream. The night was dry and warm, and when Lewis had proceeded about six miles on his way, the moon came out, and bathed hill and valley in a flood of silvery light. Suddenly he paused, as the ruins of a picturesque old abbey, thrown out in bold relief by a dark background of trees, became visible at a turning of the road, and, fixing his eyes on the time-worn structure, gazed long and earnestly; then a new idea seemed to strike him, and springing over a gate, he ascended with vigorous strides the green hill-side on which the ruin was situated. Passing beneath crumbling arches, and over the fallen stone-work covering old graves of a forgotten generation, he reached a portion of the building which seemed in

somewhat better repair than the remainder. Having reached the upper end of the chancel, he paused, and leaning his back against the broken shaft of a pillar which had supported one of the arches, gave way to the painful recollections which the place excited. The last time he had visited that spot, Annie Grant had stood by his side, and as he taught her how the mystic piety of our forefathers had striven to symbolize the truths of Christianity in the cruciform cathedral, with its vaulted arches and heaven-aspiring pinnacles, her soft blue eyes had looked into his face, with an expression of the respectful love we feel towards one whom we deem better and wiser than ourselves. And now how cruel was the contrast—how completely and painfully alone he felt—and then he longed (who has not at some crisis of the inner-life?) so earnestly, that he almost fancied he possessed the power, to separate mind and matter, and flying in the spirit to her he loved, to learn whether she thought of him, and grieved for his absence. Pursuing the idea, he came to speculate on many things. Had they yet told her he would not return? What reason would the General assign for such an abrupt departure? Would she believe his account, or would her heart divine the true cause? And if it did, would she pity him?—strongest proof of love—he could bear the idea of *her* pity.

Poor Lewis! perhaps his greatest trial was this, that at the very moment when he gave her up for ever, a latent sense of power told him that he could have won her; this was, indeed, the “sorrow’s crown of sorrow”—the bitterness of more than self-reunciation, for Annie, too, might be rendered unhappy by his act. Then the future, the blank fearful future, what lay in store for him there? “Fresh sorrow—no,” (and he smiled as men on the rack have smiled when the tormentors have outwitted themselves, and the numbness of approaching death has produced insensibility to pain, and robbed them of their victim,) “he was dead alike to sorrow as to joy;” but at the moment, as if to prove him weak even in the *vis inertiae* of despair, the possibility of Annie’s union with Lord Bellefield came before him like some hideous phantom, and he was forced to own, that there might be depths of misery awaiting him greater than he had yet proved. And thus recalling the past, and imagining the future, he afflicted himself with griefs real and visionary, till the moonbeams grew paler and altogether fled, and the stars disappeared one by one, and the red glow of the eastern sky proclaimed the coming day, and the sun arose glorious in his majesty, and his earliest rays poured through the broken roof, and fell in a stream of golden light upon the ruined altar; for the first time that night Lewis thought of Rose, and of what her advice would have been had she known of his unhappiness; and prostrating himself upon the altar-step he prayed long and fervently.

The reflection, that when our sorrow has become too heavy for us to bear, there is One, mighty to save, Himself in His earthly career a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who will strengthen us

to support them, must console the deepest mental anguish; and we do not believe that any man has ever prayed truly and earnestly without receiving comfort from so doing. For the very act recognises a belief in the existence, and faith in the benevolence of a Being, all-powerful alike to avert the evil we dread, and to bestow upon us the good we desire. And Lewis, when he arose from his knees, did so refreshed in spirit, and better fitted to do or to suffer as he might be required, by the changes and chances of that portion of *THE RAILROAD OF LIFE* over which he had yet to pass.

He reached the town of H— as the inhabitants, aroused from their slumbers, were drowsily opening the shop-windows, and making his way to a small unobtrusive inn, breakfasted. Having ascertained at what hour the last coach passed through for London, he left his valise under the care of the waiter, and passing along several dirty narrow streets, at length reached a court, in one of the poorest and most wretched quarters of the town. Here, after some trouble, and a disagreeable amount of threatening glances from sundry suspicious looking characters, he succeeded in discovering the abode of a certain Jerry Sullivan. This worthy, having satisfied himself that Lewis was not a member of the detective police, graciously accorded him an interview, wherein Lewis explained to him, that, in consequence of a communication made to him by Hardy on his death-bed, he was anxious to investigate the contents of a packet left in possession of his (Sullivan's) maternal ancestor. This fact, Mr. Sullivan, whose brogue was considerably stronger than his regard for truth, immediately saw fit to deny, and was proceeding to lament the death of his mother, which he averred had taken place that day fortnight, when he was interrupted by the inopportune entrance of the lady in question, who appeared by no means dead, but in a very lively state of virtuous indignation. She immediately silenced her mendacious offspring, and beckoning Lewis into a kind of den, which she inhabited, shut the door, and then questioned and cross-questioned him as to his connexion with Hardy. Having satisfied herself, by perusing Hardy's letter, that Lewis was no impostor, she unlocked an old trunk, whence she produced a bundle of papers, and a sheet of parchment.

"There," she said, "that's the will he spoke of, poor fellow, and them's the letters—and I only hope as you'll be able to find the unfortun'te childring, and that they will come into the money all right—it's nigh 100*l.* a year, I'm told."

"Have you any idea whether Hardy had at all traced his daughter since she left him?" inquired Lewis.

"No; he heard nothing of her, poor chap; he was a'most broken-hearted about her, and that's what drove him to the courses he took. He worn't a reg'lar prig, bless yer; he did a little in the poarching line wiles, but only for the sake o' the sport, same as you gents—he wor above them things all together. But I knows more than he did about the gal; there were a young 'ooman here a week

ago, as had seen her in London, dressed out, and riding about in a coach like a lady; but that wor soon arter she fust went off with the young swell; and wor a kind of new toy like."

"And did not the girl know anything of her since?" inquired Lewis.

"Well, she know'd this much, that when the young lord went abroad with his sister, he made his valet stop behind, and foller him in a few days with Jane Hardy, arter which she in course lost sight of her; but she thinks he's left her over in them furring parts."

"Them furring parts—that must mean Italy," thought Lewis; and, finding the old woman had told him all she knew on the subject, he thanked her for her information, secured the papers about his person, and was preparing to depart when his companion stopped him, and, summoning Jerry, whose main, if not only virtue appeared to consist in filial obedience, desired him to escort the "young gent" beyond the purlieus of the miserable alley in which their abode was situated.

The visit had taken longer than Lewis had expected; and, on his return to the inn, he found the coach would pass through in about half an hour. Snatching a hasty meal, he placed the papers in his valise, and in a few minutes was on his road to London. The coach stopped at an inn in Holborn, and here Lewis, who, in his present state of mind, was anxious to avoid a meeting with any of his friends, prered himself not excepted, determined for the next few days to take up his abode; accordingly, he engaged a sitting-room and bed-room, which, for the sake of privacy and cheapness, were situated at the back of the house, at an altitude little inferior to that of the neighbouring chimney-pots. Having established himself in this uninviting residence, he sat down to try and arrange some plan for the future. He felt that he ought to write to Rose and his mother, and acquaint them with his altered destiny; but to do so, involved an explanation which he shrank from attempting. He tried to read, but the only book at hand was a volume of Schiller, and, with a sickening feeling of despair, he threw it from him. At length he bethought him of Hardy's papers, and, untying the string that bound them, he spread them on the table before him. The will, which he first examined, appeared formally drawn up, signed, and attested; the testator left property worth, as far as Lewis could make out, about 100*l.* a-year to Jane and Miles Hardy. Laying this aside, he turned over a mass of smaller papers, old game certificates, receipts for rent, and, among others, a note carefully preserved, endorsed in a bold free hand, "The first letter I ever received from Harriet." It was an invitation, coquettishly worded, asking Hardy to join a party to the — races; written by her who had sinned so deeply, and had long since gone to give account of the misery she had caused and suffered. Lewis could not look on this record of an affection, which even the greatest wrong woman can do to man had



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been unable wholly to destroy, without the deepest commiseration.

Laying the note carefully aside, he took up the bundle of old letters, and, selecting one which was partially opened, glanced carelessly at its contents. Why does he start and change colour, as his eye falls upon the handwriting? Why press his hand to his burning brow as the momentary doubt crosses his mind whether all the mental anguish he has lately suffered can have unsettled his brain, or whether that which he beholds is indeed reality? Eagerly does he devour the contents of the epistle; eagerly does he unfold letter after letter, till not one of the packet remains unperused. Again, sitting late into the night, does he read and re-read them, then folding them carefully, paces up and down the room, chafing at the lazy hours that drag their weary length, and oppose a barrier between his wishes and the coming day, when he may act, and resolve doubt into certainty. For the whole of that night, the second during which he had never closed an eyelid, did he measure with restless steps the narrow limits of the apartment. Leaving his breakfast untasted, he hurried, at the earliest business hour, to the chambers of the family solicitor; for half the morning did they remain closeted together—together did they seek the office (yept by Richard Frere a den of thieves) of Messrs. Jones & Levi, the lawyers, who, as the reader may remember, addressed a mysterious letter to Lewis soon after his first arrival at Broadhurst. Carefully did the astute man of law examine and compare papers, and sift evidence, and draw out the crafty rogues with whom he had to deal; and, when he had gained all the information he required, steadily and cautiously did he examine the affair in all its bearings; nor was it till he had thoroughly made himself master of the subject that he approached Lewis, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, exclaimed, "Well, my dear sir, as far as one can judge in this early stage of the proceedings, I think you have a very good case; and I beg to congratulate you on the prospect before you."

And what, then, was this prospect, at the mere possibility of which Lewis's eye sparkled, and his cheek glowed with the brightness of renewed hope? It was the prospect of inheriting an ancient and honourable name, of gaining a position which would render him not only equal, but superior in rank to Annie Grant, and of possessing an income beside which Lord Bellesfield's fortune, impoverished by the turf and the gaming-table, sank into comparative insignificance. One short year more for him to prove his right before the eyes of men, and then, if Annie were but true to her own heart, he would boldly enter the lists against his rival, and in love or hate, Lord Bellesfield should find that he had met his match. Well might his step be proud, and his bearing joyous and elated; for in twelve hours the whole aspect of life had become changed to him. Such shuttlecocks are we in the hands of Fate, as unthinking men term the mysterious ordinances of the Omnipotent.

Had he known the contents of a letter which was even then awaiting him at his banker's, his new-found joy might have been lessened.

(To be continued.)

THE EAST CLIFF, HASTINGS

EVERY body who has been at this delightful watering-place must know the "East Cliff." It is a bold, rugged, tempest-beaten bluff, tinted all manner of hues and twisted into all manner of shapes. At its foot, and in its sides, nestles a little fishing village, the abode of the hardy fellows who supply the neighbouring town. No sight can be more picturesque than their departure upon their often perilous avocations; and when, as often happens, the sea is rather rough, it is even highly exciting to get the boat off in the tide. Several men, in their huge leather boots, rush down on each side of her, and propel her over the shelving gravel into the deep water, watching the receding wave to push her well out; then, as the heavy surge comes rolling in and the boat rises upon it, they leap at once on board, hoist their sail in a twinkling, and are soon riding out to sea over the trembling billows. Such a scene is here represented by the master pencil of our admirable marine artist, Stanfield. The rolling sea and the action of the wind are minutely given, and all the details arranged with consummate skill.

The vocation of the fisherman is a hard one, and the fishwives of Leith may well call their haddocks and herrings "the lives of men." When we were stopping at Hastings a sudden gale came on, and several of these East Cliff fishermen, unable to ride it out, met with a watery grave. But who is not familiar with the pathetic scenes in "The Antiquary?"—scenes which scarcely a season fails to renew upon our rugged storm-beaten coast.

FRAGMENT OF AN OLD INDIAN EPIC

On the childless king smote sadly the rash deed his hand had done;
Sorrowing spake he to Kausalya, sighing, weeping for her son, —
"Surely each one reaps the harvest of his actions here below,
Virtuous deed shall bear him blessing, sin shall ever bring forth woe;
For a deed of boyish rashness falls on me this evil day,
As a young child tasting poison eats his death in heedless play.
'Twas the time of early summer, swelling my young soul with love,
When the sun, the earth-dews gathering, shone yet mildly from above;
Balmy cool the air was breathing, welcome clouds were floating by,
Frogs and bees in merry gladness swelled the joyous peacock's cry;
Their wing-feathers wet with bathing, birds slow flying to the trees
Rested in the topmost branches, fann'd by the soft summer breeze;
Like the great deep, many-twinkling, gold-shot with gay peacock's sheen,

Gleaming with the fallen rain-drops, sea-bright all the hills were seen.

With my bow, in that glad season, to Surayu forth I drove, To assay my archer prowess in a dark and stately grove; There I lay in ambush, hoping that a deer might come to drink,

Lordly elephant or tiger, hidden nigh the river's brink. Hark! a sound of gurgling water fell at eve upon my ear,

In the darkness, sight-defying, truly 'twas a sound of fear; Eager to lay low the monster, forth a glittering shaft I drew;

Poisonous as fell serpent's venom, to the mark the arrow flew.

Then I heard a bitter wailing, and a voice 'Ah me! ah me!' Of one wounded, falling, dying,—calling out in agony, Writhing on the bank in anguish, with a plaintive voice cried he,

'Ah! wherefore has this arrow smitten a poor, harmless devotee?

Here at eve to fill my pitcher, to a common stream came I; In whose sight have I done evil? by whose arrow do I die? What law dooms me to destruction, living harmless in the wood,

My sole drink the river water, simple herbs and fruit my food?

Will the murderer spoil my body? am I for my vesture slain?

Little from my deer-skin mantle, or my bark-coat will he gain.

'Tis not my own death that pains me—from my aged parents torn,

Long their stay and only succour—'tis for their sad fate I mourn.

Who will feed my aged parents? Heedless youth, whoe'er thou art,

Thou hast murder'd father, mother, offspring, all with one fell dart.'

When I heard that cry of anguish, struck with horror at the sound,

From my hand my bow and arrows quickly cast I on the ground;

Rushing forward, mind-distracted, by the river's bank. I spied,

Lying low, a young ascetic, with my shaft deep in his side,

With his matted hair dishevell'd, and his pitcher cast away,

From his side the life-blood ebbing, smear'd with dust and gore he lay.

Then he fix'd his eyes upon me—scarcely could my senses brook,

As these bitter words he utter'd—that last, long, and dying look,

'Drawing water for my parents, why by thy hand do I bleed?

Tell me how 'gainst thee, O monarch! I have sinn'd in word or deed.

Ah! I'm not thine only victim—cruel king! thy heedless dart

Pierces too a father's bosom, and an aged mother's heart. They, my parents, blind and aged, from my hand alone can drink;

When I come not, thirsting, hoping, sadly to the grave they'll sink.

Nought from study of the Vedas, nought from penance do I gain,

For my hapless father knows not his dear son is lying slain;

Ah! and if my father knew it, could the old man profit me? Can a tree then from the woodman ever save a stricken tree?

Hasten to him, son of Raghu! tell my father of my fate, Lest his wrath like fire burn thee—hasten ere it be too late!

There, O king, is Ekapadi—there my father's hermitage,

Go, beseech him, son of Raghu! lest he curse thee in his rage.

Hasten, king! but first in mercy draw this arrow from my side;

Ah! it eats away my body, as the river-bank the tide.' Mind-distracted, thus I ponder'd, 'Now he writhes in agony,

When I draw the fatal arrow from his body he must die.' Quick he saw the doubt that held me pitying, fearing,

where I stood,

Thus the wounded youth address'd me, conquering pain by fortitude,

'Fear not, thou may'st do my bidding, guiltless of a Brahmin's death,

Wedded to a Vaisya father, Sudra mother gave me breath.'

Thus he spake, and I, down-kneeling, drew the arrow from his side;

Then the hermit, rich in penance, fix'd his eyes on me, and died.

Pierced through, wetted by the ripples, by Surayu lying dead,

Bitterly I mourn'd the hermit, weeping, sore disquieted. Standing there as one distracted, sadly, anxiously I thought,

How I best might soothe the misery that my heedless hand had wrought.

From the stream I fill'd the pitcher, and (as 'twere a well-known road.)

Quickly reach'd the lowly cottage, where the childless twain abode.

Talking of their son's long tarrying, a poor, aged, sightless pair,

Like two birds with clipped wings, helpless, none to guide them, sat they there;

Sadly, slowly, I approach'd them, by my rash deed left forlorn,

Crush'd with terror was my spirit, and my breast with sorrow torn.

At the sound of coming footsteps, thus I heard the old man say,

'Dear son! bring me water quickly—thou hast been too long away!

Bathing in the cool stream, playing, thou hast stay'd so long from home,

Come! thy mother longeth for thee—come in quickly, dear child, come!

Dear son! be not angry with us, keep not in thy memory Any hard word from thy mother, any hasty speech from me.

Thou art thy poor parents' succour, eyes art thou unto the blind;

Speak! on thee our lives are resting—why so silent and unkind!'

Thus I heard, still deeper grieving, and in fresh augmented woe

Spoke to the bereaved father with words faltering and slow,—

'Not thy child, O noble-minded! Dasaratha, sage! am I, By my deed of sinful rashness plunged with thee in misery.

Towards Surayu forth I wander'd, with my arrows and my bow,

To lay some thirsty elephant, or a savage tiger low. There I heard a pitcher filling,—'Tis an elephant,

thought I;

At the sound I drew the bowstring, and I let the arrow fly. Rushing forward through the bushes to the river's bank I lied,—

Dying, lay a young ascetic, with my arrow in his side. Forth I drew the fatal weapon, then his dying thoughts were given

To his aged, helpless parents, and his spirit went to heaven.

Thus thy son died, holy hermit! by this hand unwittingly;

Let deep sorrow win thy pardon, and in mercy pity me.
O'er his cheeks at my sad story flow'd the tear-streams
in a flood,
Scarce for weeping spake the hermit, as with folded
hands I stood,
'King! hadst thou conceal'd this horror, this blood-
shedding left untold,
On thy head thy sin had fallen, with its fruit ten
thousand fold.
Know, a warrior stain'd with murder, of a Hermit
above all,
From his high estate, blood-guilty, were he Indra's self,
must fall.
Thou dost live, for all unconscious, monarch! didst
thou slay my son,
Else had all the race of Raghu fallen, by thy deed
undone.
Lead us, king! by thee bereav'd, lead us to the fatal place,
Let us fold our darling's body in a long and last embrace.
By the hand I led the mourners to the river where he lay;
Fondly clasp'd the sightless parents in their arms the
death-cold clay.
Bow'd down by their bitter anguish, sank they by the
dead boy's side,
And the sage in lamentation lifted up his voice and
cried,—
'Hast thou not a greeting for me? am I not thy father
dear!
Answer—but one word, my darling! wherefore art thou
lying here?
Art thou angry with thy father? speak to me, beloved one!
Surely thou wast ever dutious; look on thy poor mother,
son!
Come! dear child; embrace thy father—put thy little
hand in mine,
Let me hear thine own sweet prattle—some dear playful
word of thine.
Who will read to me the Vedas, filling my old heart
with joy?
Who, when evening rites are over, cheer me, mourning
for my boy?
Who will bring us fruits and water—roots and wild
herbs from the wood?
Who support the blind and aged, like a cherish'd guest,
with food?
Stay! dear son, go not so quickly to grim Yama's
dread abode,
Stay! we'll go to-morrow with thee, travelling on the
self-same road.
In the wild wood all deserted, none to feed us, none to
save,
Quickly will thy aged parents sink down sorrowing to
the grave;
Then I'll say to mighty Yama, Hear me, great Vivas-
wat's son!
Oh! have mercy, king of justice! and restore our lov'd
one;
Just art thou, and good, and famous—let my prayer thy
grace obtain,
Give the son back to his parents, let him be their stay
again.
Guiltless, son! by sinner murder'd, join thine own
allotted band
In the heaven of slaughter'd spirits, slain on earth by
other's hand,
Hasten to thy blissful mansion, welcomed shalt thou be
by those
Who fell nobly here in battle, with their bold front to
their foes.
Thou shalt dwell among those blessed up in Indra's
paradise,
Who have risen by holy study, or by penance to the
skies.
No one of thy race and lineage shall for aye unhappy be,

(1) The Indian Pluto.

But the wretch whose rash hand slew thee,—he shall
sink to misery.
Thus the hermit spake lamenting; by the parents were
begun
Sorrow's last and saddest duties o'er the body of their son.
But the youth, to whose pure virtue, the well-earned
meed was given,
With the happy ones to mingle high above in Indra's
heaven,
Spake to his bereaved parents, to their sad hearts
whispering peace;
Clothed in glory, high exalted, thus he bade their
sorrow cease,—
'I have won by filial virtue bliss supreme without alloy,
Come, my ever-lov'd parents, follow and partake my joy.'
Thus the sage's son address'd them, and forthwith
before their eyes,
Riding in a heavenly chariot, mounted up into the skies.
Duly were the sad rites ended, by the parents' loving care,
And once more the sage address'd me, as I stood a
suppliant there,—
'By thy hand am I bereav'd of my only child, O king!
Let the same hand slay the father, Death no longer has
a sting.
But—for thou hast slain my darling—cruel king! thy
breast shall know
Something of the pangs I suffer, a bereav'd father's woe;
Thus I lay my curse upon thee, for this thing that thou
hast done,
As I mourn for my beloved, thou shalt sorrow for a son.'
Thus the childless hermit curs'd me, and straightway
the aged pair
To the funeral pile ascended, and breathed out their
spirits there.
Lady! this sad deed is weighing on my soul right
heavily,
Now I feel that curse's power; 'tis this day fulfill'd on me.'
And at midnight the old king died.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WAR AND THE PEACE CONGRESS.

BY J. M. W.

"Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings."
RICHARD III.

"But in these serious works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgraced
With all the finer sons of taste,
If once the shadow to pursue
We let the substance out of view."
CHURCHILL.

"A French gentleman in the reign of Louis XIV
was comparing the French and English writers, with all
the boastfulness of national prepossession. 'Sir,' replied
an Englishman, better versed in the principles of freedom
than the canons of criticism, 'there are but two subjects
worthy the human intellect, Politics and Religion,—our
state here and our state hereafter; and on neither of
these *dare* you write.' Long may the envied privilege
be preserved to my countrymen of writing and talking
concerning both! Nevertheless, it behoves us all to
consider, that to write or talk concerning any subject,
without having previously taken the pains to understand
it, is a breach of duty which we owe to ourselves, though
it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The
privilege of talking and even publishing nonsense is
necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we
make use of it, the better."—COLERIDGE, *The Friend*.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that
"SHARPE'S MAGAZINE" steers clear of the whirlpool
of party politics, while it endeavours to keep closely

in view the great principles of social and political science, as they are exemplified in the present condition, and are likely to affect the progress of the age. In like manner, eschewing the *odium theologium*, it essays to spread abroad these great religious truths which are essential to the working out of salvation in the present, as in every *Christian* age. Bearing these facts in mind, I venture to offer to the readers of this Magazine, a few thoughts concerning the late demonstrations of the Peace Party, in the hope that they may suggest some new phases of the subject to those who have already thought much about it; that it may urge to more thought those who have, hitherto, thought little; or, that it may induce some to begin to think who have not yet thought at all, about it.

A man need not frown very hard or use violent gesticulation in order to convince us that he is in earnest. It is possible to speak of important things without much solemnity of manner, and it is, sometimes, the best as well as the pleasantest method of treating them; therefore, my few remarks will be delivered with little pretension, as they are by no means elaborate. In the limited space of a Magazine article, it would not be wise to attempt anything like the grave forms of argumentation, the strict and careful investigation which a regular treatise would demand. It is my business, on the present occasion, to *indicate* rather than to *prove* truths, to suggest rather than to inform. If any one find fault with what is said, on account of its informal logic, or its want of profundity, let me gently remind such an one that he is quarrelling with an elder-bush for not being an oak-tree.

During the late thirty years' peace the world heard nothing of a Peace Movement—there was no energetic party bestirring itself to prevent war, and to confirm the habit of keeping the peace between two nations by endeavouring to prolong the thirty years *ad infinitum*. But no sooner does war break out in twenty countries at once,—war deadly and desperate, *pro aris et focis*, on one side, for the retention of ill-acquired or ill-used power on the other,—than up springs a party that denounces *war* as the very worst thing under the sun. Loudly they proclaim the blessings of Peace; as to *war*, they have nothing to say for that, but that it is unmixed, unmitigated evil. Some of their vivid descriptions of the horrors of war would lead one to believe that men were very devils incarnate. But who does not remember this fair and noble picture?

"A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his lordes war
And thereto had he ridden no man far,
As well in Christendom as in Heathenesse
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.

And evermore he had a sovereign prize,²
And though that he was worthy he was wise.

And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villany ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very perfect gentle knight."

It is difficult to believe that any system of things which produced such men as this knight was all evil;—and it must be remembered that he is, like all the rest of the company assembled at the Tabard Inn, a specimen of a class, not a *lusus naturæ* whom the author was fated to see but once. Such as this knight, were very many of the men who fought at Cressy and Poitiers; the flower of chivalry; who knew no better than to serve God and their king with the sword; who esteemed all professions but that of arms unworthy of a brave man and a gentleman. Such were Gaston de Foix, Du Guesclin, the Chevalier Bayard, and a hundred other heroes. It is difficult not to believe that there must have been much good in those long wars, which formed such men.

My thoughts went on thus—Now that Lombardy and Venice, Sicily, Rome, Hungary and Austria are attempting to get back their national rights in the only way in which it is possible for them to regain them, and thereby to establish a *real* peace instead of its frightful mockery, surely *now* is not the time to preach the doctrine of non-resistance. War is undoubtedly a great evil; but it is not so great an evil as dishonour and forced submission to an authority which good and wise men believe to come from any but a heavenly or a righteous source. "Oh! but," say the International Peace party, "the oppressed nation may get its rights without going to war. We will institute an arbitration." Possession is, at present, nine-tenths of the law, even of arbitration. What sort of arbitration would the lion submit to, that had the antelope beneath his claws? Yes! it seemed to me very inconsistent to cry out, "Peace! peace!" when, constituted as humanity is now, there could be no peace, which was not more cruel and demoralizing than a patriotic war. Why did not these peace-lovers assemble three years ago, and try to prevent war by showing the true state of political matters at that time, to the king of the French, to the pope, to Charles Albert, the emperor, the King of Prussia and the small fry of German royalty, who, to use Mr. Fudge's forcible language, so soon after

"Stood prostrate at the people's feet?"

Why did they not? Simply because they did not *know* the height and depth, the length and breadth of the political evil, although they, like other observers of the times, saw that it was growing past control. This could only be known by a warlike outburst, and by the rapid spread of the revolutionary fire; just as the best physician cannot foresee how far an epidemic will spread, or how long it will last, although he may detect its advent in the air; just as a meteorologist can foretell a storm, but cannot foretell what amount of damage it will do, nor how terrible will be its rage. If they could not prevent these revolutionary wars by a peace movement,

(1) Farther.

(2) Praise.

why do they urge their doctrines *now*, when the weakest party needs warlike help to maintain a cause which it believes, before God, to be just and holy? They are humane people, I have no doubt; but they are, like other men, a bundle of inconsistencies. What is the use of preaching peace in the midst of a battle? Why talk to a man in a passion about the beauty of a calm temper?

Thus I thought when first the agitations of the Peace party were being talked of—at the time when all Italy was in a blaze, and Hungary was rousing herself to the fight for independence. The names of Mazzini and Kossuth resounded through their native countries in tones of such affectionate reverence and enthusiastic admiration, that even those, here, who knew nothing of them felt convinced that the men were not swayed by selfishness or the low ambition of demagogues. They fought for principles, and they endeavoured to elevate their followers to an enlightened understanding of these principles. They had enough to contend with, no doubt, in the follies and vices, the weakness and the incapacity of the people they had to work with. Of each of these patriots may probably be said what was said of Burke—"In his public character he found himself, as it were, in a Noah's ark, with a very few men and a great many beasts." It was to humanize brutish men, to give true and lasting peace to their country, that they and those who thought with them went to war with despotism. It was not that they loved war better than peace; it was that they loved the souls of their countrymen better than their bodies, or than any earthly good; for souls are killed under oppressive, cruel, and ignorant governments, which will not allow them to exercise their faculties. What other way had they of asserting their right to think, and feel, and speak, and act as men? War is, indeed, a bad thing; but if a nation have vitality enough within it to feel strongly the dishonour of slavery, let it use that vitality to make itself free; and without being reproached as an enemy to peace. Why—it is to obtain this same beloved peace that it goes to war at all—peace in conjunction with honour and liberty. Peace without honour and liberty is no blessing, but a soporific curse; a cowardly saving of the flesh while it degrades and crushes out the spirit of a man.

Let us consider, now, what strong principles and feelings actuate these leaders of the peace movement, whose benevolent agitations have continued for the last two years with ever increasing fame. They have a mighty reform at heart; a reform which none but men of active and benevolent natures would attempt to effect, though poets and speculative dreamers might imagine it, and see the desirability of it; and even hope that the days would come when all races of men would be "lapped in universal law"—and instead of wars and rumours of wars, we should see the brotherhood of nations "the federation of the world." Now, what the poets dream of, the peace party bestir themselves to effect. They say:—War is a shameful and degrading thing,—a thing not to be

tolerated in a civilized state of society; and we will set ourselves to work to abolish it.

True, to a certain extent, war is an evil; but, by your leave, good peace advocate, I would remind you, that half truths are sometimes pernicious falsehoods; the more pernicious, for the portion of beautiful truth they contain, which so fascinates young, and inexperienced, and weak minds, that it prevents them from detecting the falseness that accompanies it. Why is war so bad a thing? Because it takes away human life—rouses and keeps alive a spirit of hatred and vindictiveness; because it ruins commerce and the arts—stops social improvement and destroys property.

First.—It takes away human life. The increased value of human life is undoubtedly one of the proofs that a nation is becoming more civilized. Human life is justly esteemed sacred; but it does not follow that in *no* case should it be sacrificed. Death is by no means the greatest evil that one man can inflict upon another. Why is our life valuable? Not that we may eat, and drink, and sleep, and live in fine houses, and wear fine clothes, merely. That is a life worthy only of an intelligent brute. Our life is, or ought to be, valuable to us because we use it in striving to become nobler and nobler, better and better—in striving to make ourselves fitted for a higher life hereafter. If we find ourselves shut out from knowledge and the means of doing good, from love, and growth, and work, and "all that makes it life to live," does it not show that we are letting go the substance to grasp the shadow, if we refuse to put our bodily existence in peril in order to gain an atmosphere in which our spirits can breathe freely and wholesomely? "Is not the life (*i.e.* the life of the soul) more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Death—the death of the body—is an awful thing; but do not let us exaggerate its terrors. It is not so awful a thing as that death of the soul, which makes men insensible or indifferent to wrong and suffering, vice and cruelty, and allows them to look on while the grossest injustice and oppression is practised upon their neighbours and friends. It is better to be dead than to be living a life of baseness and dishonour, of weakness and wickedness; at least, it is better to risk the death of the body for the sake of preserving the life of the soul, and leave the result in God's hands. It is better to go to war for a high and holy cause, *if there be no other way of maintaining it*. Truth and holiness are not to be sacrificed for any good things of the earth. In these days there is no fear of a too great general depreciation of human life; therefore, I do not hesitate to express my opinion that it is quite possible to regard it too highly. In effect, all good men show, by their feelings and instincts, that they recognise this truth, although they may allow their understandings to mislead them on the subject. Who does not glow with admiration at the sight, or at the mere narration of an act of bravery, by which a man perils his life for a fellow-creature or for a dumb animal, or even for something valuable to one he loves? Read the account of the daring, the self-forgetfulness

of firemen. All men cry out, "Heroic!" "noble!" "glorious!" Yet these heroic men peril their own lives and encourage others to do the same. They do not think about their lives,—their bodily lives; they act virtuously, nobly, generously—that is the *living* they think about and care for. Virtue is more to be desired than length of days; and no good and wise man will sacrifice the former for the latter, or counsel his friends to do so.

Secondly.—War rouses bad passions, hatred and revenge, &c. This cannot be denied; but I doubt whether it rouses them to a greater extent than many of the controversies and divisions among men, in a so-called peaceable community. I believe there is as much, *aye, more*, malignity, and envy, and cruel hatred going on among rival individuals and among commercial, social, and political parties, than is ever called out by open war on the battle-field. And no one, at all conversant with history, biography, and social philosophy, can doubt, for one moment, that war, with all its horrors, calls out a hundred high and noble qualities, in ordinary persons, that would otherwise have lain dormant. It makes the best qualities in the best men flash out clearly, and shows that humanity, with all its errors and weakness, is yet but a little lower than the angels,—and this, in a much more significant way than the ordinary events of a peaceful state can do; constituted as man is now, or rather, *half-developed* as man is now.

It is in no spirit of perversity or contradictoriness that I am inclined to look upon those consequences of war as the least pernicious which the generality of the peace advocates place first in the list of its unmitigated evils. That it takes away human life, and that it rouses strong passions, I consider evils more than mitigated—they seem to me to be counterbalanced, by the high principles and self-sacrificing virtues called into vigorous action by war. I will not pause to show in all its bearings the falsehood of the oft-quoted line,

"One murder makes a villain, millions a hero!"

It is the *motive*, the principle of action, which creates the wide difference between the murder of O'Connor by the Mannings, and the victory of Miltiades and the Athenians at Marathon. To class the two together as acts of the same kind, is the error of a man whose reason is not sound.

But although it does not seem to me that war is unjustifiable, or even one of the *greatest* earthly evils, on the two accounts already glanced at, I still consider it as such, for the other reasons specified above—viz, "because it ruins commerce and the arts, stops social intercourse and improvement, and destroys property;" in a word, because it undoes in a few years the slow growth of centuries, and flings nations back into barbarism and poverty. There is its great evil, as it seems to me. The march of an army through a conquered country, supposing it to be a highly civilized one, is a besom of destruction, whose havoc, moral and material, it would take at least a century to recover. Say, for instance, (if it be not high treason

against British valour to suppose such a thing possible,)—say that a French army under a second Napoleon were to march from Brighton to Carlisle, conquering all before it. What effect would that have upon us, and our children, and our children's children—supposing that from Carlisle the invaders were driven out boldly, once and for ever, into the Irish Sea, and England were left to recover her losses as best she could? Let the reader ponder on the evils of such an event; and I think he will perceive that the sacrifice of human life, and the high passionate feeling aroused among us, would not be the greatest of these, by any means.

Yes; War is an immense evil when, instead of being a powerful agent in civilizing the world, (as for many ages it was,) it becomes an agent in undoing the blessed work of civilization, as it is like to become now. Success, then, to the attempts of the peace party to instil a wholesome antipathy to war into the hearts of all nations. Whether we are as yet sufficiently advanced in civilization—the bulk of mankind, I mean—to profit by their doctrine, remains to be proved. For my own part, I fear we are not; but no one would more gladly be convicted of error in this particular. At all events, no harm can come of preaching peace, at this or at any time, providing it be done in peace and truth. I was wrong in thinking the peace party were mere inconsistent men. There is a consistency in their actions and words which may be found in those of all parties banded for an *unselfish* purpose, if we consider them *en grand*—and to take the actions of any party into consideration, piece-meal, is unfair. They agitate for peace, show up the advantages of peace, just when they feel its importance most, *i.e.* when the precious things of peace have been perilled by wars—even wars of patriotism and independence.

"Let us try to make men settle their differences by arbitration. We will show them that it is for their interest to do so," say they. There is no harm in trying; but is it easier to move a whole nation by considerations of enlightened self-interest and right reason, than it is to move individuals by such considerations? We know how lamentably philosophers fail who set up theories of human action upon the notion that man acts according to what he believes to be his interest. Nothing was ever more absurd than that notion.

The late meeting of the peace party at Frankfort is interesting in many ways. That they have done much as yet towards the abolition of war one cannot believe. Still they have done a little. It is by increased knowledge, and higher moral and intellectual culture among the people, that national antipathies as well as party animosities, and consequently *war*, can ever be abolished. Now, the sight of such an assembly as the late Congress, or, failing the sight of it, a good account of its proceedings, must tend to increase one's hope for human progress. People of all sorts and conditions—poor and rich, politicians and literary men, priests and men of no professed religion, merchants and agriculturists, aristocrats and democrats, monarchists

and red republicans, soldiers and quakers, English and French, Germans and Italians, Anglo-Americans and Negroes, Dutchmen and Indian Chiefs—were all assembled in the Paulskirche of that old Germanic town,—the Paulskirche, once a church, lately a parliament house, and now a sort of temple of concord. They met together,—jarring and conflicting elements as they seemed, to talk and think about the practicability of preserving peace all over the world. The speeches of Mr. Cobden and M. Emile Girardin, Mr. George Dawson and Elihu Burritt, the Ojibbeway Chief and Mr. Chipple of New York seem to have produced the most effect in the earlier portion of the proceedings, but we cannot help thinking that the speech of M. Surinagar of Holland, which was delivered near their close, contains more matter worthy of being repeated than most of the others, and the admonitory hints especially addressed to the members of the congress, are at once practical and philosophical. We extract the following from the *resumé* given of this speech by the "Times Correspondent:"—

"The resolutions of the Congress were not, in his opinion, elaborated as they should have been, to induce all nations to accept their peaceful ideas. First, when the principle of self-defence was not admitted, there was little hope that peace societies would be found in Germany and in Holland. England and America might be able to exclude this principle, as they might be sure they never would be attacked by foreign nations; but he could not believe that while another nation would attack Holland, his own country, they would be obliged to say, 'Come to us; we will not defend ourselves; we will do nothing.' To advise a nation in humble circumstances to act thus would, in his opinion, be an exaggeration of the peace principle. If he were in error, so were millions of men. Nevertheless, he wished to be convinced, and he prayed the members of the Congress to enlighten him next year. Secondly, he thought that hitherto the Congress had been too prone to overlook the honours and glories of conquerors. It was not prudent to go from one extreme to another—to forget all the good services performed by armies of patriotic soldiers. A good soldier could not have pleasure to kill one man, unless it was to save hundreds of others; and their Congress deliberations should be so conducted, that even soldiers could step forward and assist them. Thirdly, in asking for a simultaneous disarmament, the Congress should urge that governments legally provide for those who go out of their service, rather than leave them the prey of poverty. He advised that at their homes the members of the Congress should teach the necessity of a congress of delegates of all nations to make an international code, but with a special view to obtain the assistance of the most eminent men on earth. A future generation would undoubtedly accept their peaceful ideas; but to realize this hope hands and hearts must be prepared. With respect to war itself, he would say that he stood between two mountains. One was the mountain of war. It was composed of blood and tears. The errors and sins of mankind formed that mountain. But there was another mountain. The Almighty God was its creator. It was therefore a good—it was the best mountain. But it was extremely high. Would mankind get to the top? He scarcely believed it possible. But it was noble to advance to as high an altitude as possible. And this was to be done, not by hasty, but by steady steps. The Father of mankind had given them that example in His moral education of the world—it was done slowly, and with moderation, and with love. There were now great ideas in the heads

and in the hearts of mankind. The idea of the unity of Germany was one of them—and that idea never could perish; it never could die, for it was immortal. If they did not see it realized, they must not despair. Their children and their children's children would see it realized. Universal peace was another of those great, noble ideas—an idea for the conception of which they wanted enthusiasm, but for its fulfilment calm. Napoleon had said that it was a great error to reorganize the world with special post-horses, and there was an invaluable proverb in the German language, '*Man ein rohrs ist schneidet nicht*,' that was to say, 'Exaggeration has spoiled many good things.' This error greatly prevailed in these times. It was believed possible to correct all evil by a *coup d'état*. But that dream had exploded, he hoped. He would say, however, that there was one sufficient power in existence gradually to reform all evils; that power was faith in God, faith in His declarations, faith in His law. 'God would not abandon mankind so long as mankind did not abandon God.' An Indian chief had told them that he could make peace with a pipe; could not Christians make peace with the Bible?"

With sincere wishes for the spread of pacific principles, and with all due respect for the benevolence and energy of their present advocates, I would yet remind them that it is possible to injure a good cause by unfair misrepresentations of the opposite party. And to that opposite party I would say, Do not turn with contempt from new doctrines because they are new, and seem not to be practicable. Finally, let me quote for the general benefit, the following words of one of our greatest modern philosophers—Samuel Taylor Coleridge:—"Above all, let it be remembered by both parties, and, indeed, by controversialists on all subjects, that every speculative error which boasts a multitude of advocates, has its golden as well as its dark side; that there is always some truth connected with it, the exclusive attention to which has misled the understanding—some moral beauty which has given it charms for the heart. Let it be remembered, that no assuivant of an error can reasonably hope to be listened to by its advocates, who has not proved to them that he has seen the disputed subject in the same point of view, and is capable of contemplating it with the same feelings as themselves; for, why should we abandon a cause at the persuasions of one who is ignorant of the reasons which have attached us to it? Let it be remembered, that to write, however ably, merely to convince those who are already convinced, displays but the courage of a boaster; and in any subject to rail against the evil before we have inquired for the good, and to exasperate the passions of those who think with us, by caricaturing the opinions and blackening the motives of our antagonists, is to make the understanding the pander of the passions; and, even though we should have defended the right cause, to gain for ourselves ultimately from the good and wise no other praise than the Supreme Judge awarded to the friends of Job for their partial and uncharitable defence of His justice: '*My wrath is kindled against you: for ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right.*'"

MEMORY.¹

BY R. E. M. K.

"Lord, keep my memory green."

WHOSE is the tongue that will hesitate to repeat with us this earnest petition? Whose the heart that does not echo it, at least in desire? You, with the mantling smile, and the light of girlhood on your beauteous brow, we scarcely ask it of you; for your gaze is onward, on through the flowery meads and vernal pastures of prospective life: on through the sunny arcades of hope's fairy-land, where all is so entirely *couleur de rose*—so redolent with the

"Promised joys of life's unmeasured way."

Yet even you would find the honey-cup of pleasure turn to bitterness at your lips, were it not for the "green memories" by which the cup is encircled. Could we tear from it that verdant foliage, those clinging tendrils,—in other words, could we remove the green memory of the love that has sprung up about you,—that has budded, and leafed, and clasped you with its tendril-like attachment,—that has so sweetened the atmosphere of existence,—where would be the allurements of your future? where the glory of the picture upon which you now gaze so yearningly? Thus unconsciously to ourselves do we borrow from the "past" the light wherewith to gild our future!

Again we say, whose is the tongue that will hesitate to repeat with us this petition, "Lord, keep my memory green?" whose the heart that does not echo it, at least in desire? Listening with the ears of imagination, we hear the expected answer rising up around us, an "universal prayer," from our very antipodes, even to our own "household walls."

Yet some, we know, have, in the face of right reason, maintained memory to be a curse rather than a blessing. These individuals *we* maintain to be among the *morally insane* members of the community, and consequently not admissible opinionists. They are among those who would trace deformities in a "faultless perfection" by reason of the crookedness of their own moral vision.

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide."

The hearts of men are full of contraractics, and as dissimilar in the more minute characteristics as are the physiognomies of the human race. Of this, even the most superficial knowledge of the world suffices to convince us. Let each one look no further than within the range of his own immediate circle, and even in this narrow boundary, how varied are the aspects, how dissimilar, how opposite! Like the human face, it is only in general outline that the hearts of men resemble each other: even as the leaves of summer are all of one hue, yet of how infinite a variety! The face has its universal form, the leaf its universal green, and the heart, in like manner, its universal triune capacity, "will, memory, and understanding," a twin

picture as it were to the theological virtues, "faith, hope, and charity,"—faith and hope, that perish at the gates of eternity, charity only remaining with the beatified soul; will and memory, that in the same way are extinguished in the dawning blaze of an infinite understanding. Faith and hope are bestowed on us as blessings by the hand of a beneficent Providence, and are universally acknowledged as such, as being the means by which we ascend to the everlasting Horeb, the goal of existence; as being the wings by which we soar to that immaculate atmosphere whose vital essence is Charity. Upon the same grounds we demand the same acknowledgment regarding the gift of memory.

Memory is to us now, when we see "darkly as through a glass," and "know only in part," a faint semblance of what "knowledge" will be to us hereafter. To deprive us of memory, would be to leave us dwelling in the darkness of this "prison of the flesh," with our lamp of consolation extinguished; for hope is our lamp, and hope is the offspring of memory. Memory presents the facts to our minds, hope builds upon them. Thus, as we said before, we borrow from the past the light wherewith to gild our future.

"Lord, keep my memory green!" echoes instinctively in the heart of the wondering child, as it looks upon the leafless boughs of winter, and seeks in vain for the wild flowers "striped and golden," it was wont to gather in the merry hours of summer. It *remembers* them, the blue violets,—those deep eyes of the young spring first gazing upon us so shyly—the cowslips of sunny May; and Hope weaves a garland afresh—a garland of promise that they shall leaf and blossom again, when warm days, and cloudless skies, and fertilizing dews return. "Lord, keep my memory green!" trembles on the wan lips of the weeping mourner, whether it be over the dead or the dying those agonising drops be distilled. It wells up there from the stricken yet disciplined heart in the half-audible appeal for strength addressed to those ears which are never closed against us. "Teach me to remember that Thou hast promised succour to all who call upon Thee in the day of tribulation—"that this is not our true country, that here life is made up of meetings and partings, and that it is only hereafter we may anticipate the bliss of an inseparable companionship." True, memory is potent to stir the storm of natural regrets, to rend the heart with the thought of present desolation, to convulse the lip when its cry of endearment comes back unanswered, to thicken the breath with a sense of suffocation at the threshold of that chamber whose closed door—

"So often on its hinge before,"

bespeaks the stillness of the sleep within, to flood the eye with ungovernable tears by recalling the bloom, the life, the love, the beauty, that so lately animated that shrine of dust, and have now left it ripening for decay. True, it is potent to awaken thus the fierce tides of mental anguish, to prostrate our moral courage, to overcome for the time being even our physical

(1) See "The Haunted Man," by Charles Dickens.

powers; but how sovereign is the antidote it at the same time affords! how specific the balm of its spiritual consolation!

"Memory is my solace," sigh the separated in life. They who are the victims of an untoward fate; knit together by the bonds of affection, yet divided by an ocean of adverse circumstances to think of the absent, to keep them shrouded in the sanctuary of the mind, to call back the tones, the smiles, the words of endearment, the winning gentleness, the frank pleasantries, the laugh, the glance of sweet surprise, the warm fervent pressure of the hand, are surely privileges too dearly prized to be relinquished without reluctance by the exiled from home: we say home, because of the accepted creed that—

"'Tis home where'er the heart is."

Memory is that sunshine we see beaming so oft in the face of venerable age. "He is thinking of his youth!" we say, when the smile of happy abstraction, like a breath of summer, melts into touching softness of expression the time-worn lineaments of the hoary dreamer. He is back with his early childhood, when the world seemed all so good and beautiful, and men just what their Maker first designed them to be, "only a little lower than the angels;" back with his happy school-days, when application and ability were first coined into the gold of knowledge; back with the merry troop who went "bounding out to play;" back with his dawning manhood, which still is youth, when passion, kindled at the shrine of beauty, offered up its first, its purest sacrifice, an unsullied and devoted heart. He thinks, he ponders on all this, and if a cloud of regret arise, it is but momentary, for though the nerveless arm, the failing eye, over which the film of age is gathering fast, the silvered locks, the faltering step, are all solemn evidences that the winter of life has set in for him, memory is at hand with her antidote; at hand with the balm of her consolation. She tells him that these are but incrustations wrought by time on the surface, which eat not their way within; the soul of man being impervious to all blighting influences; its dower being that of perpetual youth.

Memory is the guardian angel even of the wicked. How often does it step in between the intention and the guilty deed, staying the murderous hand, whispering admonitions long forgotten, stirring the callous heart to a sense of good, softening, subduing, winning it! Truly may we repeat, it is their guardian angel, though it is doubtless these who would clamour for its destruction, who would exclaim "Away with it—away with it; it is the bane, the curse of my life!" If there be really any existing whose graceless tongues could dare thus to execrate aught so sacred, we cry, "Pause ere thou condemn," and opening for them afresh the book of the creation, bid them behold how, when God made man in the paradise of Eden, and endowed him with "will, memory, and understanding," *"He saw that it was good."*

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF ALEXANDER PAULOWITZ, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE tragedy of which Paul I. was the victim, called Alexander to the throne of all the Russias in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had been carefully educated under the eye of his grandmother, the able Catharine. Her choice of a preceptor in La Harpe, a Swiss republican, who had fraternized with the revolutionists of France, was a problem the sovereigns of Europe could not solve; but after all, republicanism cannot be very far removed from despotism, if we may judge from its consequences, since history shows us that republics end in despotic sovereignties. Catharine was doubtless aware of this fact when she gave La Harpe the direction of her grandson's education. It was prudent to avoid Russian ascendancy in a matter so important to herself, for Catharine was a foreigner and a usurper, a fact of which a native instructor might have availed himself to her disadvantage. In educating her grandsons, the great empress excluded the fine arts. She wished to make them rulers, not professors of music and painting; and she was right; La Harpe inspired, it is said, his imperial pupil with lessons of generosity and truth it was no easy task to inculcate during his eventful life. The policy of Catharine made her determine to give wives to her grandsons as soon as they were marriageable. Her jealousy, or her profound judgment, made her overlook Paul in the succession of Russia, by a mental but not a public exclusion. Alexander was destined by her to the throne of which she had robbed his father Constantine, she proudly hoped to place on one she designed to win from the Sultan, an ambitious desire which was never realized.

Three German princesses came to the court of St. Petersburg, in order that Catharine might make choice of suitable brides for her grandsons. The empress thoughtfully expected the arrival of her guests, whose approach she watched from a window of her palace.

The empress, whose motions were dignified and graceful, attached great importance to deportment; she formed her opinions of young people by that standard. The destinies of these princesses were decided the instant they alighted from their travelling carriage. The first leaped down without availing herself of the step. The empress shook her head, "She will never be empress of Russia, she is too precipitate," was her internal remark. The second entangled her feet in her dress, and with difficulty escaped a fall. "She is not the empress, for she is too awkward," and Catharine again turned her eyes on the carriage with anxious curiosity. The third princess descended very gracefully; she was beautiful, majestic and grave. "Behold the future Empress of Russia," said Catharine. This princess was Louise of Baden.

Catharine introduced these ladies to her grandsons,

as the children of the Duchess of Baden-Durlack, born Princess of Darmstadt, her early friend, whose education she wished to finish at her court, since the possession of their country by the French had left them without a home. The great dukes saw through this artifice, and upon their return to their own palace talked much of Catharine's *élèves*.

"I think the eldest very pretty," said Alexander.

"For my part," rejoined Constantine, "I consider them neither pretty nor plain. They ought to be sent to Riga to the princess of Courland; they are really quite good enough for them."

The Empress Catharine was informed, that very day, of the opinion of her grandsons. The admiration of Alexander for Louisa of Baden sympathised with her intentions. The Grand Duke Constantine had done the personal attractions of this young princess great injustice, for Louisa of Baden, besides the freshness of her youth, had lovely fair ringlets, hanging in rich profusion on her magnificent shoulders, a form light and flexible as that of a fairy, and large blue eyes full of sweetness and sensibility. The following day, the empress brought the princesses to the palace of Prince Potemkin, which she had appointed for their residence. While they were at their toilette, she sent them dresses, jewels, and the cordon of St. Catharine. After chatting with them upon the topics she considered suitable to their age, she asked to see their wardrobe, which she examined, article by article, with interest and curiosity. Having finished her scrutiny, she kissed the princesses, and remarked with an emphatic smile,

"My friends, I was not so rich as you when I came to St. Petersburg." In fact, Catharine was very poor when she arrived in Russia, but she left her adopted country a heritage in Poland and the Crimea.

The predilection of Alexander for Louisa of Baden was responded to by that lovely princess. The grand duke at that time was a charming young man, full of benevolence and candour, with the best temper in the world, and the young German did not attempt to disguise her tenderness for him. Catharine, in announcing to them that they were destined for each other, believed she was rendering them perfectly happy.

The behaviour of the bride was admirably adapted to the circumstances in which she was placed. She acquired the Russian language with grace and facility, and accepted a new name with the tenets of the Greek religion. She received those of Elizabeth Alexiowna, the same borne by the imperial daughter of Peter the Great.

Notwithstanding the fortunate presages of the Empress Catharine, this early marriage was not one of happiness. The inconstancy of Alexander, indeed, withered the nuptial garland while yet green on the brow of the bride, and made it for her a crown of thorns.

The tragedy that elevated Alexander to the throne, restored to the devoted wife the wandering affections of her husband. His profound grief made her sym-

pathy necessary to him, and the young empress, almost a stranger to Paul, wept for him like a true daughter. The secret tears of Alexander were shed at night on the bosom of his consort, whose tender concern for him consoled him for the restraint he imposed upon his feelings during the day.

The regretful remembrance of Alexander for his father, outlasted the reviving affection he had during that dolorous period felt for his wife.

The empress, still a young woman, was an old spouse, and the emperor had inherited the passionate and inconstant temperament of Catharine. But, gracious and smiling as he always was with the ladies, or polite and friendly to the gentlemen, there crossed his brow from time to time a gloomy shadow, the mute but terrible memorial of that dreadful night, when he heard the death struggle of his father, and was conscious of his agony without the power to save him. His perpetual smile was the mask beneath which he disguised the anguish of his mind, and as he advanced in life, this profound melancholy threatened to deepen into malady. He did not yield, however, without maintaining a warfare with his remorse. He combated memory with action. His reforms, his long and laborious journeys, had but one aim. In the course of his reign, he is supposed to have traversed fifty thousand leagues. But, however rapidly he performed these journeys, he never deviated from the time he fixed for his setting off or return, even by an hour, and he undertook them without guards and without an escort. He, of course, met with many strange adventures, and was amused with rendering his personal assistance whenever he met with accidents or encountered difficulties by the wayside. In his journey to Finland in company with Prince Pierre Volkouski, the imperial carriage in traversing a sandy mountain rolled back, notwithstanding the efforts of the coachman, upon which the emperor jumped out, and literally lent his shoulder to the wheel, leaving his companion asleep.

The rough motion of the carriage disturbed the slumbers of the prince, who found himself at the bottom of the carriage and alone. He looked about him with astonishment, when he perceived the emperor, with his brow bedewed with perspiration, from the effects of his toil in assisting to drag him and the vehicle to the top of the mountain, the precise point at which he had awakened from his sleep.

At another time, while traversing Little Russia, while the horses were changing at a certain station, the emperor expressed his determination to travel on foot for a few miles, ordering his people not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him walk forward. Alone, with no mark of distinction, dressed in a military great-coat, that gave no clue to the rank of the wearer, the emperor traversed the town without attracting attention, till he arrived at two roads, and found himself obliged to inquire his way of an individual who was sitting before the door of the last house smoking a pipe. This personage, like the emperor, wore a military great-coat, and by his

pompous air seemed to entertain no small opinion of his own consequence.

"My friend, can you tell me which of these roads will bring me to —?" asked the emperor.

The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of a pedestrian, in speaking to such a dignitary as himself, and between two puffs of smoke he growled out very disdainfully the ungracious reply, "The right."

"Thank you, sir," said the emperor, raising his hat with the respect this uncivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another question?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Your rank in the army, if you please."

"Guess," returned him of the pipe.

"Lieutenant, perhaps?"

"Go higher."

"Captain?" rejoined the emperor.

"Much higher," and the smoker gave a consequential puff.

"Major, I presume?"

"Go on," replied the officer.

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"Yes, you have guessed it at last, but you have taken some trouble to discover my rank."

The low bow of the emperor made the man with the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior, so, without much ceremony, he said, "Pray, who are you? for I conclude you are in the army."

"Guess," replied the emperor, much amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

"Captain?"

"Much higher."

"Major?"

"You must still go on."

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"You have not yet arrived at my rank in the army."

The officer took his pipe out of his mouth. "Colonel, I presume."

"You have not yet reached my grade."

The officer assumed a more respectful attitude.

"Your Excellency is then Lieutenant-general?"

"You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled lieutenant-colonel kept his helmet in his hand, and looked stupid and alarmed.

"Then it appears to me that your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position."

"His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping the pipe upon the ground, which was broken into twenty pieces.

"The same, at your service," replied the emperor, laughing.

The poor lieutenant-colonel dropped upon his knees, uttering the words in a pitiful tone, "Ah! sire, pardon me."

"What pardon do you require?" replied the emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for that service.—Good day."

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly lieutenant-colonel ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign.

He gave a proof of intrepidity and presence of mind during a tempest which befell him on a lake near Archangel, when, perceiving the pilot overwhelmed with the responsibility his imperial rank laid upon him, he said, "My friend, more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed, since a Roman general, placed in similar circumstances, said to his pilot, 'Fear not, for thou hast with thee Cæsar and his fortune.' I am, however, less bold than Cæsar; I therefore charge thee to think no more of the emperor than of thyself or any other man, and do thy best to save us both." The pilot took courage, and, relieved from his burden by the wisdom of his sovereign, guided the helm with a firm hand, and brought the tempest tossed skiff safely to the shore.

The Emperor Alexander was not always so fortunate. He met with several dangerous accidents, and his last journey to the provinces of the Don nearly cost him his life. A fall from his droski hurt his leg, and left him incurably lame. This misfortune was aggravated by his disregarding the advice of his medical attendant, who prescribed rest for some days; but Alexander, who was a strict disciplinarian, did not choose to delay his return to St. Petersburg an hour beyond the time he had fixed. Erysipelas attacked the limb, and the emperor was confined to his bed for many weeks, and never recovered his lameness. The sight of his wife, pale and melancholy, whom his infidelity had injured, increased his mental despondency. That princess watched over him with the conjugal tenderness which no neglect could extinguish, but her fair face had for ever lost the smile which once lighted up, like a sunbeam, every beautiful feature, and he felt himself the cause of that secret sorrow which had banished the bloom from her cheek and the smile from her lips. Elizabeth had borne him two daughters, but her children had not survived their fifth and seventh years. A childless mother and forsaken wife, Elizabeth the Empress resembled no longer the bright Louisa of Baden, the object of Alexander's first love, the princess who had shed tears of happiness when the joyful start and impassioned look of her lover had assured the Empress Catharine how willingly he accepted the hand of the princess she had destined for him. The heart of the wife had never swerved from her devotion; her love had increased with time, but she knew not how to share his affections with a rival.

Alexander was solitary in his habits; repose was necessary to a man who loved privacy, and hated those prestiges of power which had surrounded him from infancy. He had inherited his imperial grandmother's love for Tzarsko Zelo, a palace situated between three and four leagues from St. Petersburg.

This palace stood upon the site of a cottage formerly belonging to an old Dutch-woman named Sarah, a person well known to Peter the Great, with whom that mighty prince was accustomed to chat and drink milk.

The fruitful plains covered with grass and waving corn, lately redeemed by the plough from their native sterility, pleased the legislator, who was an *habitué* at the abode of Sarah, and at the death of the old woman, he presented the cottage to the Empress Catharine, with the surrounding lands, as a suitable situation for a farm-house. Catharine, as simple in her tastes as her imperial consort, gave her architect proper direction respecting this grange. He, however, thought fit to build her a fine mansion. Her daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, found this house too costly for a farm-house, and too mean for an imperial residence. She pulled it down and built a magnificent palace, after the design of Count Rastreti. This Russian had the barbarous taste to gild the building within and without. The bas-reliefs, statues, cariatides, roof and basement, glittered with a waste of this precious metal. The count wished to make this palace surpass Versailles, and so it did in wealth undoubtedly. The Empress Elizabeth invited the French Ambassador to the fête she gave at the inauguration of her golden house, which outshone even the celebrated one built by Nero. The palace of Tzarsko Zelo was considered by the whole court the eighth wonder of the world.

The silence of the Marquis de Chetardie surprised her majesty, who with some pique requested his opinion, adding, he appeared to think something was wanting.

"I am seeking for the case of this jewel, Madam," dryly replied the ambassador; a *bon mot* which ought to have gained him a sitting in the academy of St. Petersburg, where wit was a surer passport than learning.

The golden roof of Tzarsko Zelo was ill-calculated to stand the rigour of a Russian winter. The noble architect had built it for summer. Cold had been forgotten in his calculation. The expensive repairs every spring brought in its course, compelled Catharine the Great to sacrifice the gilding. She had scarcely issued her orders, before a customer appeared for the article she was excluding from her palace, for which a speculator offered her an immenso sum. The empress thanked him for a liberal offer none but a Russian sovereign would have declined, assuring him with a smile, "that she never sold her old chattels."

This empress loved Tzarsko Zelo, where she built the little palace for her grandson Alexander, and surrounded it with spacious gardens, which she was aware he loved. Bush, her architect, could discover no supply from whence he could obtain water in the immediate neighbourhood, yet he prepared lakes, canals and fish-ponds, upon the responsibility of the empress, being sure that his reservoirs would not long be empty if she ordered water to come. His successor Baner did not leave the empress to discover its source. He

cast his eyes upon the estate of Prince Demidoff, who possessed a superabundant quantity of the precious fluid the imperial gardens wanted. He mentioned the aridity of Tzarsko Zelo, and the courteous subject dutifully bestowed his superfluous moisture upon the imperial gardens. In despite of nature, copious streams rushed forward, and at the bidding of the architect rose into cascades, ran into canals, filled fish-ponds, and spread in expansive lakes. The Empress Consort Elizabeth, upon beholding these wonders, playfully remarked, "We may fall out with all Europe, but we must take care not to quarrel with Prince Demidoff." In fact, that obliging noble could have killed the whole court with thirst, by stopping the supply of water he allowed to the imperial family.

Educated at Tzarsko Zelo, Alexander was attached to a place filled with the recollections of his infancy. He had learned there to walk, to speak, to ride, to sail, to row. He had passed there the brightest and happiest part of his life. He came with the first fine days, and only left his favourite residence when the snows of winter compelled him to take up his abode in the winter palace.

Even in this luxurious solitude, where the emperor wished to enjoy the repose which affords to princes the same pleasure amusement offers to persons of less exalted rank, Alexander found his privacy invaded and his attention claimed by those who had the temerity to break through the invisible circle with which Russian etiquette fenced round a despotic sovereign.

A foreigner at St. Petersburg, in the summer of 1823, ventured to seek the Emperor Alexander in the delicious gardens of Tzarsko Zelo, in order to present a petition, with which delicate commission he had been charged by a friend. He thus relates his adventure:—

"After a bad breakfast at the Hotel de la Restauration, I entered the park, into which the sentinels permitted every body to walk without opposition. Respect alone prevented the Russian subject from entering the gardens, I knew, yet I was about to break this boundary and to intrude myself upon the emperor's notice. I was told he passed a great deal of his time in the shady walks, and I hoped chance would obtain for me the interview I sought. Wandering about the grounds, I discovered the Chinese town, a pretty group of five houses, each of which had its own ice-house and garden. In the centre of this town, which is in the form of a star, whose rays it terminates, stands a pavilion, which is used either for a ball or concert-room, which surrounds a green court, at the four corners of which are placed four mandarins, the size of life, smoking their pipes. This Chinese town is inhabited by the *aide-de-camps* of the sovereign. Catharine, attended by her court, was walking in this part of her garden, when she beheld, to her surprise, the mandarins puffing forth real smoke, while their eyes appeared to ogle her, and their heads to bow in the most familiar manner in the world. She ap-

proached in order to find out the cause of this sudden animation on the part of these statues. Immediately the loyal mandarins descended from their pedestals, and made Chinese prostrations at her feet, reciting some complimentary verses to the imperial lady, to please whom they had transformed themselves into the images of the men with pig-tails. She smiled, and quickly recognised them for the Prince de Ligne, Potemkin, Count Segur, and M. de Cobenzal.

"Leaving the Chinese town, I saw the huts of the lamas, where these inhabitants of the south are kept and acclimated to a temperature very different from that at the foot of the Cordilleras. These animals were presented to the emperor by the Viceroy of Mexico, and their original number of nine has been reduced, by the rigour of the Russian winters, to five; from which, however, a numerous race have succeeded, who bear the cold much better than the parent stock.

"In the middle of the French garden stands a pretty dining-room, containing the celebrated table of Olympus, imitated from a whim devised by the Regent Orleans; where the wishes of the guests are supplied by invisible hands from beneath. They have only to place a note in their plate expressive of their desire, when the plate disappears, and in five minutes after re-appears with the article required. This magic originates in a forecast which anticipates every possible want. A beautiful lady finding her hair out of dress, wished for curling-irons, feeling assured that such an odd request would defy even the enchantment of the Olympian table to procure. She was astonished at finding her plate return with a dozen pair. I saw the curious monument raised to commemorate three favourite greyhounds, pets of the Empress Catharine. This pyramid, erected by the French ambassador, Count Segur, contains two epitaphs: one, by himself, is a sort of burlesque upon the old eulogistic style so prevalent in the last century; the other is by Catharine, and may be literally translated into English:—

"Here lies the Duchess Anderson,
Who bit Mr. Rogerson."

"I visited successively the column of Gregory Orloff, the pyramid erected in honour of the conqueror of Tchesma, and the grotto of Pausilippo, and passed four hours wandering along the borders of lakes, and traversing the plains and forests enclosed in these delicious gardens, when I met an officer in uniform, who courteously raised his hat. I asked a lad employed in raking a walk 'the name of this fine gentleman,' for such he appeared to me to be. 'It is the emperor,' was his reply. I immediately took a path which intersected that he had taken, yet, when I had advanced about twenty steps, I stopped upon perceiving him near me.

"He divined, apparently, that respect to his person prevented me from crossing his walk; he therefore kept on his way, while I awaited him in the side walk, holding my hat in my hand. I perceived he limped in his gait from the wound in his leg, which had lately

re-opened; and I remarked as he advanced the change that had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him at Paris, nine years before. His countenance, then so open and smiling, bore the expression of that deep and devouring melancholy which it was said continually oppressed his mind, yet his sorrowful features still were impressed with a character of benevolence, which gave me courage to attempt the performance of my hazardous commission. 'Sire,' said I, advancing a single step towards him.

"'Put on your hat, sir,' was his kind and gracious reply; 'the air is too keen for you to remain uncovered.'

"'Will your majesty permit —'

"'Cover your head, sir, then; cover your head;' but, perceiving my respect rendered me disobedient to his commands, he took my hat from my hand, and with his own imperial one replaced it on my head. 'Now,' said he, 'what do you wish to say to me?'

"'Sire, this petition,' and I took the paper from my pocket, but the action disturbed him, and I saw him frown.

"'Sir, why do you pursue me here with petitions? do you know that I have left St. Petersburg to be free from such annoyances?'

"'Yes, sire, I am aware of it, nor dare I disguise the boldness of an attempt for which I can only expect pardon from your benevolence. This, however, seems to have some claim to your majesty's consideration, since it is franked.'

"'By whom?' inquired the emperor, with some quickness in his manner.

"'By his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, your majesty's august brother.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed the emperor, putting out his hand, but as quickly withdrawing it again.

"'I hope your majesty will for once infringe your custom, and will deign to accept this supplication.'

"'No, sir; I will not receive it; for, to-morrow, I shall have a thousand, and shall be compelled to desert these gardens, where it seems I can no longer hope to enjoy privacy.' He perceived my disappointment in my countenance, and his natural kindness would not suffer him to dismiss me with a harsh refusal. Pointing with his hand towards the church of St. Sophia, he said,—'Put that petition into the post-office in the city, and I shall see it to-morrow, and the day after, you will have an answer.'

"I expressed my gratitude in animated terms.

"'Prove it,' was his quick reply.

"I declared my willingness to do anything he required, as the test of that feeling.

"'Well, tell nobody that you have presented me a petition and got off with impunity,' and he resumed his walk.

"I followed his advice, and posted my paper, and three days after received a favourable reply to my petition."¹

(1) Translated from the works of Alexandre Dumas, with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.

A PIECE OF STILL LIFE.

In these days of agitation and excitement, of ambitions and pretensions of all kinds, it is sometimes pleasant to turn away our eyes from the tumultuous fields where the political and social battles of the time are being fought out,—from the fever and the fret of life in its more anxious and stirring scenes, and suffer them to rest awhile on some of its little out-of-the-way nooks and corners, where the current of existence glides on so gently that we hardly perceive its motion, where a few simple affections and a few plain rules suffice for its guidance, and where still flourish amidst many hardships and privations the old-fashioned virtues of humility and content. There are not many spots of earth, perhaps, that can show more perfect quiet little pictures of this kind, than the little cluster of islands lying off the coast of the Duchies of Schleswig Holstein, many of which have been, and many more of which apparently will be, sooner or later, swallowed by the ocean that howls around their very thresholds.

Lying but a few feet above the level of the sea—in many instances undefended even by dykes, for the expense of their construction is often too great for the limited means of the inhabitants, they seem to hold their lives by the most precarious tenure; in the winter months the islands are often flooded twice a-day, and it would require a by no means uncommon combination of wind and tide, to whelm the human dwellers, with the few cows and sheep from which they derive their subsistence, in one common grave.

To strangers their lives appear forlorn and destitute of all that could render life attractive, besides being exposed to dangers that would form a serious drawback upon a condition rich in enjoyment. But fortunately, the dangers by which they are surrounded are never thought of but when they are actually present, and their hopes and wishes and affections are centred in the little spot where they were born and where they mostly wish to die. That maiden spinning in the sun knows not of dance or song; but is happy as she twists the thread and dreams of her betrothed husband, now far away, perhaps, in the stormy Polar seas. This is the almost invariable destiny of the young men of these islands, whose inhabitants have from time immemorial been a nation of sailors.

In the quaint little abode next door, so dazzling inside and out, with its Dutch tiles and bright blue paint, there dwells one of the retired sea-captains who form the aristocracy of the place. He has passed thirty years at sea, and now thirty years more in this lonely little village, in the company of his aged wife, who during all that time has never been able to move a single step without his assistance. She passes her days in that high-backed leathern chair, in the old French taste, which was considered by a certain nomadic Englishman, who somehow or other found his way hither, as so delightfully Rococo, that he offered a considerable sum of money for it; but the

offer was refused by the captain because his sickly wife had got used to it, and would not like any other. The money offered would indeed have purchased two far more elegant and commodious chairs; but he thought no other would ever please her so well.

Another of the cottages is, or was a few years ago, inhabited by a widow of seventy-eight, who, since the death of her husband, had been alone in the world, all her relations having either been lost at sea, or having departed this life in some fashion or other.

She inhabited a tiny house, which was a perfect pattern of cleanliness, although she had to do with her own hands all that was required to make it so; for she was too poor to pay for any assistance. She had a little sitting-room, a less bed-room, and a kitchen, four feet square, yet her dwelling could vie with the best of her neighbours for its brightly polished brass utensils, its brightly rubbed tables, its shining black stove, and spotless white boards.

She used to get up at a very early hour in the morning, and divide her day between her spinning-wheel, and the washings and scourings, rubbings and scrubblings, necessary to preserve the spotless purity of her domain, and thus wage an incessant and valiant warfare against dust, and rust, and cobwebs, hunger, sickness, and *ennui*.

Against the most formidable of these enemies—hunger—her wheel was her most potent ally. With its assistance she earned enough to provide her small stock of tea and coffee, which she stood the more in need of, as she only allowed herself a hot dinner twice a week, that she might be able to save enough to keep her little goods and chattels in the best possible order. She expressed great thankfulness, however, for the uncommon blessings of her lot; since she could see, and hear, and walk, and work, as well as a young girl. In her room of state hung a picture of her father, who was a schoolmaster, and by the side of it ticked a large old-fashioned clock, the brass weights of which, so apt to be covered with fly marks, were as clean and bright as if they had just come out of the shop. The leaves of the plants at her window, also, shone as if they were varnished, as the old lady every morning wiped them, each severally, with a damp sponge, that no dust might settle on them and stop their pores, which, she thought, might prevent their thriving. In this apartment was also a bed, but one only used for a grand state occasion,—namely, when a cousin, the only relation she had in the world, came from a neighbouring village to pay her a visit. It was always kept ready for him, and for him stood also, in a little corner cupboard, a half-pound of tobacco, neatly wrapped up, a brass pipe-holder, and some white clay pipes.

In this cupboard was also a goodly store of household utensils, the accumulation of her long life, amongst which figured a rather stately soup-tureen of Russian extraction. It appeared that some long-deceased relative of hers had once had the honour of dining at the table of the Emperor of Russia, and that it was then the custom for the guests of his

Imperial Majesty, not only to eat what was set before them, but also to carry away the dishes; and in this way, both the tureen above mentioned and several plates, knives, forks, and spoons, had fallen into the possession of her kinsman. It is indeed no uncommon thing in these islands, to see both household utensils and furniture collected from all corners of the earth,—a fact easily accounted for, when we consider that the population is almost entirely composed of sailors.

In a little lumber closet which I forgot to enumerate amongst the apartments contained in her mansion, stood some fine old chests, carefully covered with stout leather, and one, which was upwards of two hundred years old, was richly adorned with carved work, exhibiting among other figures a whale in a noose, a favourite ornament here. One of these had cost a hundred marks, (between six and seven pounds,) and would now certainly sell for half the money,—but nothing could induce the old lady to part with these relics, for in them she honoured the memory of her forefathers and deceased relations. The only memorial of former days that she seemed to care little about, was an ancient fan, which she had broken to pieces to make sticks for the flowers at her window out of its ribs. The tops of these ribs were still fastened together with strings of beads, so that they had a very ornamental effect.

She possessed also an antique musical instrument, a kind of guitar with brass strings, such as she said people were glad to dance to when she was young, but now they must have trumpets and violins. Most people had one in the house, to accompany the family "in the Sunday afternoon psalms."

The Sunday afternoon psalms are now, alas! almost as rare as the brass stringed guitars, and when they are heard, it is mostly from the quavering voice of some ancient dame or her good man, who still endeavour to keep up the pious old custom. When the old lady is in funds, she pays a visit to a neighbouring shop, and purchases all sorts of little presents for her kinsman, for frugal as she is in her own habits, she is, for her means, generous with respect to him, and her chief recreation is, after she has done everything that it is possible to do for the welfare of her own flowers, to go and look after those of her neighbours. She pays, for instance, frequent visits of inspection to some flower-pots belonging to the keeper of the above shop; picks off the dry leaves, cuts the decayed branches, and feels in the mould to know whether he has been keeping them well watered. On these occasions however, she sometimes comes into collision with another amateur, an old man, formerly a school-master, who has the same passion for flowers as herself; and there has sprung up between them something almost like a feud, in consequence of the gentleman insinuating that her mode of treatment is not attended with invariable success, and even warning his neighbours that "if they let *that* Frau K—meddle, she'll spoil every thing they have in the world;" while she on her side, shaking her head at him, will say,— "that as for old Y——, he may be a very learned man,

and she dares say he is—but as for flowers, he knows no more of them than a child." The utmost extremity, however, to which hostilities have as yet proceeded between them, is that each party takes the utmost possible pains to get out of the other's way.

THE PET LAMB.

THIS is a very favourite subject by Collins, our best painter of rustic life and incident. It is a sad day at the cottage, for the pet lamb, the play-fellow of the children, is about to be transferred to the hands of the butcher, who stands at the doorway concluding his bargain with the mother. The lamb, unconscious of its impending doom, is surrounded by a group of weeping little ones, who are striving in vain to drive away the butcher's boy and retain their pretty favourite. The painter has told this simple story in a very effective way. The grouping of the figures is admirable, their rustic character well preserved, while the scenery by which they are surrounded is such as all have admired while rambling round our beautiful homesteads and farms. The picture is thoroughly English in sentiment and expression.

BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS CHALMERS.¹

PART II.

BY JOHN LEAF.

By the publication of Dr. Hanna's second volume of the Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, we are enabled to resume the notice which was commenced in the May number.

For two years after his marriage, Chalmers lived a life of quiet domestic blissfulness and studious activity in his sequestered parsonage of Kilmany. His popularity as a preacher was meantime increasing in the neighbourhood; while a considerable literary reputation, gained principally by an able publication on the External Evidences of Christianity, occasioned a lively interest respecting him in the general Scottish public. By the autumn of 1814, the rumour of his extraordinary abilities, and of his extending celebrity, had reached Glasgow, and created some sensation among the Town Council and other local powers of that city, who were then charged with the onerous and somewhat perplexing duty of selecting a new minister for the Tron Church, recently vacant through the appointment of the former incumbent, Dr. Macgill, to the chair of theology in the University.

One Sunday, towards the close of October, five Glasgow citizens had travelled down to Bendoely, in Perthshire, with the design of hearing Mr. Chalmers preach, and of afterwards reporting their impressions to the Town Council, by whom they had been de-

(1) "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. II." Constable: Edinburgh.

puted. Chalmers had been sent for to Bendochy, to preach a funeral sermon on the death of the late minister of that parish, who is said to have precipitated his decease by heroic and successful efforts, made some time previously, on behalf of seven distressed seamen, whose lives he was the instrument of saving, after their vessel had been driven upon a sandbank in the bay, to the eastward of St. Andrew's. The sermon was an impressive one—on the uncertainties of human life, and the fleeting character of time—and the deputation, apparently, went home edified, and delivered in a favourable testimony.

Presently an active canvassing was commenced in Glasgow; for two other gentlemen had been at the same time brought forward as candidates, either by voluntary desire, or on sweet compulsion. Chalmers was altogether an involuntary nominee. He declared from the first that he would refrain from taking any step whatever in the business, and begged even to be excused from saying whether he would or would not accept the appointment, should he ultimately chance to be elected. He entertained a variety of scruples about leaving his present parish of Kilmany, and had besides some rather strong objections against entering on that career of bustle and formal ceremoniousness which he saw to be next to inevitable in a large city parish, where there would be a great deal of church drudgery, and many fastidious people, of polite and "respectable" pretensions, to be pleased. There were doubtless several considerations that might render a city pulpit desirable to such a man as Chalmers; but as his delicacy of feeling altogether disinclined him for seeking any such promotion through the usual practices of intrigue and personal solicitation, he resolved to be entirely passive in the affair, and to be guided exclusively by the course and issue of events.

The election of a Scottish minister appears to be a somewhat curious concern. We have been exceedingly surprised to find one of Chalmers's correspondents giving him the assurance that his friends at Glasgow had not had occasion to resort to any "bribery!" They considered themselves "certain of carrying their point, having eighteen (if no one flinch) out of one-and-thirty votes;" and "no undue influence, no bribery, no corruption has been practised"—whereupon it is concluded that the "finger of Providence" is evidently discernible in the business. Nevertheless, the providential interference appears to have been for somewhat dubious. A Mr. Tennent, who was apparently the corresponding secretary of the Chalmers interest, is found writing on the 17th of November: "We have had a very hard battle to fight; what with the Duke of Montrose, Sir Islay Campbell, the College interest, and the late and present Provost against us, we have had our hands quite full, and had to put forth all our might." This "might," strenuously exercised, was eventually successful: on the 25th of November, the election, amid no inconsiderable agitation, took place, when the result was a majority for Chalmers. An express from Glasgow was sent

with the intelligence to Kilmany; and the next post from Edinburgh brought a letter on the subject, from Dr. Jones. "Heaven and earth," said he, "and all the principalities and powers in high places, have been moved;—from the great officers of state at St. James's, and the Court of Aldermen in King Street, and the Crown lawyers in Edinburgh, down to the little female pieties, who were taught to squall what they did not understand, 'No fanatics, no Balfourites! Rationalists for ever!' No small stir, I'll assure you, has been in that city, and no such stir has been there since the days of John Knox, it is said, about the choice of a minister. And, oh! *miserabile dictu*, tell it not in St. Andrew's! the fanatics have prevailed, and prevailed against one of the most numerous and well-appointed armies which ever took the field on such an occasion. The order of battle was this:—In the centre of the enemy was the Lord Provost, who commanded the main corps, and which being *thou* rather weak, as the centre of their opponents was very strong, they strengthened it with the London Guildhall allies, headed by Sir James Shaw. On the right was the Duke of Montrose and the heavy horse; and on the left the Lord Advocate and the light horse. In front were some clerical skirmishers, headed by Principal Dolt, who threw rockets and fire-brands, and said, 'Much learning and religion has made Chalmers mad.' Much was expected from this weapon, but it was rendered quite useless by the opposing remark, 'That it came well from him, as it was notorious to every one that *his* head was not in the least danger.' These being driven in, confident in their strength, the main body of the opponents came down in full force, made one charge, and went right through the enemy, and so completely defeated them, that in half an hour not two of them were to be seen together; and no sooner had the news reached the town on the afternoon of Friday the 25th of November, than all the town was in an uproar of joy, says my informant, 'Kirkmen, Burghers, Anti-burghers, Independents, and Baptists, all joining in one shout of exultation.' The news has had little less effect, I assure you, in this city. Every one meets or runs to his friend, through a most heavy rain, to say, 'Oh! have you heard the good news?—Mr. Chalmers is elected to the Tron Church of Glasgow!'"

Thus elected, Chalmers decides on quitting Kilmany, deeming the call to Glasgow clear enough to induce him to accept it. Accordingly, he preaches a farewell sermon to his old parishioners, and makes preparations for departure. The anticipation of having a large and more intelligent congregation, and the belief that a more extensive field for exertion would serve the better to develop his own energies and capabilities, seem to have been the principal motives which influenced his decision. Nevertheless, it was not without regret that he turned his back upon the quiet pastoral scenes in which he had now for several years been settled. Looking to the hills which bounded his peaceful valley, and waving his staff to them as if in mournful farewell, he said to a friend

who was one day walking by his side, "Ah, my dear sir, my heart is wedded to these hills!" And, coming back to his old parish more than twenty years subsequently, he still remembered and acknowledged the serene influences by which the scene had been endeared, saying, "Oh! there was more tearing of the heart-strings at leaving the valley of Kilmany than at leaving all my great parish at Glasgow."

The first sermon he preached in Glasgow was delivered before the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, on Thursday, the 30th of March, 1815, a few months previous to his regular admission as minister of the Tron Church. The recent excitement of the canvass, and the various rumours that were in circulation respecting the preacher's extraordinary gift of oratory, greatly quickened the public curiosity, and had the effect of drawing together a vast multitude of hearers. Among the crowd was a young Oxford student, the son of a Scottish minister, who had heard Chalmers's *Discourse of the Evidences of Christianity* mentioned with high approval at the English University. This was he who, a few years later, drew the following interesting sketch, which Dr. Hanna quotes from "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolks."

"I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance, for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment did not reveal anything like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By-and-by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiae of his face pretty leisurely. . . . At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fullness of curve. The upper lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness, that conveys any idea rather than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moment of high extranced enthusiasm."

After some further observations, from the phrenological point of view, of the preacher's "marked mathematical forehead," his "grand apex of high and solemn veneration," and the "few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly," affording "a fine relief to the death-like paleness of the massive temples,"—the writer proceeds to say, that perhaps the world never possessed any orator whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says, or whose oratory is so wonderfully heightened by a singular delivery.

"And yet," continues he, "were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question, these,

his lesser peculiarities, would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious, his gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward; his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial, distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearers leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree. But of a truth, these are things which no listener can attend to while this great preacher stands before him armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you. You are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then, with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings. . . . I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style; but most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his."

Between March and July, Chalmers was busied in arranging matters for his removal; and at last, on Thursday, the 13th of the latter month, the manse of Kilmany was finally forsaken. He spent a few days with his parents at Anstruther, and then, leaving his wife behind him among his friends, proceeded by way of Edinburgh to Glasgow, where he arrived on the 20th, and took up his quarters in temporary lodgings, which he describes as being "in a high and airy situation, as fresh and pure as Kilmany itself," with no other substantial drawback than that another room, in addition to his dining-room and bed-room, could not be got in the house, and that the landlady, with every disposition to oblige him and make him comfortable, had "a quantity and volubility of talk upon every subject," which was rather annoying to a man of silent habits. On the day following, he was properly inducted into his new appointment. At four o'clock he writes to Mrs. Chalmers:—

"I have got the admission over. It was a pretty formidable thing. There were three chairs put in the middle passage before the pulpit. I was placed in the middle one, and Sir Henry Moncrieff and Dr. Adamson on each side of me. I had to stand during a pretty long address. In coming out I stood at the door, and had to shake hands with the people. An immense number I had to do this with; and sometimes I got three hands in my loaf at once."

On the Sunday following he was introduced to the regular services of his church by Sir Henry Moncrieff; and in the afternoon "preached an hour and a quarter" to an immense crowd. On the Monday he received two-and-twenty calls, eighteen on the Tues-

day, and on Wednesday he missed a great number by contriving to be out. In this way did his Glasgow life begin.

His popularity from the first was unparalleled. Yet he does not appear to have taken very kindly to his situation. The intrusions and interruptions to which he was liable, contrasted unfavourably in his mind with the pleasing and regular tranquillity of his former parish. In a letter written on the 29th of July, to an old clerical neighbour, he says :—

"I can give you no satisfaction whatever as to my liking or not liking Glasgow. Were I to judge by my present feelings, I would say that I dislike it most violently; but the present state of my mind is not a fair criterion—at a distance from my family, and in a land of strangers; and though beset with polite attentions, feeling that there is positively nothing in them all to replace those warmer and kindlier enjoyments which friendship brings along with it. What is to come out of it I know not; but I may at least say, that all around me yet carries the aspect of desolation. . . . I have got about a hundred calls in the course of this week, and I foresee a deal of very strange work in the business of a Glasgow minister. What think you of my putting my name to two applications for licences to sell spirits, and two certificates of being qualified to follow out the calling of *pedlars*, in the course of yesterday?"

Then, in a subsequent letter, he remarks :—

"This, sir, is a wonderful place; and I am half entertained and half provoked by some of the peculiarities of its people. The peculiarity which bears hardest upon me is the incessant demand they have upon all occasions for the personal attendance of the ministers.* They must have four to every funeral, or they do not think that it has been genteelly gone through. They must have one or more to all the committees of all the societies. They must fall in at every procession. They must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. They have a niche assigned to them in almost every public doing, and that niche must be filled up by them, or the doing loses all its solemnity in the eyes of the public. There seems to be a superstitious charm in the very sight of them, and such is the manifold officiality with which they are covered, that they must be paraded among all the meetings and all the institutions. I gave in to all this at first, but I am beginning to keep a suspicious eye upon these repeated demands ever since I sat nearly an hour in grave deliberation with a number of others upon a subject connected with the property of a corporation, and that subject was a *gutter*, and the question was whether it should be bought and covered up, or let alone and left to lie open. I am gradually separating myself from all this trash, and long to establish it as a doctrine that the life of a town minister should be what the life of a country minister might be, that is, a life of intellectual leisure, with the *otium* of literary pursuits, and his entire time disposable to the purposes to which the Apostles gave themselves."

Perhaps the question as to the propriety of closing up the *gutter* did not, as a sanitary consideration, merit the profound contempt with which Chalmers seemed disposed to treat it, but yet the reader will probably agree with him in thinking that the local authorities might have managed the affair without requiring the sanction or opinion of the minister.

Towards the end of October, Chalmers was rejoined by his good lady, and entered with her upon a house at a rent of 75*l.* a-year. He now began to be a little

more settled, or resigned to his position, though his letters are still filled with continual complaints respecting the vast amount of secular business to which he was expected to attend. All the public institutions, such as hospitals, almshouses, and the various other charities for the poor, were left in great part to the minister's management and superintendency. He indeed declares at length that "one must signalize himself by resisting every established practice, or spend a heartless, hard, driving, distracting, and wearing-out life among the bustle of unministerial work, and no less unministerial company." He does not know "what it may come to," but perceives that he shall not be right till he has got himself emancipated from the "multiplied drudgery" of these unprofessional avocations. This emancipation once effected, he is willing to admit that Glasgow would be a highly interesting field for the employment of his powers; that there is "much kindness and much principle" in the place; and that the good which is to be done, and the good which might be done, are in reality incalculable. It was from a desire to devote himself more sufficiently to the accomplishment of such good that he was so urgent to be delivered from the secular employments which so largely, and often needlessly, occupied his time.

In the course of the winter Chalmers was somewhat indisposed from a touch of the *lumbago*—a circumstance which we mention for the sake of introducing the following characteristic extract :—

"I have got many recipes for it," says he; "and the honest folks of Glasgow have been pouring in such a multitude of specifics, that had I taken the one half of them, I should not have been able to crawl out for six weeks. Among the rest, my beadle, John, told me of a wright, an acquaintance of his, who had been greatly afflicted with the same complaint, and had a cure to propose. I desired him to call between one and two o'clock; when in he came, a fat well-conditioned-looking person, and proposed a blister round the whole amplitude of my back, where the disease is situated. This I begged leave to decline; and have since been entertained with the mention of others in the shape of pills, and external applications of hartshorn, and plasters of mustard, and rubbings of turpentine, and triplicate coverings of flannel, and last, though not least, a process of ironing, with as great heat as was consistent with the feelings of the patient."

Out of such a diversity of prescriptions, Chalmers found it difficult to select any; and so wisely left the thing to nature, and in a short time had the satisfaction to find that he was well.

In the meantime the popularity of his preaching had produced a certain effect upon the heads of Glasgow University. It was a shrewd remark of the Bishop of Drowsydumlie, that when a man has gained a little celebrity of his own he may reasonably expect to be favoured with a few honorary distinctions. In conformity with this rule, on the 21st of February, 1816, the Senate of the University conferred on Chalmers the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Shortly afterwards he was elected by the Presbytery of Glasgow as one of its representatives in the General

Assembly. When the Assembly met in Edinburgh in the month of May, Chalmers made a forcible speech in favour of the abolition of pluralities. In reference to this speech, Lord Jeffrey is reported to have said, "I know not what it is, but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes than anything I ever heard." After this, Chalmers was appointed to preach before the Lord High Commissioner, "at his Grace's particular desire."

"At so early an hour as nine o'clock in the morning," says Dr. Hanna, "the crowd began to gather in front of the High Church, which, long ere the doors were opened, was manifestly greater than any church could contain, so that when entrance at length was given, in one tremendous rush, hazardous to all and hurtful to many, pews and passages were densely filled. It was with the greatest difficulty that the commissioner, the judges, and the magistrates reached their allotted seats."

Chalmers took for his text on this occasion the following passage from the Psalms:—"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" His discourse was an example of the most striking eloquence. He sent his imagination like a comet through the regions of immensity, and constrained it to take note in its vast wanderings of the grand extent and splendours of the universe. He bade his listeners contemplate the vastness and the multitude of the unnumbered worlds, which stand like illuminated temples in the wide desert grounds of space, and shine in everlasting testimony of the power and the majesty of God. From the sun in his morning glory to the feeblest star that glimmers at the outposts of creation, he took a survey of the firmament, and reckoned up the huge contents which form the sum of created things. And what, (said he,) in comparison with this boundless spectacle, is the significance of man? How pale his littleness, how immeasurably diminished is the pride of his pretensions! He is as the dust upon the balance that weigheth the continents of matter, or as the frail and perishable leaf that falls lonely in the forest. It is but a faint similitude, but yet one which the imperfections of human thought may excuse us in employing, should we say, that the extended universe would sustain no greater diminution of its glories, were the globe which we inhabit and all that it inherits to be dissolved, than the grandeur of the forest in its summer foliage would suffer by the dropping of a single leaf. Then turning to the infidel objection, that upon a theatre so comparatively narrow, and for a race so insignificant as that of man, it were inconsistent with the Divine greatness to lavish such high and distinguishing attentions as Christianity ascribes to it, he hurled argument after argument in refutation of that blasphemy, with such rapidity and potency that the attention of the congregation was stretched to the very limits of its capability, so that when the preacher made a pause at the summing up, "a sort

of sigh, as if for breath, was perceptible throughout the house."

Pursuing his theme, after such a pause, he went on to show that if the magnitude of the wonders which astronomical science has revealed had put the infidel in possession of the argument against which he was contending, the inquisitive spirit of man, which finds out so many inventions, had not the less yielded him a discovery that disarms it of its whole effect. If the telescope has led us to see a system in every star, the microscope has taught us to behold a world in every atom. If, when contemplated from the high field of immensity, the globe whereon we live is but a speck in the large variety of creation, in the domain of the invisible and the minute there are evidences of life and activity so wonderful as to outmatch the astonishment which is excited by a contemplation of the magnitudes of space. The world is redeemed from its insignificance when we learn that in the leaves of every tree, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every stream, there are systems and communities of being as singular and perfect in their littleness as are the most stupendous objects of the universe in their vastness and their grandeur. And if beyond the discoverable bounds of material continuity there may still lie remote and unknown fields of wonder, so also, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which hangs before our senses and perceptions, we might perhaps discern a region of as much astonishment in the kingdoms of the invisible—might see a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude the keenest powers of the microscope, but where nevertheless the wonder-working Maker finds room for the exercise of His perfections. They, therefore, who conceive that God would not manifest such power and goodness on behalf of man as the New Testament represents, because he has so many other worlds to look after, think meanly of His attributes. They consider only His capacity for a general superintendence of His works, and leave out of remembrance the impressive proofs which the world affords of His minute and multiplied regard to an endless diversity of operations. Is it not a daring impiety thus to assign a limit to the unsearchable doings of the Almighty? Should a professed revelation from heaven inform me of a generous provision made for the benefit of a separate and fallen world, so wonderful that angels deemed to look into it, and the eternal Son had to assume our humanity to carry it into accomplishment, all I would ask for would be the evidence of the revelation; for whatsoever it might tell me of God's infinite condescension, in behalf of an inconsiderable province of His dominions, would be no more remarkable than what I see in numberless instances around me, and running through the whole of my recollections, and meeting me in every walk of observation; would be no more astonishing or strange than are the wonders which the microscope has unveiled to my admiration, and which are strewn around me with a profusion that baffles my attempts to comprehend it, but yet

constrains me to behold in them "the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice, nor too humble for the visitations of His care."

At the end of the burst of oratory which, in a condensed form, we have here endeavoured to reproduce, one who was present on the occasion says, "there ran through the congregation a suppressed but perfectly audible murmur of applause—an occurrence unprecedented in the course of the delivery of a sermon, but irresistible, in order to relieve our excited feelings."

Leaving Edinburgh, after this display, Chalmers refreshed himself by a six weeks' excursion in Fifeshire, and then returned to Glasgow. The principal intellectual labour to which he now addressed himself was the preparation of the famous "Astronomical Discourses," of which the sermon in Edinburgh was one, and the first of which had been delivered in the Tron Church in the previous November. In January, 1817, these discourses were published, and immediately obtained almost everywhere the applauses of the public. Hazlitt said of them:—"These sermons ran like wild-fire through the country, were the darlings of watering-places, were laid in the windows of inns, and were to be met with in all places of public resort." He adds that he once spent a very delightful morning in reading them, "without quitting the shade of an apple-tree," in the orchard of the inn at Burford Bridge. In ten weeks 6,000 copies were disposed of, and the demand still exhibited no symptom of decline. Nine editions were issued within the year, and by that time nearly 20,000 copies were in circulation. Scott's "Tales of my Landlord" had been published about a month before, and the two works, in regard to sale, seemed to run for a whole twelve-month in competition with each other. This exceeding popularity was no doubt in great part owing to the circumstance that the book was the first volume of modern sermons which, in any eminent degree, united religious earnestness with literary graces. It thus won the admiration of a multitude of readers who would have been repulsed by an ordinary volume of serious dissertations. The scientific knowledge which they display is nowise very considerable, nor are the arguments they contain always of a character the most convincing; but the blaze of rhetoric is vehement and often grand, and the impression which they make on a first perusal is one of astonishing intellectual power. As logical and literary compositions they have undoubtedly been overrated; and as a vindication of the truths of Christianity, they form rather an ambitious, than a successful or complete performance. The main objection to revealed religion which they endeavour to refute is one which hardly needs the refutation, since it has, in reality, never been seriously entertained by the class of intellects to which the discourses are professedly addressed. The great merit of these discourses is one that is solely oratorical: they are elaborate displays of verbal eloquence, brilliant and vigorous

appeals to the imagination, the fancy, the passions, and the sentiment of veneration; and while they are certainly calculated to produce a dazzling and impressive effect upon either listener or reader, they are very imperfectly adapted to convince or confound the sceptic. In point of style they are showy, high-wrought, and irregular, with a tendency at times to run into bombast. They have no simplicity, no ease, no directness: everything is amplified and reiterated to the uttermost; the phraseology is often ponderous and inelegant, and there is a constant and undue elaboration, accompanied by a vehemence that frequently transcends the bounds of taste. Yet, in spite of many defects, there is a great charm in these discourses—the charm of earnestness, of energy, and fervour—the fascination and the power that belong to the utterances of genius.

While the Astronomical Discourses were in the height of their first celebrity, Chalmers received and accepted invitations to preach in London. He appeared in the great city at a time of strong political excitement, but nevertheless attracted the most extraordinary attention. Peers, statesmen, clergy of the established church, men of business, ladies of fashion—people indeed of every description, thronged to see and hear him. Fêted by Wilberforce, eulogised by Canning, followed everywhere by crowds excited into the most wide-eyed admiration, Chalmers became unwittingly the foremost lion of the metropolis. He came like some foreign wonder, with strange speech and singularity of aspect, and with his marvellous eloquence won the homage and astonishment of all who came within its influence. The Countess of Elgin said she saw Canning melted into tears; and that amiable and able statesman himself declared that he had heard no such preaching before in England.

Overwhelmed with the weight of his popularity, but nowise dazzled or elated by it, Chalmers abruptly quitted London after his triumph; and after a tour of some weeks through Wales and the north of England, in company with Mrs. Chalmers and a friend, he returned again to Glasgow, where concerns of some difficulty awaited him. He continued to be much perplexed by the incessant demands which the secular affairs already mentioned made upon his time; and growing at length absolutely weary of them, he determined to make a bold effort to get effectually delivered from such vexations. The reader will remember the debate about the *gutter*; and we have now to bring before him another somewhat similar deliberation. A number of the gravest city ministers, and some of the wisest of the city merchants, were one day summoned to consider whether the inmates of a certain hospital should be served with "ox-head broth or pork broth." Opinions differed, and the debate waxed warm, when it was at length determined that the matter should be settled by an actual trial of the relative merits of the particular preparations. A quantity of both sorts of broth was thereupon produced, and each deliberator tasted, and gave a vote according to his preference. The sapient decision that resulted was—"That hence-

forth there should be served sometimes the one kind of broth and sometimes the other;" a very wonderful exemplification of the civic faculty for solving problems of perplexity! In matters of this sort, and in endless others of a similar solemnity, Chalmers resolved to take no further part. Private remonstrances having failed to relieve him sufficiently of these engagements, he took counsel with himself, and, to the astonishment of his congregation, made the grievance the subject of discussion in the pulpit. His text, as his biographer remarks, was appropriate and ominous: "Then the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and said, It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables." He delivered two very animated discourses, vindicating the sanctity of the ministerial calling, and claiming for the clergy the right of exemption from all unnecessary secularities, to the end that they might have a proper leisure for the prosecution of their authentic intellectual and spiritual pursuits. He drew a vivid picture of his present harassed situation, and announced his intention of henceforth abstaining from all such concerns as did not actually belong to his clerical avocation. These sermons caused a considerable stir, and the report of them went as far as Stirling, where an important ministerial charge then happened to be vacant, and was pressingly offered to Dr. Chalmers. As the Glasgow people could not think of losing him, they readily assented to secure him in future from all the secular interruptions he complained of, and proposed such further regulations for his comfort as induced him to remain.

It is not to be presumed, however, that he took no interest in such institutions and arrangements as had a moral and religious object. He assiduously visited all the houses in his parish, where the population amounted to about 11,000; he devised plans for increasing the activity and usefulness of the *elders*; and was foremost in organizing an entirely new system of local Sunday-schools. Into any account of the management of these schools we cannot enter; but there is rather an amusing anecdote connected with them, which Dr. Hanna has brought forward, and, for the sake of a little variety, we are disposed to insert it here. Mr. James Thompson, at that time a young man, and evidently a very shrewd one, was one of the leading teachers. At some of their meetings—where, with the Doctor present, every one was at liberty to make suggestions—it was discussed whether or not punishment ought to be resorted to in a Sabbath school. One Mr. Stow was very strenuous in condemning its introduction; Mr. Thompson was rather inclined the other way. Among other strong cases, Mr. Stow related the story of a boy who had been so restless, idle, and mischievous, that he was afraid he would have to turn him out of the school, when the thought occurred to him to give the boy an office. He accordingly put all the candles of the school-room under his care; and from that hour he was an altered boy, and became a diligent scholar.

"An opportunity," says Mr. Thompson, "soon oc-

curred of trying my way of it also. A school composed of twenty or thirty boys, situated in the east end of the parish, had become so unruly and unmanageable, that it had beaten off every teacher who had gone to it. The society did not know what to do with it, and the Doctor asked me if I would go out and try to reduce it to order. I was not very fond of the task, but consented. I went out the next sabbath, and told the boys, whom I found all assembled, that I had heard a very bad account of them, that I had come out for the purpose of doing them good, that I must have peace and attention, that I would submit to no disturbance, and that, in the first place, we must begin with prayer. They all stood up, and I commenced, and certainly did not forget the injunction,—"Watch and pray." I had not proceeded two sentences when one little fellow gave his neighbour a tremendous dig in the side; I instantly stepped forward, and gave him a sound cuff on the side of the head. I never spoke a word, but stepped back, concluded the prayer, taught for a month, and never had a more orderly school. The case was reported at one of our meetings. The Doctor enjoyed it exceedingly, and taking up my instance and comparing it with Mr. Stow's, he concluded that the question of punishment or non-punishment stood just where it was, inasmuch as it had been found that the judicious appointment of a candle-snuffer-general, and a good cuff on the *lug*, had been about equally efficacious."

The Doctor's method of household visitation was somewhat characteristic and peculiar. To visit every family in a population of 11,000 within any reasonable space of time, required no inconsiderable expedition of procedure. His calls, therefore, were generally very short and cursory. A few questions were asked regarding the state of the family as to education and church attendance, a few kindly observations were made, and Chalmers then passed on to the next house, leaving it to the elder who accompanied him to announce that a discourse in some neighbouring school-room or other convenient place would be delivered on an approaching week-day evening, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the district. A pious old widow, on one occasion, solicited the Doctor to stay and offer up a prayer. His answer was,—"If I were to pray in every house I enter, it would take me ten years to get through the work." The work was certainly anything but easy: the wynds were often close and filthy, the stairs steep and narrow, the houses dirty and ill-ventilated—yet buoyantly and resolutely the Doctor went along, cheering at times the flagging spirit of his companion. "Well," said he, in one of these expeditions, looking over his shoulder upon his elder, who was toiling after him up a long and weary stair,—"Well, what do you think of this kind of visiting?" Engrossed with the labours of the ascent, the elder said he had not been thinking much about it. "Oh! I know quite well," rejoined Chalmers, "that if you were to speak your mind, you would say that we are putting the butter very thinly upon the bread." This was no doubt actually the case; but then it may be safely affirmed, that a little butter is decidedly better than none at all. "Till Dr. Chalmers came to Glasgow," says one who knew the city well, "parochial Christian influence was a mere name;"—all the humbler classes of the people were left alone, and, as a consequence, grew up for the most part indifferent to religion.

It was, however, in his public ministrations that Chalmers was most remarkably distinguished. It needed no small diligence and study to prepare the stirring and elaborate orations which he delivered from week to week. The physical exertion also required for their delivery was anything but slight and inconsiderable. Every service was attended by an immense crowd; whether on the sabbath or a week-day, it made but little difference. To give some general impression of the kind of scene which a Glasgow church exhibited whenever he was expected to preach, we could not perhaps, do better than quote the testimony of Dr. Wardlaw. It appears there was a regular service in the Tron Church on Thursday mornings, which was taken in rotation by all the ministers of the city; once in two months the turn devolved on Chalmers; and it is to his displays in this relation that the subjoined description principally applies.

"To see a place of worship," says Dr. Wardlaw, "crammed above and below, on a *Thursday forenoon*, during the busiest hours of the day, with fifteen or sixteen hundred hearers, and these of all descriptions of persons, in all descriptions of professional occupation, the busiest as well as those who had most leisure on their hands,—those who had least to spare taking care so to arrange their business engagements previously as to *make time* for the purpose,—all pouring in through the wide entrance at the side of the Tron steeple, half an hour before the time of service, to secure a seat, or content, if too late for this, to occupy, as many did, standing-room,—this was indeed a novel and strange sight. . . . Suppose the congregation thus assembled—pews filled with sitters, and aisles, to a great extent, with standers. They wait in eager expectation. The preacher appears. The devotional exercises having been gone through with unaffected simplicity and earnestness, the entire assembly set themselves for the *treat*, with feelings very diverse in kind, but all eager and intent. There is a hush of dead silence. The text is announced, and he begins. Every countenance is up—every eye bent with fixed intentness on the speaker. As he kindles, the interest grows. Every breath is held—every cough suppressed—every fidgety movement settled—every one, riveted himself by the spell of the impassioned and entrancing eloquence, knows how sensitively his neighbour will resent the very slightest disturbance. Then, by-and-by, there is a pause. The speaker stops to gather breath—to wipe his forehead—to adjust his gown—and purposely too, and wisely, to give the audience, as well as himself, a moment or two of relaxation. The moment is embraced—there is free breathing—suppressed coughs get vent—postures are changed—there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured the constraint much longer—the preacher bonds forward—his hand is raised—all is again hushed. The same stillness and strain of unrelaxed attention is repeated, more intent still, it may be, than before, as the interest of the subject and of the speaker advance. And so, for perhaps four or five times in the course of a sermon, there is the *relaxation* and the '*at it again*,' till the final winding-up."

What does not speak much for the decency of a Scottish congregation, we are told in addition, that the moment the discourse was ended, the closing prayer was completely drowned by the "hurried rush of large numbers" to the door.

If we had not known it before, we should have seen enough to convince us in the case of Dr. Chalmers,

that a man may easily have too much of popularity. To a person of any sense or sensibility it becomes an absolute *bore* to be continually followed with salvos of applause, or outbursts of curiosity. It is no comfort to him to be the observed of all beholders. With a vain and conceited man it may be altogether different; but a man of common modesty utterly dislikes to be the object of popular celebration or *éclat*. Like a true saint, he would not willingly be canonized before his time. Chalmers, though a man nowise insensible to approbation, appears to have been frequently disgusted by the unseemly hustle and indecorum of the multitudes that crowded to worship in the train of his celebrity. He had, besides, some singular experiences sufficiently calculated to depress whatever satisfaction he might derive from the circumstance of popularity. One of these may be here related. One Sunday evening, all the seats were occupied before the commencement of the service; but a broad passage running through the area of the church, from the main inner door to the pulpit, was intended to be kept vacant for the better ventilation of the place. As soon, therefore, as the pews which entered it were filled, the door was bolted from within. All the other passages above and below were shortly crowded to overflowing. A dense mass of people was by this time congregated in the lobby, many of whom observed, through the windows of a partition wall, that the middle passage was still empty. They immediately became clamorous for admission, and there was soon a loud and tumultuous knocking at the door. Positive orders had been given to keep the passage clear, so that the door-keepers paid no regard to the demands of the assailants. When the bell commenced, the clamour and importunity of the crowd increased, and from intense pressure the door began to creak. The bell ceased. The headie entered the pulpit with the Bible. The Doctor entered from the vestry. At this moment there was a crash at the passage-door; crash followed crash, mingled with the screams and exclamations of terrified and much disordered females. The door was yielding. The door-keepers rushed to prevent it from being forced in, but being unable to withstand the pressure, they presently retreated. The door gave way with a thundering noise, one of the leaves being wrested from its hinges and trampled under foot. The rush was tremendous; and in an instant the whole vacant space in front of the pulpit was crammed from the one end to the other. A countryman in a pew, who, while waiting for the beginning of the service, had fallen fast asleep, being awakened by the noise, suddenly started up, and lookingly stupidly for a moment or two at the crowd, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all around him,—"*Gude guide us! they say the mon canna speak when the trance [the passage] is fu'; he'll no' speak muckle the night.*" The whole church for some minutes was a scene of the greatest disorder. Chalmers was greatly discomposed, and on rising to begin the service he administered a severe rebuke to the invaders. On walking home with Dr. Wardlaw, he expressed a strong anti-

pathy at being always followed by such crowds. "I preached," said he, "the same sermon in the morning; and for the purpose of preventing the annoyance of such a throng, I intimated that I should preach it again in the evening;" and with a sort of ingenuous guilelessness, he asked Wardlaw if he had ever tried that plan? Wardlaw laughed outright at the inquiry. "No, no, my good friend," replied he, "there are but very few of us that are under the necessity of having recourse to the use of means for getting a thin audience." Chalmers enjoyed the joke, and evidently felt, though he modestly disowned the compliment. It may be perceived, however, that the highest celebrity has its drawbacks. The cup of popular applause, even when it does not intoxicate or inflate a man beyond himself, occasions at last an actual weariness and vexation to the heart. Great, on the contrary, are the uses of obscurity. Chalmers, indeed, became convinced of this, and has borne his wise and enlightened testimony against a dizzying popularity. "There is," said he, after many years' experience of its vanity,—"there is a high and far-sounding popularity, which is indeed a most worthless article, felt by all who have it most to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around the person of its unfortunate victim—a popularity which rifles home of its sweets, and by elevating man above his fellows places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt, and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice, and envy, and detraction—a popularity which, with its head among storms and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannas of a drivelling generation."

After four years' residence in Glasgow, as minister of the Tron Church, Chalmers undertook the charge of the parish of St. John, where a new church had been recently erected. Here he organized an association of day-schools for the education of the children of the parishioners; understanding well that in order to bring the influences of Christianity to bear efficiently upon the people, they must be trained intellectually and morally to comprehend the truth and applicability of its doctrines. He also entered into arrangements and experiments of a novel character in regard to the pauperism of the parish. It is well known that Chalmers was totally opposed to any legal assessment for the poor; and in St. John's parish he endeavoured to carry out a system of pauper-management based solely upon charitable subscriptions and the ordinary contributions collected, as in all Scottish parishes, at the church-doors. It appears, however, that he only partially succeeded; for though the supplies thus obtained might, under ordinary circumstances, be sufficient to meet the most urgent cases of distress, they failed to provide for those extraordinary emergencies which arise out of the depressions and fluctuations to which trading and manufacturing industry in large towns is liable. General distress of

this kind, indeed, his scheme did not undertake to deal with; and he thought it might be met by parochial subscriptions for the purpose: a plan which would in reality throw the burden of poverty entirely upon the resources of benevolent individuals, leaving the selfish and the indifferent altogether free and undisturbed in their possessions. Admitting, as we do, the truth and soundness of many of Chalmers's objections to a poor-law, we are yet unable to perceive how the destitution of the country can be otherwise effectually provided for. We agree with him in thinking that a poor-law, in the nature of things, is a curse and an abomination; but we are not the less persuaded that it is a necessity and an indispensability, in the confused and artificial state of society in which we live at present. Whenever social life in England shall be brought into exact conformity with the true and eternal principles on which society should be based, there is a probability that pauperism, in its worst forms at least, will disappear, and thus a legal provision in its behalf will no longer be required. Till then, it is the tax and the penalty which society has to bear as the consequence of deviation from the unchangeable laws of Nature.

While occupied more or less constantly with the duties of his parish, Chalmers continued from time to time to send forth a variety of publications. He wrote on the question of Pauperism in the *Edinburgh Review*; issued a series of pamphlets on the "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns;" and published some further collections of sermons, one of which was the admirable volume "On the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life." This appeared in 1820. In 1822, Chalmers made a tour through most of the counties of England in search of information touching the state and prospects of the Poor-Law Administration. This tour is described in a series of letters to Mrs. Chalmers, rapidly and somewhat dashing thrown off, though relating mainly to his personal movements from day to day. On this occasion Chalmers was introduced to various persons of note and influence in the country. He seems to have greatly enjoyed his visits to some of the English clergy, and much admired the comfort and elegance of their parsonages. One of his calls upon a clergyman, however, had something rather awkward in it. He went with Mr. Cunningham of Harrow, to visit "Mr. Vivian, the rector of a parish about eleven miles from London." "I wished to see him," said Chalmers, "from the very striking and peculiar testimony that he gave before a Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws. He is gruff and outspoken, and very decisive in his opinions; and one of his earliest salutations to me was, that he was rejoiced to see a man from Scotland on the subject, for so much nonsense had come in upon them from that country through the *Edinburgh Review*. Poor Mr. Cunningham knew not how to look. We sat about two hours in conversation with him, and I was much interested by his views. When Mr. C. went off for the gig, I told Mr. Vivian that it would

be a want of frankness and fairness in me not to disclose myself as the unfortunate author of the articles in question. This, on the other hand, confused him not a little, but we really got upon better terms after this *éclaircissement*; and having agreed to exchange publications, we parted very good friends."

Chalmers lived altogether eight years in Glasgow; and though he received several invitations to other more easy and agreeable appointments, he declined them all, till, in 1822, he was solicited to accept the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. This was a situation so much in accordance with his tastes, and offered him so much leisure for schemes of authorship which he had long had in contemplation, that he gladly and promptly complied with the solicitation. On the 18th of January, 1823, he was formally and unanimously elected to the office. The Glasgow people were greatly indisposed to part with him, and many of them manifested towards him a certain coldness of behaviour on first hearing of the intended separation; though a general cordiality was re-established before he left. On Wednesday, the 5th of November, he laid before the Presbytery of Glasgow his letter of resignation, which, after many expressions of affectionate regret from different members, the Presbytery was pleased to accept. On the following Sunday, he preached his farewell sermon in St. John's Church, to one of the densest congregations that was probably ever assembled. The church was calculated to hold about 1,700 persons, but more than double that number somehow managed to crowd into it. It was absolutely taken by storm; and such was the confusion that prevailed from the eagerness to obtain admission, that a party of soldiers had to be called out from the barracks to maintain order. No church, perhaps, was ever thronged by such a mob of church-goers. One can readily believe Dr. Hanna, when he says, "It was no gentle or very sabbath frame of spirit that prevailed." However, there was a perfect hush when Chalmers rose to speak. His address, as usual, was passionate and brilliant; and he closed his ministry with a warm expression of esteem and gratefulness for the manifold kindnesses and honour that had attended him from its beginning to its termination.

On the 14th of November, Chalmers was regularly installed in his appointment at St. Andrew's. On the 17th, he delivered his introductory lecture; and on the evening of the same day, a number of his friends from Glasgow entertained at dinner the two Principals, all the Professors of the University, the ministers of the city, and a number of gentlemen from the neighbourhood. "Thus gracefully," says his biographer, "did Glasgow surrender to St. Andrew's what St. Andrew's had originally bestowed."

* Here, for the present, we must wait for further information. In another article, which we hope to write when Dr. Hanna shall have published his concluding volume, we expect to finish our cursory and second-hand biography.

"Six Views in the Oasis of Siwah," drawn on the spot, by Mr. Bayle St. John. These views are intended to illustrate and accompany the interesting "Narrative of a Journey to the Oasis of Siwah," which we had occasion to review some time ago. They are executed very effectively and carefully, in tinted lithography, and accompanied by an excellent map of the route from Alexandria. Besides being valuable as accompaniments to the above work, they are very desirable to those who desire to complete a series of Egyptian views, or even as picturesque varieties for the portfolio or drawing-room.

"A Selection from the Poems and Dramatic Works of Theodore Körner." By the translator of the "Nibelungen-Treasure." A romantic interest hangs over the brief but eventful life of Theodore Körner, the soldier-poet of Germany. His bravery, patriotism, and early, but glorious death—the enthusiastic devotion to a noble cause which was displayed in the actions of his life no less than in the productions of his pen—have combined to give him a distinguished place among the pure and chivalrous spirits whom the world delights to honour. He was born at Dresden in 1791, and fell, bravely fighting for his fatherland against a foreign invader, on the 28th of August, 1813. Before the commencement of his military career, he had distinguished himself as a successful dramatist, and had been appointed poet to the Court Theatre at Vienna. Several of his plays are now presented in an English dress, by a lady already favourably known as an elegant translator, who has boldly grappled with the difficulties of the undertaking, and has succeeded in producing a very interesting volume. Many of the martial strains for which Körner was so famous, and which are full of the true Tyrtæan fire, are also, we may specially remark, rendered with great ease and spirit.

AMERICAN PURITANS.

IN an American paper, a copy is given of some of the early Blue Laws of Connecticut, many of which, especially upon points of religion, are of a most singular character. Thus:—

"No one shall run of a sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave, on the sabbath day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on sabbath or fasting days.

"No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or saint's day, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's-harp.

"No one shall court a maid without first obtaining the consent of her parents; five pounds for the first offence, ten for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

Law and Lawyers.

THE ENGLISH IN AUSTRALIA.

Less than two hundred and fifty years ago Australia was entirely unknown to Europe. Whether the great South Sea broke round the point of the Antarctic Pole, or whether the immense space left blank upon the maps was occupied by a continent or an archipelago of islands, was a question discussed among speculative men. Nothing was certain—all was left to imagination. Fancy, therefore, could claim this region as her peculiar empire, and every theorist gave to that chaos, without form or void, a shape and colour of his own. Now and then, however, some navigator penetrated into the mysterious ocean in search of facts to substantiate the creations of fable, and occasionally a point of land, faintly discerned in the distance, rewarded his adventure.

A long-troubled question had been settled. The Western World was discovered, and the remotest waters of the Atlantic were visited by the mariners of Europe. The theorists then turned to the south; many a strange fabric was piled up amid the Antarctic snows, and fancy, like the mirage, painted on the vacancy lands and peoples unlike the rest of nature. At length, about the year 1606, Torres passed the Straits which bear his name, and prepared a way for others. Ten years later, the Dutch sent a ship to explore the South Sea, and she fell in with the coast of Australia. After them the English ranged the mysterious shores of New Holland, and gradually, as mariner after mariner opened the scene, the figure of the mighty island emerged from gloom, and was traced distinctly on our maps. New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land were also discovered, though there still exist, among the snowy deserts of the Southern Pole, territories shut out by the severities of nature from the unappeasable curiosity of man.

But, although the enormous island was known to the world at that period, the date of our first intercourse with it is recent. For ages Australia lay in its original condition, untrodden by the feet of white men. In 1770, Captain Cook, immortalized as a minister of civilization, observed on the eastern coast a harbour whose shores were covered with a variety of beautiful plants. He called the place Botany Bay. To him it was endeared by associations of delight; to us its name is repulsive, as attached to a sink of crime. After this voyage accounts of the unknown southern land were circulated through Europe. It was at this unhappy period that the oligarchy of England, blinded by selfish passion, abandoned her interests and lost the brightest jewel in her empire. The American colonies, revolting under oppression, proclaimed their independence; and the mother-state, having cast from her bosom the best child she had nurtured, went forth again to seek a new home for her offspring in the waste places of the world.

An Australian settlement was projected, for the reception of convicted criminals. An expedition was at once equipped. It consisted of two vessels of war, six transports, and three store-ships. On board

were 506 male and 192 female convicts; 160 marines with their officers, and the usual complement of crews. Provisions, tools, implements and materials, were provided. Burdened with its load of crime, the squadron spread sail for the "Unknown Southern Land." The departure of a convict ship was a doubly melancholy occasion when the outcasts were sent for the first time to that remote and solitary region, though it is always a saddening spectacle. The theme has been little wrought, because too little appreciated, by the poet; but T. K. Hervey, who infused sentiment and sweetness into all he writes, has touched it in language so pure and beautiful that it would lend a grace to any page:—

"Onward she glides amid ripple and spray
Over the waters, away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by—
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh, there be hearts that are breaking below!

"Look to the waters, asleep on their breast
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone as the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within!

"Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever!"

The expedition reached the shores of Australia in January, 1788. A sailor, named Jackson, discovered through a gap in the line of cliffs the magnificent harbour named in honour of its discoverer. The situation was preferred to that of Botany Bay; the boats were manned, and the people stepped out of them, literally under the shadow of a forest. All was wild and silent. The tents were pitched, an encampment was arranged, the axe and spade were set to work, and the English name and nation were for the first time established in Australasia. On that distant shore, then clothed with dreary woods, there now stands the capital of a great colony, a prosperous city, embellished with beautiful structures, populous and rich, and stamped with the impress of civilization.

Scarcely sixty-two years, therefore, have elapsed since the birth of a colony now outrivalling, in the rapid growth of its importance, every other in the world. But New South Wales did not spring—it struggled into prosperity. The early years of its existence were full of trouble. The qualities of the soil were not understood; the crops were scanty; the convicts were idle and greedy; the military were insubordinate; supplies arrived at distant intervals, and the hopes of the settlers were depressed by the dread of famine. Scarcity and disease made havoc among them, and

(1) "The Convict Ship." HERVEY'S *Poetical Sketch Book*.

before four months had passed, a gallows cast its ill-omened shadow over the birth-place of Sydney. A youth, only seventeen years of age, stained the infant city with crime, and was cut off "in the land of promise" by the hands of the hangman. Another miserable creature, during a time of want, swallowed eight pounds of flour-cakes at a meal, and died of surfeit. Others, sharing the ignorance of more educated classes in England, conceived the idea of escape by travelling *overland* to China. They started on their journey, and were never more heard of. Probably they were killed by the natives; but possibly, also, some became domesticated among them, and relapsed into the savage state of life. Recently, it is well known, some sailors did so, on the coast above Moreton Bay.

The colony struggled for existence during many years. A settlement was founded at Norfolk island, to relieve Sydney from some of its convict population; but, in spite of every exertion, the century drew to a close while New South Wales was in the most unpromising condition. Deluded by dreams of sudden fortune, many spent their time in an unprofitable search for gold. One of the convicts, noticing the passion of his companions, resolved to profit by it. With a guinea and a brass buckle he manufactured a *specimen of ore*, and declared he had found it near the hills. The fraud was detected; instead of the reward he looked for, the forger received a flogging, and, afterwards committing a more serious offence, ended his life on the scaffold.

A contrast between the condition of the colony during the first years of its establishment with its present state, displays a remarkable result. Four years after the landing at Port Jackson, the public stock consisted of one aged stallion, two colts, sixteen cows, two calves, one ram, fifty ewes, six lambs, one boar, fourteen sows, and twenty-two pigs. At Paramatta, near Sydney, there were three hundred acres cultivated with Indian corn, forty-four with wheat, six with barley, one with oats, four with vines, and eighty-six laid out in gardens, besides seventeen belonging to the soldiers. In all, therefore, there were a hundred and eighteen animals fed, and four hundred and fifty-eight acres tilled. Before 1835, about seventeen million pounds of wool had been shipped from New South Wales, which now contains about seven million sheep, more than a hundred thousand horses, nearly a million-and-a-half of cattle, and pigs beyond calculation. About thirty-three thousand sheep, and ten thousand cattle are slaughtered annually, producing more than 20,000 cwt. of tallow.

A hundred and eighty thousand acres are under cultivation. They produce nearly three million bushels of grain, and more than sixty thousand tons of potatoes, tobacco, and hay. From such small beginnings has New South Wales risen to this position. A sketch of its extent and resources may explain the rapid progress.

From the river Boyne, near Moreton Bay, on the north to the borders of South Australia, the coast-

line extends for more than sixteen hundred miles. It is indented by many safe and spacious harbours, and the mouths of some navigable streams. The colony is divided into twenty-one counties, with eighty post towns. Some are well-cultivated and lie along the borders of the sea, with ample means of intercommunication over rivers and highways. Others comprehend the barren ridges of the Blue Mountains, which, with other ranges, runs along the whole province at a distance varying from forty to a hundred miles from the shore. Others are situated beyond these, with spacious plains, affording some of the finest pasture in the world. Not a tenth of this extensive territory has yet been located. The surface of the country is varied. Peaks, in some places, aspire to the height of fifteen thousand feet, and reach the region of eternal snow; deep valleys sink between them, with immense levels, now dotted with cities and hamlets, and large cultivated tracts.

Many imagine Australia to be a land of pastures and corn-fields, unadorned with the graces of nature. Because it is a familiar name—because sheep-farming, shearing, and wool-packing chiefly contribute to its wealth—and because convict colonies have been established on its shores, it is placed beyond the limits of the romantic. But among the magnificent works of nature few excel in grandeur the scenes among the solitudes of the Australian Alps. The truth is, New South Wales is at present too remote for the traveller in search of landscapes. Steam will soon draw it nearer to us; though for many years it will only be in quest of wealth—of peace and comfort—that the emigrant will visit Sydney, its companion cities, and surrounding lands.

Its natural resources are great and varied. Timber, coal, and iron abound, with every means for rendering them the useful adornments of industry. The climate is mild, and the soil produces every useful grain and vegetable. To show how worthless, however, are all these gifts without a people to develop them, we may relate some incidents which occurred about twenty years ago. A gentleman in England found himself proprietor of an estate in Australia—such an estate as George Robins would have displayed superbly in an advertisement: twenty thousand acres of land in a ring fence; a hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of timber; inexhaustible veins of coal and iron. The fortunate possessor dreamed at once of a noble mansion, of a splendid park, of pleasure grounds, of game preserves, and a tenantry located in snug farm-houses. He visited his estate, and, like a new Alnaschar, shivered at atoms all his airy castles by one glance at the "nature of things."

He found millions of acres to be had for nothing, so he could not *sell* his property. He found no labourers, so he could not *improve* it. He found the timber safe enough; but it would cost fifteen thousand pounds to *destroy* it, and sums beyond calculation to bring it to market. No one would accept it at a gift. The coal and iron, while they were undisturbed, were harmless; but had they been worked by an army

of miners from Staffordshire, all that could be done would be to throw them down the shaft again. Seventy miles from the sea, with no highways! There was enough of the metal to make a railroad; but no one would give in exchange for it all a single Birmingham spade.

Then, as to the mansion. Stone and timber were to be had for nothing; but every pane of glass, every grain of paint, every nail, every piece of furniture—coppers, carpets, and curtains alike—were to be brought from England at Hebrew prices. Besides, there were not enough masons, carpenters, glaziers, painters, or blacksmiths in New South Wales to finish such a mansion, so that was abandoned. But the park? So much was feasible, for the whole estate was a park. And the game preserves? They also were reasonable, for the kangaroos hopped in hundreds among the trees. As for the farmers and farm-houses, the whole fabric vanished like a dream. The reader, however, who may have been interested in the fortunes of this great proprietor need have no pity for him; he possessed already an ample competence, and, while myriads have nothing, we have no sympathy to spare for those who have enough.]

The soil produces an extraordinary variety of fruit. Apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, apricots, peaches, nectarines, figs, grapes, melons, oranges, lemons, citrons, loquots, olives, pomegranates, guavas, and bananas, flourish in immense profusion. Peaches are so plentiful that they are cast in heaps to the pigs, and devoted also to the manufacture of a pleasant cyder.¹ Tobacco, of excellent quality, is produced, and the climate has proved favourable to silk, which may at some future period compete with that of China.

One curious fact in connexion with Australia is, that it produces so little indigenous vegetation useful as the food of man. There are roots, growing deep in the earth, which the women dig up; there are seeds, edible fungi, and nuts, poisonous when raw, but, when cooked, pleasant and nutritious. One of the greatest treasures to the natives is the acacia, producing large quantities of gum. In summer the swampy plains, where the tree is plentiful, are covered by the poor savages, eager to feast upon its tears. The dwellers on the coast are more luxurious; they occasionally revel on whale's blubber, and habitually live on the flesh of the kangaroo, on wild dogs, on seals on fish, and on the opossum. Emus, and many smaller birds, are also devoured as delicacies, while frogs are eaten as oysters are with us. Now, the imagination may revolt from such a feast, but we—in days of youthful daring—have ourselves eaten a frog, dressed by a cook of the south of France. It tasted like cold rabbit, and was not very much amiss. Muscles, and enormous grubs, enter also into the Australian list of dainties.

It is remarkable, therefore, that while Australia affords nourishment to every animal and every plant that has been introduced to her shores, she possesses

so few of an useful kind native to her soil. But she is rich enough to be prosperous, and the energy of our countrymen at the present day displays a striking picture of her success. The population of New South Wales is now about 220,000, with a yearly increase of 10,000. Hundreds of miles of highway-road intersect the provinces in every direction. Steamers ply along the coast, coaches whirl along the roads, and steam engines, tended by industry, carry on the operations of several manufactures. All the colonies of Australia mainly depend, however, on the mother country for supplies of this sort. Every individual, in each of them, consumes on an average about seven guineas' worth of British manufactures. In a commercial point of view, therefore, we are more interested in the growth of our Australian colonies than in the success of any other among our numerous possessions.

If we look to Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, we shall there find a city rivalling many of her English sisters. It possesses one of the most safe and spacious harbours on the surface of the globe, is built on a regular and tasteful plan, and contains a population of nearly 60,000. Most of the streets run at right angles with each other. Public places are generally named after some benefactor of the place; but at the antipodes of England we find many memorials of her most familiar spots. There is Hyde Park, with its regular arrangement, its trim sward and broad walks for the stately promenaders, and there are the Woolloomooloo hills for less dignified and more romantic rambles.

Passing through the long straight streets leading from the harbour through the city, we find many buildings eminently characteristic of our civilization. There are forts mounted with heavy guns, custom-houses, warehouses, and hotels, where you have the satisfaction of paying well for your dinner. There are churches, theatres, hospitals; post, police, parcel, newspaper, insurance, and steam-packet offices; banks, colleges, distilleries, markets, asylums, and other buildings, all well supported by the wealth of Sydney. In some of the streets shops, dazzling as those of Oxford-street, display their stores. Omnibuses rattle to and fro full of well-dressed people, and cab ranks occupy their appointed stations. There is little, in fact, in the aspect of the city to distinguish it from an English sea-port town. Groups of aborigines, indeed, lounge at the corners, or, more, after a full meal, on the pavement. They work only when pressed by want. To give them money is to injure them; for, when enforced by necessity, they labour on the farms with diligence and skill. This proves that the great sage was wrong who, in theory, condemned this wandering family of the Papuan race to hopeless barbarism, declaring they could never be civilised. We agree with the poet, who has adopted a more humane and a more true philosophy:—

" True, though their souls all fiercer passions run—
These fiery ones, these children of the sun!
But gentler thoughts redeem the frenzied mood,
Repress but quenchless, hid but unsubdued!

(1) In the United States a finely-flavoured brandy is made from peaches.

Theirs is the spell of home, where'er they rove,
The maiden loves with all a maiden's love.
And the dark mother, as she rocks her boy,
Feels in her bosom all a mother's joy !¹

Gradually, therefore, we may hope that the face of nature in the human, as in the inanimate, creation in New South Wales, will be changed; and that the savage, subdued to civilization, will come from the gloom of his native woods and people the cities hereafter to fringe all the shores of the vast island.

Before leaving Sydney, let us mention that the press is active there. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, the *Sydney Chronicle*, the *Atlas*, *Bell's Life in Sydney*, the *Daily Advertiser*, the *Sydney Guardian*, and others, are regularly published, while the principal provincial towns support their own journal.²

There are three other English settlements in Australia.³ South Australia is the next in importance; it was founded in 1834, by a public company, and adjoins New South Wales. Its area is double that of the United Islands, and little less than that of France. The soil is fertile, and rich in minerals, the climate temperate and equable. Among the exportable commodities of the provinces are slate, coal, timber, valuable barks, gums, salt, cured fish, seals, sperm and black whale oil, wheat, flour, wool, hides, tallow, horns, &c., while the climate is favourable to wine. Flax, hemp, almonds, aniseed, bees' wax and honey, cheese for India and China, caraways, cochineal, coriander, dried fruits, hops, vegetable oils, olives, citrons, oranges, and silk, are embraced within the list of commodities. Though but a small portion of the territory has yet been reclaimed from its original state, the colony thrives well. Adelaide, its chief town, with a less English appearance than Sydney, wears the aspect of prosperity. A population of about 12,000 circulates in its spacious open streets, or throng on holidays the splendid promenade surrounding the suburbs. It was originally planned, perhaps, on too large a scale; but this fault is better than its opposite. Had London ever been planned at all, we should never have had the dens it now contains. It is now a city of patchwork, wearing the impress of many generations, with one form of fashion by the side of another, in inconceivable confusion.

From South Australia we transfer ourselves to Fremantle and Perth in the Swan River settlement, on the western coast. There was for the first time discovered, by a Dutchman,⁴ that rare bird upon the earth—a black swan. This marvel was, therefore, no longer a myth. Afterwards it was found that the country, wearing to the careless eye an unpromising appearance, was productive in a high degree. A company was formed in England to colonize Western Australia. They commenced in 1830, and have strug-

gled to this day; but are now beginning to reap the harvest. The vine flourishes exuberantly near Perth. There is one in the government garden which, planted as a cutting, sent out shoots sixteen feet and a half long, in the second year, and yielded more than four hundredweight of grapes. Every agricultural experiment, indeed, which has been made with skill, and pursued with industry, has succeeded. Where the soil was once thought barren, rich corn lands, year after year, yield heavy crops of grain; orchards and plantations abound; farm houses, villas, and villages sprinkle the open country, and the towns increase steadily in size and trade. Labour is still scarce, though the growth of population has been more rapid in this than in any other settlement excepting South Australia. But here let us notice, what it is important to remember: in Australia, industry of the practical kind alone prospers. Tillers of the soil, hewers of wood, and drawers of water; builders of cities, ships, and dock-yards; artisans, and mechanics of every class, can find employment, with wages almost equal to those paid in New York. But *gentle crafts* avail little to their possessors. Musicians, artists, fancy-workers, schoolmasters—all these are disappointed in Australia. A few lively and thoughtful pens, indeed, are wanted among the colonists, to whom literature is a luxury. The ennobling influence of intellectual minds, acting through books and journals, would be welcome among them. With these exceptions—folks with filbert nails and white hands are far below par in those regions. At Port Essington, indeed, on the northern coast, commercial enterprise is principally needed. There, on a small peninsula, has been established a colony to attract the trade of the Indian seas. The products of the Oriental Archipelago are carried thither in native bargues, which frequently visit the Australian coast in search of the sea-slug. The place is less healthy than the eastern and southern shores; but civilization actually purifies the climate, and the community of Port Essington, in the dawn of their prosperous existence, have already felt the action of industry on the soil. In these four settlements are collected a numerous population, increasing yearly by a large number, consuming the manufactures of Great Britain, receiving her unprovided population, and thus contributing doubly to her welfare. It is calculated that we sent to New South Wales alone, during the first six months of 1850, as many yards of printed cotton as to the whole of Austria; to Van Diemen's Land⁵ as many as to Belgium; and to South Australia more than to Denmark.

A general recapitulation of the present position of our colonies in Australia, expressed in a few figures, may be interesting. It exhibits their progress since 1839. The population of New South Wales was, in 1839, 114,386; in 1848, 220,474—an increase of 93 per cent. The population of Van Diemen's Land was, in 1839, 44,121; in 1847, 70,164—an increase of 59 per cent.: that of South Australia, in 1839,

(1) "Australia:" by T. K. Hervey.

(2) For these, and for many other interesting facts, we are indebted to Mr. B. C. Peck; who, under the modest title of "Recollections at Sydney," (John Mortimer, 1850.) has published a most accurate and complete account of that city. It is a volume which every emigrant should possess, as well as every one interested in the progress of the colony.

(3) Port Phillip district, though by legislative enactment distinct, properly belongs to New South Wales.

(4) In 1697.

(5) Which we have not space to include in our present observations.

10,115; in 1848, 38,666—or 286 per cent.: that of Western Australia, in 1839, 2,154; in 1848, 4,456—or 101 per cent. The great increase of the last two is attributable to their trade with the Indian seas. The entire population of the group rose from 170,676, in 1839, to 333,704, in 1848. The value of the imports—principally from Great Britain—is about 2,600,000*l.* and of the exports about 3,000,000*l.* When examining these figures we must reflect that, sixty years ago, the borders of Australia were silent and desolate wastes, where on one spot a few white men were laying the foundations of an empire.

Of the unoccupied territory much is now known; but we cannot attempt to sketch its characteristics. It must suffice now to observe, that immense tracts of fertile lands, intersected by beautiful rivers, have been discovered. The interior is still unexplored; attempts have been made to penetrate its untravelled depths, but in vain. Sterility and heat have driven back the most enterprising. Theoretical geographers have, therefore, at their command a vast blank on the map. Physical geographers have decided that the island is a young creation, lately risen from the sea, and as yet unformed. Everything tends to support the idea. Few of the known laws of nature prevail in Australia. In geology, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in the mountain and river systems, all appear imperfect and without order. The ranges *traverse* instead of following the *length* of the region, as in the old world; the streams flow—many of them—inland, to lose themselves in pathless marshes, and the strata in the earth occur in the strangest detail. Of lesser anomalies there are abundance. We have *black swans* in plenty, *white eagles*, once considered a myth; *crabs* of an *exquisite ultra-marine colour*, and very beautiful; *green clouds*, insects called *walking leaves*, cherries with the stones outside, besides that oddest of created things, the duck-billed platypus—a quadruped with a bird's bill. In Australia, also, says a traveller, you discover your approach to a village by the *barking*, not of *dogs*, but of *trees*—a native custom very prevalent in the woody provinces. There are, besides, hills of bright blue limestone, glittering in the sun like enormous piles of jewels. With all these eccentricities of nature should be mentioned what is *not* an anomaly, that the June of England is, in temperature, the January of Australia.

The prospects of these Austral regions display themselves vividly to the imagination. Prophesying for them no more than a steady progress at the rate they have hitherto advanced, a century may be expected to work a wonderful change in the aspect of all nature there. It will be Australia still—

“But softer beauty sits on every hill.”

Meadows of rich green, corn fields, and gardens, parterres dotted with wandering flocks, fields full of the incense of the harvest home, will take the place of the woods and grassy plains; the English tongue will sound in songs and laughter among millions of happy settlers on the soil; the navies of war and trade will crowd the harbours; cities full of life, echoing with industry, with spires and towers, will stand on the

banks of every stream; villas and lawns will occupy what now are wild and silent gleus. Above all, the Christian religion with her minister—civilisation—will move the hearts of the savage races with the gentle impulses of Nature. The sacred structure, consecrated by a pure and holy faith, will take the place of those roofless temples where the barbarian for ages has humbled his soul before an unknown and nameless god. The earth, invigorate, will yield the richest fruits; the climate will favour the strength and stature of all living things; the rivers and surrounding seas will be alive with commerce; the cities and the cultured lands will prosper under the hand of industry—

“While the swart native crowns the glorious plan
In all the towering dignity of man!”

Such a picture may appear romantic; yet it is suggested, not by fancy, but by calculation. Steam must soon draw together the shores of the mother country and her dependent states in the Antarctic Sea; and, if a liberal policy be pursued towards Australia, she will inevitably fulfil the scriptural prediction—“Ye shall make fruitful the waste places of the earth, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.”

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY J. DAFFORNE.

[THE abbey and monastery of St. Etienne or St. Stephen's, at Caen, were erected by this monarch in his dukedom of Normandy, for which purpose he caused a number of edifices, large and small, to be levelled to the ground, and possessed himself of the land whereon they stood. At the funeral of the king, a person in the garb of a peasant forced his way through the crowd, and forbade the rites of sepulture unless payment were made for the spot of earth in which the body was to be laid.]

Torches are blazing fitfully from Orme's grass-cover'd banks,
O'er cuirass'd men and belted knights, in closely serried ranks;
Banner, and plume, and fiery steed, are moving slowly there,
While mitred priest and learned monk unite in solemn prayer.

What means this pageant that disturbs the silence of the night?
Marches a monarch to his throne—a warrior to the fight!
These court the radiance of the noon, with trumpet and with drums,
And yet amidst the midnight gloom a king and hero comes.

William the Norman, he whose arm laid Saxon Harold low,
When England bent her stubborn neck beneath th' invader's blow,
Lies in a narrow coffin there—earth's proudest ruler's doom,
And all this mighty throng have met to lay it in the tomb.

And now St. Stephen's abbey walls enfold their sacred trust,
But ere the sepulchre receives its once anointed dust,
Through the long aisle and lofty arch a voice, like thunder, swept,
That made the living standing by as mute as him who slept.

"Son of the dead!" why com'st thou here, in funeral array,
To seek a quiet resting-spot for thy ancestral clay?
Can the oppressor slumber where his tyranny had birth?
—Away! Thou durst not lay his bones upon my household hearth.

"Son of the spoiler! on this ground my father's castle stood,
The shadows of its old grey towers stretched over stream and flood,
Ay, and by yonder open grave my childhood's feet have trod,
And little fingers often pluck'd bright flowers from the sod.

"Who trampled on my heritage? whose sacrilegious hand
Built up a temple to the skies, where I, now homeless, stand?
As if the pious act would calm th' avenging wrath of heaven,
Or that the wrongs which despots urge were easily forgiven.

"He, the pale tenant of a shroud—the man of high renown—
With all the panoply of war struck my fair birthright down;
Oh, many a fierce and bloody fight hath seen his princely crest,—
Earth must take earth unto herself, but *this* is not its rest.

"Prelates, in vain your holy rites have sanctified a place
Where every stone hath fraud and guilt engraven on its face;
The widow's tear, the orphan's cry, shall sap its mould'ring wall,
While secret curses on the dead for retribution fall.

"Son of the victor, nobles, knights,—base vassals of a king,
Who lent your willing steel and bow to work my suffering;
Unarm'd amid ye all I stand, unknown to every eye,
And yet, with justice girdled round, your vengeance I defy.

"Take up your dead, another tomb his bones may safely keep,
For by my father's blood I swear that here they shall not sleep;
Remorse and shame have mighty power to blanch crime's darkest cheeks,
I see them in your faces when Anselm, the peasant, speaks."

The voice was hush'd, the listening crowds stood motionless and still;
That unknown name had wondrous strength the stoutest heart to chill,
And so a ransom there was paid, silver and gold they gave,
That the dead Conqueror might lie within a quiet grave.
They laid him down, that mighty one, within the abbey walls,
Where yet upon the warrior's tomb the trembling shadow falls;
But ponderous axe and shining steel the prisoner have unbound;
Vainly we seek for royal dust beneath that hallow'd ground.³

THE PINE-TREE SHILLING:

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of furlings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain J. Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty, to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Herenpon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at Court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers (who were little better than pirates) had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was, an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling, which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labour, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he

(1) Robert of Normandy, second son of William.

(2) In 1552, the tomb of William was broken open by the Huguenots, and the bones scattered abroad and lost.

came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Edincoott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big

enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide and seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts' treasury. But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful were thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her, for it is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely had tried it in a somewhat funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding-portions now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

THE STORY OF MARIA FORSTER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEAN PAUL.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the first French Revolution will remember that, among the distinguished and amiable persons who fell by the guillotine, was a brave German gentleman named *Forster*. He had hailed the beginning of the Revolution as the dawn of a new and glorified era of humanity, and stood by what he deemed a noble cause, till he saw the last spark of nobleness expire in the black ashes of the "Reign of Terror." It is he who compares this grand convulsion to "an explosion and new creation of the world," but likens the actors in it, as they busily buzzed about him, to a mere "handful of flies" (*handvoll Mücken*). Falling under the suspicions of the "ruling powers," he indignantly disdained to avail himself of the means of flight that were secretly held out to him by his friends; and thus, after sacrificing country, and kindred, and fortune, and everything else that was dear to him, he had also to yield up his life, as the last contribution he could offer to the holy cause of liberty:—that liberty which, at its advent, came in the guise and glory of a god, but which afterwards

took the shape of a raging and destroying fiend, and swept across the land, consuming everywhere its truest worshippers.

After his death, his widow retired with her children, to nurse her sorrows amidst the splendid scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy, her two daughters were familiarized with the glowing forms of mountains, with forests, and streams, and waterfalls, and all the brilliant fascinations that appertain to nature in her grandest shapes. This wondrous scenery, the memory of the father's death, and the high-minded instructions of their mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became fatal to her peace. With everything about her to intoxicate the imagination, and with little of grave reality to balance it by cultivating the more sober faculties, Maria (as we believe, the elder,) came indeed to live in an utterly ideal element, which she fancifully peopled with heroic beings, selected chiefly from the immortals of the ancient world, though a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they offered her, some taint of a too extravagant veneration for the memories or persons of the writers. Not the less, however, did she devote herself with exact fidelity to all her filial and domestic duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all communication with common minds. On the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to participate, in short, in all the interests and affections in the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily rounds of work or of amusement had been finished, when the cares of the day were over, and night had covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, she would turn with longing and with ecstasy to her beloved books, and sit for long hours in rapt communion with the spirits that spoke to her through their pages.

At this time the writings of Richter had become the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but a child of ten years old, had read some of them with a wondering and innocent admiration, and with childlike enthusiasm had written him a letter, expressing her thankfulness for the pleasure he had thus given her. As she grew up to womanhood, he became the ideal of everything in man that she had ever dreamed of or imagined. As he stood revealed to her in the tender and sentimental portions of his works, her imagination arrayed him with the grandest attributes; in him she saw the purest and holiest of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone could bear her over the waves and passions of this fretful life, and charm to rest and peacefulness her young but agitated heart. Then came over her the desire to be near him, to live in some relation in his presence, and to hold with him a closer spiritual and personal communion. So, in

her thirteenth year, she wrote to him again, and said: "Is it not too bold—dare I write to the dearest friend of man, and call him my father? Ah, I shall perhaps never see him whom I have to thank for so much, for the dearest benefits, the most elevated truths, all the good that excites my imitation, and a whole eternity that has opened before my soul. When I think on your infinite goodness, I burst into tears, and my heart is filled with blessings for you. This firm faith in you is a blessing of which no man can rob me. You will ask, perhaps, who it is that speaks thus boldly to you? But I am only a little girl, so little, that I need not mention my name. Ah, were I grown up, as I shail be, neither land nor sea should prevent me from *once* in my life seeing him who has long held the place of a father in my heart. But my own faults, and intervening relations, hold me back; and I would not trust myself to write one word to you, if I did not hope to deserve your indulgence and pardon for my wishes." She further told him that her whole life was a continual "striving after goodness," and yet expressed herself distressed at the little progress she could make, owing, as she believed, to her defect of talent, rather than to any want of inward truthfulness or sincerity. Her highest wish, for the present, was to deserve the esteem of the good Richter, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having him once to call her *daughter*.

As she grew older, Maria still continued to write, closing every letter with an ardent wish to visit her admired author. The first portion of this later correspondence expressed only a longing for a mere spiritual union, deferring the hope of its fulfilment to that future world for which she earnestly prepared her soul. But at length her letters betrayed a desire to unite her being in some sort with the object of her veneration, to partake of the blessedness which she believed would spring from a living relationship with him, and she even signified her impatience for a more intimate connexion. Without ever having seen the man, she had become madly in love with him; or rather in love with her own ideal—the extravagant conception which represented him in her imagination. As she became aware of this, and her eyes were opened to the strangeness of her longings, she was overwhelmed with the bitterest confusion at the wildness of her dreams. It seemed as with impious presumption she had stretched forth her hands to touch the sacred ark of genius, and now the invisible guardian of the ark would fiercely strike her dead! Hitherto her letters had been all anonymous, but the day after making a virtual acknowledgment of her passion, she wrote another letter with her name, imploring to be forgiven for the impatience of the last, and retracting the tender announcement it contained, though, by the confusion of her language, in fact repeating both. Still other letters followed in quick succession, wherein she strove in vain to conceal the conflict that was laying waste her moral nature; for while she prayed him to forget her, she still held fast the hope of being admitted to his presence.

While her letters were anonymous, of course none of them were answered. But now she waited in burning impatience for some reply. Day by day she waited; rising every morning in a flush of expectation, which was daily dissipated, like the gilded dews, or as the brilliant cloud-pictures that heralded the rising sun. In her excited mind she found no explanations for delay; she reckoned not the distance, the interruption of the post by the war-disturbed condition of the country, the literary labours of her friend, or the many possibilities that lie between the reception and the answer to a letter. One sole thought took possession of her mind—the thought that she was despised by the most revered of men; that where she had looked for sympathy and healing, she had found only unmerited contempt. All this pressed with an intolerable weight upon her soul. In the bitterness of her pangs she knew no rest. Like “Mariana in the moated grange,—”

“Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
She only said, ‘My life is dreary,
He cometh not,’ she said;
She said ‘I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead.’”

Her self-tortured spirit was persuaded that in death only was peace. Accordingly, in the twilight of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and went with a fearful purpose to the river. The unrisen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendours. The misty earth sent up her exhalations of mild incense, in mute worship of the brilliant power that was coming to make her glorious. The forms of the old mountains were clothed with mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and flowers were still and solemn in their beauty. But the troubled eye saw little, and that dimly, of all this various spectacle; saw only the glimmering river, in whose cold and liquid arms she was longing to be hushed in final rest. Yet she looked round on the home where her mother was still sleeping, and which now the first sun-rays were just touching with a modest glory; and the thought of the inconsolable sorrow which she was about to bring upon that dear and widowed mother, suddenly came over her, and made her waver in her purpose. And now her sister, who had all night long unobservedly been witness of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her with fearful apprehensions, sprung with painful solicitude to her side, and saved her from her despair. Not yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms where the weary seek for quietness. They walked home in silence from the river's brink, and when calmer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved firmly never more to peril her mother's peace by any similar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her while she lived.

Shortly afterwards, the long expected letter arrived from Richter. He said:—

“Your four letters from a good, but over-excited heart have been received. I guessed the name, and so did a friend of mine, in the first hour. Your noble, departed father is worthy of so good a daughter. But as the earth did not reward him, may he now, when he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded by seeing her full of a pure ardour for goodness and virtue. He would speak to her thus,—‘May a good man receive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be to her a *spiritual* father. He will calm her excitement with a kindness and indulgence that cannot be imagined: he will tell her that in actual life, especially in marriage, the strength of passion in women, *even innocent violence*, has been the thorns and daggers upon which happiness has fallen and bled; that the mightiest and holiest of men, even Christ, was all gentleness, mildness, and peace. He will tell her she may soar with the wings of the *spirit*, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not *act* till the fire has become a pure light to guide her.’ I also, who speak to you in the name of your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have, on awaking, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to you than you come here. I and my wife both love you, and greet you kindly. Remain always good, my daughter.”

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which she had entreated Richter to look upon her as one departed, since she could not endure to live under the thought of his contempt. He, on his part, was alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which the choice between life and death seemed so indifferent. It seemed that the affair was growing ominously serious. However, after a short time, he wrote again:—

“The abundance of what I have to say to you, of which much should go only from the lips to the ear, and my want of time, have delayed my answers to your last letters. The first that you wrote to me after my answer has shaken me more than any calamity for many years; for had it not been for an apparent accident, you would have thrown a frightful death-shadow over the whole of my future life. You should see my coffer of letters, of which at the best I have not, for want of time, answered one-sixth part, and between me and my best friends there is often a delay of months. Your first four letters truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare exalted love, and a glowing soul, but not a single line unworthy of you or of me, and I answered them with more interest and joy than I usually express. You demanded the answers only too hastily, too punctually. Might I then not have journeyed, or been sick, or dead, or absent, or engaged in business? The fearful step that you would on that account have taken, I must, notwithstanding the strength of mind it betrays, condemn most

severely ; but never let there be mention of it between us. Besides, I wish you on your own account, and on mine, to show my two letters to your good mother, whose most painful sorrows I know well how to imagine. You think much too well of me as a man. No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons. Write to me in future very often of all that is nearest your heart, either of joy or sorrow. You will thus relieve your mind of what rests upon it. You have become, by a peculiar bond, more knit to my life than any other absent acquaintance,—only draw not false conclusions from my long silence. Very delightful to me will be our first meeting. May you be happy, my child ; may these apparently only slightly and calmly written words, rejoice, and not confuse or wound your heart."

After the reception of this letter, a pensive calmness seemed to settle on the troubled brow. Maria sought to subdue her restlessness, and to sustain her soul in a state of pensive quietude. This, however, lasted but a little while. The poison of a never-to-be-satisfied and hopeless passion was circulating in the vital currents of her life, and could not be expelled. In the gloomy hour when she resolved on self-destruction, she had discovered or suspected that her inclination towards Richter was more than a girlish reverence ; that it demanded a warmer and more welcome love than that of father or of friend ; and therefore, seeing that she could not, without dishonour, cherish this unhappy passion, she came to a resolution never to see him who was its object, and bound herself with a solemn vow not again to indulge the wish of meeting.

With this feeling she wrote to him :—

"The only honourable way that can lead me to the heart for which I so long, is the grave. You will never be seen by me on this earth, for I love you too much, therefore write to me something consoling ; tell the poor Maria, that you will love her when we meet beyond this world. She can think of no joy in heaven, if there, as here, she is divided from the only soul through which she lives. Never again write me a letter so full of wisdom as the first, but rather one in which there is nothing but a lock of your hair ; and be assured I will not cease to write till you tell me you have sent it willingly, and with the consent of your good wife also, for I deserve it, and would give half my hopes of happiness for it. I have no greeting for you from my mother, highly as she esteems Jean Paul, as neither she nor any one knows to whom I write, nor anything of the whole history. For, as she asked me *at that time*, 'wherefore I would tear myself from her,' I promised her never to leave her, if she would ask me no questions. She cannot know how resolute I am, nor yet again how unreserved, and that it is my dearest happiness that Jean Paul has taken me for his adopted child. Ah, my father, only love me, and be happy."

To an unromantic reader, the request of a "lock of

hair" from a man about fifty years of age, may seem to have a shade of the ridiculous. Nevertheless, to poor Maria it was quite a precious gift. In her unhappy state of mind, this innocent memorial of a beloved head promised the tenderest consolation, and, in her esteem, would have a value utterly transcendent. She believed, apparently, that it would be one of the profoundest of satisfactions to her heart. It is true that, like a stream of oil, it might be likely to quicken rather than soothe the flames on which it was cast ; yet, in her extreme yearning to quell her vast excitement, she might even think that this would yield her some relief. The cold untroubled sense of man or woman must not too closely scan the dreams and longings of a distracted mind. Richter, for his part, did not as yet know how passionately she loved him ; and therefore, regarding her desire for his hair as a merely innocent and romantic whim, he good-naturedly complied with it ; writing, at the same time, with a playful allusion to his scanty possession of the article.

"The lock," said he, "that my wife has just cut from my bald pate, is the best answer to your letter. Be not anxious, I pray you, that I shall let your letters, written as they will, be misunderstood to your disadvantage. I understand your warm, idealizing heart, and its great power : how, then, shall the words of a moment make me err ? What I complain of is, that the sun-heat of your mind ripens too soon, or rather scorches and dries up its sweet fruit. Your vow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for, in the first place, one cannot vow for others ; and secondly, we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad ; and this vow we bring with us into the world in the form of conscience, and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing ; to swear to avoid a certain city, or a certain man, without reason, is to seek to control Providence ; and finally, your vow does not extend to me, and I shall see you whenever I can. No ; I paint to myself the hour when you will first see my Caroline and my children, and then me, and I shall also see all your friends. You are the only invisible correspondent to whom I write so unreservedly, and send my hair. Could I do it if I had not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve or can ever repay ? Would you only not err when from business or necessity I am silent to your letters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me.

"P.S.—I have much cause to wish that you should tell *all* to your mother and sister, and find in their confidential love no occasion for opposition."

The result of this, perhaps, too kind and tender letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected. The words so gently admonitory seemed, in Maria's view, to justify the fond belief that he was disposed to sanction and return her passion.

"He loves me !" she whispered frantically to herself ; "he promises to seek me, nay, he even declares that he *suffers* on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to see him, arose and raged within her; though, as one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was troubled with a fear that, in her communications with the beloved, she had passed the delicate bounds of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. From the tone of her many letters, Richter observed, with deep anxiety, the terrific tempest in her soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he prudently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered girl began to see her error, and with heart-broken repentance wrote to him, promising to be again only a child, a loving child, who would look up to him as a kindly father who should guide her wandering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness. After this Richter wrote to her again:—

"I have received your last six letters regularly, but not always actually without the seals broken.¹ Your last three letters were welcome to me, as they again beautifully spake of the only possible relation that can exist between us—that of a father and daughter; a relation in which your first letters enchanted me, and which has hitherto remained unchanged on my part. In this relation alone I ventured to love you so deeply, to send you the lock of my hair, to give you my confidence, and to oppose your incomprehensible scruples to our meeting. The word father is, for a father, no less than the word daughter, a sacred and holy word—dearer than all other words! Why do you imagine me troubled? I am happy with my children and my Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are by me. The sciences are my heaven. Why then should I be unhappy, except at these disastrous times, when all the nations of Europe bleed? Your unreserve gives me no pain; at least, unless you feel it yourself; on the contrary, it gives me only joy. You idolize me too much, instead of following my counsels. I shall, therefore, offer you no more advice, so well do I know the female heart, especially the souls of fire to which you belong. Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to answer, rather journals of your life, your family, your little experiences. May it be well with you, dear daughter, and the gentle spirit of love, without that of fire, fill your breast."

In soliciting her "little experiences," Richter apparently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering, into a channel in which it should have harmless play; to suggest to her, indeed, an interesting *occupation*, whereby she might record her personal history, and exhibit her excited feelings, in the shape of some real or imaginary narrative, which, by the time and labour needed for its elaboration, would possibly prevent her from dwelling too exclusively upon the remorse and distractions of the hour. As it was, Maria was perpe-

tually perplexing herself with new devices of self-torture; vague notions of intolerable dread arose and haunted her in solitary reveries; her being was a wilderness wherein all fearful and distressing images roamed at large in dim confusion, and where there breathed or bloomed no longer any pleasant thought or thing, but only wild and unconquerable agencies of desolation. Anchoring with long continuance by "one gloomy thought," her soul, when it strove again to brave the perils of the depths of life, was floated wide away out of the genial latitudes of hope, and was wrecked in darkness and tempest on the sandbanks of despair. It seemed to her, at last, that the image of the best and most beloved of men, which she in her idolatry had set up and consecrated in her heart, had, in the delirium of her adoration, been insufferably profaned, and she deemed that an expiation was demanded for the sin. Thus her thoughts flew back to suicide, that drear mystical gulf of desperation, of whose shores only the desperate have knowledge. Not forgetful, however, of her former vow, she determined not to sacrifice herself while her mother was still living. But the mother died, and then she believed she was at liberty to make choice of her own destiny. There was yet another tie which bound her strongly to the earth—her solitary orphan sister, who would be left without a friend. But, as if fate had predestinated and prepared her doom, a friend of the family, who had been long absent from the neighbourhood, unexpectedly returned, and to him, as she conceived, she might safely leave her sister for protection.

Filled with an unquenchable anguish, with a riotous restlessness that she could not calm, she now thought she would go to the beloved, and, in meek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of hope and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adventure, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that the meeting she desired was an impossible one on earth, and must be left for another world, where there would exist none but spiritual relations. As she could not now have hope to merge her life in unison with his, she would defer the aspiration for fulfilment to a period when worldly ties should be dissolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing to be comforted, she at length resolved, in her deep wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to those invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which lie across the bridgeless stream of death. For this dark journey she prepared herself with singular deliberation. The domestic affairs of her friend and sister were all carefully arranged; whatever she was capable of providing for their comfort was minutely and quietly provided; and when all her duties had, as she conceived, been scrupulously performed, she wrote the following final letter to Richter:—

"Do not be angry, dearest father, at receiving these lines from your unfortunate Maria. My mother has been two months dead, and she will consent that I shall now follow her. She wished me to take care of my sister—that is done. Her happiness is secure, and I can no longer endure to live, where mine has

(1) Richter, for some reason, wished her to understand that her letters were inspected at the Post-office.

so incomprehensibly failed. Ah! in the great universe of God there will yet be a place where I can recover my peace, and be as I wish. I have suffered so much! I dare to die! Ah! you will despise me as long as I live, for you will never understand how I have languished to do something for you, or for those dear to you, and how much the thought has killed me, when I learned that I could not make you happy. But despise me not so much, as not to let your children, of whom I cannot think without tears, accept a little present from me. Let them not know from whom it came. I would willingly be wholly forgotten, and, unmarked, vanish away. No one can learn my history from myself. I have burnt all books and journals. You hair only remains on my neck, and I take it with me. Farewell, beloved father! Ah, that it must be so with me! *Oh, that it were all a dream, and that I had never written to you!* My unfortunate spirit will hover about you. Perhaps I shall be permitted to give you a sign, or to bring you some higher knowledge."

On the day she wrote this letter, Maria employed herself in her customary manner. In the evening she prepared the usual meal for her friend and sister, and, as the former stated afterwards, "fulfilled with graceful attention the duties of a kind and careful hostess." She arose from table to write a letter, and about eight o'clock asked her sister to sit down at the piano, embracing her, at the same moment, with warmth and agitation. She turned away from her, and threw herself on the breast of their mutual friend, saying to him, with choking voice, "*Take care of my poor sister:*" and then abruptly left the room. When she had gone, the attention of the friend and sister was attracted by the letters she had left behind: their anxiety was instantly aroused, and they hastened out in search of her. They met a multitude of people bringing back her drowned body, which a fisherman had just taken from the stream. They bore it into the nearest house, and applied the ordinary means of resuscitation. Once the unhappy girl opened her eyes for an instant, but being resolved to die, she resisted all the efforts made for her recovery; and, although she became for a time conscious, calm, and self-possessed, she breathed her final sigh before the morning.

The intelligence was sent to Richter, along with the letter already cited, and cast a cloud over his life which it took a long time to clear away. He rejoiced, however, that he had not followed the counsels of some who had advised him to treat the unfortunate with ridicule and severity. The amiable Eliza Lee, (from whose modest and graceful "Life of Richter" the letters here quoted have been taken,) conceives that Jean Paul somewhat erred, nevertheless, in his treatment of this poor girl. She thinks that had he permitted her to visit him, she would probably have been cured of her unlucky passion. The sight of a man fifty years of age, with the look of a farmer more than of a poet, might have brought the bewil-

dered damsel to her senses. "She would have found him fulfilling the duties of a good citizen, a kind father, a faithful husband; leading a prosaic life," with birds and squirrels about his house; paying rents and taxes, and butchers' and bakers' bills, like any other respectable man of civilized society; and the sight and knowledge of these things might have subdued the fever of her imagination, and taught her the bounden need of conforming her notions of men and things to the actual standard they present in every-day reality. We know not what ultimate effect such an arrangement might have produced, but it seems to us that there was at least one very strong objection to it; for however sensible and charitable a man's wife may be, (and Richter's Caroline was eminent in these respects,) it would be hardly likely to contribute to her comfort to introduce as guest into the family a romantic maiden of seventeen, who was violently and avowedly in love with her husband! We incline to think that the proper cure must have been sought for in other directions. If it were put to a jury of married women, we fancy they would unanimously acquit Richter of the charge of blame implied in his refusal to admit Miss Forster into his family. It were difficult to say what ought to have been done in a case so painful and peculiar. There may be a question whether Richter ought to have written so many of those pretty letters. Perhaps, to have drawn her away from solitude into occupations and amusements suited to an intellectual and generous girl, to have given her a larger and more accurate knowledge of the living world, to have allowed her more action and less sentiment, might have gradually enabled her to gain command over her feelings, and in that case would have restored her to reasonable views of her position. Yet it is idle to speculate; rarely is a danger apprehended before it has befallen us; nay, how often will it happen that even if a danger be foreseen, there is wanting either the energy or the means for avoiding it?

This, then, is the literal story of Maria Forster. A noble-minded, high-spirited, passionate, and heroic girl, whose soul was planted with the elements of all greatness, but which rose not to maturity from lack of a suitable cultivation. Nature had endowed her with sense, imagination, large capacity of emotion, courage, and aspirations that towered after a goodness unattainable; but these, unhappily, were all distorted, disrupted, perversely developed, by an extravagant sentimentalism, natural to her character, and also signally encouraged by the circumstances and environment in which she lived. She was one to whom it would have been a blessing to be less bountifully gifted. A child of passion and of fire, whose heart, like a volcano, cast up a burning lava which consumed it, producing barrenness and desolation where the gentlest flowerage of the affections might have grown.

Is there, anywhere among the places which these pages visit, any flashing and unquiet eye, a heart in its best impulses too vehement, and whose imaginative affluence might clothe with grandeurs whatever form of man or woman it might honour, let it be

warned that *the imagination has its perils as well as its delights*, and that to be of any avail in the concerns of mortal and eternal life, it must be controlled by conscience, reason, and the power of self-restraint. The column that is most beautiful looks most sadly in its fall, but must lie in its shivered prostration thenceforth irrecoverable and unrestored for evermore. That which is lost through perversion of the sentiments, or by a misapplication of the faculties, is lost totally to the soul; even as a star that might be extinguished would be an everlasting diminution of the splendours of the universe.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN.

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

I ENVY thee, thou Rose, exclaim'd the Thorn;
With all thy beauties opening to the light,
Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the sight,
Whilst me no charms of hue, no flowers adorn.

I envy thee, thou Thorn, the Rose replied;
For whilst on earth, the King of Glory chose
No laurel wreath, no coronal of rose,
No radiant crown, lustrous with sparkling gem.
When on his sacred brow a diadem
Was placed, thine was the shame, and yet the pride:
A crown of thorns circled the Crucified.

THE VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL.

THE author of this book is a gentleman of education, fortune, and leisure, "a yacht sailor of more than thirty years' standing," who has concentrated all the resources of extensive study, observation, and maritime experience on the illustration of the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck. The result has been, in the first place, the identification of every locality, the delineation of every nautical equipment and manœuvre, and the verification of every incident recorded by the sacred historian; and, secondly, the accumulation of materials of unprecedented copiousness and interest as regards the construction and management of ancient ships. On account of the large amount and variety of general information which it furnishes, and also because, of the numerous authorities on our table this is the only recent publication, we have selected it as a text for an article on the Navigation of the Ancients, and would confess at the outset our indebtedness to it for much that we have learned from it, and for much more which it taught us where to find.

The history of navigation commences with the launching of the ark on the waters of the deluge; and it is not a little singular that the artistical merits of this extraordinary structure should have been unrecognised for four thousand years or more. To be sure, now and then a mathematician who revered the Bible had said a patronizing word or two about the ark as a thing that might possibly float without capsizing; and Bishop Wilkins, no mean authority, had

given his opinion, that it could not have been built more appropriately for its purpose. But it was reserved for Peter Janson, a Dutch merchant of the seventeenth century, to adopt it for a model; nor can Noah have encountered severer misadventures from the ridicule of antediluvian wags, than annoyed honest Peter while his ship was in building. But he had faith enough in the Hebrew record to build an ark in the precise proportions of that which had saved the patriarch's family; and it was found on trial most admirably adapted for bulky cargoes, as it had thirty or forty per cent. more available tonnage than ships of the usual model requiring the same number of mariners.

The chief objection to its use was, that it had not, like its prototype, the monopoly of the sea, and that, on ocean paths infested by buccaneers, it could not be manœuvred rapidly or adroitly enough to evade pursuit. But it is believed that Janson's experiment led to the general adoption for the carriage of bulky freights of what is commonly called "the Dutch build," of which ships designed for the cotton trade, and often exceeding by twenty per cent. their rateable tonnage, are fair specimens.

Among the most ancient nations, the Egyptians and the Phœnicians took the lead as navigators. The Egyptians built their boats from the root, cut their masts from the stalk, made their sails from the bark, and twisted their cordage from the stoutest fibres, of the papyrus. These vessels were not, and probably could not be, trusted as sea boats; but they served the purpose of an extensive inland trade on the Nile and the numerous canals which it fed. The Phœnicians, on the other hand, masters of a sterile and rugged country, driven to commerce by the paucity of their agricultural gains, and having equal access to the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, established maritime intercourse with the most remote coasts of the then known world. Of the details of their naval architecture we know nothing; but from the extent and danger of their voyages we may infer that they had attained no inconsiderable amount of skill. Sidon was their chief port, and before the Homeric age, they had undoubtedly reached India as their eastward terminus, while they had planted colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

It was by means of Phœnician navigators that Solomon conducted the traffic which flooded his capital with the precious metals, and made his reign proverbial throughout the regions of the East for wealth and magnificence. Ophir and Tarshish were the chief emporia of this commerce. As to the locality of Ophir, there is almost a world-wide difference of opinion. The three years consumed in making the voyage, and the identity of the radical letters of Ophir and Peru, have given rise to the irrational hypothesis that the New World furnished gold for the Hebrew temple. Gesenius supposes Ophir to have been a portion of the sea-coast of Arabia, as that name stands in Genesis among Arabian countries, and may itself be traced, as he thinks, to an Arabian origin. But if this were the case, the gold and silver,

as well as the ivory and peacocks, brought thence, must have been imported, not indigenous. Eastern Africa, which has also been supposed by many to have been the terminus of these voyages, could not have furnished the precious stones or the sandal [*almug*] wood, which made part of the return cargoes. Josephus, who probably was not without traditional authority, speaks unhesitatingly of Ophir as having been the Chersonesus Aurea, now known as the peninsula of Malacca. It is believed that there are none of the commodities named as the products of Solomon's commerce which Malacca might not have furnished from within its own borders, or from nearly adjacent regions. Nor will the voyage appear unreasonably long, when we consider that the ancients coasted where they could, transacted much business from port to port, and had not vessels so rigged as to enable them to cross the Indian Ocean except under favour of the monsoons.

As to Tarshish, the other principal mart of Hebrew traffic, the learned have been still more widely divided, it having been questioned whether there was such a place, or whether the word may not be a generic term either for a gold region or for the sea. But we find no valid reason for doubting that this name denotes a flourishing Phœnician city and colony on the Spanish coast. To be sure, *ships of Tarshish* are sometimes mentioned in the Bible, where it is impossible that the reference can be to the region that we have named. But this phrase probably denotes vessels of a peculiar construction, such having been first built either at Tarshish, or for the Tarshish trade, just as we English call all vessels of a certain model *Indiamen*, and as, in Massachusetts, there is a certain class of small fishing vessels called Chebacco boats, simply because the first in use were built in the ancient parish of Chebacco, in Gloucester.

Herodotus describes an exploring expedition, undertaken by a Phœnician fleet under the orders of Pharaoh Necho, who flourished about 600, B. C.; and, if we interpret his words literally, and suppose the narrative authentic, these navigators must have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and ascended the Western coast of Africa. But the swell occasioned by the junction of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean is so great at all seasons of the year, that a vessel can make the passage only by standing out to sea; and there is no reason to suppose that the Phœnician vessels, at this early period, were capable of holding off from the shore of the Cape of Good Hope under any possible circumstance of wind and current, so as to avoid shipwreck. Moreover, this discovery of Western Africa is not once alluded to by any ancient writer, but on the other hand, it is expressly asserted by several authors who must have been familiar with Herodotus, that Africa had never been circumnavigated till a much later period. Yet more, in the time of Ptolemy, Africa was universally supposed to sweep round the Indian Ocean, so as to join the continent of Asia to the eastward of Malacca. Pharaoh's navigators undoubtedly reached a southern latitude, but

their explorations were probably confined to the Atlantic coast.

Ancient Greece was adapted to maritime enterprise by the character alike of its people and their country. Most of the Grecian states, having been planted by colonists from other shores, inherited from the generation of their founders decidedly seafaring propensities. Then, too, Greece has more sea-coast than almost any other region of similar extent, and abounds in harbours accessible and safe for such vessels as constituted the commercial marine of remote antiquity; while the Ægean Sea is so thickly studded with hospitable islands, that the navigator need seldom have been out of sight of land, and might haul his vessel on shore almost every night,—both which advantages were of inestimable price, in the unformed condition of nautical astronomy, and the absence of the mariner's compass.

The fabulous portion of Grecian history refers repeatedly to maritime adventures and incidents; but the earliest expedition of importance, of which we have a detailed account, is that of the Argonauts. With regard to this, it is difficult to separate fact from fiction. That a band of heroic spirits accompanied Jason, we cannot doubt; but it is hardly probable that Hercules, Castor, Pollux, and Orpheus were all with him; and it is the tendency of popular mythology to indulge freely in anachronisms, in order to group as many illustrious names as possible around every memorable event or hazardous enterprise. The expedition was without doubt predatory in its design, and some light is cast upon it by the coincidence of the Phœnician word denoting treasure with the Greek *μαλλός* which signifies *fleece*. In plain terms, Colchis was a rich kingdom, inhabited by a people given to arts rather than arms, and the *élite* of Grecian chivalry undertook this voyage for the sole purpose of robbery. The amount of authentic information blended with fable concerning the various countries on the Euxine Sea, in the Orphic Argonautics, makes it certain that Jason landed at almost every practicable spot, and is strikingly illustrative of the circuitous and tentative method in which the ancients felt their way towards unknown regions. This voyage may be regarded as having greatly enlarged the geographical knowledge of the Greeks, and as having in at least an equal degree extended the limits of their ignorance; for the voyagers, on their return, seem to have incorporated into their narrative all countries and bodies of water of which they had heard the name. Thus, from the Palus Mæotis they are represented as having passed through a great gulf into the Cronian Ocean, after various adventures in which, they entered the Mediterranean through the Pillars of Hercules! But of the Cronian Ocean, to which name there was no nearer counterpart than the White Sea, they must have heard from the Scythians, and entered it on their logbook, because it was essential to a finished nautical reputation to have explored it.

From this period we may date the colonial system of the Greeks, which gradually extended itself from

the Pillars of Hercules to the north-eastern extremity of the Euxine Sea. The colonies retained an intimate connexion and a lucrative commerce with their parent states; and Athens and Corinth, on the score of their extended and various intercourse and traffic, were viewed in very much the same light in which the three great commercial capitals of modern civilization are now regarded. Attica, especially, with a soil unfitted for wheat, relied on commerce for the prime necessities of subsistence, while her silver mines and her olive plantations made her merchants preferred purchasers in every part. We find very early record of double voyages from the Piræus, wine having been first purchased at some of the islands in the Ægean Sea, and exchanged on the shores of the Euxine for wheat, wool, hides, or slaves. The rude beginnings of maritime law may be traced back to the early age of the Athenian republic; loans on bottomry, or on floating security, having been the subject of peculiar enactments, as regarded both the rate of interest and the reimbursement of the principal.

Nor was the navigation of the Greeks confined to pacific purposes. Maritime war is hardly less ancient than commerce; and in point of reputed rank, the buccaneer of the early ages took precedence of the merchant. The Athenians were probably the first people that had a regularly appointed and equipped navy. But their naval service was a prominent part of the public administration. Their war-galleys were divided into two classes, corresponding to our frigates and transports, though, after a few years' service, a fighting vessel was often passed over to the transport list. The Athenian war-galleys frequently carried two hundred mariners, besides thirty or forty *epibatae*,—a class of soldiers like our marines, performing military, but no nautical, duty on shipboard.

The Iliad and Odyssey furnish the greater portion of the materials in our possession, as to the condition of nautical skill and art prior to the Homeric age. The enumeration of the fleet that carried the allied troops to Troy, though undoubtedly fabulous and exaggerated in its details, must have been not far beyond the range of probability; and, if so, a numerous squadron of ships must have already become a familiar idea. As to the size of the Homeric ships, we have in the Iliad no indication, except in the census of the Boeotian quota of forces, which consisted of fifty vessels, with a hundred and twenty men in each. From the description of the ships built by Ulysses on Calypso's island, we may infer that the keel was laid, and the sides ribbed and covered in substantially the same manner as is practised now. Full-decked vessels were not in use until a much later period; but a large ship generally had a partial deck, under which freight liable to injury might be stowed, and women or effeminate men might find shelter in stress of weather. Stones were the only anchors used; and they were employed rather for bringing vessels to than for mooring them, as in port they were always drawn up upon the beach, and launched anew for every passage. For this purpose, rollers

were sometimes used; but more generally, human strength unaided by mechanical contrivance. The ship of that age must needs have been very light in proportion to its capacity; and we find no reason to suppose that metallic fixtures of any kind, except nails and spikes, were deemed essential. Indeed, there were instances in which large ships, nay, fleets, were dragged across very considerable portages. This was done across the isthmus of Corinth, in two instances, according to Thucydides. But the navigators of those ages were more ready at all times to cleave to mother earth than to trust their own element. It was a rare event for a vessel to lose sight of land, and the most approved mode of progress was by daily stages, so as to make a port every night. Yet, when a ship was driven out to sea, or when it was impossible from the nature of the voyage to "hug the shore" all the way, there was a sufficient knowledge of celestial phenomena to direct the course with reasonable accuracy. The Homeric ships were one-masted, and probably had but one sail. Such ships, without rudders too, could not be manœuvred with sufficient rapidity for attack or defence; and war-galleys therefore depended principally upon their oars, while merchant ships and transports were provided with full benches of oars, and with competent crews of oarsmen, who were kept on duty except when relieved by a fair and sufficient wind.

Close and constant as was the maritime intercourse of the Greeks within the limits already described, it was not till the time of Alexander the Great that they essentially enlarged their sphere of communication. The voyage of Nearchus, from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Euphrates, undertaken at the command of that monarch, formed an epoch in navigation, maritime knowledge, and nautical literature. We still have minute contemporary accounts of it, written by the admiral of the expedition. Eight hundred ships, (most of them probably no larger than a modern ship's long boat,) were placed at his direction. The voyage was protracted, eventful, and full of dread, if not of intense peril. It might now be made, under favourable circumstances, in a fortnight;—it took Nearchus about five months. Setting sail with the trade winds against him, and unskilled in traverse sailing, he made but eighty miles in the first forty days. His men were reduced to the greatest distress by want of food and water; for the seemingly obvious necessity of laying in provisions for a long voyage was not then understood, and their course lay by an inhospitable coast that furnished them nothing but shell-fish. They subsequently stood out to the south, and Nearchus says, that they reached a point where the mid-day sun was in the zenith, and objects cast no shadow. This is hardly probable, as the sun was at that time in southern declination; and, had Nearchus actually crossed the equator and entered the southern hemisphere, it is impossible that he should not have described the temperature and the aspect of the heavens, so entirely unlike those of the regions with which he had been familiar. The more plausible

account of the matter is, that he had heard that there were remote southern latitudes where objects were shadowless at noonday, and that, by a broad poetical license, he sought to multiply his own marvellous experiences for the amazement of his readers. One of the most important incidents of the expedition was the spouting of several whales, which filled the whole fleet with consternation, till the animals, in their turn alarmed by shouts and the clashing of arms, sank quietly beneath the water. It was probably the great account made of this event in the narrative of Near-chus, that inspired Horace's fearful mention of the "*monstra natantia*," among the perils braved by the earlier navigators. Next to this encounter, the chief annoyance of our voyagers was connected with a change of diet; for they made sore complaint, not only of an enforced series of fish dinners, with no farinaceous condiment, but of the fishy flavour of their mutton, which, they said, was fattened on no other food but such as the waters yielded. Indeed, so deeply impressed were they with the dietetic habits of the tribes with which they kept up a coasting, gossiping intercourse for many days, that they included them all under the generic name of Icthyophagi. The information contained in the several narratives of this voyage now extant is at once minute and vague, indicating the utmost receptivity of eye and ear, without the power of weighing evidence, of balancing contradictory statements, or of arranging, connecting, and classifying isolated facts.

The Carthaginians next claim special notice as a great maritime power. We study their history and character at a disadvantage, deriving, as we do, almost all our knowledge with regard to them from their rivals and enemies, the Romans. Their commercial reputation could hardly have been won and sustained, and they have continued for many centuries chief factors and carriers for the whole civilized world, had Punic faith been held at as paltry a valuation in port and market as in the Roman senate. Their trade had its regular depôts, periods, and courses, and consequently must needs have made them dependent on their own trustworthiness for the confidence reposed in them. They undoubtedly, in the conflict of wits, in all diplomatic tactics, could readily get the better of their rude antagonists; for their commercial habits gave them superior adroitness in negotiation. They had numerous colonies in Africa, Spain, and the islands of the western Mediterranean. Though they seldom ventured beyond easy reach of land, they were familiar with almost the whole Atlantic coast of Europe. Gades (now Cadiz) was the chief entrepôt of their traffic in this direction. Tin was among their principal imports, and in quest of it they made frequent voyages to Britain and to the Cassiterides, which Heeren shows beyond dispute must have been the Scilly islands. There is little doubt that their regular route of trade extended as far north as Scandinavia.

How early they were extensively acquainted with the African continent must be determined by the view

taken of the *Periplus of Hanno*. This is a narrative (extant in Greek) of a voyage of discovery and colonization under the command of Hanno, a Carthaginian leader, undertaken about five centuries before the Christian era. There can be but little question that this document is either a translation or an abridgment of the record actually deposited by the commander in the temple of Saturn; for the course of the voyage can be distinctly traced, and there is hardly a circumstance related which savours of fable or even of exaggeration, unless it be the immense number of persons attached to the expedition, it being no less than thirty thousand. Now, that Carthage could have sustained a depletion to that extent, and left no other trace of it in history, or that the ends of public policy should have dictated the deportation of so large a body of citizens, is intrinsically incredible. But in the modes of numerical notation adopted by most ancient nations, there was ample room for misconception or erroneous transcription; and it is a well-known fact, that numbers have fallen into inextricable confusion in writings the text of which is in all other respects pure and reliable. Hanno left the greater portion of his companions at the outset of his voyage, founding on what is now the Morocco coast no less than six well appointed colonies. From the last of these he twice sailed in a southward direction, the first time reaching the mouth of the Senegal, and the second descending as far as that of the Gambia. The closing incident of this last voyage is related with an air of quiet indifference worthy of backwoodsmen of the Daniel Boone school, who, if they can get a fair aim with the rifle, care little whether they bring down a panther or an Indian.

"Though we pursued the men, we could not seize any of them; but all fled from us, escaping over the precipices, and defending themselves with stones. Three women were however taken; but they attacked their conductors with their teeth and nails, [*δᾶκνυσαι τε καὶ σπαρτρυσαι*,] and could not be prevailed on to accompany us. Having killed them, we flayed them, and brought their skins with us to Carthage."

Hanno, though evidently not overstocked with humanity, seems to have been a careful and judicious explorer, and may be regarded as having opened to Carthage the coastwise trade of the African continent. We find that, at a shortly subsequent period, Punic enterprise had traced the receding outline of the continent as it trends towards the east, and had established a productive traffic with the Gold Coast.

The Romans took the lead in no department of maritime enterprise, were behind all other civilized nations in nautical knowledge and skill, and only late and reluctantly availed themselves of the sea as of a military road, or a battle ground, or as an essential medium for the conveyance to Rome of corn, wine, the plunder of conquest, and the revenues of proconsular extortion. Agriculture was the only profession besides that of arms which they held in honour, and even that was esteemed chiefly as developing the physical hardihood, and the almost incredible power

both of labour and endurance, which distinguished the Roman soldiery. They despised commerce, deemed it utterly unworthy of a patrician, and regarded the equestrian order as degraded from its pristine dignity by the numerous members of its body who were engaged in traffic. The most liberal estimate in which the mercantile profession was ever held among them might be expressed in these words of Cicero: *Mercatura si tenuis est, sordida putanda est; sin magna et copiosa, nulla undique apportans, multisque sine vanitate impertiens, non est admodum vituperanda*. At the same time (and we fully accord with the sentiment) he says: *Omnium rerum, ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius*. In accordance with this state of feeling, it was not till the first Punic war, when they were obliged to cope with a nation of immense maritime resources, that the Romans gave their attention to the equipment of a fleet, or even to the principles of ship-building. In the later days of the republic, and under the emperors, they had numerous and well-appointed navies, both military and mercantile, and became familiar with all the maritime routes known to the ancient world; but were always more ready to profit by the nautical skill and prowess of allied or subject nations, than to take active means for cherishing naval enterprise among themselves. Sicily and Egypt were the granaries of Italy; and the necessities of Rome and its densely populated vicinity kept an immense fleet in constant activity during the portion of the year favourable to navigation.

We propose now to give a succinct sketch of the construction and management of ancient ships at the period when the naval art had reached its highest degree of perfection. It is a subject on which no set treatise has come down to us from antiquity; but our information must be gleaned from incidental notices, coins, the marbles and paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and certain inventories of the appurtenances of the Attic navy, discovered in digging up the foundation of a house in the Piræus in 1834. In addition to these sources, during the reign of Commodus, an Alexandrian wheat-ship was driven by stress of weather into the Piræus; and Lucian, attracted by her extraordinary size and exquisite finish, lays the scene of his dialogue, *Πλοῖον ἡ Εὐχιδῶ*, on board of her, and gives through his interlocutors many details regarding her structure and internal economy.

The prow and the stern of the ancient ships were very similarly built, and both rose by a very considerable elevation above the body of the vessel, and were generally furnished with projecting galleries. Hence the epithets *alta* and *celsa* so constantly applied to *puppis* by the poets. The prow was of course made sharper than the stern, and was distinguished by the *rostrum* or beak, which, on some medals of an early age, appears three-cleft, whence the *trifidum rostrum* of Silius Italicus and Virgil's *rostris tridentibus*,—a reading which, on conjectural grounds alone, some modern editors have changed into *stridentibus*. The general similarity of both ends of the ship rendered it

as easy to anchor her by the stern as by the bow; and that this was sometimes done would appear from the figure of a ship found in a painting at Herculaneum, in which there is a hawsehole aft, and a cable hanging from it at an angle indicating that there is an anchor appended to it. The ancient navigators, from their habit of keeping near the coast, and from the impossibility, with rigging like theirs, of working off from a lee shore, must have been more dependent than the moderns on their ground tackle. In certain positions, a ship could be brought to with greater expedition and safety by anchors dropped from the stern; and, when a vessel was to be run ashore, which was by no means an infrequent resource, this mode of anchorage put her immediately at command, so that she could at once be directed to the safe place on the shore, and the cables then slipped; whereas, if anchored from the bow, she was liable to take a wrong cast, and drift too far to the leeward before she could be brought under command.

Rudders hinged to the stern-posts were not in use until the thirteenth century. Prior to that period vessels were steered by two large paddles, worked one on each side of the projecting stern. In small vessels, these rested in rowlocks in the upper gunwale, and in those of larger dimensions, they were passed through ports, which served also as hawse-holes. When at anchor, the rudders were drawn in, and secured by lashings to the ship's sides. This mode of steering must, indeed, have been toilsome in the extreme; but every mariner was trained to the use of the oar, the ships were numerous manned, and there was but little other hard work to be done. Our readers may here be reminded of the frequency with which *πηδάλιον* and *gubernaculum* occur in the singular, and of the uniform mention of a single pilot as governing the course of the ship. This is explained by the fact that the two rudders were generally united by a cross bar, and thus were managed by the same man, or, in a very large ship, by the same set of hands. The pilot's elevated situation was essential to his office. In default of the compass, he needed an unobstructed view of the heavens and of distant landmarks; and, when cloud or fog concealed the sun or the stars, the keen and practised ear stood sentinel in lieu of the eye, so that he was no pilot, who knew not the voices of Aquilo, Notus, and Eurus, or who discerned not the roar of the breakers while it was still a far-off whisper. The pilot had his tutelary deity close at hand; for every vessel had its own divinity, whose image graced the stern, and whose name not unfrequently furnished the sole designation for the vessel. Nor was it unusual for the more devout to multiply these images, and to crowd the stern-gallery with the forms or insignia of all the deities wont to be invoked in maritime emergencies. Thus, in the shipwreck described by Persius in his *sixth Satire*,

"*Ionio jacet ipse in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe dei.*"

Horace undoubtedly refers to this same custom.

when, in apostrophising the republic under the image of a ship, he says,—

"Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo."

The ancient style of rigging was exceedingly simple. We cannot recall an instance, in which the plural of *lōds* or of *malus* is used with reference to a single ship, nor can we refer to any transmitted figure of a ship in coin or picture, which has more than one mast worthy of the name. This occupied a position a little forward of midships. The chief, and often the sole, reliance for progress was placed on a huge square sail attached to a yard nearly as long as the ship itself. In stormy weather this great sail was furled, and one or two triangular sails, with the apices below, substituted for it. Triangular topsails are found on some of the coins of the Emperor Commodus, but seem not to have been in general use until a much later date. There is reason to believe that top-gallant sails were, in some individual instances, employed; and that, in fine weather, extra sails, corresponding to our studding sails, were spread. A mizzen-mast was very rare; and, when there was one, it was the slightest spar possible, and rigged with a very diminutive sail. The only essential sail besides the mainsail was the jib or foresail, which was square, fastened to a horizontal yard, and attached to a spar occupying the position of a foremast, and taking the direction of a modern bowsprit. This sail was valued principally as an aid in steering, and in keeping the head of the vessel true to her course; but could have been of little assistance as regarded speed.

We are uninformed as to the angle with the wind, at which ships thus equipped could sail. It is very certain that the ancients had no idea of the possibility of reaching a place directly to the windward by successive traverses; but they undoubtedly were able to sail within seven or eight points of the wind. As regards speed, we have the record of several voyages performed at the rate of from six to eight miles an hour, which would give, of course, a much greater velocity for the quickest portions of the passage.

Among the essential furniture of the ancient ship were *hypozomata*, or cables for tying the sides of the vessel together, either to preclude a strain during an impending storm, or to prevent the opening of the seams and the working of the planks, when the vessel had sustained an unusual shock by wind or wave. From the Attic inventories to which we have referred, it would appear that cables for this purpose were a regular item of naval stores, and as such laid up in the magazines. It is easy to conceive that ships might have been sufficiently frail in their structure to have needed this additional security, though at the present day such a necessity would condemn a vessel as unseaworthy. But there have been several instances in modern times, in which resort has been had to a similar expedient. In 1815, when the Russian fleet was sailing from England to the Baltic, one of the ships, having been severely strained, was held together by three or four turns of cable taken midships.

Capt. Back, on his return from his Arctic voyage in 1837, bound up his shattered ship with two lengths of chain cable, passed under the bottom, hove tight by the capstan, and fastened to ring-bolts in the quarter-deck. An English *seventy-four* was in one instance saved from sinking by similar means; and recourse has been several times had to the same contrivance in the British navy.

In point of capacity, the ships of the Augustan age must, some of them, have been equal to our largest merchantmen. The ship in which St. Paul was wrecked had 276 persons on board. That in which Josephus was wrecked carried 600. The ship commemorated by Lucian was 180 feet long by 45 broad, which, by the usual rules of computation, would give her a measurement of more than 1300 tons; but the projection at her extremities would probably reduce her actual tonnage one fourth. The ships regularly engaged in the wheat trade were the very largest vessels in the merchant service, inasmuch as there were no others so sure of a full freight, and no other cargo of which the bulk was so large in proportion to the value.

As regards the accommodation of those on board, the earliest navigators must have submitted to the severest hardships. Before decked vessels were in use, there could have been neither shelter from the weather, nor safety for the provisions of the crew. Alcibiades was the first Greek who swung in a hammock; and this is cited as one of the most signal instances of his slanderous effeminacy. But before the Augustan age, separate cabins were constructed, and many of the luxurious appliances of shore life were enjoyed on shipboard. The suspension of navigation through the winter superseded the invention of many of the modes of protection now deemed necessary both for officers and mariners; and the latter seem not to have had any enclosed portion of the ship specially devoted to their use.

The arrangement of the benches of oars in the ancient galleys has largely exercised the ingenuity of modern antiquaries. The trireme was the most common form; but we frequently read of quinquiremes and even of octoremes, while, according to Pliny, the royal galley of Ptolemy Philopator had fifty banks of oars. If the sides of the galley were nearly perpendicular, only the lower rank of rowers could have performed any essential service; and the oars of the upper tiers must have been too long to have been managed single-handed. But we may without difficulty suppose the sides above the water's edge to have flared sufficiently to make an angle of 45° or even 40° with the water. In that case, the several ranks of rowers occupied successive stagings, each kept from interfering with that next below rather by lateral distance than by superior height. By this arrangement, three tiers of rowers could easily have been so seated as to apply their strength without disadvantage; and even in an octoreme, though those of the upper tier must have had a post of peculiar hardship, we can conceive that they may

not have laboured wholly in vain. As for Ptolemy's galley, we see no improbability in supposing the same arrangement, if we take into the account what Plutarch says of it, that "it was little better than an immovable building, more calculated for show than use." The oars of the highest rank were 57 feet long, and of course could not have been pulled by one man, nor yet by a gang of men with sufficient rapidity to give much propelling force. The vessels of war were always galleys, and generally triremes. In an engagement, the upper gangways were cleared of oars, and those who manned them became active combatants, while the vessel was manœuvred by the rowers of the lower tier.

The professional character of ancient navigators seems to have been much less distinctly marked than is the case at present. Naval commanders were not a class by themselves; but the successful general was deemed an amply qualified admiral, while the conscripts for the army were, when occasion demanded, drafted for the navy. In the merchant service, the owner, captain, and factor were frequently one and the same man, and his sailors, in their long intervals of shore life, must have resorted to other employments, and cannot have acquired the peculiar dialect, habits, and prejudices, which would make them a class by themselves. Even their nautical experience had little to distinguish them from their fellow-citizens. It required more strength than skill to pull an oar, nor was there any special sea-craft needed for the management of the two simple sails, which were the only ones with which nine-tenths of the vessels were equipped. On the other hand, landsmen, in default of level roads and easy conveyances, made most of their long journeys by water; and civilians, ambassadors, men of learning, and youth in the process of liberal education, were all more or less familiar with the paths and perils of the deep.

Ancient navigation seems to have been straitened not so much by the lack of art, as by the absence of science. Its structures and implements were well adapted to the circumscribed sphere of its exercise, and indicated a degree of mechanical skill and genius, which could not have lingered in the rear of scientific discovery and improvement. But there were two essential desiderata in the nautical knowledge of classic antiquity. One was a mode of determining a ship's place at sea, the other, a mode of directing a ship's course in cloudy weather. The chronometer and the log are both modern inventions. Though after the Ptolemaic epoch the materials of accurate astronomical science were rapidly accumulated, they did not for many centuries assume the tabular form, in which alone they could be employed for purposes of observation. Nay, so long as the lesser equations of the solar and lunar motions were undiscovered, tables and instruments would have misled and bewildered the navigator in the precise proportion in which reliance was placed upon them. We have no proof that any mode of determining place or distance at sea was in use until the middle ages, except that the

Romans employed occasionally both by land and water an *odometer* so complicated in its structure, and so difficult to be kept in gearing, as to need verification whenever used.

All this while, the loadstone was well known in Southern Europe, as endowed with the power of attracting iron, and as communicating its own properties to iron; but the polarity of the magnetized needle was not even suspected. Yet for more than a thousand years before the Christian era, the principle of the mariner's compass had been understood and applied in China. In the age of Cædrius, magnetic carriages were employed in traversing the vast grass plains of Tartary; and, under the emperors, Roman ships must often have encountered on the Indian Ocean Chinese junks under this same mysterious pilotage. Had it fallen to the lot of the Phœnicians or the Carthaginians to make this discovery, California might have been their Ophir, and Russian America their Ultima Thule; and we might have been inditing our lucubrations in "the letters Cædrius gave." Had Athens in the Periclean, or Rome in the Augustan age, possessed the needle, there was not lacking the requisite intelligence to guide, or enterprise to consummate, the attempt to verify the rotundity of the earth. But the Chinese kept their precious secret, as Æsop's dog guarded the manger. Indeed, they could have made no worthy use of it without rendering it the common property of the civilized world. A thoroughly self-isolated nation then, as now, they held communication only with allied, or tributary kingdoms, and excluded foreigners, so that their arts were as unlikely to be learned and copied elsewhere, as if they had been denizens of the moon. The knowledge of the relation of the magnet to the terrestrial poles was at length, in the thirteenth century, brought to Europe through the Arabs, who seem to have been the providentially appointed conductors of Oriental art and science to the Western nations just emerging from the lethargy of the dark ages.

We have spoken of what might have been, had the more enterprising nations of antiquity enjoyed the means of certain self-direction on the ocean. This suggests the inquiry as to the state of geographical belief or theory among enlightened men. That the earth was spherical was, no doubt, from the remotest ages, the prevalent belief, not indeed of the multitude, but of those whose philosophy transcended the sphere of the senses. Pythagoras had inferred this truth from the different altitudes of the same star as seen at the same time from different places,—a demonstrative evidence, which could never have appeared less valid than it did to him. That the then known world was much less than a hemisphere was sufficiently obvious. Thence was inferred the existence of a counterbalancing continent, of Antichthon or Antipodes. This notion is distinctly recognised in the following passage from the *Astronomica* of Marcus Manilius, written not long after the Christian era.

"Altera pars orbis sub aquis jacet invia nobis,
Ignotæque hominum gentes, nec transitæ regna

Commune ex uno lumen ducentia sole,
Diversasque umbras, lævæque cadentia signa,
Et dextros ortus cælo spectantia verso."

The same opinion has left its traces in the seventh book of the *Æneid*.

"Audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso
Submovet oceano, et si quem extenta plagarum
Quatuor in medio dirimit plagæ solis iniqui."

This same supposition led to the belief of circumnavigations that can never have taken place. Thus we have seen that the Argonauts were supposed to have returned from their Western voyage through the *Fretum Herculeum*; and the voyages of Eudoxus and of Hanno received from ancient commentators not dissimilar expositions. Pomponius Mela, a geographer of the first century, in his description of the earth, evidently identifies the unknown continent with the southern triangle of Africa. He carries Africa but little beyond the Niger in a southerly direction, extends it thence westward to the outlet of the Red Sea, and terminates it by a peninsula which juts out into the Indian Ocean. South of this continent he places the ocean which surrounds and divides the two hemispheres. He then locates the continent of the *Antichthones* as a distinct southern hemisphere, describes it as triangular in contour, with the apex at the south, and makes its base coextensive in longitude with the united continents of Africa and Asia. This hypothesis enables him to cut the knot, which the geographers of so many centuries failed to untie. He places the sources of the Nile in this unexplored hemisphere, and supposes that river to pass under the ocean and to reappear in *Æthiopia*.

Had we space, we might find much worthy to be written concerning the ancient literature of the sea. The delineation of nature in any of its aspects was seldom a direct or express object with the earlier writers. Descriptive poetry may be almost regarded as of modern origin; for even the ancient *Bucolics* were, for the most part, mere dramatic sketches with a rural background. The forces of nature were, to the outward sense, too capricious and too formidable, and, in the belief of the Pagan world, too much distracted by the conflicting jurisdiction of benign and malignant divinities, to invite prolonged contemplation, or to cherish that safe and happy feeling which alone could give interest and fervor to the detailed description of natural phenomena. A sense of the Divine unity, trust in an unslumbering Providence, the habit of beholding in the outward universe the reflection of unbounded wisdom and beneficence,—in fine, the entire circle of Christian ideas, must have been essential to the development of the descriptive view in literature. But the sea perpetually furnished the ancients with tropes, illustrations, and terms of comparison; and their very limited maritime experience excited the same sensations of awful beauty and unspeakable grandeur, which we attach to the vast expanse of the ocean. Indeed, often, when they are speaking of some shallow bay, or describing the quick, short swell of some inland sea, we can hardly believe

that they had not traversed the Atlantic, and witnessed the full sublimity of its storm-lifted waves. This phenomenon may be accounted for by two considerations. In the first place, the ultimate elements of beauty and grandeur in the creation are few, though their combinations are innumerable. Modern fancy portrays the concrete forms. The imagination of the earlier ages seized upon their primitive elements, and, in lieu of detailed description, gave those single, intensely graphic traits, which reveal the very heart of nature, and, because they are so genuine and characteristic, bring before the mind any and every class of combinations into which they enter. The physiology of the torrent, waterfall, river, sea, and ocean may indeed be widely dissimilar; and yet, in the last analysis, (an analysis to which the imagination leaps intuitively,) the elements that please or move, astonish or enrapture, are the same, and the vivid outline sketch of one may seem drawn for all.¹ Secondly, the very limited maritime scenery with which the ancients were conversant, was as vast compared with their knowledge and control of natural agencies, as are our more expanded views and experiences compared with our more ample knowledge and superior command of the elements. Without chart or compass, driven a few miles from the shore, the guiding stars veiled for the time from their sight, they felt the same fearful solitude, the same sense of isolation, powerlessness, and dread, that overwhelms us when a thousand leagues of ocean are between us and the nearest human dwelling.

It is, indeed, beyond our power to overrate our indebtedness on literary grounds to the imperfect condition of ancient navigation. Had not the polarized needle been laid up in the Chinese limbo, where would have been the *Odyssey*? If *Æneas* had owned a chronometer, Dido would have remained till death loyal to the memory of *Sichæus*. A modern lyrist could hardly summon up so many phantoms of dread, and give vent to such fervent deprecations of evil for a Ross or a Franklin about to bury himself in polar night and ice, as *Horace* for *Vigil* bound on a pleasure-trip from Rome to Athens. Ovid has made richer materials for poetry out of a thunder squal, on his voyage to the land of his exile, than a poet of our own day could find in a passage round Cape Horn; and to the terrors of this single storm, and his pro-

(1) We are reminded in this connexion of an apostrophe to the sea, in the *Prometheus of Æschylus*, which in four words conveys much more to our apprehension, and reflects far more fully our own unutterable emotion in the frequent survey of ocean scenery, than could be done by volumes of the most glowing, eloquent, passionate description. Whenever we look upon the ocean, whether from deck, beach, or crag, by sunshine, moonlight, or its own phosphorescent glow, we find ourselves absolutely haunted, sprighted by these words, as they pulse upon the inward ear in unison with the rhythm of the waves. The passage to which we refer is that where *Prometheus*, in calling on all nature to witness his cruel wrongs at the hand of *Jupiter*, addresses the sea as *κράταιον ἀνιρθῆναι τὴν ὁρμήν*. This cannot be transfused without damage into another language.

"'Tis odour fled

As soon as shed."

We know not how to convey in current English the multiform unity indicated by the original. "*The innumerable laugh of the sea-waves*," is literal, but awkward. "*The many-twinkling smile of Ocean*" (which we copy from a *Lexicon*) is preferable on the score of euphony, but less adequate to the sense.



THE GREAT RIVER OF THE NORTH

1854

found sense of the vast distance (now permeable in a week) which separated him from the imperial city, we owe his conversion from the merriest and most licentious to the most sombre and lachrymose of bards,—the very Jeremiah of profane literature. Scylla and Charybdis are not now of consequence enough to deserve a place on a chart, or a moment's extra vigilance of the pilot, in the Strait of Messina. A modern shipmaster would as soon think of stranding his ship on Mont Blanc as on the Syrtis. Critics are utterly at fault in the attempt to ascertain where the island of the Sirens was; and the Circean cup with its brutalizing potion remains almost the only peril of serious concern for the mariner, in those waters that used to swarm with the direst portents, bearing the breath of an incensed god on every gale, girdling every islet and crowning every promontory with supernatural horrors.

The poetry of the sea must be written over again. Modern fancy in this department relies too much on the traditional names of effete images, and still reproduces in verse the dwarfed and obsolete forms of ancient wonder, awe, and terror, instead of taking to itself the fire wings of recent art and science, and enriching from its own peculiar vein the more just and adequate conceptions of the ocean and its laws that belong to the higher culture of the present age. The steam-ship has not yet found its laureate, and our modern Argonauts have no Orpheus among them. It would seem that in proportion as the ocean has occupied a larger and larger space in the prose of actual life, it has entered less and less into poetry and the higher fiction. We ask not that any one should set himself deliberately to write sea-lyrics, or scaphrhapsodies. The Muses ignore all task-work. But why is it that, while every poet travels by water as well as land, and every American poet crosses the Atlantic with the proceeds of his duodecimo firstling, they rarely give us the means of inferring, from a single verse of their inditing, that they ever beheld a larger body of water than the brook which, we believe, runs, by immemorial prescription, in the field behind every poet's dwelling?

GIRLHOOD.

BY M. J. J.

Come forth, young Ianthe, come forth, in the light of the day,
With thy locks floating careless about thee, like those of a fay,
And stand now before me, with eyes so serene meeting mine,
Those dark eyes, whose expression we love, though we cannot define.

There's a grace half majestic, half drooping, about thy young form,
Like that of a tree, strong though slender that's sway'd by a storm,
And thy voice hath a mystical music, half tender, half wild,
Like the sigh of the wind, yet, anon, like the laugh of a child.

A spirit looks constantly forth from thy dark, fervid eyes,
They are bright but not cloudless, as are our own early spring skies,

There are tears in their depths, and proud glances that sometimes outflash,
And sweet, loving looks, that steal timidly forth 'neath the lash.

There are signs of thy nature, deep, earnest, and haughty, thou girl,

In thy proudly arch'd neck, in thy ruby lip's scarce conscious curl,

In thine every gesture, or playful, commanding, or free,
In thy look, whether serious with thought, or all sparkling with glee.

May thy pride never turn 'gainst thysel', and so make thy despair,

There's an instinct of doubt at my heart, and I bid thee beware!

For the yearning that dwells in thy heart for the high and the true,

Is a birthright, alas! that may safely be holden by few.

Thy purity all world-experience shall never defile,

Though it take from thine eyes their proud light, from thy lips their sweet smile,

And the spiritual lustre, so womanly, yet so divine,

That, air-like, environs thee, that shall for ever be thine.

May the world never teach thee hard truths as thou journeyest on,

May the sun of affection beam on thee as aye it hath shone,

And its brightness all danger-fraught mists from before thee dispel.

These my prayers are for thee; and farewell, young Ianthe, farewell!

RAPIDS ON THE SHANNON AT CASTLE CONNELL.

THIS is a romantic scene on the principal river of Ireland, as yet but little explored by English travellers, but displaying on its banks many objects of antiquarian interest and picturesque beauty well worthy of exploration. The navigation of the river, which extends far into the interior, is here interrupted by a ridge of rocks over which the waters pour and foam impetuously along, forming a miniature resemblance of similar scenes on the Niagara River, and affording an admirable subject for the skilful pencil of Creswick.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK FAIRLEIGH."

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONTAINS MUCH SORROW, AND PREPARES THE WAY FOR MORE.

THE letter to which reference was made at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, and which Lewis received on the day following that on which he visited Mr. Coke, the family solicitor, proved to be from General Grant, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—for in that light I must, after the many important services you have ren-

(1) Continued from p. 217.

dered me, ever consider you,—I am anxious to lose no time in forwarding to your account, at Messrs——, your salary for the year beginning May, 18—; and as you have been compelled by honourable feeling to throw up your appointment so unexpectedly, and may not be fortunate enough to meet immediately with another suited to your wishes, you will, I feel sure, allow me, as some small testimony of the high esteem in which I hold you, to enclose a check for 500*l.* instead of 300*l.* I should feel hurt if you refuse to accept this token of my regard."

"Two hundred pounds for giving up his daughter! he would scarcely have bought me off so cheap if I had looked at the matter in a pecuniary point of view," was Lewis's ironical comment, as with an inward resolution instantly to return the 200*l.* he continued to peruse the letter.

"You will be glad to hear that Sir Walter bears your absence wonderfully well; your kind consideration in leaving him the dog has produced a very good effect, as the animal serves to amuse him. We have not as yet been able to disabuse him of the notion that you will return, although I have impressed upon my daughter, who appears to have more influence with him than any other member of the family, the necessity for so doing. The mention of my daughter's name leads me for the last time to touch upon a subject, which I can conceive to be painful even to your well-disciplined mind. During an interview which I had with her yesterday, she expressed her readiness to be guided entirely by my wishes: with her full concurrence the engagement to Lord Bellefield was formally renewed, and the marriage is to take place as soon as she comes of age. I may add, that as far as I am able to judge upon so delicate a point, I cannot doubt that her intended bridegroom possesses her warm and entire affection. You will not think me unnecessarily communicative, or careless of your feelings, in mentioning these facts; but I conceive the knowledge of them may tend sooner to restore your mind to its usually healthy tone. Should you still be in England after my daughter's marriage, I shall have much pleasure in seeing you, either at Broadhurst or in Park Crescent. Convey my respects to Mrs. and Miss Arundel, and believe me to remain, your's, sincerely and faithfully,

"ARCHIBALD GRANT."

Lewis read the letter steadily to the end. With trembling lips and starting eyeballs did he re-peruse it; he could not avert his gaze, it appeared to possess a species of horrible fascination for him; he felt as if his brain would burst, as if his reason were failing him. Annie loving Lord Bellefield, and allowing the engagement to be formally renewed,—oh, it was impossible! he *must* be going mad;—an evil which his worst fears pointed at only as a remote possibility, when time should have effaced his image, and the influence of those around her have conquered her

lingering scruples, come to pass ere the rosebud she had given him had withered on its stem. Why was it that the trial had become too great for him to bear,—that his self-control had failed,—was it only the intensity of his own feelings that he feared? or was it that he hoped, yet dreaded to learn, that he was beloved? Did the sacrifice that he had made consist only of his love for her, or did the belief that he was relinquishing the certainty of winning hers in return, add a redoubled bitterness to his self-renunciation? were a thousand remembered words, looks, glances, realities, or the creations of his morbid fancy? He rose, and paced the room, as was his wont when deeply excited. Where should he seek a clue to this mystery? could he believe—the thought flashed like lightning through his brain, like lightning, searing as it passed: could he believe that he had again been duped by a coquette? were all women false and heartless alike? could the goodness, and innocence, and purity, which rendered beauty such as Annie's a link between earth and heaven, be mere counterfeits, and not the angel-instincts they appeared? Did good exist at all? or was this world an initiatory hell, and the evil principle predominant? Were Annie untrue, truth itself might be but a great and specious falsehood.

From this chaos of passionate distraction a few clearer, but on that account no less painful ideas began to evolve themselves; his new-found dream of joy had vanished; rank and fortune, valued only because they would bring him nearer to Annie, would become a tie and a burden without her—he would have none of them. For his mother and sister he would still labour; to support them was his first duty, in works which he *must* perform lay his only refuge against despair, perhaps even against madness. There was something else: some promise he made, what was it? his brain swam, he could recollect nothing clearly; hastily removing his neckcloth, he plunged his head and face into a basin of cold water—this precaution in all probability saved him from a brain fever. Having partially dried his streaming locks, and resumed his walk up and down the apartment, he remembered his promise to Hardy. Yes, that also was a sacred duty, the girl must be discovered, rescued from a life of infamy, separated for ever from— and, here he stopped abruptly, as a new idea occurred to him—Lord Bellefield! the retribution he had vowed to exact from him! he was now free, in a position to demand it! For a moment his eyes flashed, and the fingers of his right hand involuntarily closed as if grasping a weapon, and then many conflicting thoughts crowded upon him, and the eyes sought the ground, and the fingers insensibly relaxed. If he provoked Lord Bellefield to meet him now, at this particular juncture, would not it appear as if he were actuated solely by jealousy of his more fortunate rival, as if his hopeless love for Annie were the cause of his animosity? This idea was especially repugnant to him for many reasons. In the first place he had argued himself into the belief, that his resentment against Lord Bellefield was a just and reasonable feeling, and

that in punishing him for the insults he had unmanly heaped upon him, he was only exacting a due penalty; it was by this subtle argument alone that he could regard the act he contemplated as at all a justifiable one. Again, he considered that it would be completely beneath him to be jealous of Lord Bellefield. If Annie could love such a character, she was all unworthy *his* affection. Lastly, although he was scarcely himself aware of the feeling, and although a personal meeting with the object of his hatred, a contemptuous word or insolent look, would in a moment have conquered it, he felt a natural repugnance to take any step which might necessitate the possibility of shedding a fellow-mortal's blood. To plan a duel *à l'outrance*, as a distant possibility, was one thing, to take measures coolly and deliberately to bring about such an event immediately was quite another affair. So catching at the only *grey* spot among the blackness that surrounded him, he consoled himself with the reflection, that as Annie would not be of age till the expiration of between two and three years, he might during that period contrive to learn how far her heart was likely to go with her hand in the proposed alliance, and to regulate his conduct accordingly. Shaping his plans for the present in accordance with this resolve, he wrote sundry letters (one to General Grant respectfully declining his present,) more or less coherently, and then going to bed in the frame of mind of one who

"Dotes yet doubts, suspects yet fondly loves."
must have been singularly fortunate if he enjoyed a very good night's sleep.

We must now take a retrospective glance at Broadhurst, during the short space that had elapsed since Lewis quitted it, and learn how events, which have caused him such bitter grief, can have been brought about.

'Tis the night of Lewis's departure, and Annie Grant sits at her open window gazing pensively at the moon, which moon, by the way, was at that identical moment lighting the old abbey and shining on her lover's throbbing brow, as he stood thinking of her beside the ruined altar. Now Annie was by no means in a comfortable frame of mind; in the first place she more than suspected that she was falling deeply in love, and in the second, "the thing she loved" had not exactly "died," but what was quite as inconvenient, and much more inexplicable, had suddenly "conveyed itself away" without telling her why or wherefore. Lewis and Walter had of late been in the habit of spending their evenings in the drawing room, General Grant considering that it was desirable to accustom the latter to the forms and habits of society, but on that evening they had not made their appearance as usual; Annie had inquired of her aunt the reason of their absence. Miss Livingstone, looking like a very old vicious owl, replied, "that really *she* was the last person likely to know; General Grant was doubtless well informed on the subject, but he was always strangely, and as she thought, most unnecessarily reserved; she believed Mr. Arundel had been driven to resign his situation, and she was not

surprised; she did not know *who*, that could avoid it, would reside in a family, ordered about like a regiment of Dragoons; she dared say Lord Bellefield had some broken down black-leg ready to recommend as tutor, to teach Walter gambling and horse-racing. Would Annie oblige her by looking under the sofa? she thought she saw the shadow of a man's foot against the chimney piece; she expected they should all be murdered in their beds, now the only person able to defend them was driven away. Would Annie oblige her by ringing the bell? she wished to ascertain whether Robert had neglected to load the percussion cap of his blunderbuss." Foiled in this quarter, Annie waited till Lord Bellefield was so obliging as to stroll out in pursuit of a cigar, "smoking under difficulties," being one of his most severe trials during a visit at Broadhurst. When he was gone, she attacked her father with a direct inquiry as to what had become of Walter and Mr. Arundel?

"Walter was in his own study, Mr. Arundel was absent," was the reply.

"Absent," returned Annie, "why, where is he gone, papa?"

"I did not inquire Mr. Arundel's intended route, my dear; his age and character render him fully competent to regulate his own movements," was the stiff response.

Annie's lip curled, "able to regulate his own movements!" she thought him fit to rule a universe.

"When is he coming back, papa?"

"A—ahem! not at present, my dear, that is, in fact, you may consider his absence as permanent; the reasons for his departure which he imparted to me lead me to this conclusion."

"There, I told you so—I said he was sent away," observed Minerva, snappishly.

"Madam, you have been misinformed," interposed the General with much irritation; "Mr. Arundel has not been sent away, he resigned his position as tutor to my ward, of his own free will, for reasons which I considered good and sufficient."

"And what were these wonderful reasons, if one might make bold to ask, without having one's nose snapped off?" inquired Minerva, curiosity and crossness combined, overcoming her habitual fear of her august nephew-in-law.

"A—really I am not accustomed to be cross-questioned in this way. A—you, madam, strangely forget; however I may as well mention once for all, that I have Mr. Arundel's authority for stating that his reasons for quitting Broadhurst are purely of a personal nature:—and now do not let this subject be alluded to again;—I am the last person who should be accused of driving him out of the family;" and having by this time worked himself up into a very considerable passion, in which frame of mind he was like most other of his fellow-mortals particularly unreasonable and incautious, he glanced furiously at poor innocent Annie, and strode out of the room like an offended autocrat, as he was.

And this agreeable little scene formed the subject of Annie's reverie, as, with her golden hair hanging like a veil around her, she watched the moonbeams sleeping on the velvet turf. Why had Lewis left them so suddenly?—why, if her father knew the reason, did he refuse to reveal it; and still more strange, why should Lewis so scrupulously have concealed it from her? Then again, her father had appeared angry with her—could he suppose she had had anything to do with the young tutor's departure? And then an idea struck her, which even there, alone, beneath the silent night, caused her face and neck to become suffused by a burning blush—could it be possible that she had betrayed herself, that Lewis had discovered her affection for him. And then she blushed yet more deeply at the plain words in which she had for the first time expressed, even to herself, her heart's secret yearnings. The idea was painful in the highest degree to a mind of such child-like purity as Annie's, and yet the more she thought of it, the more probable did it appear;—it would account for everything that perplexed her. If she really had been so madly imprudent, so utterly deficient in maidenly reserve, as to allow Lewis to perceive the depth of her regard for him, his honourable feeling would instantly oblige him to leave the family, and no doubt her father's cross-questioning had in some degree elicited from him the truth. Oh! what deep humiliation—regard it in whatever light she would, what bitter, endless misery! Lewis's calm manner, his gentle unimpassioned kindness, his late avoidance of her society, since—distracting thought—since he had begun to perceive her regard, his stern resolve, so soon acted upon, to quit the family, all proved that her affection was not returned. Cruel degradation, to love a man who was indifferent to her, and to have allowed him to perceive it. Annie possessed a spice of her father's haughty disposition, though, in general, the many essentially feminine points of her character prevented it from appearing; but this was an occasion which called forth every particle of pride in her nature. What could she do to remove this stain (for such in her morbid self reproach did she consider it,) from her; would to Heaven she could lie down and die! Her father too evidently suspected the truth; Lord Bellefield would probably be the next person to become acquainted with the disgraceful history,—and, with the recollection of her cousin's name, a new idea flashed across her. Yes, there was a way of escape—a method of silencing every busy tongue! But at what a sacrifice! Could she bring herself to consent to marry Lord Bellefield, her object would be at once attained. No, she felt it was impossible. But then, on the other hand, could she bear to labour under the suspicion of loving, without return, (there was the bitter sting!) a man beneath her in station?—(she could remember this difference now, when it would add to her self-torment.) Well, fortunately, she was not called on to decide the question at once; she would think more upon the matter: at all events, there was the possibility, to fall back upon as a last resource.

Then her thoughts reverted to Lewis, the brave, the true, the noble-hearted! She should never see him again; he would achieve greatness,—(she felt as sure of that as if she had held in her hand the Gazette announcing his acceptance of the Premiership,)—and some other would share it with him, while she should be the wife—the alternative was too hateful to contemplate, so she substituted—in her grave. Yes, she should never see him again! And she recalled his image, as, on that summer day, he had approached the window to summon her to the German lesson,—when, as she read of Max Piccolomini, she had realized his appearance in the dark proud beauty of him who sat beside her. She remembered his joyous, animated look, as he bounded across the lawn, his glowing cheek, his bright, sparkling eye, the waving masses of his raven hair, and his eager, happy smile, as his glance met hers! Two ideas engrossed her:—he did not love her—she should never see him again; and, forgetting her pride, her woman's dignity, even her self-upbraiding, in the intensity of her sorrow, the poor child flung herself on her bed in an agony of tears, and poured forth the bitter desolation of a lonely, breaking heart.

The next morning she pleaded a headache (a heart-ache would have been nearer the truth) as an excuse for breakfasting in her room, and did not make her appearance till it was nearly luncheon time; during that meal the General was unusually dictatorial, not to say fractious, and more than once spoke so harshly to Annie, that she had some difficulty in repressing her tears. The meal was above half concluded ere Lord Bellefield, who excused himself by saying he had had some important letters to write, made his appearance. When at last he joined them, he did so apparently in the most amiable frame of mind; he received a reprimand from the General for his want of punctuality, with a good-humoured smile, and introduced a carefully veiled compliment into his apology, which greatly tended to soften that gallant veteran's ill-temper; he interposed with skillful kindness to avert sundry crabbed attacks, aimed by Miss Livingstone at poor Annie, and introduced some interesting topic which drew out the elders, and gave a new and agreeable turn to the conversation; he sympathised with Annie's headache, for which he invented an equally opportune, plausible, and false excuse, and in short he laid himself out to fascinate, and succeeded, *à merveille*. Annie felt really grateful to him, for he had come to her rescue at a moment in which kindness and sympathy were peculiarly acceptable to her.

When luncheon was concluded, the General requested his daughter's presence in the library. Poor Annie rose to obey him. A strange wild idea seized her that he might be going to refer to Lewis's departure, perhaps, to upbraid her for her share in causing it; and she trembled so violently that her knees almost refused to support her:—in a moment Lord Bellefield was at her side.

"Take my arm," he said kindly, "the effects of

your headache have scarcely passed away even yet." Annie accepted his arm in grateful silence, and in her guileless gentleness of heart accused herself of never having done proper justice to her cousin's kindly nature. As they approached the library he detained her.

"Dear Annie," he said, "it would be affectation on my part to pretend ignorance of the subject on which your father is about to converse with you; the General appears for some cause, which I am not able to divine, especially irritable this morning: do not oppose him unnecessarily; and, should he chance to urge my cause ungently, remember, dear one, how entirely my future happiness is involved in your decision"—as he ceased speaking, he opened the library door without giving her an opportunity to reply, then, leading her in, pressed her hand, cast towards her an appealing glance, and turning, quitted the room. Lord Bellefield was a good tactician: for the first time the idea crossed Annie's mind, "He loves me then," and contrasting his devotion with Lewis's supposed indifference, she pitied him;—could she have seen his change of countenance as the door closed upon him, she would scarcely have done so; his look was that of some fiend who had compassed the destruction of a human soul, the personification of triumphant malevolence.

The General began his harangue: he informed Annie that she was no longer a child, and so far he was right; but he did not add, as he might have done, had he been as well acquainted with the workings of her mind as we happen to be, that the last twenty-four hours had performed the work of years to effect the change from the thoughtless child to the thinking, feeling woman, for the first time cognisant of those fearful realities, LIFE and LOVE! But if the worthy General said nothing of love, he soon discoursed at great length of (we were about thoughtlessly to add) its usual *termination*, marriage; which institution he looked upon solely in a military point of view; viz. as a solemn alliance between two powers for their mutual benefit;—having given his oratorical powers a good breathing canter around (as he attempted to depict them) the flowery meads of matrimony, he gradually narrowed his circle till he was ambling about his daughter's proposed union with Lord Bellefield, and, having by this time pretty well exhausted his eloquence, he dashed at once *in medias res*, by inquiring whether she knew any just cause or impediment wherefore the engagement, broken off by him on the ground of her cousin's falsely supposed misconduct, should not there and then be renewed, with a view, at the fitting time, *i.e.* as soon as she should attain the age of twenty-one, to their becoming man and wife. To this Annie replied with down-cast looks and many blushes, that, if her father had no objection, she had made up her mind to live and die an old maid, she was going to add, like Aunt Martha, but, on second thoughts, doubting whether the association of ideas was likely to aid her cause, she repressed the simile. To this the General merely said "Pish!"

and took snuff contemptuously: so Annie tried another tack.

"If ever," she observed, "she were to marry, it must be a great many years hence; she was such a careless, silly little thing, not at all fit to manage a family. Did not papa remember when she went with him and Charles Leicester on their grouse-shooting expedition, and their cottage was fifteen miles from everywhere, how she forgot to take any tea and sugar, and they were obliged to drink whiskey-and-water for breakfast for nearly a week?"

But to this papa turned a deaf ear, and showed such unequivocal signs of being about to get into a rage, that Annie in despair fell back upon her last argument, which was that, although her cousin Bellefield was very kind to her, and she had always looked upon him and Charles Leicester as her brothers, yet she did not like him well enough to wish to marry him,—“she was sure it was wicked to marry any one unless you loved him better—than anybody else,” she was going to say, but she changed it to, “than she loved Adolphus.” Thereupon the General's anger, scarcely hitherto controlled, burst forth, and he informed her, with great volubility, that she had spoken the truth when she had called herself silly; for that her whole argument was so childish and absurd, that he was perfectly ashamed of it and of her; and that if she chose to talk and act so childishly, she must expect to be treated as a child, and submit to the decision of those who were older and wiser than herself—that he would give her five minutes to reconsider the matter; and if she then refused to consent to a renewal of the engagement, he should begin to fear that she must have some unworthy reason for such continued obstinacy. And as he uttered the last cruel words, he fixed his little sharp eyes upon her, as if he were trying to look her through and through. For a moment his reproach roused somewhat of his own spirit in his daughter; and, drawing herself up proudly, the girl confronted him with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, and then, poor child! the consciousness of her secret attachment rushed upon her, and, with streaming eyes, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, “I am very foolish—very wicked. Dearest papa, forgive me, and I will do whatever you wish!”

And thus it came about that the engagement with Lord Bellefield was so speedily renewed.

CHAPTER L.

VINDICATES THE APHORISM, THAT “'TIS AN ILL WIND WHICH BLOWS NO ONE ANY GOOD.”

RICHARD FRERE sat at his breakfast-table; before him stood an egg, untasted, which, having once been hot, was so no longer; whilst a cup of coffee, that had undergone the same refrigerating process, threw out its fragrance unregarded. In his hand was an opened letter: we will take the liberty of peeping over his shoulder, and making our readers acquainted with its contents,—they were as follow:—

"DEAR FRERE.—I have quitted Broadhurst for ever, and broken off all connexion between General Grant and myself. *Why* I have done this, I cannot tell you now,—years hence, when time shall have seared wounds which now bleed at the slightest touch of memory, you shall know all. I have suffered, and must suffer, much; but suffering appears identical with existence,—at least, in this present phase of being. I am ill in mind and body; the restless spirit within is at length beginning to tell upon even my iron constitution. The mind must have rest if I would continue sane,—the body must be braced by exertion, if I wish not to degenerate into a mere nervous hypochondriac. Accordingly, when you receive this letter, I shall have quitted England. My project—if such vague ideas as mine deserve the title—embraces a walking tour through Europe, which may possibly be extended to Syria and Persia, should my object not be previously attained. At my banker's lies the sum of 500*l.*—the wages (minus the little my travelling expenses will require) of my two years' slavery; before that is exhausted, fresh funds will be placed at the disposal of my mother and sister, or I shall be dead;—in either case, I leave my family as a sacred deposit to your care. Dear old Frere, do not judge me harshly. I am not (if I know my own motives) acting with selfish rashness in this matter. My whole being, intellectual and physical, has received a fearful shock; and the course I propose to pursue appears to offer the only chance of a restoration to a healthy frame of mind. I could not do this, did I not know that in you my mother and Rose will find a more efficient protector than the one they will lose for a season;—I could not do this, did I not love you so well as to have perfect faith in your friendship in the very highest sense of the word. Enough on this head—we *know* each other. In the unlikely event of pecuniary difficulty arising, apply to Mr. Coke, the solicitor, in Lincoln's Inn. He has my directions also in case of any accident befalling me; and from time to time he will be informed of my whereabouts, as, for at least the next year, I shall not write to any of you—it is my wish to forget that such a country as England exists. I enclose a note for poor Rose;—may I ask you to deliver it in person, and break this matter to her and my mother; as yet they are not even aware that I have quitted Broadhurst. God bless you, and good-bye for—; but we will not pry into the future,—'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"Yours ever, LEWIS ARUNDEL."

This letter Frere read carefully through; having done so, he ejaculated, "Well!" in a tone of the utmost astonishment; then pushing his hair back from his forehead, as if he sought to give his intellectual powers freer play, he steadily reperused it, but apparently with little better success; for when he had a second time arrived at the signature, he gazed round the room with an expression of the most intense perplexity, exclaiming, "I never read such a letter, *never!*"

Spreading the paper before him, he carefully turned up his wristbands, seized a silver butter-knife, which in his abstraction he believed to be a pen, felt the point to see if it would write, dipped it into the milk by way of ink, and thus prepared, again attacked the mysterious document, sentence by sentence, keeping up during this third reading, a running fire of comments somewhat after the following fashion:—

"Hum! well! he's left Broadhurst for ever, &c. &c., and he can't tell me why now, but will years hence—when he has forgotten all the minute particulars which would make the affair intelligible, I suppose: sensible, very. Thrown away three hundred pounds a-year, with a mother and sister depending upon him, and 'no future prospects,' as they say in all the 'shocking destitution' advertisements. Oh, wise young judge! Well, never mind. 'Scared wounds—existence identical with suffering—restless spirit affecting iron constitution,'—*cum multis aliis*, &c. Now, all that done into plain English, means that he has got into a state of mind, which, interfering with the gastric juices and all the other corporeal chemicals, has put his digestion out of sorts; *ergo*, in order to repair damages, he has started on a continental walking tour:—might have done worse; the peristaltic motion will settle the dyspepsia in double quick time; I'm doctor enough to know that. Then he leaves five hundred pounds to support one mother and sister till further notice, or till I receive intelligence of his untimely decease. In the mean time, he very obligingly commits the live stock aforesaid, to my care, as a sacred deposit; so, without being allowed so much as even a voice in the matter, I suddenly find myself *plus* a mother and sister—more peculiar than pleasant, eh? Well, never mind. Then he asserts the truism that he could not do this without faith in my friendship, mentioning the unnecessary fact that we know each other. Next comes a very funny idea: if the money runs short, I'm to apply to a *lawyer* of all people in the world. Now, in my innocence I should have fancied just the reverse, and that if we had been burdened with more cash than we knew what to do with, the lawyer would have been the boy to help us out of the difficulty! Well, one lives and learns—what have we next? Oh! my young friend wishes to forget the existence of—England! nothing more—wishes to forget the existence of his own glorious country! The boy's as mad as a March hare. Then he very coolly hands over to me the pleasant task of breaking the news of his most uncomfortable conduct to his left-off mother and sister; and for the prospective performance of all this toil and trouble, he benevolently blesses me, and adducing a text of Scripture, which applies much more to my case than to his own, concludes.

"Well, I should just like anybody to explain to me the meaning of that letter; for, as to making out either what he has done, or what he is going to do, from that document, I'd defy *Cedipus* himself to accomplish it. Now, let me see what is the first article in my little list of commissions: enlightening our mother and

sister, I suppose; and a very hazy style of illumination I expect it will be, unless sister's note should happen to throw some brightness on the matter. 'Poor Rose!' He may well say poor! Why, she dotes on him—actually dotes on him. I'd give anything in the world to have her,—that is, to have a sister love me as that girl loves him. I know she will be miserable; I'm certain of it," and sticking the butter-knife behind his ear, a place in which he still retained the schoolboy habit of putting his pen, Frere rose from his seat, and resuming his soliloquy, began to pace the room with hasty strides.

"What can have induced the boy to throw up his appointment in this insane fashion, I can't conceive. If it were any one else, I should fancy he had misconducted himself, and that the rhapsodical letter was merely an excuse for avoiding a plain statement of a disgraceful truth; but there's something about Lewis Arundel which makes one certain he'd never commit a small sin, or conceal a large one. If he had murdered that scamp Bellefield in a duel, he would have mentioned it directly. Perhaps old Grant has insulted his dignity; *Arcades ambo*, they're a peppery pair; 'high stomached are they both, and full of ire.' The elder gentleman has a double claim, literal and metaphorical, to the quotation, if I remember his build rightly. Poor Lewis! I expect he is in a dreadful state of mind; I should feel very sorry for him, if I were not so angry with him for bothering Rose in this way. Well, I must think about starting; no science shop for me to-day, or to-morrow either. By-the-by, I must ring for Jemima, and enlighten her as to my movements, and she'll be as cantankerous as a bilious crocodile, I expect. However, it must be done, so here goes;" and giving the bell a very modest pull, he dropped into his reading-chair awaiting the arrival of his acclimated domestic, with a singularly mild, not to say timid expression of countenance.

"Oh, Jemima, I rang—that is to say, the bell rang—to tell you I am obliged to go out of town to-day, and shall not return till to-morrow evening at the earliest," began Frere in an apologetic tone of voice, as his ancient duenna, puffing and blowing from the ascent of the staircase, entered.

As he spoke, the positively cross expression of her antique features advanced a degree, and became comparatively crosser, as she replied with a toss of the head:

"Well, I'm sure! what next, I wonder!" Then addressing her master in a tone of withering contempt, she continued: "Do you know what it is you're a sayin' of, Master Richard?"

"Well, I believe I do," returned Frere, humbly.

"I believe you don't," was the unceremonious rejoinder. "I believe you go on reading them foreign books in heathen Greek till you don't know what you're a saying or a doing of; here you tell me one thing one day, and something liarmetrically contradictory of it the next, till old Nick his blessed self wouldn't know how to act to please you!"

"Why, what have I said contradictory, as you all it?" inquired Frere.

"What have you said?" repeated Jemima, in a tone of intense disgust; "why you've told me to get ready a dinner for six this here very day, and now you say you're a going out of town, and won't be back till to-morrow night. Do you call that behaving as a master of a house ought to do, let alone a sanitary Christian?"

"A true bill, by all that's unlucky," muttered Frere.

"It's a true bill that you'll have to pay, for as fine a couple of chickens as ever was trussed, which is now cast away before swine, for as to 'em keeping till the day after to-morrow, it's a model impossibiltude."

"I should rather have thought a physical one," suggested Frere, *sotto voce*.

"Then there's a tongue," continued Jemima, unheeding the interruption, "as beautiful a one as ever I set my two eyes on."

"I wonder if it's as long as her own," observed Frere, speculatively pursuing the under current of his private annotations.

"A tongue, that with care and good carving would have lasted you for breakfast for a fortnight."

"Then it would not have gone by any means as fast as a certain unruly member with which I am acquainted," continued the commentator.

"Together with a lovely turbot, which I almost had to go down on my bended knees to get out of the fishmonger, turbots being like pearls of price at this time of year, with three dozen of natives, which was astonished not to be able to procure, so was forced to put up with lobster sauce instead, and a beauty it is now, though it will be *non compos uentis* by the day after to-morrow, and fit only to make people sick in the dusthole, where it's a sin to let it go, with so many poor starving creatures a wanting it, which was not the case when your blessed mother was upon the face of the earth, in a violent satin gown, a setting you moral copies 'A woeful waist makes wilful want,' and 'My name is Norval, on the (strumpy) Hills,' which ought to have taught you better than to have asked five friends to come here, looking like fools, and yourself the sixth, gone out of town, leaving me to tell 'em so, with the house full of good things all turning bad, and nobody but me to eat 'em, which is a hard trial for an aged woman, that, taking you from the month, ought to be respected, if grey hairs is honourable, which they don't seem to be now-a-days, when we've got a bad lot of wigs over our heads, with half of 'em nothing in 'em but crimped horsehair, I do believe."

Here the worthy woman's breath failing her, Frere was at length able to get in a word or two.

"My good Jemima," he began blandly, "listen to me. When I invited my friends and ordered a dinner, I was of course not aware that I should be suddenly called upon to leave town; such being the case, however, we must make the best of it. I will, therefore, despatch notes to the gentlemen who were to have been my guests, putting them off; and in regard to the comestibles, such as from their animal fabric

require cooking, must be cooked, and we must endeavour to consume them in detail at—at our earliest convenience. Now have I slain your Hydra, my good Jomima?"

"I don't understand your gibberish, Master Richard, nor don't want to. My poor dear mistress, which piously departed this life in a mahogany coffin and silver nails, didn't used to talk so, though she'd been brought up at boarding school with the best of pastors and masters to honour and obey, but this I know, that the blessed dinner will go to rack and ruin in spite of all your cooking retail combustibles, and that puts me in mind, what have you been doing with your breakfast? why, goodness gracious! he's never touched a bit of it, and" (here she caught sight of the butter-knife,) "Oh lor, oh lor! if he ain't gone clean demented. What's the matter?" she continued, as Frere, astonished at her unusual vehemence, sought to learn the cause of her disquietude; "what's the matter indeed? Look in the glass, and if you're fit for any place but Bedlam you'll soon see what's the matter."

Thus apostrophized, Frere turned his eyes in the unwonted direction of the chimney glass, and there descriing the butter knife was somewhat disconcerted; and muttering that it must have got there by accident, of its own accord, instead of a pen, he felt that his position was quite untenable, and so, retreating ignominiously to the stronghold of his own bedroom, he busied himself in preparation for his departure, actually going the length of shaving himself, and putting on a decent suit of clothes; another half hour saw him on his road to —.

It was on the afternoon of the same day, that Rose Arundel sat at the window of their little drawing-room, sketching the tower of an old church, which peeped prettily from amid a luxuriant group of giant elms. Mrs. Arundel had gone in a friend's carriage, to execute a host of minor commissions at a neighbouring town, and Rose, having written part of her quota for the next month's magazine, was rewarding her industry by endeavouring to catch a peculiar effect of sunlight on the tower aforesaid. Having worked with brush and pencil for some minutes, she paused to criticise her drawing. It was a faithful copy of the landscape before her, nicely executed, but she shook her head in dissatisfaction.

"It is laboured, and tame," she said, "half a dozen touches from Lewis's pencil would have given the effect twice as well. What a strange thing is the power of genius, the hand creating at a touch the brilliant conceptions of the mind;" and then she drew out some of her brother's sketches in Germany;—bold, free, spirited, and marked by refined, severe taste, skilled alike to select the telling points and reject the commonplace details, save where such details were required to assist in carrying out the leading idea, they all bore indisputable evidence of a true artist-mind.

From the sketches, Rose grew to think of him who had traced them. She had not heard from Lewis for quite three weeks, and his last letter had indicated a

mind ill at ease, and Rose had written to him to entreat him to confide in her, if, as she feared, he was unhappy. Why did he not reply to her letter? Answering her question with a sigh, she turned again, pencil in hand, to the window, and perceived a gentleman advancing rapidly along the road leading to their cottage. For a moment her pulse beat quickly: could it be her brother? but Lewis's was a figure not easily to be mistaken, and a second glance convinced her she was wrong; and then she gave a little start, and a bright blush made her look so pretty, that it was quite a shame nobody was there to see her; had there been, perhaps she would not have turned to the glass, and, still blushing and smiling, smoothed the glossy bands of her rich brown hair. Why she performed this ceremony at that particular moment, we leave our female readers to discover, and having done so, of their courtesy to enlighten us. Then, like a puritanical little hypocrite as she was, she reseated herself at her drawing table, sketching away as zealously as if the results of *fixature* and *bandoline* had been as little known to the philosophy of the nineteenth century as is the secret of alchemy.

In another minute the full, rich tones of a man's voice were heard, bearing down the shrill expostulations of Rachel:

"Never mind about your mistress, young woman; where's Miss Rose?"

"Up-stairs, sir; but —"

"There, that'll do, 'but me no buts;' let me get by; which is the door?—here we are."

And as he uttered the last words, Frere, tired and dusty, with a carpet bag and a parcel of books in one hand, and his hat and the umbrella in the other, entered the little drawing-room. Rose advanced to receive him with a bright smile.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Frere, she said, extending her hand. Frere shook it heartily, squeezing it in the process much harder than was agreeable.

"Why, how prett—a—I mean to say, how well you are looking," he began. "Country air suits you better than the pea-soup-coloured atmosphere of London."

So unable did he appear to remove his eyes from her face, that, in spite of her best endeavours, the becoming blush again overspread her features; turning away as if for the purpose of arranging her drawing materials, she observed:

"Mamma is taking a drive with a friend; I'm afraid she won't return just yet."

"So much the better," began Frere; then, perceiving the rudeness of the remark, he continued, "what I mean is, that I want to talk to you about a letter I've received from Lewis, and I can get on better with you than with mamma, I expect. You and I understand each other, you see; now Mrs. Arundel thinks I'm a bear or thereabouts, and fit for nothing but growling and biting."

"Perhaps I think the same," remarked Rose, smiling at this unexpected proof of his penetration;

"but you spoke of a letter from Lewis; I'm so glad he has written to you, for it's three weeks since I've heard from him.—You are looking grave," she added, hurriedly; then, becoming suddenly alarmed, she continued:—"Something has happened to him, and you have come to break it to us—is it not so?"

Frere regarded her with a good-natured smile, half laughing at, half pitying her, then holding up his finger, as if he were rebuking an impetuous child, he said:—

"How thoroughly woman-like and unreasonable, jumping to a conclusion without any sufficient data to go upon; selecting the most dolorous hypothesis imaginable, and then preparing to afflict yourself at sight of the phantom your own fancy has conjured up; now," he continued, taking her hand and half leading half urging her to the sofa,—"sit down, listen quietly to what I have to tell you—think the matter over with your usual good sense—and then we'll consult together as to the best course to pursue; and if anything useful and expedient can be devised, rely upon me to execute it."

Pale and trembling, but in every other respect collected, Rose obeyed. As soon as she was seated Frere placed himself by her side, and drawing out Lewis's letter, said,

"Your brother has left Broadhurst, and thrown up his tutorship; his reasons for so doing he has not explained to me; but as he evidently wrote in a state of considerable mental agitation, that may account for the omission. Moreover, he promises to tell me all at some future time; he sends also a note for you, which may, perhaps, throw more light upon the matter. Here it is."

So saying, he produced the enclosure, and breaking the seal, handed it to Rose. It ran as follows:—

"Do not fancy me unkind, dearest Rose, or insensible to the blessing (almost the only one now left me,) of your affection, when at this miserable crisis of my fate, I deny myself the consolation of your sympathy: I say deny myself, for wretched as I am, torn as is my soul by the blackest unbelief in the existence of human truth and goodness, I yet know you to be good and true, and love you more entirely than I have ever done. Frere will tell you that I am even now, as you read these words, upon a foreign soil; the length of my self-imposed exile is as yet unfixed, but many months must elapse ere I shall again visit England. Had I come to you, I could not have withheld my confidence; your sympathy would have utterly unmanned me; I should have lost the little strength and self-reliance remaining to me, and have totally succumbed to the blow that has fallen upon me. Rose, love, at times I fancied, when you were staying in Park Crescent, that you divined my secret! The struggle was then going on, and I dreamed in my folly that self-conquest was attainable; thus madly have I accomplished the ruin of my happiness. I have quitted Broadhurst by my own act,—fled to preserve my honour; that and an aching heart

are all that remain to me. I trust to you and Frere to communicate this matter to my mother: of course, should you from my broken hints divine the truth, you would never dream of imparting it to her; a thousand reasons forbid it. In regard to Frere I leave you to judge; he is trustworthy as yourself. If he smile at my folly in loving so poor a thing as he holds woman to be, his kind heart will sympathise with my wretchedness, even if my own weakness has produced it. I have entrusted him to pay my mother the usual yearly allowance, and placed funds at his disposal to enable him to do so. While I live, she and you shall never know greater poverty than you endure at present. I go to regain, in foreign travel, the vigour of mind and body which this blow has well-nigh paralysed. Thank God, in your prayers, that He has spared my reason, and left me strength to make this effort: may He watch over you both! In all difficulties apply to Richard Frere. Good-bye, dearest; forgive me the sorrow I occasion you; it seems as though I were fated alike to suffer myself, and to cause suffering to all I love. Yours ever affectionately,

"LEWIS."

Rose perused her brother's letter eagerly; as she proceeded her bright eyes filled with tears. Frere waited until she had concluded, and then without speaking handed her the epistle he himself had received. When she had also finished this, he inquired, "Well, what do you make of it,—anything?"

Rose turned away her head, and drying her eyes, replied with a deep sigh, "Poor fellow, it is only too clear!"

"That's just about the very last remark now that I should have expected any one to make, after having read that letter. What a thing it is to be clever!" observed Frere.

Without noticing his observation, Rose placed in his hand Lewis's letter to herself. Frere read it with a gradually elongating countenance, merely pausing to mutter, "Much he knows about my opinion of women."

Having finished it, he refolded it carefully, and handing it back to Rose, began, "This enlightens us in some degree as to the matter; Lewis has, it seems, fallen in love as they call it, disastrously, with some party unknown."

"Oh, you cannot doubt to whom he refers," exclaimed Rose, earnestly. "It is this to which my fears have pointed ever since I first beheld her; thrown into constant communication with such a creature, one fitted——"

"Why you don't mean to say he's fallen in love with Miss Livingstone?" interrupted Frere, looking the very picture of astonishment.

"This is scarcely a subject on which it is kind to jest, Mr. Frere," rejoined Rose, almost sternly; "of course I refer to that gentle, lovely, fascinating Anne Grant."

"I do assure you I was perfectly serious," returned Frere, hastily. "I wouldn't joke about anything that

makes you unhappy, if my life depended upon it; but I never dreamed of its being Annie Grant; why she's engaged to her unpleasant cousin Lord Bellefield."

"I thought the engagement was broken off," observed Rose.

"Aye, but it's on again," resumed Frere. "I met a man yesterday who is one of Bellefield's intimates, and he told me that his lordship was staying at Broadhurst—that he has made up his feud with the General, and that the engagement has been formally renewed."

"Now then I see it all," exclaimed Rose. "Poor Lewis has been long struggling against a deep attachment for that sweet Annie, whom none could know without loving; nourishing, perhaps half unconsciously, a secret hope that she was not wholly indifferent to him, a hope which to an honourable mind like his must have brought more pain than pleasure. And now, this renewal of the engagement must have proved to him how entirely he was mistaken, and, unable to witness his rival's triumph, he has, as he tells me, fled the spot where each kind word from Annie, and every haughty glance from Lord Bellefield would have been like a dagger to his heart. No wonder the mental conflict has nearly maddened him, my poor, poor, Lewis."

Preoccupied by her sympathy for her brother's sorrow, Rose did not observe the effect her words had produced upon Frere; nor was it till he spoke in a low deep voice which trembled with suppressed feeling, that she observed his emotion.

"Aye," he said, more as if communing with his own spirit, than as though he were addressing her, "Aye, it must be a hard thing to love with all the depth of such a passionate nature as Lewis's one who is indifferent to him; but it is a more bitter thing still to see the long years gliding by, and to pass from boyhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, and to find middle age stealing quickly upon you, and never to have had any human being to love you—never to have found any heart on which you might pour out the riches of affection, which every generous nature pants to bestow." He paused—then, as the recollections he had excited, seemed to crowd upon him, continued, "Oh the bitter tears I have shed when scarcely more than a child, I have wept to hear other boys tell of happy homes, and a mother's love, and the affection of brothers and sisters; then came the silent but more enduring sorrow of youth, when tears can no longer form a vent for the heart's isolation, and the restless spirit preys upon itself; and last, the struggle of maturer manhood, which in its meridian strength contends against the sorrows of its weaker morning, and strives to live down the fruitless longing for that affection which it cannot attain, and conquering all but the one abiding grief, remains to own itself still lonely-hearted, and sees its only hope of comfort in the grave. Aye, this is grief, which the help of God alone can enable one to endure."

The deep feeling, the simple manly pathos with which he spoke, were more than Rose, or any true

woman could hear unmoved. Laying her hand on his to attract his attention, she said, in a sweet gentle voice, "Indeed, Mr. Frere, you do your friends injustice. Lewis loves you as a brother; my dear father had the warmest affection for you, and often said that if Lewis did but resemble you, if he proved as high-principled, as kind-hearted, and as persevering, his dearest wishes would be fulfilled: even I myself—" she paused, glancing timidly at her companion; but as he remained with his hand pressed upon his brow, apparently buried in abstraction, she gathered courage, and continued—

"Even I feel that in you God has given me a second brother, and that I should be most ungrateful, most unworthy such disinterested kindness as you have invariably shown me, did I not feel the warmest esteem and—and—gratitude——"

And here, suddenly becoming aware that Frere's beautiful eyes were fixed upon her, with the same peculiar expression of delight which she had once before observed in them, on the occasion of his telling her how he had convinced Rasper the irascible of the evil of duelling, poor Rose's eloquence failed her, and she became abruptly silent. Frere paused for a moment, and then, with a forced calmness which scarcely veiled the depth of his emotion, said:

"Dear Rose, forgive me if I am about to cause you pain; but your kindness has afforded me a vision of such exquisite happiness, that it would be a source of endless self-reproach to me, if through any reserve on my part I failed to realize it. Rose, you cannot be my sister, but you can, if you will, hold a far dearer title—you can become my honoured wife. I have loved you long, although it was my sorrow at your departure from London, which first opened my eyes to the nature of my feelings. Since then, my sense of my own unworthiness to aspire to the joy of possessing such an angel has alone kept me silent. Rose, I know my own presumption in thus addressing you; I am aware only too painfully of my own uncouthness, my deficiencies in all the polished conventionalities of life; but if the deepest, tenderest devotion of a heart, which has pined through a life-time, for some object on which to pour forth its treasure of love, can make you happy; if you think that in time you could in some degree return my affection——"

"Oh, hush, hush!" interrupted Rose, in a broken, faltering voice; "I cannot bear to hear you speak thus! If, good and noble as you are, my love can indeed make you happier——"

She could not conclude her sentence, but Frere seemed perfectly satisfied with the fragment as it stood.

The result of the interview may best be gathered from the following remark of Mrs. Arundel, who, returning home about an hour after the occurrence of the conversation above related, declared that when she came in, "she found to her horror and astonishment, *ura major* all but hugging Rose, and, stranger still, Rose appearing rather flattered by the attention than otherwise."

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN, the author of the famous treatise on *Forest-Trees*, which has procured for him the name of "*Sylva Evelyn*," was born in the year of our Lord 1620, and died in 1706, at the ripe age of eighty-six. He lived, therefore, in the reigns of four sovereigns,—Charles I., Charles II., James II., and William III.,—and under the Protectorate of Cromwell. He was an acute observer of some of the most interesting and important incidents recorded in our annals, and he has left behind him, in a valuable and voluminous collection of notes, his impressions on passing events, together with the minutest details of his own life. His personal character appears to have been amiable and exemplary. He was a man of quick sensibilities and strong feelings, an earnest, but not over active partisan, and distinguished among his contemporaries for sound judgment, varied information, and excellent taste.

Evelyn's *Diary* was first published in 1818, and a subsequent edition appeared in 1827. Both these editions having been long out of print, a republication has been issued;¹ and although the work has been already widely circulated, and often quoted, we venture to think that the readers of this Magazine may not be displeased with another attempt to bring to their notice some portions of its contents. The character of the author, no less than the historical value of the book, will afford, we submit, a sufficient justification for such a course.

The journal from which the original edition was printed, and with which the present one has been compared, is stated to have been written by the author "in a very small close hand," in a quarto volume, containing 700 pages, commencing in 1641, and continued to the end of 1697, and carried on from thence in a smaller book till within a short time before his death. It will be our object to select, and condense in a necessarily brief and imperfect narrative, such portions of this work as appear to us to illustrate most forcibly the character of the writer, and the peculiar features of the period in which he lived.

He was born at the family seat of Wotton, situated in the most fertile and beautiful part of the county of Surrey, about three miles from the town of Dorking, and six from Guildford, on Tuesday the 31st of October, 1620. He was the second son and fourth child of his parents, Richard and Eleanor Evelyn, upon whose excellent qualities he has dwelt with filial fondness. Having been christened, with due solemnity, in the dining-room of Wotton, "according to the forms prescribed by the then glorious church of England," by Parson Higham, the incumbent of the parish,—described in a subsequent portion of the *Diary*, as "a plain preacher, but innocent and honest man," he was afterwards (in regard,

he tells us, to his mother's weakness, "or rather custom of people of quality") put out to nurse, "to one Peter, a neighbour's wife and tenant, of a good, comely, brown, wholesome complexion, and in a most sweet place, towards the hills, flanked with wood, and refreshed with streams;" the affection to which kind of solitude, he adds, "he sucked in with the very milk."

His recollections of childhood are interesting and characteristic. He "was not initiated into any rudiments till near four years of age," when he was taught by "one Frier, at the church-porch of Wotton." In the following year (1625) he was sent to Lewes in Sussex, to pass the remainder of his childhood, under the care of his maternal grandfather. "This was the year," he adds, "in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5,000 a-week, and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed." At the age of eight, he was put to learn his Latin rudiments of a Frenchman, living in Lewes, named Citolin. He was subsequently transferred to the care of a Mr. Potts, and then to a free school near the town, where he remained till he was sent to the University. The practice of keeping a diary, and recording therein each day's occurrences, he commenced at a very early period, as the following extract will prove. "1631. There happened now an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and, in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanack." From the age of eleven, therefore, Evelyn became a punctual journalist, though certainly not with the object of gratifying the curiosity of remote posterity.

Among the misfortunes of Evelyn's youth was the loss of an affectionate mother, who died in 1635; and the solemn pathos with which he has described the death-bed scene proves the deep impression that it made upon his mind. It was with no common emotion that he copied into his diary the particulars of her saint-like death. "When near her dissolution," he says, "she laid her hand on every one of her children; and taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God." The next great event of his life was his removal to the University, which he entered, as he confesses, badly prepared; going thither "rather out of shame of abiding at school, than for any fitness." On the 10th of May, 1637, he was admitted a fellow-commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, but his University career presents no subject for remark. His father had designed him for the study of the law, and, as was not uncommon at that time, had entered his name, at a very early period, in the books of the Middle Temple. In June, 1640, he became a resident in Essex Court, Temple, occupying with his brother "a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall-court, but four pair of stairs high."

The metropolis had at this juncture begun to wear

(1) "*Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, F.R.S., author of the 'Sylva.'*" Edited from the original MSS. at Wotton, by William Bray, Esq. A new Edition, corrected, revised, and enlarged, 1840." Vols. I. and II.

an alarming aspect. The opposition to the Court was assuming a formidable shape, and the signs of civil discord (destined to admit of no other arbitration than the sword) were everywhere apparent. The growing proofs of insubordination on the part of the citizens of London excited the indignation of the young Templar, as the following passage in his Diary shows:—

"London, and especially the Court, were at this period in frequent disorders, and great insolences were committed by the abused and too happy city; in particular, the Bishop of Canterbury's palace at Lambeth was assaulted by a rude rabble from Southwark, my Lord Chamberlain imprisoned, and many scandalous libels and invectives scattered about the streets, to the reproach of government, and the fermentation of our since distractions."

The next year (1641) had to Evelyn "a sad and lugubrious beginning;" for on the second of January he followed the mourning hearse which contained his father's corpse, to the church at Wotton. He was now bereft of both his parents, and that too, as he observes, at a period when he especially stood in need of their counsel and assistance, being "of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination." Soon after this sad event, he returned to London to pursue his legal studies. He witnessed in Westminster-hall the trial of the Earl of Strafford, and he was also a spectator of the tragic scene that followed.

"On the 12th of May," he writes, "I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognisance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction. With what reluctance the king signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputed his own unjust suffering—to such exorbitancy were things arrived."

Soon after this tragedy, Evelyn departed for the Continent, and visited the principal cities of Flanders and Holland, minutely recording in his Diary the various observations which he was enabled to make during his journey. On his return to the Middle Temple, he witnessed the procession of his majesty through the City, 'after his coming out of Scotland, and a peace proclaimed, with great acclamations and joy of the giddy people.' But these outward appearances of popularity were most delusive, and, to the deep grief of his loyal heart, Evelyn was soon obliged to record a series of disastrous events. Having spent the earlier part of the year 1642 in London, "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more," he was in the autumn roused from his lethargy, by calamitous news, which induced him, as the following extracts show, to take the field for a time in defence of the royal cause.

"3d October [1642]. To Chichester, and hence the next day to see the siege of Portsmouth; for now was that bloody difference between the king and parliament broken out, which ended in the fatal tragedy so many many years after. It was on the day of its being rendered to Sir William Waller; which gave me an opportunity of taking my leave of Colonel Goring, the governor, now embarking for France. This day was fought that signal battle at Edgehill.

"12th November was the battle of Brentford, surprisingly fought, and to the great consternation of the city, had his majesty (as it was believed he would) pursued his advantage. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat; but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his majesty.

"7th December. I went from Wotton to London, to see the so much celebrated line of communication, and on the 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in his majesty's army."

Thus ended his brief campaign. From this period Evelyn continued to prosecute his journeys between Wotton and London, till the turbulence of the times drove him into seclusion. On the 2d of May, he beheld "the furious and zealous people destroy the stately cross in Cheapside," and on the 4th he says, "I returned with no little regret, for the confusion that threatened us. Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built, by my brother's permission, a study, made a fishpond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton; which gave the first occasion of improving them to those water works and gardens which afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England."

After an interval of some months, "finding it impossible to avoid the doing very unhandsome things," which had been hitherto the great cause of his perpetual motions between Wotton and London, he obtained the king's licence to leave the kingdom, and once more set forth upon his travels.

We will not follow him on his journey; for although his observations on the manners and customs of foreign lands are curious and valuable, greater interest attaches, in our mind, to those portions of his Diary which are devoted to the historical events and social usages of his own country. We cannot, however, pass over so large a portion of the work without making a few extracts, and from amongst other passages of general interest we venture to select the following description of the galleys at Marseilles.

"We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number. The Capitaine of the Galley Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod, and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle to me was new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk amongst the rest he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg, but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the capitaine sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable creatures lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as

leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, inasmuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar, is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery."

Among other adventures recorded in the minute relation of his travels, Evelyn encountered a violent storm, during a voyage from Cannes (a small port on the Mediterranean) to Genoa. A heavy sea broke over the small vessel in which he had embarked, and all hands were employed in pumping and laving out the water. Happily, a calm succeeded, and he reached Genoa in safety. On his arrival he took up his abode at an inn kept by one Zacharias, an Englishman, who regaled his illustrious countryman with a story that bears no slight resemblance to some of the narratives of the renowned Munchausen.

"I shall never forget," says Evelyn, "a story of our host Zachary, who, on the relation of our peril, told us another of his own being shipwrecked, as he affirmed solemnly, in the middle of a great sea somewhere in the West Indies; that he swam no less than twenty-two leagues to another island, with a tinder-box wrapped up in his hair, which was not so much as wet all the way; that picking up the carpenter's tools with other provisions in a chest, he and the carpenter, who accompanied him, (good swimmers it seems both,) floated the chest before them; and arriving at last in a place full of wood, they built another vessel, and so escaped! After this story we no more talked of our danger, Zachary put us quite down."

His travels in Italy, and more especially a lengthened residence at Rome, furnished Evelyn with much matter for observation; and we have great pleasure in referring the reader to his entertaining narrative. On his return to Paris, he set his affections on the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the English resident at the French Court; and on the 27th June, 1647, he was married to her, according to the rites of the Protestant Church, by Dr. Earle, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. In the September following, after a four years' absence, business called him to England. Leaving his young wife in the charge of "an excellent lady and prudent mother," and having duly sealed and declared his Will, he departed on his homeward journey, and reached London in safety on the 2d of October.

He arrived in England at an important juncture. His sovereign was in the hands of enemies, who thirsted for his blood; the reign of the Puritans had commenced; and we can imagine the consternation with which the loyal Evelyn must have contemplated these disastrous events. As soon as circumstances would permit, he did not, however, omit to pay his duty to his unfortunate king; and he duly notified the event in his Journal:—

"[October 5.]—I came to Wotton, the place of my birth, to my brother, and on the 10th to Hampton-Court, where I had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand, and give him an account of several things I had

in charge, he being now in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him."

Evelyn remained in England during the whole of the following year (1648). On the 18th of December, he narrates that he "got privately into the council of the rebel army at Whitehall, where he heard horrid villanies;" and not long after this, the blow was struck which had been so painfully apprehended. The terms in which he speaks of the king's trial and death evince the deep impression which these events left upon his mind, and the gloomy horror with which they were regarded by himself and other loyal gentlemen.

"[January 23.]—The villany of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent king on the 30th of this month, struck me with such horror, that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness, receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances."

We have not hitherto alluded to the piety which formed a distinguishing and important feature in Evelyn's character. But it is not improper that we should mention it here. He proved himself, in dangerous times, a faithful son of the Church of England, and his attachment to her appears to have been augmented by her reverses. When her altars were overthrown, and her pulpits filled with sectaries, he eagerly sought out her persecuted ministers, and attended, occasionally at some personal risk, the few places where her ritual was still read to her devoted adherents. The following extracts from the Diary evince his fervent zeal for the Establishment, and curiously illustrate the history of the period:—

"[March 18, 1649.]—Mr. Owen, a sequestered and learned minister, preached in my parlour, and gave us the blessed Sacrament, now wholly out of use in the parish churches, in which the Presbyterians and fanatics had usurped."

"[March 25th.]—I heard the Common Prayer (a rare thing in these days) in St. Peter's, at Paul's Wharf, London; and in the morning, the Archbishop of Armagh, that pious person and learned man, Usher, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel."

Furnished with a pass from "the rebel Bradshaw, then in great power," in the following June, Evelyn prepared to return to France. There he remained for some months, till business once more recalled him to England. Landing again at Dover, he found Puritanical observances carried to still greater lengths than during his former visits. The day after his arrival being Sunday, he was not permitted to ride post. On the following Sunday, being in London, and "having a mind to see what was doing among the rebels, then in full possession at Whitehall, he went thither, and found one at exorcise in the chapel, after their way; and thence to St. James's, where another was preaching in the court abroad." On another Sunday afternoon, during his short sojourn, he "wandered to divers churches, and found the pulpits full of novices and novelties."

With another pass¹ from Bradshaw, after two months' absence, Evelyn rejoined his wife in Paris. France was at this period full of loyal fugitives, and their society relieved the tedium of exile; whilst the metropolis presented then, as it does now, a succession of objects to gratify the stranger's curiosity. As a specimen of the circumstances which were brought under Evelyn's notice during his stay, and as an illustration of the legal barbarities of the period, we present the reader with the following dreadful sketch of the process of judicial torture at that time made use of in France, to extort confession from a suspected malefactor:—

"[March 11, 1651.]—I went to the châtelet, or prison, where a malefactor was to have the question, or torture, given to him, he refusing to confess the robbery with which he was charged, which was thus:—they first bound his wrist with a strong rope, or small cable, and one end of it to an iron ring made fast to the wall, about four feet from the floor; and then his feet with another cable, fastened about five feet further than his utmost length, to another ring on the floor of the room. Thus suspended, and yet lying but aslant, they slid a horse of wood under the rope which bound his feet, which so exceedingly stiffened it, as severed the fellow's joints in miserable sort, drawing him out at length in an extraordinary manner, he having only a pair of linen drawers on his naked body. Then they questioned him of a robbery (the lieutenant being present, and a clerk that wrote), which not confessing, they put a higher horse under the rope, to increase the torture and extension. In this agony, confessing nothing, the executioner with a horn (just as they drench horses with), stuck the end of it into his mouth, and poured the quantity of two buckets of water down his throat and over him, which so prodigiously swelled him, as would have pitied and affrighted any one to see it. For all this, he denied all that was charged to him. They then let him down, and carried him before a warm fire, to bring him to himself, being now, to all appearance, dead with pain. What became of him, I know not; but the gentleman whom he robbed constantly averred him to be the man; and the fellow's suspicious pale looks, before he knew he should be racked, betrayed some guilt. The lieutenant was also of that opinion, and told us at first sight (for he was a lean, dry, black young man) he would conquer the torture; and so it seems they could not hang him, but did use in such cases, where the evidence is very presumptive, to send them to the galleys, which is as bad as death.

"There was another malefactor to succeed, but the spectacle was so uncomfortable, that I was not able to stay the sight of another. It represented yet to me the intolerable sufferings which our blessed Saviour must needs undergo, when his body was hanging with all its weight upon the nails on the cross."

In 1652 Evelyn reappeared in England. Everything was now in the hands of the rebels, and he could see no prospect of any immediate change; he had led for the last ten years a wandering and unsettled life, and began, not unnaturally, to sigh for seclusion and repose; his own property, and the property of some of his nearest relatives, had been jeopardized by his continual absence, and required

his personal superintendence and protection:—these and other circumstances induced him to think seriously of sending over for his wife, (whom he had left behind in France,) and settling down quietly in his own country. Having temporarily taken up his abode at Deptford, on the 14th of March, he writes: "I went to Lewisham, where I heard an honest sermon on 1 Cor. ii. 5—7, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which were filled with Independents and fanatics." On the 29th of April, he notices "that celebrated eclipse of the sun, so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation, that hardly any one would work, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers." In the following June, his wife being on her way to England, Evelyn went to Rye to meet her, and on Whit-Sunday he attended the parish church, "where he heard one of the *canters*, who dismissed the assembly rudely, and without any blessing." At the end of the year we find him in London, where he spent his Christmas. Under the rule of the Puritans, however, this cheerful season had ceased to be observed, except in strict privacy, either by festivity or religious exercises; and Evelyn thus records the fact in his Diary:—

"[25th December.]—Christmas-day; no sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open; so observed it at home. The next day we went to Lewisham, where an honest divine preached."

On the 19th of June following there is an entry which must have been made by the writer with a light heart:—

"This day I paid all my debts to a farthing; oh, blessed day!"

On the 21st of August he heard a sermon from good old Parson Higham, endeared to him by many sacred recollections.

"I heard that good old man, Mr. Higham, the parson of the parish of Wotton, where I was born, and who had baptized me, preach, after his very plain way, on Luke, comparing this troublesome world to the sea, the ministers to the fishermen, and the saints to the fish."

We will now throw together a few more extracts from about the same period, which appear to us interesting and characteristic, and require no comment.

"[October] 28th, [1653.]—Went to London, to visit my Lady Gerrard, where I saw that cursed woman called the Lady Norton, of whom it was reported that she spit in our king's face as he went to the scaffold. Indeed, her talk and discourse was like an impudent woman."

"4th December.—Going this day to our church, I was surprised to see a tradesman, a mechanic, step up. I was resolved yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from 2 Sam. xxiii. 20: 'And

(1) It may be observed, that this document, carefully endorsed, "The Pass from the Council of State, 1650" was preserved by Evelyn among his papers; and under Bradshaw's signature was added, "The hand of that villain who sentenced our Charles I. of B[lessed] M[emory]."

Benaiah went down also, and slew a lion in the midst of a pit, in the time of snow.' The purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God called for shedding of blood; inferring, that now the saints were called to destroy temporal governments, with such feculent stuff: so dangerous a crisis were things come to."

"[May] 11th, [1654].—I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing."

"[July] 8th, [1656].—I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here [Ipswich] in prison; a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate, or other, and seem a melancholy, proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant. One of these was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavouring to do the like, perished on the tenth, when he would have eaten, but could not."

On Christmas Day, 1657, Mr. Evelyn proceeded to London with his wife to celebrate that holy season. But the ordinances of the church could not be then observed without peril, and the zealous churchman was on this occasion subjected to serious annoyance and inconvenience. The chapel in which the service for the day was being performed, was surrounded with soldiers, who surprised and captured the whole congregation. Evelyn, himself, was apparently treated with some consideration; being confined in a room adjoining the chapel, where he was permitted to dine with his friends. What followed we will give in his own words:—

"In the afternoon came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us one by one. Some they committed to the marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode; examined me why, contrary to the ordinance then made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart; for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian kings, princes, and governors. They replied, in so doing, we prayed for the king of Spain too, who was their enemy and a papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and, finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me, with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight, and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar; but yet, suffering us to finish the office of communion, as, perhaps, not having instructions what to do, in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day. Blessed be God!"

At the beginning of the year 1658, Evelyn sustained a most painful domestic calamity, in the loss of two of his children. The eldest of these was a boy, about five years old, who must have been for his age a prodigy of learning. "At two years and a half old," writes the disconsolate parent, "he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly." Before his fifth year, he had shown a strong passion for Greek, could readily turn English into Latin, and *vice versa*, and was able to recite a prodigious number of verses and parts of plays.

The dear child was as amiable as he was clever, and was endeared to his parents as much by his docile and affectionate behaviour, as by the remarkable qualities of his mind. "He was all life," says the father, "all prettiness, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church, (which was at Greenwich,) I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon; 'Two good things, Father, said he, *bonum gratie* and *bonum glorie*,' with a just account of what the preacher said."

Although it is a sad tale to dwell upon, we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the father's touching description of his poor child's death-bed, with the pious and eloquent remarks that accompany it:—

"The day before he died, he called to me; and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me, that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack,—he should have none of them; and, next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoined; and a little after, whilst in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name, so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathological ejaculations, uttered of himself?—'Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me; pardon my sins: let thine angels receive me!' So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable, hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw; for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is.* * * Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to the grave."

Passing from this melancholy subject, we may notice that it is remarked in the Diary, that "this (1658) had been the severest winter that any man alive had known in England. The crows' feet were frozen to their prey. Islands of ice enclosed both fish and fowl frozen, and some persons in their boats."

The Restoration of royalty—an event for which Evelyn had almost ceased to hope—called forth from him many expressions of joy and thankfulness. In the chain of circumstances which rescued Charles II. on the throne of his ancestors, the pious royalist discerned the finger of Providence, and most devoutly acknowledged the merciful interposition.

"3d May, 1660, came the most happy tidings of his majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the parliament, general, and people, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near twenty years. Praise be for ever the Lord of heaven, who only doeth wondrous things; because his mercy endureth for ever."

On the 29th of May, Evelyn beheld the triumphant entry of his majesty into London, escorted by a military force of 20,000 men, "who brandished their swords, and shouted with inexpressible joy." The bells rang and the streets were strowed with flowers. The mayor, aldermen, and all the companies, were there in their gayest liveries, with their gold chains,

their banners, and every circumstance of civic pomp. The windows and balconies were filled with ladies, the streets were hung with tapestry, the fountains ran with wine, trumpets sounded, and bands of music played in all directions; whilst myriads of people flocked into the city, and from two in the afternoon till nine at night, all was bustle, splendour, and gaiety. Mixing for a time with the crowd, the pious Evelyn stood in the Strand, as the gay procession passed, and, in his own words, "beheld it, and blessed God."

We will not dwell on the splendours of the king's coronation, which took place on the following year, and is duly chronicled by Evelyn. It will be better for us to turn from public events to a few entries which illustrate some of the social characteristics of the period, and the tastes of the journalist. Notwithstanding his serious habits, Evelyn appears to have been tolerably fond of amusement. When the theatres were reopened, he was often found among the polished audiences, who in their antipathy to Puritanism, and in their anxiety to encourage what fanaticism had proscribed, were too often led to countenance and applaud immorality and profaneness. We cannot say much for his theatrical taste, as exhibited in his Diary, although we must recollect it was the taste of the age, and was recommended by royal sanction. Thus, on the 26th of November, 1661, we have the following entry:—

"I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played; but now the old plays began to disgust *this refined age*, since his majesty's being so long abroad."

On the following January, he writes:—

"I saw acted 'The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes. In this acted the fair and famous comedion called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *mise*. It was in recitative music."

The laxity of morals which began to prevail in the Court awakened many regrets in Evelyn's mind; some unpleasant thoughts obtruded themselves there, which in spite of his ardent and enthusiastic loyalty he could not repress. On the 16th of January, 1662, having spent the day at Blackwall with the Duke of York, he returned to London with his Highness, and then observes that, "this night was acted before his Majesty, 'The Widow,' a lewd play." On the 18th he writes, (and the entry appears to us rather significant,) "I came home to be private a little, not at all affecting the life and hurry of Court." In the following month occurred a great storm, which "made such havoc on land and sea, that several perished in both;" in recording which calamity Evelyn speaks out more boldly and indignantly on the corruptions of the age. "Divers lamentable fires," he adds, "were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court."

In October 1663, Evelyn engaged the nephew of our great Epic poet as tutor to his surviving son. He records the appointment in these words:—

"24th October.—Mr. Edward Phillips came to be my son's preceptor. This gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Balamasius's 'Defensio,' but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him."

During the prevalence of the terrific pestilence which desolated the metropolis—the Great Plague of 1665—Evelyn displayed his habitual piety, together with considerable fortitude and energy of character. When so many thousands were perishing around him, he did not omit to express his sense of gratitude to Heaven that he and his were left unharmed. It was a dismal period, as the following entries—which we select as brief and characteristic—show:—

"[August] 28th.—The contagion still increasing, and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself, and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

"[September 7.]—Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent-street to St. James's,—a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next."

On the night of the 2d of September, 1666, about ten o'clock, began the Great Fire of London, following close upon the heels of the former calamity which had befallen the ill-fated city. Evelyn was a spectator of the awful spectacle, and has admirably described its terrific grandeur.

"God grant," he says, "mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth."

These calamitous events, however, made but little impression on the king and his courtiers. Open profligacy and impiety were still encouraged in high places, and the theatres were given over to scurrility and indecency.

"This night [October 18th, 1666] was acted," says Evelyn, "my Lord Broghill's tragedy called 'Mustapha,' before their majesties at court, at which I was present, very seldom going to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty," etc. . . . "I was invited by my Lord Chamberlain to see this tragedy, exceedingly well written, though in my mind I did not approve of any such pastime in a time of such judgment and calamities."

As might be readily supposed, Evelyn was deeply affected by the disgrace of Lord Clarendon, one of the staunchest friends of the monarchy, whose gravity of demeanour inspired respect among all its more serious supporters. The fall of such a man indicated the triumph of frivolity and licentiousness over all

that was decorous and respectable in the English court. By the gay danciers about Whitehall, and by the king himself, he had been long, and for very obvious reasons, heartily disliked. "His morals as well as his politics," observes Mr. Macaulay, "were those of an earlier generation. . . . On the vices of the young and gay he looked with an aversion almost as bitter and contemptuous as that which he felt for the theological errors of the sectaries. He missed no opportunity of showing his scorn of the mimic revellers, and courtizans who crowded the palace; and the admonitions which he addressed to the king himself were very sharp, and what Charles disliked still more, *very long*." Still, there were not a few in that corrupt Court who regarded him with respect; and when his disgrace was made known, many indignant expressions escaped the lips of some of those who had suffered and imperilled life and liberty for the royal cause. Evelyn appears, from his Diary, to have taken every opportunity of showing his respect, and expressing his sympathy, for the fallen Chancellor, and thus speaks of his dismissal:—

"27th [August, 1687].—Visited the lord chancellor, to whom his majesty had sent for the seals a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber, very sad. The parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at Court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them, and stood in their way. I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the forms and substance of things in the nation with more solemnity than some would have had. He was my particular kind friend on all occasions. The cabal, however, prevailed, and that party in parliament. Great division at court concerning him, and divers great persons interceding for him."

From these historical details we turn to a few entries, which illustrate the manners and amusements of the period:—

"4th February, [1688].—I saw the tragedy of 'Hiorace' (written by the *virtuous* Mrs. Phillips) acted before their majesties. Betwixt each act a masque and antique dance. The excessive gallantry of the ladies was infinite, those especially on that . . . Castlemaine, esteemed at 40,000*l.* and more, far outshining the queen."

"19th June.—To a new play, with several of my relations, 'The Evening Lover,' [perhaps Dryden's comedy of 'An Evening's Love, or, the Mock Astrologer?'] a foolish plot, and very profane. It afflicted me to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times."

"[February] 18th, [1689].—I went with Lord Howard, of Norfolk, to visit Sir William Ducie at Charlton, where we dined. The servants made our coachmen so drunk, that they both fell off their boxes on the heath, where we were fain to leave them, and were driven to London by two servants of my lord's. This barbarous custom of making the masters welcome by intoxicating the servants had now the second time happened to my coachman."

"16th June, [1670].—I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these

butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceedingly well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap, as she sat in one of the boxes, at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before."

We have a curious instance of the perplexities, expenses, and delay of the law, in Evelyn's time, and of the inefficiency of legal arbitrations, in the following entry, under the date of the 26th May, 1671.

"Having brought an action against one Cooke, for money which he had received for me, it had been referred to an arbitration by the recommendation of that excellent good man, the Chief Justice Hales; but, this not succeeding, I went to advise with that famous lawyer, Mr. Jones, of Gray's Inn, and, 27th May, had a trial before Lord Chief Justice Hales; and, after the lawyers had wrangled sufficiently, it was referred to a new arbitration. This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and oh that it might be the last!"

Sincerely attached, as we have seen, to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, Evelyn was affected and annoyed in no slight degree by the encouragement given to the Roman Catholic faith in certain high quarters, and had long begun to apprehend from it the most serious consequences to the nation. He noticed with some alarm the open revival of superstitious ceremonies, and the display of foolish but gorgeous spectacles, calculated to attract the attention of the idle and curious. As an instance of the lengths to which these were carried, we insert his description of an Easter pageant of 1672:—

"4th April.—I went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French ambassador had caused to be represented our blessed Saviour at the paschal supper with his disciples, in figures and puppets made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad, and sitting round a large table; the room nobly hung, and shining with innumerable lamps and candles: this was exposed to all the world; all the city came to see it. Such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained."

In this month of May following, Evelyn was hastily despatched by his majesty to the Kentish coast, with instructions to watch the motions of the Dutch and English fleets. At Dover he beheld the magnificent squadron, commanded by the Duke of York, sail by, "after the Dutch, who were newly withdrawn," and a "goodly yet terrible sight," he describes it to have been. The next day he took horse for Margate, and "here," he says, "from the North Foreland Light-house-top (which is a Pharos, built of brick, and having on the top a cradle of iron, in which a man attends a great sea-coal fire all the year long, when the nights are dark, for the safeguard of sailors,) we could see our fleet as they lay at anchor." Having arrived at Margate, he was introduced to a rustic Kentish widow, whose portrait is worth insertion:—

"19th. Went to Margate: and, the following day, was carried to see a gallant widow, brought up a farmer's

(1 Macaulay's History of England, vol. i.

and I think of gigantic race, rich, comely, and exceedingly industrious. She put me in mind of Deborah and Abigail, her house was so plentifully stored with all manner of country provisions, all of her own growth, and all her conveniences so substantial, neat, and well understood; she herself so jolly and hospitable; and her land so trim and rarely husbanded, that it struck me with admiration at her economy."

Among the many wonders of which Evelyn was an eye-witness, his description of Richardson, the famous fire-eater, is not unworthy of a place:—

"He devoured brimstone on glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass and eat it quite up; then, taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster, the coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled. Then, he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down, as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while; he also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, when it was fiery-hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like a stone; but this, I observed, he cared not to hold very long; then, he stood on a small pot; and bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot or ground with his hands; with divers other prodigious feats."

On the 4th of June, 1679, Evelyn, under singular circumstances, dined in the Tower with our friend Pepys, whose diary has furnished so much amusement to posterity. He had been recently committed by the House of Commons, on the absurd charge of having forwarded information to the French court of the state of the English navy, and was furthermore suspected and accused by his opponents of being a Papist. It is not uninteresting to imagine the two men who took such accurate note of every event, and so minutely described the most trivial features of the period in which they lived, conversing together on the politics of the period—the popish plot, the corruptions of the Court, and the prospects of the nation, and indulging each other with their amusing reminiscences.

Although our extracts have been very copious, we cannot refrain from presenting the reader with one or two more recollections of Charles II.'s court; so remarkable for its gaiety, its splendour, and its immorality. In the gilded saloons of Whitehall ambassadors from strange and barbarous lands were often entertained in right hospitable style; and the fair ladies of that brilliant court appear to have been as much enraptured by the presence of the rude Muscovite and swarthy Moor, as our modern damsels by the apparition of the Nepalese ministers.

"This evening," says Evelyn, "[24th January, 1682,] I was at the entertainment of the Morocco ambassador, at the Duchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall, where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music; but at which both the ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the king's natural children, viz. Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, &c. concubines, and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery

could make them; the Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard anything, furniture or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. . . . In this manner was this slave (for he was no more at home) entertained by most of the nobility in town. . . . He went sometimes to the theatres, where, upon any foolish or fantastical action, he could not forbear laughing, but he endeavoured to hide it with extraordinary modesty and gravity. In a word, the Russian ambassador, still at court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this civil heathen."

The 25th of January, 1685, with a heavy heart, Evelyn made the following note in his Diary:—

"Dr. Dove preached before the king. I saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the king in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never before seen—luxurious dallying and profaneness."

But a few days after this, on the 2d of February, the profligate monarch was seized with an apoplectic fit; and on the 6th, at half-past eleven in the morning, he gave up the ghost.

"I can never forget," says Evelyn, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day so night I was witness of. . . . Six days after was all in the dust."

This year Evelyn was grievously afflicted by the loss of two daughters; one of whom he describes as a miracle of goodness, and comeliness of mind and person. They both fell victims to that frightful malady, the small-pox, which at that period made such frequent and dreadful ravages. In addition to his private calamities, Evelyn was deeply affected by the gloomy aspect of public affairs. The popish tendencies of the king and his Court filled him with horror and alarm. But though a great bigot, James II. appears to have had less superstitious credulity than is usually attributed to him. In September, 1685, Evelyn waited on the king, at Winchester, and makes the following note of what occurred during his interview with the new sovereign.—

"His majesty was discoursing with the Bishops concerning miracles, and what strange things the *Saludadors* would do in Spain,—as by creeping into heated ovens without hurt; and that they had a black cross on the roof of their mouths, but yet were commonly notorious and profane wretches; upon which his majesty further said, that he was so extremely difficult of miracles, for fear of being imposed upon, that if he should chance to see one himself, without some other witness, he should apprehend it a delusion of his senses."

With respect to these *Saludadors*, Evelyn has added in a note, that his friend Mr. Pepys, passing through Spain, and being curious about miracles, (as he was about everything else,) found a very famous *Saludador*, and "offered a very considerable reward, if he would make a trial of the oven, or any other thing of that kind, before him." The wary miracle-worker, however, seeing that Pepys "was a more than ordinary curious person," respectfully declined, and ingeniously acknowledged that it was all a trick. "This," added Evelyn, "Mr. Pepys affirmed to me; 'but,' said he, 'I did not conceive it fit to interrupt his majesty, who so solemnly told what they pretended to do.'"

Proselytes of all shades of character were now gained over to Rome; though it was the general opinion that Rome gained little credit by some of her converts.

"Dryden, the famous play-writer," says Evelyn, (January 19th, 1686,) "and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly (miss to the late —) were said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church."

The events of the year 1688 must have excited in Evelyn's mind many conflicting emotions. Notwithstanding his attachment to the son of the martyred king, he could not shut his eyes to the dangerous attacks which had been made on the constitution and the Protestant religion. He witnessed, however, with sorrow the departure of the dethroned monarch; and with some feelings of compunction and regret, transferred his allegiance to a stranger. When the new queen and king were proclaimed, he beheld with indignation the levity and eagerness with which the daughter assumed the father's crown; and, it may be, bitterly called to mind the words of anguish which were wrung from that father's lips,—"God help me, my own children have forsaken me!"

"It was believed," he says, "that both, especially the princess, would have showed some (seeming) reluctance at least, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the king, but of succouring the nation: but nothing of all this appeared; she came into Whitehall, laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported."

As we approach the conclusion of the Diary, we find fewer entries which are likely to interest the general reader. We will extract one or two, which illustrate the manners of the times, and furnish matter for reflection:—

"[4th February, 1693.] Unheard-of stories of the universal increase of witches in New England; men, women, and children, devoting themselves to the devil, so as to threaten the subversion of the government.—At the same time there was a conspiracy amongst the negroes in Barbadoes, to murder all their masters, discovered by overhearing a discourse of two of the slaves, and so preventing the execution of the design."

"[24th November, 1699.]—Such horrible robberies and murders were committed, as had not been known in this nation; atheism, profaneness, blasphemy, amongst all sorts, portended some judgment, if not amended; on which a society was set on foot, who obliged themselves to endeavour the reforming of it, in London and other places, and began to punish offenders, and put the laws in more strict execution: which God Almighty prosper!"

Notwithstanding his great age and growing infirmities, Evelyn continued to note down the events of his life, with the utmost care and exactness, to the last. He lived till the beginning of the year 1706, and in the latest entry but one which the Diary contains, his cheerful piety shines forth with undiminished lustre.

"1705-6, 1st January.—Making up my accounts for the past year, paid bills, wages, and new-year's gifts, according to custom. Though much indisposed, and in so advanced a stage, I went to our chapel [in Lon-

don] to give God public thanks, beseeching Almighty God to assist me and my family the ensuing year, if He should yet continue my pilgrimage here, and bring me at last to a better life with Him in His heavenly kingdom. Divers of our friends and relations dined with us this day."

On the 27th of February, Mr. Evelyn died, and was buried at Wotton.

We have not in the course of the present narrative noticed the public employments to which Evelyn was promoted, nor alluded to his various literary performances. But, very recently, a posthumous publication has proceeded from the press, which is deserving of something more than a common notice, and which we regret we have not space at present to review.¹ It is enough to say, that in the work alluded to, Evelyn has defended by eloquent and perspicuous argument the faith that was so admirably illustrated by the practice of his life. We should also add, that the philosopher of Wotton was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and enriched its transactions by many valuable contributions. In the present paper, we are fully aware that we have presented nothing that can be called *new* to a large portion of our readers; but, notwithstanding the familiar nature of its subject-matter, we are not without hope that it may be perused with some interest, or at least regarded with indulgence, as a well-meant homage to the memory of a true Englishman and sincere patriot.

ITALY.

A CHAPTER ON RELICS.

BY S. LEY WOLMER.

Wonders will never cease, and just now that the English world is in a state of excitement at the new cardinal-archbishop seat of the power which aims at such gigantic supremacy, it is quite *à propos* to take a glance at some of the curious things which are especially associated with the land of the claimed "centre of unity."

These pages are not, however, the place to discuss whether the glorious revelations of Christianity may not be shrouded by too much of outward forms, and pomp, and earthly doctrine. The calm majesty, and the true magnificence of a spiritual worship may only be clouded by union with mysterious adjuncts of human invention,—and the gorgeous display which affects the senses, does not necessarily elevate the affections heavenward, or purify the heart. But who that knows or feels anything of the classic, or the influence of the beautiful, can remember Italy without thoughts of the precious dowry it has received through ages, and the treasures it yet retains? The associations of the past in connexion with its arts, arms, eloquence, and history, throw an indescribable charm

(1) "The True Religion. By John Evelyn. Now first published, by permission of W. J. Evelyn, Esq. M.P., from the original manuscript in the library at Wotton. Edited, with notes, by the Rev. R. M. Evansen." 2 vols. 1850.

over the land, which, though its ancient glories are past, nature delights to brighten still by her changeless smile.

Italy, and *Rome in Italy!* What pictured remembrances are awakened, as my mind reverts to the scenes of the worship and the wonders of thy church! The pagan temples have either mouldered to ruins, or been adapted for Christian service. Old monasteries and convents now crown the heights, or stand in "lands of valleys and streams," their positions chosen with singular good taste and foresight by their ancient founders. Let me still walk in imagination within the cloisters, where monks meditate on the follies and the sorrows of a world they affect to despise, amid traceried pillars, lovely landscapes, and surrounded by invitations to indolent repose. And then what glorious churches there are in the land, with St. Peter's the monarch of them all! Think of the stately domes, the cathedrals, the baptisteries, and the campaniles or bell towers. Why have we not in England one as beautiful as that of Florence? An emperor of taste once said, that although so grand, it was worthy also from its beauty of being kept under a glass case. How sumptuous are the altars glittering with gems, and covered with silver and gold:—what crowds of priests of all grades, and adorned with all manner of vestments, pass before my mental vision—mitred men, and crosiered abbots, and monks with missals, breviaries, and rosaries; and then I see the swinging of the incense vessels by youths in white garments, and feel the air heavy with odour of frankincense and myrrh. How the light of heaven falls in coloured rays through the richly-stained windows, lighting up altars and monuments and pictures with hues of rainbow beauty. And then there are the shrines with the images of saints, with lights burning before them, and surrounded by votive offerings and pictures of all varieties of shape and subject. Think of the banners and crucifixes, and the processions, and the hundreds of lights burning before the great altar, and the solitary lamp placed within a darkened cell, just to discover and render more forcible the view of the skeleton which is seen dimly underneath.

Shall we try to visit the nuns? No; "Clausura"—shut up—appears on all around, and forbids our progress, but still we can fancy them white-robed, with pensive eyes looking towards heaven from chapels at midnight, when the moon-beams are casting pale light over the marble monuments. What remembered sounds, too, steal back over the mental ear, "like sweet thoughts in a dream,"—the pealing anthem when the full chorus swells, which sounds like a host of rejoicing voices, and then dies away in long-subsiding sounds amidst the aisles! Hark! too, there is the evening bell for vespers from the convent; the sound is coming faintly over some still lake as the sun is setting, and the evening star is discovered just appearing in the clear sky.

But enough—such dreams of the past must cease. Let us awaken to the every-day world—to facts and realities. Italy, fair as it is, beautiful in natural productions, and glorious in the triumphs of art, possesses wealth of another description, more profusely

than all the other countries of Europe together. *It is the land, par excellence, of saintly and singular relics.*

You may find there not the names only, but what is stated to be some actual personal portion of nearly all the saints in the calendar; and not only the churches, but many of the museums boast the possession of objects connected with the deep interests of early Christianity.

Those who have not the faith of the Romish Church, might have feared that some of these precious things would have been lost amidst the uncertainty of the first centuries of the Christian Church, or in the lapse of after ages; but that Church seems to claim a guardianship of relics quite amazing, and that nothing shall be wanted to embellish the land, even angels we are there informed have been called in to do it service, and bring from the very ruins of Nazareth the house of the blessed Virgin herself. This house of our Lady is now at Loretto, and contains a miraculous image of the Virgin, who is represented as quite dark in colour, and is covered with jewels. A large ecclesiastical establishment acts as a kind of body-guard to the treasure.

During a long residence in Italy, I had the opportunity of visiting the most celebrated shrines, and inspecting the most famous of the relics. In offering some reminiscences, I must be permitted to narrate things according to the popular belief in Italy, not as stating my own. I wish to be considered as not referring to religious associations; the facts may be left to the judgment of those who read them.

My attention to relics was first attracted by an announcement in an Italian town, that one of the bones of St. Augustine, which had been dismembered from his skeleton, was to be conveyed to Algeria by some priests, who had been deputed to receive the precious relic—(I believe it was part of the shoulder-blade bone,) and to convey it, as they afterwards did, in a kind of ambassadorial procession, to its destination. In passing through various cities, the relic was duly greeted, or venerated as it is termed by the clergy and people, and services made in honour of the occasion. The bone arrived in Africa, and no doubt will add in due time its proportion of works of wonder.

I shall follow no regular traveller's route in a relic-describing excursion, but pass from one place of interest to another with a greater speed than if there were railway communications between them, which by the way have as yet received very little patronage in the papal dominions.

Our first visit shall be to the cathedral of *Savona*. Savona is one of the large cities of the Riviera, a term given to the sea coast of the Mediterranean, between Genoa and the French frontier.

It was late in the evening preceding a Good Friday, when I entered the cathedral, and extensive preparations had been made for the celebration of some grand services on the next day.

Near the principal altar a place was decorated as a kind of stage, on which were to be represented on the morrow, the scourging, the crucifixion, and the sepul-

ture of our Saviour! On the Easter Sunday following, the resurrection was to be scenically exhibited, and ~~emblems of sadness~~ were to be changed for festoons of flowers and ornaments of silver and gold, amidst which figures of cherubim were to descend, whilst a thousand lights blazed around them.

The evening closed in whilst I looked over the cathedral, and the lamps burning before several of the altars only shed sufficient light to half discover the ranges of large massive pillars and vaulted roofs of the buildings; but the courtesy of one of the officiating priests, on ascertaining that I was a stranger, enabled me to view objects of interest in the interior of the building, under circumstances calculated to make a more than ordinary impression.

I shall pass over the pictures, and the marbles, and the decorated carvings—there are relics of higher fame. Amidst the “darkness visible,” and with all the associations of night in a cathedral, I and my ghostly guide proceeded from altar to altar.

At one part, he drew aside a silken curtain, and there, within a glass case, the light from the monk's taper fell on a skeleton lying at full length.

It was no little privilege, I was assured, to look on such blessed bones, for they had formerly belonged to Octavianus Benedictus, (I had never heard his name before,) who was both a saint and a martyr some seven hundred years ago. I was glad when the curtain was redrawn. But there was another glass case, and on the curtain being drawn back, there lay a Pope, the grinning head looking out from beneath a triple-crowned tiara, and the fleshless bones adorned with sacerdotal robes—it was all that remained of a Sixtus.

I attended at Savona the rehearsal of some music, which was to accompany a curious image procession, to take place on the Good Friday. The inhabitants of Savona are distinguished for exhibitions of this sort; a former worthy citizen of the place, who had great skill in the art of wood carving, has secured both his own and their fame, by first carving, and then bequeathing to the town, quite an acting company of large life-like figures, by which some of the awful scenes of the passion week might be scenically represented.

A public announcement stated that the authorities of the town, with the various Fraternities and Societies, would accompany these figures in procession to the Cathedral, and that solemn music would be performed during the service; and the inhabitants of Savona were called upon with their accustomed devotedness to do all honour to such an august and interesting ceremony. The large hall, in which the rehearsal took place, was filled with dilettanti, and with visitors; there also were the wooden figures, about thirteen of them, large as life; vivid and graphic in their expression, and clothed in various coloured costumes.

They were in different parts, either standing as solitary figures, or in groups; and as the company moved about, they seemed to mingle with the scene.

There, stands with turbaned head, solemnly scowling on all around, Caiaphas, the High-priest, unaccountably finding himself jostled in the midst of a Savonese musical party. And he, with malignant eye and dark brow, looking like the personification of evil, is Judas, to whose loathed form those fair and innocent youthful living faces, who stand beside him, form such a contrast. There—is the beloved disciple, John; his anxious, yet benignant face, seems to breathe affection. One wishes that those “lips had language.” He stands, as in life, near his Master; but that Master's sacred form, with its deep expression of untold sorrow, and bearing, as he does, that heavy, heavy cross, is no fit subject for such a place, or any comment upon it here.

Close to a stately, yet sorrowful female form, representing the Virgin Mary, is one of the bright-eyed damsels of Savona, who looks at her with an expression so earnest, that one may almost be sure that an “Ave Maria” is passing from her mind if not from her lips. And there—is the Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of John, and Herod, and the Jewish citizens, all looking as if alive again; and to-morrow, the whole wooden society, like so many deputies from Jerusalem itself, will be taken in procession to visit the Cathedral of Savona.

As a contrast, both to the relics and to the figures, let us look in for a moment at the Church of Saint Giacomo, not far from the Cathedral.

The tomb of Chiabrera, a celebrated Italian poet of the seventeenth century is there, and may furnish us with the text for a sermon, as profitable as from the relics themselves. The following striking and beautiful epitaph is on the monument, and is said to have been written by himself:—

“Amico, lo vivendo, cercava conforto
Sul Monte Parnasso,
Tu, meglio consigliato, cercatelo—
Sul Monte Calvario.”

Which may thus be put into an English form:—

“On Mount Parnassus' height I thought
Life's happiness to be;
But seek it thou—more wisely taught—
Upon Mount Calvary.”

Amongst the wonderful things of Naples is a large wooden image, representing the Crucifixion, which is kept with such reverence as to be exhibited but on one day in the year—the day after Christmas. On that day I followed the multitude who were hastening to the church of Santa Maria del Carmine.

The interior was gaily fitted up for a grand spectacle: the pillars were covered with scarlet cloth, and the altars shone with tinsel and artificial flowers. All the peasant population of Naples, in their varied and picturesque costume, seemed either in the church or its neighbourhood.

The ceremony, I imagined, from such an assemblage, was principally for the lower classes; but a kind of make-way movement, communicating itself all around, attracted my attention to the entry of another set of visitors. These were the senators of the city, in their

antique velvet mantles and doublets, wearing apologies for wigs, in the shape of some dangling artificial ringlets adorning their cheeks; then came the magistrates in their robes; others with point-lace bands and swords; and a train of judges and counsellors, with square black hats, looking for all the world like so many inquisitors. The official phalanx proceeded to a raised platform prepared at the head of the church, took the seats appointed to their several dignities, and looked on with all due gravity; whilst the crowd before waited in open-mouthed suspense.

All eyes were now directed to an elevated balcony, built at a considerable height in the church, in front of the great altar. A large curtain hid the middle part from view. A ringing of bells in all parts of the church, seeming to vie with each other in the noise they made, called the attention to something about to take place. Numerous priests moved rapidly about, tapers were lighted, and music burst forth; and then some of the ecclesiastics ascended the balcony, and the curtains gradually were drawn aside. The whole congregation were in a moment on their knees, and the sound of artillery from without announced the event of the exposure of the miraculous crucifix.

It was a large cross of black wood, with a black figure on it, intended, of course, for the Saviour. The head was bent down, and a bunch of hair hung on the side.

No one of whom I inquired could give me any precise detail as to the origin of this figure. Exclamation after exclamation, however, assured me it was *antichissimo*, *fumosissimo*, and *miracolocissimo*, (most ancient, most famous, and most miraculous;) and no doubt it would be so indeed, if half that is told of it were true. You are assured that the hair on it not only grows, but increases sometimes to profusion, so as to require cutting; and in this the figure might claim sympathy with the relics of St. Pellegrino himself, which are preserved in another place I have visited, and whose beard now and then needs to be shaved. On this fête-day, if necessary, the hair-cutting was to be performed; and the precious relics taken off, no doubt, would possess some extraordinary powers.

The growth of the hair, however, is not surprising on a head gifted with sufficient sagacity to save itself from a cannon-shot blow. Although the head is now inclined on one side, it was not always so: this useful member was originally much more erect, and remained so until a siege of Naples, in the year 1439, when a cannon-ball, dashing through the church, came in the direct line of the head, which gently bent and turned aside, to allow the shot to pass. The missile rested imbedded in the wall, and the head, in sign of the miracle, never resumed its original position. The shot is now suspended in the church, (and a very formidable ball it is,) with a long explanatory account of all the circumstances appended near it.

At the close of the ceremony, the authorities present were formally presented with a print representing the crucifix, and a short account of the miracle; and, for the benefit of the general visitors, numerous vendors of medals and small pictures, with similar representa-

tions, were both inside and outside the church, busy pursuing their vocations; and amongst the most active sellers, I observed one of the monks of the convent.

The municipal officers all paid their respects to the crucifix, which they kissed, and many of the male part of the populace followed their example: female feet are not allowed to pass the convent entrance.

The exterior of the church presented a strange contrast to the interior. Vendors of bonbons, trinkets, rosaries, beads, crucifixes, cakes, and juvenile bijoux, had established their moveable warehouses all around; and an assortment of plaster or wooden figures, principally of a ludicrous character, amongst which were several Punchinellos, also offered their attractions to the crowd.

I waited until the departure of the solemn-looking civic procession, and as it passed, in company with the numerous ecclesiastics and monkish orders, from the church to the portals without, I felt that the whole scene not only offered interest for a tale, but, if rightly considered, would "point a moral" also.

Who has not heard of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples? It is so often repeated, now-a-days, that it almost ceases to be a miracle.

St. Januarius is the patron saint of the Neapolitans, and appears to have high claims to their confidence, having, on several occasions, as inscriptions record of him, by his active intercession, either prevented the eruptions of Vesuvius, or stopped them when they have commenced; and to show the continued watch he keeps, a large statue of bronze is erected, in which the worthy saint is represented, looking towards the burning mountain, in readiness to interfere on the first appearance of danger.

St. Januarius, it appears by the legends, was a Christian bishop, who, after various attempts to martyrize him ineffectually made by the pagans, ultimately suffered by decapitation, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian.

On one occasion, he was thrown, with several of his companions, into a burning furnace. However, they all escaped without injury. Another time, the wild beasts to whom he was thrown fell at his feet, like so many lambs, and the Roman prefect by whom he was condemned was struck blind. But Januarius soon restored his sight; a favour which the ungrateful governor repaid by again ordering him to be executed.

There was an old man of Puteolana, where the martyrdom took place, who so much admired the saint that he begged to have a morsel of his garment; upon which Januarius promised that, after his execution, he would give him some remembrance. Accordingly, immediately after the decapitation, he appeared to the old man, presenting him, as a relic, the cloth with which his eyes had just been bound, and which was saturated with his blood. On the return of the persons from the execution, the bandage was exhibited to the authorities, to their utter confusion and astonishment. The cathedral of Naples, amongst its treasures, claims to have some of the blood of St. Januarius:

perhaps this legend may explain something as to the source from whence it was obtained.

One of the chapels of the cathedral is called the Treasury of St. Januarius; and few saints can claim such riches as have been offered at his shrine. The chapel itself, a beautiful piece of architecture, is adorned with paintings of the great masters, and illustrative frescoes, and in different niches around are upwards of thirty large life-size busts of various holy characters, all in silver or silver-gilt, and some of them adorned with precious stones and gems; they form quite a court around the representation of the saint himself. Within the altar are guarded the precious relics of the blood, produced only on grand days and miracle-working occasions. One of these occurred whilst I was at Naples.

Picture the cathedral full of an animated population of Neapolitans, all in expectation, yet all certain that the miracle would be performed. The saint is called upon several fixed times in the year, besides on extra occasions, when his aid is considered necessary. The whole row of the saintly busts are carried in procession, as on a kind of visiting excursion, and placed in due order, perhaps in due precedence, before the high altar, with a wax light burning before each of them. They form a row of silent representative spectators, in silver. But the priests approach, with the sacred cup or ampulla. It is fastened by a silver chain round the neck of an ecclesiastic in full pontificals. The vessel is of silver, and is in form not unlike a small reflecting carriage-lamp, with a long handle below, two round glasses forming the case. Figures of cherubim supporting a crown and a crucifix are above. Within the glasses are two small bottles of unequal dimensions, fixed by a kind of cement at each end. Within one of the bottles is a quantity of red-coloured material, which is evidently not in a liquid state. In the smaller bottle are some stains on the glass, of a dark brown colour.

The Church service is chanted; the prayers are said; the music is pealing through the cathedral; the miracle is performing, for the silver vessel held in the hands of the priest is passing from lip to lip of the thousands who throng to the altar, and kisses, fast as they can be bestowed, are falling upon the consecrated glasses. The mass within is losing its consistency,—it flows from the side:—the miracle is performed. The priests with conscious pride return their thanks to the saint, hold up the ampulla, turn it from side to side, and the admiring crowd view the flowing liquid, and Januarius has gained a new triumph by still showing his affection to the people of Naples. Priests remain during the greater part of the day at the altar, to expose the completed wonder to the veneration of all who may come.

I entered within the rails of the altar to examine, if possible, the relic vessel more closely. As I passed in, the small gates were closed upon me, and I found a ceremonial was to take place before my inspection of the wonder.

One of the officiating priests observing that a stranger was desirous of witnessing the miracle, at once accosted me, and then mentioned the request to the bishop-looking ecclesiastic, who guarded the vase. He rose, put on a sacerdotal garment, and going before the altar, made a genuflection and a prayer, and then taking the vessel, put the chain which held it over his neck, and approaching me, turned the case upside down, and side-ways several times, so that I might be fully satisfied of the contents being liquid. I of course had nothing to say on the subject.

The priest inquired if I was desirous of venerating the relic by kissing it; my manner, however, showing him that I had no such intention, he made a courteous salutation, no doubt secretly pitying one who could have so little reverence for antiquity and St. Januarius.

There are occasions, I was informed, on which St. Januarius is not particularly complaisant, and either will not perform the miracle at all, or takes too much time about it. It seems a pity to state it, but truth must be told. The people become at such times also disagreeable, and actually begin to abuse the saint, call him names, and altogether have been known to act in a very disrespectful way. But we will make no disclosures which may discredit the saint or the lively people who have chosen him as their patron. So let us change the scene; it would be a pity to leave such a prolific neighbourhood without ascertaining the real size of the Virgin Mary's foot. Let us step into the church of *Saint Gennaro dei Poveri*, (Saint Januarius, patron of the poor.)

There—is the traced outline of the size of the foot of the Virgin against the wall, and if the visitor has any faith in the indulgences granted by popes, he may kiss it if he pleases, and for the "greater glory," as it is expressed, "of the Queen of Heaven," he is privileged also to take a copy of the foot, which by the same authority is blessed with communicative virtues like the original. But here is the announcement itself annexed to the drawing.

"Giusta misura del Piede, della Beatissima Vergine, Madre de Dio, cavata dalla sua vera scarpa chi si conserva, con somma devozione in un monasterio de Spagna.

"Il Papa Giovanni XXII. concesse 300 anni d' indulgenze a che dirà le sue preghiere e bacerà il piede. È permesso per maggior gloria della Regina del Cielo di trarre da questa misura, altre simili, le quali avranno tutte le medesime Indulgenze."

The foot of the Virgin is certainly small enough. Not more than a full span in length, narrow, but a little square-toed.

Naples still further abounds with wonderful things, for, in the Convent Church of San Domenico Maggiore —(Saint Dominic the Greater)—is a celebrated picture

(1) "Exact measure of the foot of the most blessed Virgin, the mother of God, taken from her true shoe, which is preserved with the greatest devotion in a monastery in Spain

"The Pope John the XXII. grants three hundred years of indulgence to whosoever shall say his prayers, and shall kiss the foot.

"It is permitted for the greater glory of the queen of Heaven to draw or take likenesses of this measure, which shall be entitled to the same indulgences."

of the crucifixion; and on one occasion it is asserted that the pictured Saviour audibly and orally approved of the writings of Thomas Aquinas, the angelical doctor. In company with one of the monks of the Order, I visited the chapel. He bent his knee as he entered; the curtain which veiled the picture over the altar was withdrawn, and several wax tapers were lighted, and the custode, or guardian of the church, held one before the picture that I might more carefully examine the figures. I could only discern what was evidently a very old picture, representing the Saviour on the cross, and two figures kneeling beside it. Ornaments of gilt or gold were about the heads; the picture itself and the figures appeared of such obscure colours as to be almost black, and scarcely discernible.

Underneath the altar is a bust of St. Thomas, looking upwards to a small crucifix with the figure of the Saviour on it; from whose mouth proceeds a representation of words:—

"Bene scripsisti di me, Thome:—"

"You have written well of me, Thomas."

The monk informed me that it was an undoubted verity; St. Thomas was at prayer before the crucifixion when these words were pronounced; and, in addition, the question was proposed to him, "*Quam mercedem accipies?*"—"What reward will you receive?" St. Thomas replied, and his answer may well be admired, whether or not we believe the legend, "*Non aliam nisi te, Domine!*"—"I will receive nothing but thyself, O Lord."

In the church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, on the celebration of a feast-day in honour of St. Vincenzo di Ferrara, his saintly virtues afforded the Dominican preachers a subject for extended eulogy. The miracles stated to have been performed by the saint were numerous and surprising,—so much so as to make Vincenzo, according to the preachers' account, one of the patrons, most worthy to be selected and trusted by the excellent people of Florence,—to whom the monk appealed if they ever had sought assistance from the saint in vain. After the service I observed numbers of the people visiting and kissing a shrine which appeared to be appropriated to St. Vincenzo. In a glass case covered with silver ornaments, was the precious relic of the very walking-stick, or *baculus*, of the worthy man himself—and a very old-fashioned and shillelagh-like looking twig it was. Its antiquity, however, was unquestionable, for the worms had long ago commenced the destruction of it. Some women rubbed their rosaries against the outside of the case, no doubt to imbibe some virtue from the contact. Underneath the relic I observed a little hole, into which votive offerings of money were constantly made by the faithful.

In one of the chapels in the cathedral of St. Syriacus, at Ancona, is the celebrated picture of the Virgin, which is said to have opened its eyes repeatedly at the time of the French dominion in Italy. The invaders, it is stated, were not very particular in their gallantry to the images of the saints; depriving them

of their ornaments with singular inattention to their good looks, or, possibly, thinking they were just as well without such worldly adornments. However this may be, it appears that the picture of the Virgin to which we are now alluding escaped the desecration. Napoleon himself, or one of his generals, was desirous of taking from this picture the splendid jewels with which it was adorned. The order was ruthlessly given in the presence of the picture; when the pictured virgin, opening her eyes—until then downcast in deep modesty—looked touchingly, or fiercely,—I did not hear which—at the captors. The victor was conquered—the jewels were left untouched—and the eyes re-closed. ;

The expression of the face of this painting is beautiful. It is a master-piece of Sassoferrata, whose Madonnas are all beautiful. As I gazed on this lovely face, I tried to imagine what it must have been when life was given to the eyes. It is a pity they must remain cast down and closed as they now are, until some other great event, or another Napoleon awake them from their beautiful repose. A crown of gold is on the Virgin's head, and a bouquet of flowers made of glittering jewels lies on the bosom. I asked the sacristan if any well-attested memorial had been preserved of such a prodigy. "Did it really open its eyes?" I incredulously demanded. "Not once or twice," he replied, "but frequently, during the course of some weeks, in which numbers of persons saw it;" and a record, he assured me, had been kept of the event, and was then still preserved in the archives of the cathedral. I did not, however, see the document, and had I done so, all the assurance it contained would not have convinced me of its having been a miracle, although I might have been convinced of it as a fact; and the means of its accomplishment, I think, could have been shown—one has seen in other places and in other images closed eyes unexpectedly and prettily opened.

Let us pass on to Rome—the Eternal City. It is the very treasury of relics. Shall we enter the catacombs, those vast store-houses from which all Christendom has been supplied with saints' bones for centuries, and which are ready, like inexhaustible mines, to pour forth further treasures whenever required? Shall we spend our days in the Vatican, or at St. Peter's? Shall we visit the Tre Fontane, (the Three Fountains) which sprung up successively as the decapitated head of the blessed apostle St. Paul bounded and rebounded as it fell from the blow of the executioner? Shall we not look within the silver case which contains part of his very skull? or enter the prison where the rude gaoler, in forcing St. Peter himself into the inner dungeon, threw him with such violence against the stone wall, that to leave a record of such indignity, the marble itself became soft, and retains the impression of the apostle's head, for the indignation and advantage of all time? Shall we watch the multitudes ascending the Santa Scala (the Holy Staircase) on a fête-day, on their knees, each believing—or seeming to believe—he is passing over the very steps where, more than 1800 years ago, the



Henry - near top of list of the "Bacteria of the Tropics"

blessed feet of the Saviour passed to Herod's judgment hall! or shall we visit first the church of St. Paul—or the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli—or La Santa Croce en Gerusalemme—each fraught with relics for a kingdom—or which other of the beckoning treasure-houses shall we first explore?

The choice demands a pause!

QUEEN MARY AT LANGSIDE.

IN this engraving, the artist has brought before us the Queen of Scots as, surrounded by her train, she watches with intense anxiety the issue of that battle on which her fate depended—which proved, indeed, the fatal turning point of her wavering fortunes. The circumstances of the battle are generally known. Mary was advancing from Hamilton in order to seize Dumbarton, when interrupted on her course at the village of Langside, about a mile and a half from Glasgow, by the Regent Murray, who succeeded in utterly routing her forces. As soon as the unhappy queen beheld their defeat, she fled from the disastrous field, and never halted until she had gained the shelter of Dunsinnan Abbey, on the Solway—a distance of sixty miles. Thence she crossed into England, never again to return to the country over which her reign had been so brief and troublous.

During a recent visit to Glasgow, we took the opportunity of walking over to view the field of battle, in the company of two American gentlemen who had but recently landed, and were deeply interested in the events of a history common to us all. On reaching the little village, which stands on a long ridge of hill, we looked around us for a cicerone—nor had we long to seek. The Scottish peasantry, generally more intelligent than those of the south, are fond of historical and legendary lore; and thus it happened that the very first person we accosted, who was no other than the village blacksmith, plying his craft on the open street, immediately laid down his hammer and accompanied us to a spot where the whole scene lay outstretched before us. With the utmost accuracy he then explained every point connected with the battle, and then directed us to the Castle of Cathcart, whence Mary is traditionally said to have watched the defeat of her troops. It is said that many persons are better acquainted with the prominent scenes of English history from the dramas of Shakspeare than the folios of Hume; the same remark applies to that of Scotland as brought before us in the novels of Sir Walter. Many a reader of "The Abbot," or "The Monastery," is no doubt familiar with the graphic account of this engagement, in which, however, there is an inaccuracy, afterwards corrected by Scott in the notes, namely, that Queen Mary took her stand at the Castle of Crookstone, and not at that of Cathcart, as he afterwards admitted must have been the case. Crossing the scene of the battle from the hill of Langside to the opposite elevation, we stood beneath the venerable tower of Cathcart, almost shrouded from

sight by a thick plantation of trees. It stands upon a bold terrace, which, before the existence of this obstruction, commanded a complete view of the scene of the encounter. On the right were the rising grounds over which the queen's army was advancing, the valley at its foot, and, on the other side, the ridge which was occupied by the forces of Murray, and to carry which all the efforts of the queen's troops proved to be ineffectual. We stood probably within a stone's throw of the very spot where once stood the unhappy queen, as she beheld the encounter as it rolled on to the heights of Langside, where the struggle was long and obstinate—gazing with fearful intensity upon the smoke and turmoil of the field—hope and fear alternating by turns in her breast, until her forces were seen in full retreat, and the fugitives, galloping madly from the scene of defeat, confirmed the fatal intelligence.

The old tower of Cathcart that once looked down upon this scene, and perhaps witnessed within its walls the agony of the defeated queen, is now roofless and floorless—rent and cracked with time, and half-shrouded in a mantle of ivy. While on one side it commands the rolling ground which forms the battle field, on the other it impends over a deep and romantic glen. Glasgow is seen in the distance, with its forest of churches and chimneys; and it is a matter of surprise that, in the immediate vicinity of a great manufacturing city, the scene of a battle, which happened two hundred years ago, should be so little changed.

MY FIRST TROUBLE.

BY J. M. W.

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose.
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

SCOTT.

THAT is a very easy way of settling the matter; and it sounds well, too, in such pretty poetry; but I sometimes think we, grown people, are apt to under-rate the sorrows of a childish heart. I question whether we did not all experience some troubles before our tenth year, which caused us more acute agony—more deadly terror—more sickly heart-chill—than any we have experienced since. In some children there is a refinement of feeling, a delicacy of perception, which is a constant source of pain to them. It is impulsive, intuitive; and as reason is not yet developed in the little creatures, and does not, therefore, act as a controlling power over their feelings, they suffer more than it is possible for a reasonable person to conceive. A child's grief may seem a trifling thing to an adult; but to the child's heart it is terrible, overwhelming, and blackens the whole universe. Look at a sensitive child's countenance when it is disturbed by pain, or pity, or indignation, or sympathy with the sorrow of its parents. Can anything in nature be more affecting? If your heart be not moved when

you see a little child unhappy,—(I do not mean cross, or in pain from cutting its finger; but suffering mentally, and unselfishly.)—why, the sooner you get your heart softened, the better. You may stand a chance of figuring as the hero of a story I once heard. A little girl came running home to her parents in great alarm.

“What is the matter, my dear?” asked the father.

“Oh! papa, papa! I have just seen King Herod!”

“King Herod, my dear?” asked the astonished parent. “What made you think it was King Herod?”

“Oh! because he looked as if he could kill little children!”

It has been said before—but it will bear repeating—grown people are not *respectful enough* to children. They do not pay sufficient respect to their individual tastes, characters, and feelings. They speak of them in a heap—in a mass—as “*the children*,” just as some folks say always, “*the herd*,” “*the poor*.” Of course, the terms are perfectly correct, proper, and indispensable, sometimes; but still, we should do well to remember that *the poor* and *the children* have each a distinct, and God-created, immortal individuality; and that each individual is as precious to himself and to his Maker, as you or I, or Cæsar or Napoleon. Perhaps, in this fact of the deficiency of respect in the conduct of adults to children, may be found part of the cause of that lamentable evil of our age,—the want of reverence in children and young persons—ay, and of mature persons, too—for all things but wealth, and power, and show, and renown. If we wish children to revere high things—things simple, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example. Above all, let us teach them (by example) to respect, as much as possible, the feelings and tastes of all persons who are brought into contact with them.

I was talking in this strain the other day to an old gentleman. He was a native of Yorkshire; a simple-hearted, intelligent, shrewd, country gentleman, who knew little of the world beyond his own immediate neighbourhood. But, though he had scarcely ever been out of Yorkshire, he had learned more, and *lived* more than many a man who has travelled half over the world. He was full of memories and thoughts, stored and worked out within his mind, in the course of sixty years; and his conversation was original, racy, and full of anecdotes concerning person and places with which he was well acquainted. He knew nothing at second-hand. He listened to my talk about the importance of paying respect to children, and the falseness of the doctrine that children do not know what real trouble—real suffering—real, intense grief are, and when I concluded he said,—

“Well now, that’s a doctrine of the modern school which I like to hear. I mind my childhood well; and the time when I was a boy, the time when I was a young man, the time when I was of middle age, and, I know how I feel *now*. I’ve had my share of this world’s good and ill, and the ill, as you know, was not dealt to me sparingly; my trials and struggles

in life have been tough ones; and yet, I believe that some sorrows of my childhood affected me more keenly than anything in after life. The intensity of the pain endured makes me close my eyes and shrink even now; and yet, when I think of the actual causes of such pain, I cannot help laughing, they seem to me, now, so ridiculous, so ludicrously inadequate to the effect they produced at the time. This makes me think how very absurd we shall deem the causes of our present sorrow when we are grown a little older, when we have grown into immortality. Then may we say, In that earthly existence ‘I felt as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child,’ but now ‘I have put away childish things.’ Even then, though we may despise the cause of the grief, I think we cannot (if we retain personal identity) despise the grief itself; grief becomes part and parcel of ourselves; it becomes assimilated with our being, and when we remember it, it is too sacred to be despised or laughed at.

“Now we are on this subject, I will tell you what, as well as I can remember, was *my first trouble*; what was the trifle that threw my young soul into an agony of grief, and pity, and terrible compunction for the wrong-doing of one near and dear to me. But before I do so, it will be necessary to add another sketch to the picture gallery I have already furnished you with, of the queer, old-world folks, who flourished in my native place before you were born. This personage is no less than the school-mistress. I do not mean the *Dame* of the village school, who taught in the manner of Shenstone’s heroine, the urchins of the lower classes. No, Miss (or, as she chose to be called, Mistress) Garth was of gentle birth herself, and taught none but children of gentle birth. In our immediate neighbourhood there were many such; for it was composed mainly of the families of small gentry; people who had small estates, and farmed them themselves. Such a thing as a governess at home was never thought of among them; sending the children to a boarding-school in, or near London, was never heard of; indeed, I am not sure that boarding-schools existed in those days. It was the custom for all the respectable families in the vicinity, *i.e.* within two miles of Carrfell Church, to send their children to be taught by Mistress Garth. Boys and girls both went to her, and were taught together. The boys remained generally under her tuition till they were ten years old, when they were transferred to the teaching of Mr. Crabbe, the clergyman, who kept a select school. The girls remained under the tuition of Mistress Garth till they were fourteen, when they were supposed to have learned all that was necessary to be known by a country young lady. Playing on the harpsichord, working pictures in embroidery, and suchlike worldly vanities and snares of Satan for the female soul, were looked upon with horror by Mistress Garth. She had once known a young lady who had acquired these accomplishments, together with the art of speaking and reading French; and they had been the ruin of her. She afterwards scorned the

superintendence of the dairy, the still-room, the laundry, and the kitchen; she wasted several hours a day in unprofitable reading, and in playing tunes and working pictures out of the Bible, in profane silks and coloured cruels, and never could be brought to a right conception of the duty of a country gentlewoman. This young lady had married in opposition to the will of her parents; had lost her husband within two years, and was left a widow, with a child. This extraordinary fate was considered as a special judgment of Providence upon the young lady, for her impious, new-fangled education; and she was always held up as a frightful example by Mistress Garth, when any adventurous parent asked her advice as to the propriety of sending Miss Dorothy or Miss Kitty to her aunt in York, or cousin in Durham, that she might take lessons on the harpsichord from a greatly famous master. But in justice to Mistress Garth, let me hasten to say that she was not actuated in her conduct solely by motives of self-interest. She honestly believed that modern accomplishments for young ladies were extremely dangerous. She thought that what was education enough for herself and their own mothers was education enough for them. If they loved music, they could sing Psalms and old ballads, which she would teach them; if they loved needlework, they could make a hundred useful things instead of wasting time and money upon a badly embroidered picture of 'Moses in the bulrushes' or 'Jephtha and his daughter,' to say nothing of the impiety of working, 'Christ and the doctors' and 'the Crucifixion,' in silk and worsted.

"Later in her life, when a London-bred damsel displayed to Mistress Garth with mute satisfaction a picture of 'Charlotte at the tomb of Werther,' and explained to her that it was taken from a German novel which was 'all the rage' in London; and added a vivid, an enthusiastic account of what the novel was all about, nothing could exceed her astonishment, except her indignation that his Majesty King George the Third and the virtuous Queen Charlotte could sit on their thrones in the Court of London, and suffer such things to go on beneath their very noses. She rose, and ordering her scarlet-hooded cloak, and the boy who carried her lantern, she grasped her gold-headed cane, and with a stately leave-taking, retired from that tea-party, an hour before her usual time for returning home. She would not expose herself to the contaminating effect of the society of that London lady. 'Why, the wretched girl seems to see no harm in anything! She does not know the distinction between good and bad!' the angry old lady said to me, as I followed and respectfully tendered my arm for her support to her own door. 'What will become of this nation, if the next generation grow up like that girl?' I was silent, for I admired the girl. She became my wife; and Mistress Garth never got over my marriage. I was a favourite with her; and she dreaded lest my poor Grace should lead me into the broad path. All Grace's winning ways and endeavours to sooth and

convert the old lady from her evil opinion were unavailing. She always pitied me for having married such a woman.

"I say I was a favourite with Mistress Garth; and that reminds me of what I was going to tell you; the little circumstance which caused my first trouble. I was sent to school daily, when I was three years and a-half old. From the first I took a liking—a liking, tempered with awe and terror—to Mistress Garth. She was an extraordinary person in appearance. How shall I describe her? She was more than six feet in height, well-proportioned,

'Erect, sedate, slow, solemn and serene.'

No one ever saw her stoop, or bend; except in church. When she walked, her demeanour was very imposing. Her old-fashioned dress added to its effect. Her gown was of dark brown brocade, (or, on week-days, of stuff,) made with a short train, often tucked up, so as to display the quilted petticoat beneath. A white muslin handkerchief, of many folds, was crossed over her bosom; round her neck was a massy gold chain, suspending a watch which might have come from Nuremberg in the beginning of the sixteenth century. This was fastened, conspicuously, at her girdle. Her head-dress was just such as you never see in these days. She wore her own grey hair combed over a high cushion, and powdered. The face beneath was none of the comeliest; she had large, hard features, with a severe and laughty expression, acquired, probably, by her constant occupation of ruling over rebels. As she sat in her great chair, at the head of the school-room, with her gown spread out carefully on either side, and her gold-headed cane lying on the table beside her, I used to fancy she was like a queen with a sceptre.

"During school-hours the rigid severity of her features never relaxed; but once or twice when they were over, and I was waiting for the servant to fetch me, she would allow me to approach—call to me softly—stroke my hair—look kindly into my face, and try to make me smile. She even allowed me once or twice to look at her huge watch, and from that time I began to love as well as to fear Mistress Garth. This pleased her; and I can remember many little acts of tenderness which I received from that cold, stately dame. I have learned since, that when she was young, (for she, too, was young once,) my father was supposed to have made an impression on her heart. He was a gay and handsome young man; she was plain, unattractive and penniless; when he married a beauty and an heiress, Mistress Garth set up a school in Carrfell. She had taught all my elder brothers and sisters in succession. I was the youngest but one.

"When I had been under her care for two years, or perhaps three—not more, for I was not quite seven years old at the time,—my youngest brother, Reginald, then five years of age, was sent to the school with me. Reginald had been taught to consider school as something unpleasant, and shrank from it accordingly. He was a delicate, excitable child; and I was pas-

sionately attached to him. I tried to persuade him that he would be, as I was, quite happy at school; that he would be glad to go every morning when he had got used to it. He had a great dread of Mistress Garth, whom he had seen, at a distance, in church; but into whose face he had never dared to look, lest she should catch him in the act. Her awful height, her unbending dignity, her terrible office of instructor and punisher, made her something fearful to think of. In vain I told him that I liked Mistress Garth. He was not reassured; and when the morning came for his first visit to the school-room, Reginald looked anything but happy. I told him how to behave on first entering the schoolmistress's presence; but he was a petted child, and was disposed to do only what he liked, and I trembled lest by his unruly behaviour my little brother should bring disgrace upon us both. We entered the room, and I made my bow, as usual. Reginald rejected my advice, and would not do so. He walked just as he would have done at home, and when I led him up to Mistress Garth, and said, 'This is Reginald, my little brother, ma'am,' he did not bow, as I told him to do, but stood staring up into her face, with the forefinger of one little hand resting on his ruddy lip. She smiled benignantly, and held out her hand to him. The child did not advance, but frowned hard, while he still stared at her. I was petrified at his conduct. 'Come to me, Master Reginald,' said the schoolmistress in a coaxing tone. To my horror, the little fellow shook his head, and showed decided signs of opposition. I tried to push him forward, and whispered into his ear an entreaty that he would 'be a good boy.' To the surprise of all, the schoolmistress, the surrounding children, and poor little me, Reginald burst into a loud roar of weeping. My heart was a prey to contending emotions. There was shame at the disgrace in the eyes of the whole school; fear of Mistress Garth's displeasure with my brother, and most of all, strong pity for him. That overcame every other feeling, and I threw my arms round his neck, to try to soothe him. In vain;—he wept loudly. The other children found their sympathies excited, and tried to quiet him. Mistress Garth herself tried to take him on her knee; but he kicked and struggled violently at that, and screamed as if his little heart would break. At last she commanded me, in what I thought was an angry tone, to 'sit down and place my little brother beside me.' The whole school sat down, and proceeded to work. Reginald still sobbed and cried, though more quietly. Whenever the schoolmistress looked at him, however, it seemed to increase his trouble, and he cried more. At last her patience seemed exhausted, and she commanded him to 'tell, directly, what he was crying for.' A sob was the only reply. The command was repeated, and the whole school turned with anxious eyes to the little one who dared to disobey Mistress Garth. The command was reiterated, in an angry tone;—and at length, to my confusion, Reginald replied in a broken, sobbing voice, 'Oh! oh! oh!

ma-a-a-am! you are such—such—such—such an *ugly woman!*'

I turned sick with terror and shame. That my brother should have dared to say or think such a thing!—What a horror!—What a scandal! What would Mistress Garth do to him!—Of course we could never show our faces there again. She, too!—I really loved her. Ah! you may talk of strong feelings and delicate distresses; but I have experienced few of either kinds that affected me so much as this, the *first trouble* I can remember. I think I have the scene before me now. I dared not look up at the ugly face which had so excited my little brother; for I expected it would be convulsed with wrath. I believe I almost fainted with contending emotions, and was only roused by hearing Mistress Garth say in a cheerful tone, 'Well! well! Never mind, my little man. I am ugly, you think, now: but when you come to know me, you won't think me ugly. Cuthbert, here, does not think me ugly now. Do you? See! Reginald, you have made poor Cuthbert quite ill. You must be a good boy, and leave off crying, or else Cuthbert will be unhappy, and then I cannot let you come to my school any more. Come to me, Cuthbert.'

"I ran into her arms and kissed her. It was so good of her, I thought, not to be angry with Reginald. 'You are not ugly, ma'am!' I whispered; 'Reginald is a naughty boy. I love you! He must not call you *ugly*.'

"'Hush! hush! my dear,' she replied in the same tone, 'I am ugly, Cuthbert. Ask Papa, when you go home. But that is no reason why you should not love me, you know. A little boy can love an ugly woman, if she is kind to him, and teaches him good things. Reginald will find that out. There, go and kiss him, and take him out to play. Don't scold him for what he said. He said what he thought was the truth. We will make him think differently in time.' This, my first trouble, was the origin of one of the strongest friendships of my life. I never had a better friend than Mistress Garth."

ROMANISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE actual residence of a real live Cardinal among us, is so unlooked for, so astonishing, we were going to say so astounding, an event, the last personage of that dignity in England being no other than Cardinal Pole, the favourite and ferocious adviser of "bloody Queen Mary," that we are naturally tempted to inquire into the habits, functions, and attributes of such an unexpected addition to the British aristocracy; as naturally as the zoologists were last year to ascertain the peculiar characteristics of the hippopotamus, on his arrival in the Regent's Park.

Sir Henry Wotton defined an ambassador as "one who is sent to *lie abroad* for the benefit of his master." A cardinal we suspect to be somewhat of the same genus, though we do not mean to say that he may "*lie abroad*" more than at home.

It seems, however, that he may blend his spiritual functions with temporal ones, after the fashion of his impeccable and infallible master, the Pope; at least, so we are informed by a little paper called "The Lamp," which deals out its will-o'-the-wisp rays, for the peculiar enlightenment of the Roman Catholic world, at a penny a week, and is really well worth double the money, for the amusement its absurdities afford.

"A bill for diplomatic relations with Rome," says this tiny luminary, "and on Roman terms," (the italics, we must explain, are the Lamp's, not our own,) "must be passed by the British legislature. Britain must yield, as the younger state should; Rome cannot bend. Her legate must be received at St. James's, and that legate must be a cardinal." And that cardinal, we suppose the "Lamp" means to say, must be Cardinal Wiseman.

We are then informed that the Cardinal's hat will be "quite as attractive and as comely an object, in a court cavalcade, as the jewelled turban of an infidel, or even the variegated caftan of a Persian ambassador." We will not venture to decide this delicate question of the attractive and the comely; indeed, "The Lamp" does its best to frighten it out of our heads, directly after suggesting it, by the startling intelligence, that "the English who rail at Rome and the Archbishop of Westminster," are troubled with such stiff necks, that "nothing less than a special grace from heaven will bow them."

Probably, however, the cardinal-archbishop will be moved by compassion to favour us with his interest with the saints, to provide that special grace for us, in the form of some miracle, after the latest fashion; such as that of the Virgin at Rimini, which during the last summer has condescended repeatedly to open and shut its eyes, "to the great advantage of the faithful," as Pio Nono informs us; though in what the advantage may consist, our heretical eyes are not quick enough to discover. The act itself, however, has been rewarded by his holiness with a crown of gold; a compliment generally paid in Italy to a Virgin that has worked a miracle; and he has, moreover, granted the inauguration of a solemn annual festival in her honour, at the scene of her exploits; dating from the year 1850, of the nineteenth century; much to the amazement, we should imagine, if not to the edification, of those who may happen to hear of it in the twentieth.

This sort of "dodge," however—if we may be allowed to borrow the facetious term used by the "correspondent" of one of our leading journals, relating the despair of an unfortunate Roman, which led him to stab himself in the presence of some of Cardinal Wiseman's fraternity—this sort of dodge would, we fancy, have but little influence upon the proof-requiring temperament of John Bull: more especially as that witty and irreverent rascal Punch, though himself of Italian, and consequently of Catholic extraction, has had the audacity to forestall any such pious fraud, by his most impertinent, or as some of our readers may deem it, pertinent narration of a similar mode of producing rational conviction having

already occurred, in a very significant winking of the left eye, by the statue of St. Mary Aze, opposite the Post Office, which winking, we are assured by the same illustrious Signore Pulcinello, simultaneously effected the conversion of thirty-three letter-carriers, and two commercial gentlemen, staying at the Bull and Mouth, to Romanism.

We would advise "the faithful," if they need consolation in this matter, to recollect that one of the venerable Fathers of the Church, whom they so dearly love to cite as authorities, whenever it suits their own views,—yea even one of the most zealous and learned of them, John Chrysostom, of the Golden Mouth, has declared that miracles had ceased in his time; and many others have opined that those which were still pretending to take place, were actually neither more nor less than the work of the devil himself; he having, it should seem, ever since he assumed the similitude of the serpent, a great talent for imitation, which he contrives to exercise with considerable success, "even unto this day."

But the merriment of Punch, or even the tenebrosity of the "Lamp," however diverting they may be for the moment, cannot prevent our regarding this visitation of a cardinal among us, with all the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance"

of his state, as an event not to be placed among either the pleasant or the profitable occurrences of the present year.

We have always considered that if ever the Roman Catholic religion can be seen to advantage anywhere, it is in England; where, till within a very short period, its ceremonies have been confined within the bounds of decency and good sense; its legends and miracles kept out of sight; its most offensive tenets not insisted upon; its rational ones set forth with fairness and moderation; and its ministers, almost without exception, exemplary in the discharge of their spiritual duties, and keeping themselves to those duties; with but little of the base and demoralizing interference in domestic life, which makes the continual presence of their continental brethren, in private families, as loathsome as it is offensive and injurious.

Under this view of the matter, we have regarded with Christian charity, of which pity forms no small part, the instances that have occurred from time to time, of persons, even of superior education, connecting themselves with the worn-out errors of the Romish Church, in preference to abiding by the simpler creed and purer practice of their own. But it must be always borne in mind that every religious question has also a political side; or rather we would say a politico-economical side; as that term conveys more clearly than any other the connexion between the religion of a country and its political organization; consequently, with its moral and intellectual advancement, its social happiness within itself, and the respectability and importance of its position in the scale of nations. It is on these grounds that we abhor the thought of every thing like the retrograde march

towards popery in our own realm, or in any other, equally happy, if such can be found, in the possession of religious and civil liberty.

Let us look at those countries where the papal sway is most acknowledged, and shall we not find that they are pre-eminently distinguished for tyranny in their governments, and poverty, ignorance, and degradation among the people? Italy, Spain, Austria; Franco, we might add, but her religion, like her policy, is a mere mask, at the present moment, for the desigus of the president of her nominal republic; a republic professing itself the friend of rational liberty, and which has, nevertheless, basely lent its aid to the re-establishment of the foulest tyranny that ever yet sought to enslave alike the souls and bodies of those who have most unjustly been compelled to bend again beneath its yoke.

Among the arguments that Louis XIV. used with the King of Tonquin, to convert him to Catholicism, he assured his saffron-coloured majesty, that it was not only the highest, noblest, and holiest of religions; but that above all, it was the one most admirably adapted to enable kings to reign *absolutely* over the people, ("*surtout la plus propre pour faire regner ABSOLUMENT sur les peuples.*")

Now we are quite ready so far to admit the accusation of the "Lamp," respecting the stiffness of our Protestant necks, as to acknowledge that this last recommendation, whatever it might be in the eyes of *le Grand Monarque*, and his royal brother of Tonquin, is none at all in ours; not that we pretend to doubt the truth of his majesty's assertion.

We will, however, pass over the political evils, the system of *espionnage*, the secret accusations, the domiciliary visits, the closed courts of justice, the long incarcerations, the bribery and corruption of the seats of Absolutism and Catholicism we have mentioned, in order to examine more nearly the effects of priestly sway upon the domestic character, and the habits of private life.

M. de Montalembert, and the rest of the *Cinque Cento* school, would fain lead us back to the middle, nay even to the dark ages; but we will be generous enough not to follow him there, to drag into the light of day the crimes, the abuses, the moral turpitudes of the popes and priests of those times, which have made the history of them so foul a chronicle that no parent would submit it to the eyes of his children, no husband knowingly suffer it to meet those of his wife: well may the Professors of Public Instruction in Italy, "wiser in their generation than the children of light," banish the chair of history from their universities, and anathematize the study of it, as revealing the monstrous profaneness and audacity to which human beings, entrusted with the worst of all power, that of keeping their fellow-creatures in ignorance and absolute subjection, have reached, and would, we doubt not, reach again, if the same opportunity of doing so were afforded them.

But we wish not to look back: the present is a field sufficiently extensive, and sufficiently important

to demand all our attention. We have to consider Rome and Romanism as it is; not as it has been; though, alas! in all that rests with itself, it is the same, as far as the WILL goes; and it is only by the opposing WILL, more powerful, because rightly based, of the free and enlightened portion of mankind, that a purer system of moral and religious government can be secured to future generations.

Taking Romanism, then, as it is at this present moment,—what is its effect upon the living society of any country whatsoever, in which its principles are fully developed, its influences fully acknowledged? We will instance Italy; though at the same time, we beg leave to state our full conviction that the papal influence in that country,—so favoured by nature, so cursed for the last thousand years by its priestly government,—is fast falling away.

It is a singular anomaly that whilst the English delight more to visit Italy than any other country in Europe, insomuch that persons of rank and fortune seem to think their lives incomplete if they have not done so, there is yet less sympathy between them and the Italians, than between any other people on the continent. The reason is that the faults of which the Italians have long been accused, as a nation, are precisely those that are most repugnant to an Englishman; viz. lying, cowardice, and superstition. We can afford to grant that they may have had a tendency to those faults, because we are prepared to prove that the majority of them have it no longer. From the charge of cowardice they have for ever exonerated themselves, by their noble bravery and unflinching devotedness in the disastrous campaigns of last year; and it would be easy to prove that all their faults have been the effect of their education and their government, whilst all their virtues are their own. Yes; their kindness of heart, the amenity of their manners, their affability towards their inferiors, their charity and compassion for every kind of suffering, the simplicity of their tastes, the temperance of their habits, their total exemption from personal pride and affectation, their engaging cheerfulness, their quick sensibilities, and their fine intellectual organization, are all their own; whilst, we repeat it, all the failing points that tarnish these admirable qualities, they derive from their priests and rulers.

It is indeed curious to remark how the faults of a government engender their like among the people. The base of the Roman Catholic religion is falsehood; it falsifies everything that passes through its hands—the Scriptures, to begin with; its traditions and its history, its ceremonies and its institutions, all originate in, or are dictated by, some impudent invention or pious exaggeration. There is scarcely a church in Rome of which the dedication is not founded upon, or connected with, some falsehood. The magnificent Basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore* was built in consequence of a pretended vision of the Virgin, appearing in a fall of snow, in the middle of summer, the remembrance of which is handed down, for the edification of the beholders, year after year, in a festival,

wherein the shreds of paper and linen made to fall in showers from the roof, in imitation of the miraculous snow, are eagerly caught at by the multitude, who are taught by the priests now, as they were three hundred years ago, that they possess a saving efficacy in cases of disease. In *Santa Maria Trasteverine* the image of the Virgin came alone all the way from Jerusalem, and immediately entered into a long conversation with a crucifix in the same church, which expressed its astonishment at seeing her come in—as well it might. In *Santa Maria in Cosmedin*, she came down direct from heaven, with the miniature portrait of our Lord round her neck. The Temple of Vesta is the depository of a picture of the Virgin, which came floating down the Tiber, and being brought to land, and shut up in a box, filled the place with sunbeams, whenever the lid was lifted up; whereupon it was placed upon the altar; and the temple was in consequence dedicated to the Virgin of the Sun—*Santa Maria del Sole*. The church of *Santa Maria della Pace* was built to shelter the image of the Virgin, at whose head an unlucky hand had thrown a stone, and *real blood*, still shown upon the pavement, followed the sacrilegious blow. *Santa Maria del Pianto* had a church raised to her, because she was *seen* to weep, at being put into a dark corner; the *real tears*, however, are not shown. At *SS. Cosimo and Damiano* we are informed by a marble tablet, hung up by Gregory the Great, that the image of the Virgin personally rebuked that pontiff, for passing it by, without saluting it. At *Santa Maria del Capitol*, the Virgin escaped from an obscure niche, in the night, and placed herself in the church, without aid of mortal hands. The church of *St. Gallo* was raised expressly for the accommodation of a picture of the Virgin, presented by an angel to St. John: we may of course presume it to have been painted by the angel himself. *Santa Maria del Pozzo* commemorates the finding of an image of the Virgin in a well, the waters of which, it should seem, had had the virtue of imbuing it with miraculous powers. The church of *St. Agostino*, the wonder of Rome, for the magnificence of the jewels and ornaments offered up to its Virgin, as well from the highest nobles as the most notorious brigands in the land, owes the chief part of its riches to that same image calling out lustily to the monks, to know why they did not come to light her lamp!!

It may scarcely be credited that this impudent and clumsy fabrication was only offered to the public in 1821; that it met with belief at the time, and is believed still, by all those who put their faith in the solemn asseverations of the monks and priests respecting its truth. And this is one branch of the instructing of the people, and the training them up to regard veracity as a moral duty!

But what is to be said of these things, when Pio Nono himself has so recently, as we have already stated, professed his solemn belief in, and his religious veneration of, the shameless imposture at Rimini; so clumsily performed by a monk standing behind the “miraculous” image of the Virgin, and pulling its

eyes, made movable for the purpose, backward and forward by a string, that the cheat would not escape detection five minutes at Bartholomew Fair? If Pio Nono really believes in this senseless and useless pretended miracle, he must be one of the weakest and most ignorant of men; if not, he must be one of the falsest;—and if he will thus deliberately lend his pious aid to deceiving his subjects in one thing, will he not equally do so in another? yea, in any and every thing; whenever it may suit either his own purposes, or those of the ambitious and crafty cardinals whose tool he has become?

We have only mentioned a few of the instances of these pious impostures, with which we could fill a volume; and those we have confined to the Virgin Mary: but we might go through the whole calendar of saints, in the same manner; and we will not hesitate to affirm, that out of the three hundred and twenty churches of Rome, with all their attendant chapels and oratories, there is not one that does not, either by picture, image, tablet, or tradition, insult the understanding, and pain the feelings, of a really rational and devout observer.

A witty writer has said, “Rome is a great lie.” The adoration of the pope is the public acting of this lie; the effects of which circulate throughout the community. From their earliest infancy, the people see nothing but falsehood before them. They are taught legends and miracles, which revolt the common sense of the humblest and most ignorant among them: they are told that they must confess their sins, in order to obtain pardon through repentance: their confession made, and their absolution granted, which when their offence is only against their neighbour, and not against the Church, is a very easy matter, they see they have gained a licence to repeat the same sins, on the same lip-deep conditions.

They see their Spiritual Head pretending to infallibility, and every day committing the greatest errors, and falling into the grossest inconsistencies; they see men “clothed in purple and fine linen,” aspiring to succeed him as “the servant of the servants of God;” they see troops of idle able-bodied men, living upon the industry of the working classes, for “the love of God,” that God who has decreed that all men should labour, and whose apostle says, “Is there any man among you who will not work, neither let him eat.”

Children see their mothers conceal money for the priests, and hear them tell falsehoods to their husbands to account for its disappearance. For these falsehoods, however, a salvo is afforded to their consciences in the *Secreta Moneta* of the Jesuits. One of the chapters is headed, “How to gain rich widows;” the next, “The art of seducing widows, and gaining possession of their goods;” and another, the sixteenth, runs thus: “Let women who complain of the vices of their husbands, and the grievances they suffer from them, be taught to get money from them secretly, in order to apply it to the expiation of their sins, and the procuring of pardon for them.”

The youths who are intended for the priesthood are

initiated into such precious councils as these, as soon as it appears they may be safely trusted with them; and meanwhile, what are the preparatory steps of their education? They learn from Cardinal Baronius, the oracle to whom they are taught to look up, that the popes have "*never erred*." For the truth of this assertion, "I appeal," says he,—to whom? "to the popes themselves!" and this too in treating of times when their holinesses, to all impartial judgment, seemed to do nothing but err. He is, however, right enough in appealing to themselves, for the eighth Boniface, who, nevertheless, by some strange mistake of the Council of Paris, was pronounced guilty of every vice that a human being could commit, declares that "when the powers of the earth are in error, they ought to be judged by the spiritual power, which is always incarnate in the person of the pope; who himself can be judged by God alone; never by man." The reason assigned for this is, that the spiritual authority, though consigned to a human being, and exercised by a human being, is always, in itself, more divine than human; "therefore," this infallible spiritual power sums up, "whoever resists the pope, resists the orders of God."

In the same spirit Cardinal Baronius exclaims, in a sort of ecstatic transport, "To the Pope there is given all power in heaven and upon the earth; he reigneth from sea to sea, and from the flood to the end of the world." This blasphemous effusion is to be found in his epistle against the Venetians; wherein he moreover affirms that "the ministry of the representatives of St. Peter is two-fold, namely, *to feed* and *to slay*, according to the saying, 'Feed my sheep,' and according to that other saying, 'Kill, and eat.' For when the bishop hath to deal with refractory and wicked persons, (such as the Venetians are,) then Peter is commanded to kill and eat them, and to bury them in his own bowels."

Now, we should verily believe that Pio Nono has been studying this latter text, with the zealous cardinal's commentary upon it, only we strongly suspect that he has no bowels; notwithstanding the goodly show he made of an increase in them on his return from Mola di Gaeta; *ergo*, he cannot bury his stray sheep therein, whatever his pastoral appetite might lead him to desire.

We are next told, that "the Pope may do all things that God himself may do;" and, *vice versa*, we might suggest, that he may not do anything which God will not do. Let us, however, leave Baronius and his school, and follow our young neophyte into the college of the Jesuits, which is as much the fashionable place of education in Rome as Oxford is in England. Here, treated with alternate mildness and severity, he gradually begins to merge his individuality into the spirit of that Order which seeks to spread its invisible fetters over the earth, as the indefatigable spider weaves its scarcely palpable threads, with unerring precision, to entrap the unwary fly. Kept on his knees for hours together, in the outward practice of the most wearisome and senseless forms of devotion, the dry repetition of his Latin prayers, varied but by the perusal

of the life of the founder, or the miracles of the saints, he is only consoled for the smothering of all natural affections, the renunciation of all innocent enjoyments, by the ambition of becoming eminent in the Society; an ambition fanned from day to day, and from hour to hour, by the plausible and crafty brethren that surround him, who seek, by implanting it in his young breast, to fill up the "aching void" which the rooting up of all its best feelings must otherwise leave.

He is gradually moulded like wax in the hand of the modeller, to take any form that may be suited to the missions or offices intended to be consigned to him. He is perfected in passive obedience, nay, the most slavish subserviency to the superiors, and in the art of obtaining, on a lesser scale, implicit influence over those below him. He is by cautious degrees made acquainted with the full value of that golden maxim of the Jesuits, the foundation of all their power, that "the end sanctifies the means," or, in other words, that all means are allowable for the attainment of their object, provided always that such means are employed with the secrecy and subtlety requisite to preserve the Order from disgrace, and its members from suspicion. This maxim, the most mischievous and deceitful weapon ever wielded by him who was "a liar from the beginning," is engraved from day to day in deeper characters upon the memory of the young aspirant, and exhibited to him continually in the actions of his teachers.

We have known English Protestant fathers send their sons to Jesuit colleges in England, under the idea that the practice of confession must of necessity act as a salutary check upon their moral conduct. Little do these fathers know the use to which that confession is turned; that it is not only made the means of drawing forth from the youths themselves every possible particular relating to the habits, pursuits, circumstances and connexions of their parents, relatives, and intimates, of all which a regular account is entered from time to time into a large volume; (a sort of annual register or spiritual ledger, alphabetically arranged for the purpose, and kept from year to year, ready for reference as occasion may call for;) but that it is also the chief instrument by which the affections of those young men are alienated from their natural ties; inasmuch that we feel a perfect conviction that no one ever left a Jesuit's college with the same respect and love for his parents, and the same confidence in them, that he took into it with him; and moreover that the saying, "Once a Jesuit and always a Jesuit," is so firmly grounded in truth and experience, that scarcely any one whose natural perceptions of integrity have been warped under Jesuit tuition in his youth, can entirely shake off the influence of that tuition during the remainder of his life. It is a dear price to pay for classical learning and natural decorum of manners. We have also known many fathers in Italy who have taken their sons away from the Jesuit colleges, in consequence of never being allowed to see them alone, or

even to write to them; justly preferring to forego the prospects of worldly advancement for their children rather than relinquish their affection. We might indeed give such statements of the general plan of education throughout Rome, as would at once show the evil of its being confided to priests alone. It is a perpetual subject of grief and vexation to parents, who, having experienced all the inconveniences resulting from it to themselves, ardently desire to secure something better to their children; but our present limits only allow us to glance at the various themes which the discussion of the papal sway might open to us. One, however, is so universal, so fatal to the best interests of society, and the finest feelings of the heart, that we cannot pass it over without remark. We mean the demoralization of the female sex under priestly influence. When wives and mothers are *legally* corrupted, if we may so express it, how can it be expected that husbands and sons will be manly and honourable? "When the priest comes in," said a Roman gentleman to us, one day, "the husband has nothing to do but to put on his hat, and walk out." He bitterly complained at the same time, that in all cases of matrimonial differences, even such slight ones as "will happen in the best regulated families," the wife always flew to the priest, who in order to increase his influence over her, more frequently endeavoured to widen the breach, than to persuade her either to frank explanation or affectionate submission. How would an English husband like this sort of perpetual interference? A Protestant would not submit to it one single day, and we rather think even a Catholic would find it hard of digestion, in this our fortunate land, where every man's house is his castle, and where, however hospitable he may be, he expects his guests to be of his own inviting.

It is to strengthen their influence over the female sex that the church of Rome insists so strongly upon the celibacy of her priests, regardless of the frightful evils into which they have been plunged by the unnatural and impious law ever since its establishment, which acts in direct opposition to the will of the Creator, sets his fiat at naught, and requires the murderous stifling of all the sacred feelings which He has implanted in our breasts at once for the preservation and happiness of human society. Nevertheless it is far too valuable an adjunct to priestly power to be abandoned. Without it, priests would approach their female penitents and parishioners on the same footing as other men, and would have no excuse for working on the compassion of their nature for further consideration. But we respect our readers too much to lift up the insidious veil thrown by *sanctified hands* over the corruptions and deceits they introduce into the bosom of families. Confession and the celibacy of the priest are, we repeat it, the great hinges on which the whole papal structure turns; but they are rusting more and more every day, and the portentous creakings sound the note for their final standing still, and that at no distant period. Already the Pope has found to his dismay, by a careful reckoning up of the

tickets of confession given in the present year, at Easter, as usual, and of which he issued private directions for secret notes to be taken and sent to him, that not more than one-third of the Roman population had actually visited the confessional, although at that season it is, that all are obliged to confess, who ever confess at all; under pain of having their names pasted on the church-doors, if they are found missing.

There is in England a large class of persons secretly converted of late years to popery, and that is, domestic servants, particularly female ones. Their employers remain in ignorance of the change of religion in those around them, who must unavoidably be familiar with their habits, pursuits, and even their opinions. All these are delicately wormed out of the converts, by the artifices of Jesuit confessors, to be by them reported to the Fountain Head, whenever the information may be deemed likely to be of use at a future period.

"When we took possession of the convent where the tribunal of the Inquisition had its seat," says Signor Nicolini, Staff Officer in Rome during the republic, in a highly interesting pamphlet he has just published, under the title of "the Fifth of November," "among other books we found a secret correspondence directed to the Pope, as president of the Inquisition, and just glancing through it, we were astonished to find that most of those letters or reports came from England, written by various prelates and priests residing there. Dr. Wiseman was one of the most voluminous correspondents. In those epistles was a minute account of the conduct and transactions of several English and Irish gentlemen; in them the writer particularly pointed out what might be expected from the one, and dreaded from the other; the tendency of the opinions of these different parties was particularly indicated; their character, their inclination, their taste described with graphic accuracy; hopes were entertained of finding in Puseyites and some bishops, powerful allies for bringing back England under the Popish yoke; and in all those letters the writers never omitted to say, *To conform ourselves to your holiness's wish, we send you a report of the state of religion in England, and we are happy to say that it is most favourable.*" (P. 15.) For the truth of this statement, Signor Nicolini pledges his word of honour, and says that he can call witnesses of the most unexceptionable honour and integrity in corroboration of it: but his own reputation as a man equally honourable and brave, is quite sufficient guarantee to those who know him, for the correctness of all that he says; and those who do not, will be content to take it upon its own good sense and reasonableness. The whole of the correspondence is still in existence, and may speedily be given to the world. Signor Nicolini, meanwhile, only adds his warning voice to the thousands that are already lifted up to protest against the shameless and monstrous assumption of the court of Rome over our constitution and our social liberties.

We have erred hitherto on the right side, that of

generosity and liberality. Our motives have been misunderstood, our concessions abused, and it is high time that we should be explicit in explaining our sentiments, and firm in maintaining them.

The prompt removal of English Catholics from their official situations at Rome, Florence, and Malta, which they have lately filled, by one of the mistaken acts of liberality the effects of which are now developing themselves, is one of the first steps that has been taken by Government towards a reform in our foreign department. Of the fallen, as of the dead, we wish not to speak harshly; truth might sound like harshness, so of them we say no more; but this we feel called upon to declare, that from the lowest step in the Romish ladder up to the topmost, it appears to us impossible that a staunch Roman Catholic can be a faithful and loyal subject, under any Protestant power whatsoever. Indeed, in no mere worldly thing can the heavenly precept of our blessed Lord, "No man can serve two masters," be more clearly exemplified than in this instance. It may in vain be urged that a liberal Roman Catholic will find means of reconciling his duty to both—there is no such thing in creation as a liberal Roman Catholic. A Roman Catholic must be devoted soul and body to the Pope of Rome, or he is no Roman Catholic at all. He may believe in particular dogmas, he may be obedient to all the outward observances required of him, but unless he "goes the whole hog," (to use a most forcible, though, we acknowledge, very vulgar English phrase,) unless he acknowledges the infallibility of the Pope, and consequently his own duty of entire submission to him in all things divine and human, he is no Roman Catholic. How then can the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster evade or palliate the oath which he took when he was consecrated bishop, to extirpate heresy, to wage war with *all* heretics, and to labour to the utmost of his power to support the Roman Catholic faith? Can he be at the same time a sincere and active bishop to the Pope, and a loyal and true subject to Queen Victoria, under whose wise and just laws he is permitted to reside in this country in peace, and yet whom as a heretic he is bound to dethrone, should it come within his power so to do; and whose Protestant subjects he has vowed to watch and betray, instead of regarding them as neighbours, and endeavouring to conciliate them as friends?

We do not enter into a view of the continental disturbances in which we may be involved by the insidious arts of the court of Rome, and the selfish policy of France and Austria in upholding her misdeeds; first, because we have no fear of them, and secondly, because we have confined our observations to what we may call a home view of the question, and its influence upon the principles of our own people, and the comfort and integrity of our own firesides. When the Austrians advanced towards Rome, in the time of the republic, the priests preached in the surrounding towns and villages, that the emperor was a descendant from king David, consequently was a relation of the Virgin Mary, and that it was, therefore, unholy and impious

to make war against him. We fancy the priests would have some difficulty in establishing a similar claim for non-resistance in the cardinal-archbishop Wiseman's good see of Westminster; nor do we think that General Haynau himself would be very fond of marching up Bankside, and beginning to storm Barclay and Perkins's brewery, even with his Croats at his back, and the hangman and the flogger-in-ordinary bringing up the rear. But how ready the spirit of persecution and absolutism is to develop itself, wherever the Papal influence extends, may easily be seen in the language of the journals that are their tools and advocates. The *Univers* found the rejoicings in the metropolis, on the 5th of November, over the bon-fires, (which, fed with the effigies of the Archbishop of Westminster, did, it must be acknowledged, blaze up with portentous brilliancy,) "a disgrace to the government that tolerated them." What then would it have advised should be done with the offenders? Would it have had them beheaded, forthwith, on Tower Hill? or would it have had them made a bon-fire of, themselves, in Smithfield? or would it have been merciful enough to content itself with simply recommending the treadmill as a gentle sedative for their too buoyant spirits? Still, we repeat, it is the enemies within, and not those without, from whom we have the most to fear, against whom it behoves us to be most upon our guard. Jeremy Taylor, quoting the words of Sackville respecting the Jesuits, says, they "did more prevail by whispering to ladies, than all the Church of England and the more sober Protestants could do by fine, force and strength of argument; for they, by prejudice or fears, terrible things and zealous nothings, governing the ladies' consciences, who can persuade their lords, their lords will convert their tenants, and so the world is all their own."

But "fore-warned, fore-armed." We are all of us fully aware, or at least we may easily acquaint ourselves, of the weapons, spiritual and temporal, with which we are threatened; it is for us to provide ourselves with others as sharp and true, wherewith to meet them; and as in well-ordered warfare care is early taken to provide for the safety of the helpless and the young, let us then attend particularly to the defence of our wives and families, our servants and apprentices, from the secret machinations of a Proteus-like enemy, so that at any rate the foes we may have to contend with may not be those of our own household.

Let it not, however, be supposed, from the strictures which the emergency of the moment has drawn forth from us, that we wish to look upon such of our countrymen as happen to be Roman Catholics, in any other spirit, individually, than that of Christian charity, and equal fellowship. We have not to learn that there are thousands among them of the most benevolent and upright character, and of the most inflexible honour of intention.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;"
says one of our greatest poets; who, though a Roman

Catholic himself, was assuredly no zealot; neither, we might add, if we were in the humour to play upon words, though a Pope himself was he any stickler for the pope's supremacy—not in our kingdom at any rate. We are quite willing, moreover, to admit the excellence or beauty of all that may remain of beauty or excellence in the theory, or from the earlier practice, of the Romish Church. The spirit of Christian love, for instance, so different from the cold-hearted narrow calculation of modern parochial relief, that breathes throughout its numerous charities for every kind and grade of suffering, mental or bodily, cannot be too much admired, or too closely imitated; we only have to regret that the mal-appropriation of their funds in the present day, as they pass through the hands of the priests who are the sole administrators of them, is such as to render at least one half of the pious intentions of the testators and benefactors of none effect. We are equally ready to allow that even in the outward ceremonies and discipline of the Romish Church, among much that is formal, useless, senseless, nay, even impious and injurious, yet there are things among them which might be advantageously adopted in our own, or rather which never need have been abolished in it.

The decking of "the House of God" with the choicest treasures of nature and art, cannot in itself be deemed a misappropriation of the gifts of Him from whom all good cometh. The temple of St. Peter, the most magnificent of the modern world, fades into insignificance compared to the description given us in Holy Writ of that of Solomon; with its walls, its beams, its floor of cedar, "overlaid with gold;" its pillars, and its chapiters "of lily work;" its molten sea, "for the priests to wash in;" "two thousand baths;" its lions, oxen, and cherubim;" its "altar of gold," and its "table of gold," with its "candlesticks of pure gold," and its "hundred basins of gold;" its veil of "blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, and wrought cherubim, thereon;" its carvings "within and without," its precious stones, with which the house was "garnished," "for beauty;" all the splendours, in short, which the countless and incalculable wealth of the richest as well as the wisest of men, enabled him to lavish upon it. And we are told that these splendours were accepted by the LORD, and found favour in his sight; as did also the "priests arrayed in white linen, and the singers and trumpets, and instruments of music," insomuch that "the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the LORD; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the LORD had filled the house of God." 2 Chron. v. 14.

It is not therefore to the mere magnificence of external worship that rational objections can be offered; it is the mixing up of the worship itself with other objects than Him to whom alone worship is due, and who has declared that He will not give His "glory to another."

Let us suppose, for a moment, that amid the

splendours of the temple thus described to us, the statue of St. Moses had been introduced, sitting like that of St. Peter at Rome, in a brocaded robe, with a golden crown upon his head, and holding out a gold toe, for the people to kiss—would not all the sacredness and solemnity of the place have been changed at once into a mere worldly gewgaw?

We revere the cross, wherever it meets our eyes, as a memorial of the death of our Lord upon it for our redemption, and in that view we would willingly see it replaced upon our altars, along with the flowers which, as beauteous gifts from the hand of our heavenly Father, who has gemmed the earth with them for our delight, could only call forth feelings of gratitude and love; but, alas! the use and the abuse of outward things are so closely allied, that, seeing as we do the insidious tendency of Romanism to convert matters of mere harmless observance into measures of formal efficacy, we cannot but come to the conclusion, that it is better to abstain from what might be agreeable than to risk falling into that which is wrong. The same argument as to the discrepancy between external show, and internal utility, will apply to nearly all the forms and institutions of the Romish Church, in the present day. To deny that monkish institutions had their use, and their great use, in the middle ages, by protecting the mass of the people against the brutality of feudal tyranny, promoting agricultural and other peaceful occupations, feeding the poor and ministering to the sick, preserving ancient literature and cultivating their own, would be as absurd as unjust; but their uses were soon overbalanced by their abuses, their virtues by their vices; as the dark records of their time too plainly prove: and any attempt to continue or revive them in the present day, when all the objects on which their popularity was founded, as long as they were really popular, have passed away, or are otherwise provided for, is still more absurd, and more unjust to society at large, and can only be prompted by that love of domination, extension, and extortion which is the besetting sin of the Romish Church, to gratify which there is not any form of superstition, ignorance, and error, that it would not gladly resuscitate and cherish. Thus it is meditating the re-establishment of the Franciscan societies in this country; but what a degrading, ridiculous, nay, melancholy sight would a troop of sturdy bare-footed friars lounging towards Westminster Abbey to tell their beads in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop, and stopping at Charing Cross to refresh themselves with the discipline of their knotted cords, present to the eyes of all thoughtful and rational members of the community! Fortunately, however, on this point their laws and ours are in direct opposition. Theirs say, "You shall live by begging, and by that alone;" ours say, "No one shall be a public beggar, on any plea whatsoever." We know the shifts and quirks they can resort to on these occasions, such as carrying little images and pretended reliques about with them, as if for sale, like lucifer matches, and employing some pious hand to

collect for them the money they are forbidden to touch for themselves; but our police are a stalwart, straightforward set, no casuists, not much given to the imaginative or the theoretical, but quick of sight, strong of arm, and firm of purpose. But we have as a nation other guards against deceptive innovations,—the good common sense which enables the generality of us to form tolerably rational opinions, and the liberty of speech which allows us to express those opinions, without fear of the Inquisition. We are, moreover, a progressive nation, not a retrograde one. Indeed, the "Lamp" itself says England must go forward; she "cannot go back;" and she will 'go forward too, and that at a rate that will leave the "Lamp," and all such feeble luminaries, so far behind as to render their rays of no other use than to make visible the barrenness of the tortuous path which those who encourage them are threading, with most crab-like assiduity.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.¹

KÖNIGSDORF:—THE ELECTION OF A BISHOP.

THE episcopal chair of Cologne was vacant, and no small excitement prevailed in that city. The clergy and the *bourgeoisie* were divided into various parties; and each individual was actively engaged in canvassing for his favourite candidate.

Charlemagne, who was residing at this period at Aix-la-Chapelle, became aware of these dissensions, which were daily increasing in bitterness, and forthwith resolved to arrest the disorder by his presence, and to fill up the vacancy with a bishop of his own making. Without informing any one of his purpose, he set forth alone upon his journey; and riding along, absorbed by lofty thoughts, he reached Königsdorf before he was aware of it, when the tinkling of a small bell roused him from his reverie. A crowd of people were slowly wending their way towards a neighbouring chapel, to hear mass. The pious emperor immediately fastened his horse to a tree, and mixed *incognito* with the humble worshippers. The service ended, he approached the ecclesiastic, and tendered him a golden florin. To his great surprise, he beheld his gift refused by the priest. "It is not the custom here," said the servant of God, "thus to receive oblations; keep your gold, which we do not require. But if you wish to do our church a service, send me the skin of the first deer you kill: my missal is sadly in want of a new binding, and, by your appearance, you are a huntsman."

The truly disinterested and pious spirit of these words made a deep impression on Charlemagne, and he inwardly resolved to remember the worthy ecclesiastic. On his arrival at Cologne, he summoned the superior clergy, and also the representatives of the people, to repair to his presence, and then informed them that he had come there for the purpose of personally directing the election of a bishop, and of

choosing one for them in case of dispute. The contending parties immediately sought, by means of large bribes and costly presents, to influence the emperor in favour of their respective candidates. Charlemagne caused all the money that was offered to be brought to him, and commanded that it should be appropriated to discharge the debts of the archbishopric. He then addressed those who impatiently waited for his decision, and spoke to this effect:—

"It is in vain that you have endeavoured to corrupt me by your presents. I find no one amongst you so worthy of the mitre as the priest of a rustic chapel near Königsdorf, who refused my gold when I offered it, and who, far from thinking of his own interests, asked no other gift than the skin of a roebuck or a stag, to repair the worn-out binding of his missal. Go, therefore, seek out this worthy man, for he shall be your archbishop."

The simple and honest priest was petrified with astonishment when the unexpected intelligence was communicated to him. But as the grace of God was with him, he was soon able to make himself respected in his high position. To this day his venerable name is remembered with honour. It was the bishop Hildebold, founder of the ancient church of St. Peter, which has given place to the present cathedral of Cologne.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE:—ORIGIN OF THE CITY.

Charlemagne, who was accustomed to fix his residence sometimes in one and sometimes in another part of his mighty empire, once upon a time held his court at Zurich, close to the borders of the lake whose natural beauties enrapture and allure the traveller. The renowned monarch, (ever the friend of justice, and accessible to all his subjects), had caused a column containing a small bell to be erected not far from his palace, on a steep bank, remarkable as the spot where, in former times, the two martyrs Felix and Regula were beheaded.

Whoever desired an audience of the emperor had nothing to do but to ring the bell at mid-day, and immediately the monarch appeared in person, ready to listen to the complaints and representations of his subjects.

One day the bell rang, and no one could be found on the spot. The same thing occurred on the morrow, and the emperor, accordingly, commanded one of his pages to conceal himself on the following day in the neighbourhood of the column, to find out the cause of the ringing. The page was not a little frightened to see a large serpent come out of a cavern in the bank of the lake. His astonishment was at its height when he saw the reptile proceed to set the bell in motion. He immediately ran to inform Charlemagne, whom he found at table. The monarch lost not a moment in repairing to the spot, and, perceiving the serpent, said:—"Whoever asks justice of me, whether man or brute, justice shall be done him." The reptile, beholding the emperor, inclined his head three times before him, and then quietly withdrew into his cave.

(1) Translated from the French; "Légendes et Traditions du Rhin." Cologne. 1847.

The emperor, with all his train, followed the animal, desirous, if possible, to discover the reason of his appearance. At the entrance of the cavern, they beheld an enormous toad; and it was therefore concluded that the serpent desired to be relieved of the troublesome guest, who thus obstructed his passage. In order that strict justice might be done, and that his royal word might be kept, the monarch caused the toad to be taken and killed upon the spot.

Some days after this remarkable event, to the great astonishment of every one present, the same serpent entered the banqueting-hall of the emperor, at the hour of dinner. After three times inclining his head respectfully, the reptile made his way towards a goblet placed before the monarch, and dropped into it a precious stone of a remarkable size and beauty. He then disappeared, before the emperor and his guests had recovered from their surprise.

Charlemagne presented the stone to his spouse, who was accustomed, from that time, to wear it as a conspicuous ornament in her hair. The jewel had the wonderful property of communicating to the person who wore it the whole of the emperor's favour and affection; so from that moment the monarch became devoted to his consort with a love so ardent, that he could scarcely leave her for a moment.

The empress was not long in divining the cause of her lord's increased affection, and never parted for an instant with the precious stone. In her last illness, feeling her end approaching, she feared that the jewel, passing into other hands, might transfer to unworthy persons the emperor's love; to avoid this result, she concealed it under her tongue, where it remained after life had departed.

Although the empress was dead, the attachment of Charlemagne did not in the least diminish. Her body was embalmed, and accompanied the emperor in all his travels. An affection so remarkable at length awakened a suspicion in the mind of a certain Archbishop Turpin, the companion and counsellor of the monarch, who began to think that there was something supernatural in it. The prelate accordingly availed himself of the first opportunity which presented itself to make a narrow examination of the corpse, in order to discover the talisman which possessed such singular virtue, and finished by finding the precious stone. He immediately took possession of it, and as from that moment he constantly carried it about his person, the emperor's love passed from his departed wife to the archbishop. So fervent was the affection with which the monarch thenceforth regarded the prelate, that he would scarcely suffer him to be out of his sight for a moment, and the poor archbishop soon became fairly weary of the inconvenient attachment.

During a journey through Western Germany, the prelate, being thoroughly tired of his sovereign's excessive regard, relieved himself of the talisman by casting it into a spring. But the charm continued to work, and when the archbishop ceased to be the object of the imperial favour, it was transferred to the spot which had received the marvellous stone. From

that moment Charlemagne felt such an attachment for the place, that he caused a palace to be built and a city founded there.

The city is Aix-la-Chapelle, whose cathedral is full of mementos of the great emperor. But it was the clear and tranquil streams of the surrounding meadows which especially charmed the monarch; for there was secreted the talisman which the archbishop had thrown away. Charlemagne would remain there for hours, wrapt in a soft melancholy; his eyes continually directed into the crystal abyss of a small lake of limpid water.

Popular belief attributes to this charm the marvellous cures which have been effected by the hot springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, whose waters escape from the bosom of the earth for the blessing of humanity.

ALTON LOCKE.¹

THIS is, in many respects, a remarkable book, and one which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers. It is remarkable for the pure, noble spirit of Christianity which animates every chapter—for its thorough sympathy with the sufferings of the working classes—and for its teaching, directly and indirectly, the great truth that those sufferings will not be lessened by attributing them to the oppressive selfishness of the wealthy portion of the community.

These are not the days in which men or women (with a grain of Christian charity or a spark of intellectual light within them) will shrink in terror, or turn away in disgust from the words "Chartist," "Socialist," "Communist." Those words stand for large classes of people,—like ourselves, my most Christian readers,—children of God; and sent on earth, as you have been, "to work out their salvation with fear and trembling." Mistaken, sorely mistaken, have many of them been—suffering, and the cause of suffering. But is that any reason why you, who know better,—or who think you know better, should put them beyond the pale of your sympathies? If you are indeed more holy than they, show your holiness by its fruits;—let the ignorant and the unhappy have the benefit of your "longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith and meekness." This is the lesson which "Alton Locke" teaches to the higher classes; to the lower classes it teaches an equally important lesson. Learn, you—it says—that no political franchise can set you free from the tyranny of your own vices; that to become men, you must cease to care for mere brutish pleasures; that the liberty you cry after should not be the liberty of self-indulgence; that hatred towards those who are more fortunately situated in the social scale than yourselves is not a divine feeling, but one quite the reverse. Still further does this book go, in its labour of love. It assures the low-born noble and true man, that the

(1) "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography." 2 vols. post 8vo. Chapman & Hall.

high-born noble and true man feels for his hardships, and is ready to work with him towards their amelioration. It endeavours to foster an amicable spirit between different classes, by showing that their interests are radically one and the same, in a large political view; that their duties are reciprocal, in a moral one; and that in a religious one, there is one God and Father of us all, with whom is no distinction of persons. Now, a book with aims so high as these cannot be classed with mere fictions for the amusement of an idle hour. "Alton Locke," therefore, must not be judged of as we would judge of a new novel by Mr. James or Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore or Mrs. Marsh. We do not demand that before all other qualities it be *amusing*. This book is written to make us think and feel; and people who read to drive away thought and feeling have nothing whatever to do with it.

There is very little of story in "Alton Locke." That it is not a genuine autobiography is quickly seen by a discerning reader; that its author is not a tailor—not a working man at all—is pretty evident, but that he is a well-educated man and a gentleman. It has not, therefore, the strong charm which every real autobiography has; but it has another charm. The author speaks, out of his own heart, what he knows and feels to be the condition, body and soul, of the over-worked and under-paid classes; speaks eloquently, forcibly, and with all the adornments of refinement and cultivated taste, what they have not the power or the leisure to speak for themselves. He knows how to put the painful truths which he wishes to promulgate among the people of his own class into a form which will be acceptable to them. He has made them pause and say, "Can such things be?" And it is to be hoped that some among them may be led on to say, "Such things shall not be,—as far as I have the power to remedy them." "Alton Locke" has been called a Chartist novel because its hero is a Chartist; we should be inclined to call it a novel for the Clergy and Gentry, because its chief aim seems to be, to awaken, in them, a desire to become acquainted with the real causes of the prevalent political and social grievances of the classes who believe that the Charter will give them all the good things they have a right to. We will now proceed to give some more particular account of the contents of these two volumes. Let the hero speak for himself in the following extract:

"My earliest recollections are of a suburban street; of its jumble of little shops and little terraces, each exhibiting some fresh variety of capricious ugliness; the little scraps of garden before the doors with their dusty, stunted lilacs and balsam poplars were my only forests; my only wild animals, the dingy merry sparrows, who quarrelled fearlessly on my window-sill ignorant of trap or gun. From my earliest childhood, through long nights of sleepless pain, as the midnight brightened into dawn and the glaring lamps grew pale, I used to listen with a pleasant awe to the ceaseless roll of the market waggons, bringing up to the great city the treasures of the gay green country, the land of fruits and flowers, for which I have yearned all my life in vain. They seemed to my boyish fancy mysterious messengers from another world; the silent, lonely

nights, in which they were the only moving things added to the wonder. I used to get out of bed to gaze at them, and envy the coarse men and sluttish women who attended them, their labour among verdant plants and rich brown mould, on breezy slopes, under God's own clear sky. I fancied that they learnt what I knew I should have learnt there; I knew not then that 'the eye only sees that which it brings with it the power of seeing.' When will their eyes be opened? When will priests go forth into the highways and the hedges, and preach to the ploughman and the gipsy the blessed news, that there, too, in every thicket and fallow-field is the house of God—there, too, the gate of heaven?

"I do not complain that I am a cockney. That, too, is God's gift. He made me one, that I might learn to feel for poor wretches who sit stifled in reeking garrets and work-rooms, drinking in disease at every breath, bound in their prison-house of brick and iron, with their own funeral-pall hanging over them, in that canopy of fog and poisonous smoke, from their cradle to their grave. I have drank of the cup of which they drink. And so I have learnt, if, indeed, I have learnt to be a poet—a poet of the people. That honour surely was worth buying with asthma and rickets and consumption and weakness, and—worst of all to me—with ugliness. It was God's purpose about me; and, therefore, all circumstances combined to imprison me in London. I used once, when I worshipped circumstance, to fancy it my curse, Fate's injustice to me, which kept me from developing my genius, and asserting my rank among poets. I longed to escape to glorious Italy, or some other southern climate, where natural beauty would have become the very element which I breathed; and yet, what would have come of that? Should I not, as nobler spirits than I have done, have idled away my life in Elysian dreams, singing out like a bird into the air, inarticulately purposeless, for mere joy and fulness of heart; and taking no share in the terrible questionings—the terrible strugglings of this great, awful, blessed time—feeling no more the pulse of the great heart of England stirring me? I used, as I said, to call it 'the curse of circumstance,' that I was a sickly decrepit cockney. My mother used to tell me 'that it was the cross which God had given me to bear.' I know now that she was right there. She used to say 'that my disease was God's will.' I do not think, though, that she spoke right there also. I think it was the will of the world and of the devil; of man's avarice and laziness and ignorance. And so would my readers, perhaps, had they seen the street in the city where I was born and nursed; with its little garrets reeking with human breath, its kitchens and areas with noisome sewers. A sanitary reformer would not be long in guessing the cause of my unhealthiness. He would not rebuke me—nor would she, sweet soul! now that she is at rest in bliss—for my wild longings to escape, for my envying the very flies and sparrows their wings, that I might flee miles away into the country, and breathe the air of heaven once, and die. I have had my wish. I have made two journeys far away into the country, and they have been enough for me."

His widowed mother is a stern Baptist, and brings up her two children, Alton and Susan, in all the severity of Calvinistic discipline. The infant poet's love for the beautiful and his desire of improvement are crushed under the combined effects of rigid poverty and a mistaken religion. At the age of fourteen a rich grocer-uncle apprentices him to a tailor. The horrors of the work-room and of the sweating system are set forth eloquently. The boy's love for reading brings him acquainted with Sandy Mackaye, an old second-hand bookseller—a great reader, a strong but silent

friend of the cause of the people—a Scotchman—a philosopher—a humourist—a true-hearted though singular human being. This is the best drawn character in the tale, and is original. He becomes Alton's friend, adviser, and benefactor; and when the young man is turned from his mother's house, for having dared to cultivate in secret the genius which God gave him, Sandy Mackaye receives him into his. When Alton first becomes a poet, he reads his verses to Sandy Mackaye, who is an excellent critic. Alton, like most young poets, scorns the common and the familiar. He writes about far-off islands of the Pacific; their palm-trees, and simple, naked savages. When he has proceeded some way in his reading, old Mackaye breaks forth thus—Let our readers take good heed of the following. It may not be amiss to whisper in their ear that the author of this book is a Clergyman—to his honour be it said, he has followed in his divine Master's steps, and gone about doing good, or he could not have shown men and women of his own standing in society, how much good lies at their backdoors waiting to be done. Here, in this city of London, is a work to be performed by all who have the will to do it.

"What the deevil! is there no harlotry and idolatry here in England, that ye maun gang speering after it in the Cannibal Islands? Are ye gaun to be like they puir aristocrat bodies, that wad suner hear an Italian dog howl, than an English nightingale sing, and winna harken to Mr. John Thomas till he calls himself Giovanni Thomasino; or do ye tak yoursel for a singing bird, to go all your days tweedledumdeeing, out into the lift, just for the lust o' hearing your ain clan clatter? Will ye be a man or a lintie? Coral Islands! Pacific! What do ye ken about Pacifics? Are ye a cockney or a Cannibal Islander? Duuna stand there, ye gawk, as fusionless as a docken, but tell me that! Where do ye live?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye?" asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

"Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there—and gein ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't; and I'll ge ye anither. Come along wi' me."

"And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare Market to St. Giles's. It was a foul, chilly, foggy Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gas-lights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of alipshod dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frost-bitten vegetables; wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the doorways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses, with their teeming load of life, were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!

"'Ay,' he muttered to himself, as he strode along, 'sing awa, get yourself wi' child with pretty fables and gran' words, like the rest of the poets, and gang to hell for it.'

"To hell, Mr. Mackaye!"

"'Ay, to a verra real hell, Alton Locke, laddie—a worse one than ony fiend's kitchen or subterranean Smith-field that ye'll hear o' in the pulpits—the hell on earth o' being a flunkie, and a humbug, and a useless peacock wasting God's gifts on your ain lusts and pleasures—and kenning it—and not being able to get out o' it, for the chains o' vanity and self-indulgence. I've warned ye. Now look there—'

"He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley—

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard, but 's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write about that! Say ye saw the mouth of hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side, and the gin palace at the other—two monstrous devils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws of the monster how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write about that."

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?"

"The foulding doors of the gin-shop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than any red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at thae barefooted, bare-backed hizzies, with their arms round the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irishwoman, pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gacen out o' a pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the gin shop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl, that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam' out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a' most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines!"

"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures."

"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist to your business!—thae bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousand o' bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at home. If ye'll be a poet at a', ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation and mourning and woe, for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible, and read the old Hebrew prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it."

"But all this is so—so unpoetical!"

"Hark! Is there no the heaven above them there, and the hell beneath them? And God frowning, and the deevil grinning? No poetry there! Is na the verra idea of the classic tragedy defined to be, man conquered by circumstances! Canna ye see it there! And the verra idea of the modern tragedy, man conquering circumstance? And I'll show ye that, too—in mony a garret, where no eye but the gude God's entem to see the patience, and the fortitude, and the self-sacrifice, and the love stronger than death that's shining in thae dark places o' the earth. Come wi' me and see."

And he is conducted to a scene of poverty, where suffering has no alleviation but the patience, and

religious faith, and the generous self-sacrifice of the friends who suffer together. Alton Locke heeds Sandy Mackaye's advice, and becomes a genuine poet—a poet at first-hand. His worldly-minded cousin, (son of the grocer-nucle,) a clever, handsome young man, studying for the Church, at Cambridge, is the person he asks to help him to get his poems published. At Cambridge, he falls in again with the family of a dean, who had been struck by his appearance when examining a picture in the Dulwich Gallery. They spoke with him then, and the young tailor-poet fell in love with Lillian, the Dean's beautiful daughter, in that first interview. At Cambridge the good Dean patronises the rising genius, and invites him to his distant deanery. Here, Alton, for the first time, sees cultivated ladies and gentlemen, and loves the pretty, shallow Lillian more than ever; while her cousin Eleanor, (afterwards Lady Ellerton,) a noble woman, whose sympathy with the working classes is genuine and discriminating, he dislikes, because she sees and disapproves his passion for her cousin. But it is with the intellectual, cultivated Eleanor that he converses, and by her is he taught much about the higher classes which he did not know. Take the following as an example;—and this time, we need scarcely remind the reader that it is a gentleman and a clergyman who writes.

"The next afternoon was the last but one of my stay at D—. We were to dine late. After sunset, and before dinner, we went into the Cathedral. The choir had just finished practising. Certain exceedingly ill-looking men, whose faces bespoke principally sensuality and self-conceit, and whose function was that of praising God, on the sole qualification of good bass and tenor voices, were coming clattering through the choir gates, and behind them a group of small boys were suddenly transforming themselves from angels into sinners, by tearing off their white surplices, and pinching and poking each other noisily as they passed us, with as little reverence as Voltaire himself could have wished.

"I had often been in the Cathedral before—indeed, we attended the service daily, and I had been appalled rather than astonished by what I saw and heard: the unintelligible service—the irreverent gabble of the choristers and readers—the scanty congregation—the meagre portion of the vast building which seemed to be turned to any use: but never more than that evening did I feel the desolateness, the doleful inutility of that vast desert nave, with its aisles and transepts—built for some purpose or other, now extinct. The whole place seemed to crush and sadden me, and I could not re-echo Lillian's remark—

"How those pillars, rising story above story, and those lines of pointed arches, all lead the eye heavenward! It is a beautiful notion, that, about pointed architecture being symbolic of Christianity."

"I ought to be very much ashamed of my stupidity," I answered, "but I cannot feel that, though I believe I ought to do so. That vast groined roof, with its enormous weight of hanging stone, seems to crush one—to bar out the free sky above. Those pointed windows, too,—how gloriously the western sun is streaming through them! But their rich hues only dim and deface his light. I can feel what you say when I look at the cathedral on the outside, there indeed every line sweeps the eye upward—carries it from one pinnacle to another, each with less and less standing ground, till at the summit the building gradually vanishes in a point, and leaves the spirit to wing its way unsupported and alone into the ether.

Perhaps," I added, half bitterly, "these cathedrals may be true symbols of the superstition which created them. On the outside offering to enfranchise the soul, and raise it up to heaven: but when the dupes had entered, giving them only a dark prison, and a crushing bondage, which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear."

"You may sneer at them if you will, Mr. Locke," said Eleanor, in her severe, abrupt way. "The working classes would have been badly off without them. They were, in their day, the only democratic institution in the world; and the only socialist one, too. The only chance a poor man had of rising by his worth, was by coming to the monastery. And bitterly the working classes felt the want of them when they fell. Your own Cobden can tell you that."

"Ah," said Lillian, "how different it must have been four hundred years ago!—how solemn and picturesque those old monks must have looked, gliding about the aisles;—and how magnificent the choir must have been, before all the glass and carving, and that beautiful shrine of St. —, blazing with gold and jewels, were all plundered and defaced by those horrid Puritans!"

"Say, reformer-squires," answered Eleanor; "for it was they who did the thing: only it was found convenient, at the Restoration, to lay on the people of the seventeenth century the iniquities which the country gentlemen committed in the sixteenth."

"Surely," said I, emboldened by her words, "if the monasteries were what their admirers say, some method of restoring the good of the old system, without its evil, ought to be found, and would be found, if it were not—I paused, recollecting whose guest I was.

"If it were not, I suppose," said Eleanor, "for those lazy, over-fed, bigoted hypocrites, the clergy. That, I presume, is the description of them to which you have been most accustomed. Now let me ask you one question. Do you mean to condemn, just now, the Church as it was, or the Church as it is, or the Church as it ought to be? Radicals have a habit of confusing those three questions, as they have of confusing other things when it suits them."

"Really," I said—for my blood was rising—"I do think that with the confessed enormous wealth of the clergy, the cathedral establishments especially, they might do more for the people."

"Listen to me for a little, Mr. Locke. The laity now-a-days take a pride in speaking evil of the clergy, never seeing that if they are bad, the laity have made them so. Why, what do you impute to them? Their worldliness, their being like the world, like the laity round them—like you, in short. Improve yourselves, and by so doing, if there is this sad tendency in the clergy to imitate you, you will mend them, if you do not find that, after all, it is they who will have to mend you. As with the people, so with the priest, is the everlasting law. When, fifty years ago, all classes were drunkards, from the statesman to the peasant, the clergy were drunken too, but not half as bad as the laity. Now the laity are eaten up with covetousness and ambition: and the clergy are covetous and ambitious, but not half so bad as the laity. The laity, and you working men especially, are the dupes of frothy, insincere, official rant, as Mr. Carlyle would call it, in Parliament, on the hustings, at every debating society and Chartist meeting, and therefore the clergyman's sermons are apt to be just what people like elsewhere, and what, therefore, they suppose people will like there."

"If, then," I answered, "in spite of your opinions, you confess the clergy to be so bad, why are you so angry with men of our opinions, if we do plot sometimes a little against the Church?"

"I do not think you know what my opinions are, Mr. Locke. Did you not hear me just now praising the monasteries, because they were socialist and democratic? But why is the badness of the clergy any reason for

pulling down the Church? That is another of the confused irrationalities into which you all allow yourselves to fall. What do you mean by crying shame on a man for being a bad clergyman, if a good clergyman is not a good thing? If the very idea of a clergyman was abominable, as your Church destroyers say, you ought to praise a man for being a bad one, and not acting out this same abominable idea of priesthood. Your very outcry against the sins of the clergy shows that, even in your minds, a dim notion lies somewhere that a clergyman's vocation is, in itself, a divine, a holy, a beneficent one."

"I never looked at it in that light, certainly," said I, somewhat staggered."

We regret that the stern necessities of space, or, rather, of want of space, will not allow us to quote the whole of Eleanor's reply. She concludes thus: "Mark my words, Mr. Locke; till you gain the respect and confidence of the clergy, you will never rise. The day will come when you will find that the clergy are the only class who can help you. Ah! you may shake your head. I warn you of it. They were the only bulwark of the poor against the mediæval tyranny of Rank; you will find them the only bulwark against the modern tyranny of Mammon." It is not our business to discuss the question; but we cannot help stating our opinion that it would be good for both parties that it should be as Eleanor says.

There is great improbability in this sudden intimacy and friendship between a high-born Church dignitary and the ladies of his family, and an unknown youth—an ultra-radical—a sceptic—uneducated—a tailor's apprentice, who has struck for higher wages in his craft. He has not even become famous as one of the million poets, when he is received as an honoured guest in this deanery. This disregard of probabilities serves the author's purpose of bringing the hero into direct communication with the class which he (the author) believes most likely to assist and support the working-men in their struggles for political and social reform. It enables him to put forth doctrines which he holds dear;—but we think that he might have done this somewhat more artistically. Defects of a nature kindred to this are to be found in abundance in "Alton Locke." It has many weak points; but they are not of a kind to render the book disagreeable. Its strong points—the enthusiasm—the hopeful, loving, encouraging tone of its philosophy, are not much affected by its defects.

After this extraordinary visit among lords and great people, the hero returns again to old Sandy Mackaye, rather less of a democrat than when he went to Cambridge. He turns literary man, and writes for all sorts of liberal papers and magazines—with a due result, in money and experience. His poems are published, and are successful. But in spite of all his talent and reading, and the moral bolstering-up of the strong Sandy Mackaye, we are bound to declare that Alton Locke is a miserably weak young man, by no means a pattern People's man. He is not single-minded, and is unstable in all his ways.

For the first time, he attends a Chartist meeting, with his friend and fellow-workman, Crossthwaite; on their return home they talk thus:—

"Well, Alton! where was the treason and murder? Your nose must have been a sharp one, to snuff out any there. Did you hear anything that astonished your weak mind so very exceedingly, after all?"

"The only thing that did astonish me, was to hear men, men of my own class—and lower still, perhaps, some of them—speak with such fluency and eloquence. Such a fund of information—such excellent English. Where did they get it all?"

"From the God who knows nothing about ranks. They're the unknown great—the unaccredited heroes, as Master Thomas Carlyle would say, whom the flunkies aloft have not acknowledged yet—though they'll be forced to, some day, with a vengeance. Are you convinced, once for all?"

"I really do not understand political questions, Crossthwaite."

"Does it want so very much wisdom to understand the rights and wrongs of all that? Are the people represented? Are you represented? Do you feel like a man that's got any one to fight your battle in parliament, my young friend, eh?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, what, in the name of common sense—what interest or feeling of yours, or mine, or any man's you ever spoke to, except the shopkeeper, do Alderman A—or Lord C—or B—represent? They represent property—and we have none. Vested interests—we have none. Large capitals—those are just what crush us. Irresponsibility of employers, slavery of the employed, competition among masters, competition among workmen, that is the system they represent—they preach it—they glory in it. Why, it's the very ogre that is eating us all up. They are chosen by the few, they represent the few, and they make laws for the many—and yet you don't know whether or not the people are represented!"

"We were passing by the door of the Victoria theatre; it was just half-price time—and the beggary and rascality of London were pouring in to their low amusement, from the neighbouring gin palaces and thieves' cellars. A herd of ragged boys, vomiting forth slang, filth and blasphemy pushed past us, compelling us to take good care of our pockets."

"Look there! look at the amusements, the training, the civilization, which the government permits to the children of the people! These licensed pits of darkness, traps of temptation, profligacy and ruin, triumphantly yawning night after night—and then tell me that the people who see their children thus kidnapped into hell, are represented by a government who licenses such things!"

"Would a change in the franchise cure that?"

"Household suffrage mightn't;—but give us the charter, and we'll see about it! Give us the charter, and we'll send workmen into parliament that shall soon find out whether something better can't be put in the way of the ten thousand boys and girls in London who live by theft and prostitution, than the tender mercies of the Victoria—a pretty name! They say the queen's a good woman—and I don't doubt it. I wonder often if she knows what her precious namesake here is like!"

"But, really, I cannot see how a mere change in representation can cure such things as that."

"Why, didn't they tell us, before the Reform Bill, that extension of the suffrage was to cure everything? and how can you have too much of a good thing? We've only taken them at their word, we Chartists. Haven't all politicians been preaching for years that England's national greatness was all owing to her political institutions—to Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, and Representative Parliaments, and all that? It was but the other day I got hold of some Tory paper, that talked about the English constitution, and the balance of queen, lords and commons, as the "Tallmanic Palladium" of the country. 'Gad, we'll see if a

move onward in the same line won't better the matter. If the balance of classes is such a blessed thing, the sooner we get the balance equal, the better; for it's rather lopsided just now, no one can deny. So, representative institutions are the talismanic palladium of the nation, are they? The palladium of the classes that have them, I dare say; and that's the very best reason why the classes that haven't got them should look out for the same palladium for themselves. What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, isn't it? We'll try,—we'll see whether the talisman they talk of has lost its power all of a sudden since '32,—whether we can't rub the magic ring a little for ourselves, and call up genii to help us out of the mire, as the shopkeepers and the gentlemen have done."

From that day Alton Locke becomes a Chartist, and works heart and soul in the cause. But he has lost his integrity, by having allowed what he believed to be the very pith and marrow of his poems to be suppressed, to suit the taste and feelings of a class to which he does not belong. He is conscious also of sympathies with those higher classes which his brethren would call treason. He has written many things for money, which he did not write with the concurrence of his whole nature—principles, taste, and feelings;—he feels that he has sacrificed the high aim of his life for the means of living—that he does what he would not, and what he would, that does he not. In short, Alton Locke is a *weak* hero, and labours, as we said before, under the curse of *conscious* weakness. It is a good thing for him when he is imprisoned for three years on account of his implication in a Chartist riot. The solitude and study of those years serve to mature his powers. When he is set free again, he finds Lilian on the point of marriage with his clever unscrupulous cousin, now a popular high-churchman. This drives him half-mad. He helps to organize the Chartist movement of the tenth of April, 1848, and is crushed to the earth at the notable and ridiculous failure of his party on that occasion. That affair works prodigious effects in the tale before us. It kills poor old Mackaye, and converts Alton Locke, Crossthwaite, and others at the head of the Chartists, from a blind belief in the purity of their party.

Alton Locke is seized with a violent fever, and is for a long time delirious. During his illness he is carefully attended by Eleonor, (now the widow of Lord Ellerton,) who has left the great and gay world to devote her whole life to alleviating the sufferings of the outcasts of society. Some of the dreams or imaginations of the hero, during his period of delirium, are very fine—reminding us of De Quincey's Opium Dreams. They do not read at all like inventions, but like actual dreams. Eleonor works hard at the conversion of Alton Locke to vital Christian faith and a right political belief, during the time of his convalescence; and, having succeeded, she sends him to recover physical strength and to mature his poetical genius in a New World, and in a tropical clime. As may be expected—he dies, within sight of the Promised Land.

We have little more to say of the book, except to recommend it again to our readers. Its graceful and

eloquent style—its honest enthusiasm—its faith in God and man—and its high hope for the future of humanity, cause it to take fast hold of the mind, during perusal; and it is only upon afterthought, that the reader finds a certain weakness and want of coherence about the whole, which he would fain have changed for steadiness and power.

In fact, "Alton Locke" is so good in some respects, that we are tempted to wish it were free from the lot of human productions in all. But as that cannot be, we can only say, in conclusion,—Here is a very fair piece of imperfection. If you are wise, you will take to heart the beauties, and, for love of them, cast but a slight glance at the imperfection.

LYNCH'S ESSAYS AND POEMS.¹

THIS little book we heartily commend to our readers, and especially to those who know the value of stimulants to sober thought and kindly feeling. There can never be too many invitations and helps to such attainments; and we are greatly mistaken if these Essays and Poems will not be appreciated and admired by those whose spontaneous verdict in such a case is more accordant with the truth than that arrived at by the application of the nicest criticism,—educated reflective young persons of both sexes. It will so much the more readily win its way with them, by the fact, patent to every reader,—but which will not be regarded as a recommendation by veterans in thought and literature,—that its author is almost one of themselves. It would not do, whatever the wise ones may opine, for all to wait for maturity of years before venturing to say what they have to say to the world; and though it is possible for men to commence authorship too early, it would be worse by far if all were to put it off till there should be none in whose words the young could feel that they were reading the echoes of their own inward life. While, for authors themselves, nothing so greatly aids the acquisition of ability to speak with clearness and power, so that all, both old and young, must hear, as having fairly tested their capabilities, and their works, "in the light of the public square," as Michael Angelo said to the young sculptor, who was arranging the lights of his studio so as to enhance (as he thought) the effect of his statue.

We say this, not apologetically, for Mr. Lynch needs it not, but for the sake of doing justice to him, and to our readers, and to ourselves, at once. As a trial-shot it is admirable. Given years, the man who can write this book can write what we shall all wish to live to read. The Essays are on various themes: all abounding with thought; things trite and commonplace, by felicitous illustration and the exhibition of novel relations, are made to wear a genial freshness; and while there is much that is distinctly religious in its character and tendency, and over all there is perceptible

(1) "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student." By Thomas T. Lynch. Longman & Co.

a religious hue, dogmatic narrowness of mind never appears. Mr. Lynch writes as a religious man, not as a theologian, and so what he says has force without harshness, and would do more to commend such thoughts to many hearts, than the best conducted argument, or the most elaborate discourse could do.

The poems have the same characteristics, and are smooth and free; but they show, more plainly than the essays, the beginner; and the writer himself can see, we doubt not, now that his songs are in print, what a large use he has made of compounded words not in common currency; and how the rhythm halts in some lines of his best stanzas.

We do not suppose Theophilus Trinal to be an imitator, because there is an *own-ness* (as the Germans would say) about the style, as well as about the material of his productions; and if he were, he would deserve some praise, for as we read his essays, involuntarily some turn of expression, some quaintness of thought, reminded us of the best essayists of our language—Emerson, Bacon, the author of "Essays written in Intervals of Business;" while the poems recalled the hymns in "Festus," and some of the sweetest productions of the Oxford school.

Take these as specimens of the metrical part of these "Memorials."

THE FIVE FLOWERS.

- "Look, love, on your bosom
Are flowers five;
But one has droop'd its head—
Four alone live."
- "So, late in our nursery
Were children five:
One rests in grassy darkness—
Four alone live."
- "Your four flowers bloom freshly, love;
'The fifth, not as they—
Its colour, and form, and odour,
Have passed away.
Take, then, from your bosom
The withered one:
Can the air now nourish it?
Can it feel the sun?"
- "I have bound the five together
With a fresh willow leaf,
That grew large by a river,
As by flowing love, grief;
And they all will fall asunder
If I loose the tie:
So a love-clasp for living babes
Is a dead one's memory."
- "Let the five flowers in your bosom, love,
Its sweet shelter share;
As bound in one, within your heart,
Our five darlings are.
The dead will make the living dearer;
And we will joy the more,
That the Giver hath but taken one,—
Hath left us four."

MORNING HYMN.

- "Again I wake,
O living One! in Thee
Newly I am, and move;
Wilt thou not make
My heart a garden be,—
Thy presence unto me,
Soft sunny air of love?"

"Forth shall I go,
Pursuing without fear
My work of life begun;
If thee I know
As great, yet very dear,
Far off but very near,
A sunshine, and a Sun."

And this, which is of a different cast:—

- "The Difficult, like a cocoa-nut,
Rich milk it hath within;
Through husk and shell, by labouring well,
An entrance you may win;
You hear the flowing of the milk
If angrily you shake it;
But if you would the sweetness taste,
Try patiently and break it."

And here are some detached thoughts from the Essays; they will not show what the Essays themselves are, but they will show of what stuff they are made; and that is all we have space for.

"The more holy the man, the more has the world for him a 'beauty of holiness,' and a wisdom of holiness."

"At every moment beauty is seen and bounty enjoyed somewhere;—and at every moment a like reality have gloom and grief."

"If our garden be small, then let us fill it with choice flowers; and such a love of choice things shall we find in ourselves, that if a larger garden be given us, it will be worthily filled."

"To do well, is to do choicely."

"In practicalness, we require honesty to do something, wisdom to do the thing possible, and next us; courage to do poorly, and as at our worst, when we must do this or nothing."

"Spiritual men are they who give more earnest mind to what they shall be and shall do, than to what they shall possess and enjoy."

"The hungry soul cannot always get the honeycomb; so it seeks a loaf; and then, when it can get honey also, finds it the sweeter."

"The young man's doubt may be but the child's faith; dying in order to grow."

"Often, men cannot feel and believe they have a Father, till they find they have brothers. Believing in man, they can believe in God."

"We must beware alike of misanthropy and of philanthropy so called. A thorn is a changed bud."

"If our life is to be an overcoming, we must fight as to music."

"WINE AND FUNGUS.

"A certain man had in his cellar choice wine. It remained there long, carefully locked up. The wine being wanted, they sought it in the cellar, but the door could not be opened. So it was broken through, and the cellar was seen to be filled with tough fungus. The wine was all gone, and this huge growth of fungus was its transmutation. The choice wine is spiritual truth, which we carefully lock up for safety in the cellar called Creed. The wine being wanted to strengthen or comfort us, we find the door of the cellar shut against us, and soon discover to our dismay that the wine has changed into that tough disgusting fungus called *cant*."

We must add that the substance of the book is very slenderly connected with the "Student" whose name it professes to memorialize. The fiction is so slight as to be hardly worth the trouble of inventing.

But we will not quarrel with our Author, on such a minute and debateable question as this; but take our leave of him with real friendliness, and hope to see fulfilled the hinted promise of the last paragraph in the book, and to have to notice a production of greater pretensions and more mature performance; for of both he has shown himself capable.

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY F. LAWRENCE.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen !
 'Tis bitter cold to-night;
 But through the parlour sash I see
 The fire is burning bright.
 I like to watch its cheerful blaze,
 And listen to the din
 Of loud and boisterous merriment
 That echoes from within.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen !
 Whom God has favour'd so;
 Consider, in the streets and lanes
 How cold the night-winds blow !
 Amid your revels call to mind
 "The woes that wretches feel,"
 And from your Plenty spare a crumb
 For the poor Outcast's meal.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
 And bless your happy homes !
 But think what darksome dens there be,
 Where Christmas never comes !—
 Where seasons God has hallow'd pass
 Unblessing and unblest'd;
 And not a day is holier
 Or happier than the rest.

God rest ye, merry gentlemen !
 Have pity on the poor;—
 This night, at least, you will not spurn
 A suppliant from the door.
 With gentle deeds, and kindly thoughts,
 And loving words withal,
 Welcome the merry Christmas in,
 And hear a brother's call !

SCRAPS.

EASTERN ORIGIN OF MUFFINS, &c.

THE day we landed at Rabat we heard a little tinkling bell in the street, just like the four o'clock muffin bell in London. These cockney cakes are just as common here as within the sound of Bow bells. In *maphula*, the Moorish name, we have the word employed in England. Taking away the final vowel, added by the Greeks, and changing *l* for its cognate *n*, *maphula* or *mufula* become *mufuz*. These names have puzzled the most learned. The griddle on which muffins are baked in London, is precisely the same as that used in the East, and fixed in the same manner over the fire.

A soft flat roll, resembling the common bread of Barbary, is called in Scotland *bake*. If so called because it is baked, it must have been at the origin of baking. Now this very word is written in a book

two thousand three hundred years old. (Herodotus, b. ii. c. 2.) There we learn that the Phrygian name for bread was *bake*; *bake* was therefore asked for three thousand years ago by Pelethite or Cerethian at Escalon, or Gorja, just as to-day by the barefooted callant of Paisley or Linlithgow.—*Urquhart*.

THE CORONATION STONE.

IN Westminster Hall there is a stone on which the kings of England are crowned. It was carried thither from Scone, where the kings of Scotland had been crowned upon it, and had there been placed by Kenneth, son of Alpen, after his victory over the Picts in 843. To Scone it had been transported from Dunstaffnage, where the successors of Fergus had been crowned upon it. To Dunstaffnage it had been brought from Turah, where the Scottish kings of Ireland had been crowned upon it, and Ireland had been named from it *Iunisfail*. To Turah it had been brought from Spain, and to Spain, it was said, from the Holy Land. It emitted under the rightful prince a sound like that of the statue of Memnon, and remained dumb under an usurper. The importance attached to it was such, as to make its removal to England to be considered, in the time of Edward I., a necessary step towards the subjugation of the Scottish kingdom. They called it the stone of fortune, and the stone of destiny (*hio fail*).—*Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules*.

POPULAR USE OF SIGNS IN SPAIN.

THE Castilians are sparing in words; indeed, throughout Spain, much intercourse is carried on by signs, especially among the lower classes. Admiration is expressed by collecting the five fingers' tips to a point, bringing them to the lip, kissing them, and then expanding the hand like a bursting shell. Dissent—or have nothing to do with it, her, or him—is quietly hinted by raising the single forefinger to the nose, and wagging it rapidly and horizontally backwards and forwards. Astonishment, incredulous surprise, or jocular resignation under unavoidable afflictions, is dumbshowed by crossing oneself, as is done on entering a church. The ancient contemptuous "*fig of Spain*,"—"a fig for you,"—is digitally represented by inserting the end of the thumb between the fore and middle fingers, and raising the back of the hand towards the person thus complimented. The telegraph of the fair sex is the fan, and a volume might be written upon its polyglot powers.—*Ford*.

LAW LATIN.

Declaration against a Barber, for bad shaving.—Action sur le case vers. Barber pour raser le barbe inartificialter. R. S. nuper de N. Barber, attachiatus fuit ad respondendum H. B. de placito, quod cum idem R. ad barbam ipsius H. bene et artificialiter cum novacula munda et salubri radere apud N. assumpsisset, predictus R. barbam ipsius H. cum quadam novacula immundi et insalubri tam negligenter et inartificialiter rasit, quod facies ipsius H. morbosa et scabiosa devenit, ad damnum ipsius H. 40s. ut dicitur. Et unde idem H., &c.—*Rastal's Entries*.

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